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Selected.

THE CONVENT OF ———.

A TALE.

“My friends have often wondered why, when, after many crosses and disappointments, I was at length united to the chosen lover of my youth and heart, we should at the end of one short year, have separated—he to go to the wars, and I to bury myself in this convent. I therefore write this, that, after my death, they may know the real truth concerning these mysterious passages, and that those who may be tempted, like me, may hereby take warning from my fate.

“Above all things, it has been bitter to my soul, that whilst I bore the guilt of the blackest crime upon my conscience, I should have received the praises of the world, as a dutiful daughter, and a virtuous and devoted wife. It has been the horror of the shame that must have attended the acknowledgment of how vile and guilty a thing was thus cherished and caressed, that has hitherto restrained the confession which has so often trembled on my lips, and struggled for life and utterance.

“It is well known to all who are acquainted with me, that in my early youth I received the vows of Laurentio Gonsalvi; and that my heart acknowledged the influence of his passion; that our love was permitted until the accursed blight of avarice fell upon my parents’ hearts, and led them to wrench asunder those ties which no human power could otherwise have unloosed; and to rivet with fetters upon me a chain which nothing

but fetters could have held. This is the only palliation I have to offer for the awful crime I have perpetrated; and in the degree in which it lightens the load of guilt from me, it throws it upon those who gave me birth. But, alas, it relieves me only in the smallest possible degree. They separated me from the man I adored, and enforced my marriage with another.—Let me be just.

“The Count Braschi, whose bride I became, was young, accomplished, and might have been kind, but that I treated him with loathing and scorn; and tongues were not wanting to tell him that it was all for the sake of Laurentio Gonsalvi. We had lived together for something less than two years, when Laurentio returned from travel. On my marriage with the Count, he had gone abroad in order that he might avoid all opportunity of meeting me. But now he had returned, he encountered me in public, and saw that the light of a happy heart had left my eyes; and he saw, too, that the heart was breaking. And we met in private, and strong and bitter was the conflict; and the temptation was almost greater than we could bear. But we did bear it—and we overcame it—and we parted—but not for ever. Before we separated, we swore an oath, that if ever I became free, we would wed each other, and that neither of us would ever marry, unless with one another; and we invoked Heaven, and all the

saints, to give ear unto our oath ; and our hearts bore witness unto it. And Laurentio again went away—none knew whither.

“ About two months thereafter, the plague broke out in the city, and the destruction was very great. Friend shunned friend ; and the son fled from his subdued and perishing father.— The streets were deserted, and all kept within their own houses ; save at the dead of night, when the pest carts went round to gather together the corpses of those who had died during the day. And the rumbling of the carts sounded dismally through the empty streets ; and the bells that announced their coming, struck awe into the hearts of all, and despair into those of the dying. As they approached the door of each house they sounded upon a bell three times, and called out with a loud voice, ‘ bring out your dead.’ And then those who had dead brought them out, with their faces muffled, and their mouths stopped with medicated cloths ; and the dead were carried away, and they were taken to the pits without the city, prepared for their reception.— The earth was then thrown in upon them, and all was done in haste, in silence and in darkness. The time was very awful.

“ In the wickedness of my heart, I wished that my husband might die, that I might be wedded to Laurentio Gonsalvi ; but the plague fell upon the houses all around, where it was dreaded, and passed over ours, where it was prayed for. Yes ! prayed for. I dared to breathe to Heaven this prayer of hell ! I prayed that the plague might strike upon my husband, and that he might die.

“ But time waned, and he was still untouched ; and I feared that the plague would pass away, and leave him whole.

“ One night, as I lay by his side, I was revolving these hopes and fears and wishes in my mind. I looked upon him as he lay in all the helplessness of profound repose. He slept so soundly and quietly, that his

slumbers were even slumbers of death. ‘ Would, oh, would that, it were !’ I ejaculated ; and then I added to myself, it is but one blow ! and I looked around. The night lamp shone upon a golden bodkin, with which I always braided my hair. It had been given me in earlier and happier days, by Laurentio, and whatever dress I wore, that bodkin still withheld my hair. It now lay upon the toilet, where I had placed it when I had undressed. ‘ It is but one blow,’ repeated I to myself, or rather the evil one suggested to me. I arose from the bed and seized the bodkin. I approached the Count,— I knelt with one knee upon the bed, and buried the bodkin in his side up to the eye ! He gave one groan, and strove to rise ; but the blood spouted forth like a fountain. He became weak,—struck again ;—he fell back ; a few seconds and he was dead !

“ Oh, the horror that I felt at the moment, when I beheld my victim dead before me ! Ages of pain passed over me at that instant. He would have been good to me, but I spurned him ; I thrust back his proffered kindness with every mark of loathing and contempt ; and now I had murdered him ! I knelt and prayed for succour and support ; but I recollected what my last prayer had been, and I found it impossible to utter a word. I took up my rosary to repeat my usual prayers ; but blood had spurted on the beads, and caused them to slip from my hold. ‘ Yes,’ I exclaimed, ‘ yes, indeed, his blood has risen between me and Heaven !’

“ To conceal what I had done was my next object. I hid as well as I could, every thing that was stained with blood ;—covered the body with the clothes, and went out of the chamber at break of day to spread a report that the Count had been taken with the plague, and to seek for medicines. I well knew that none of our domestics would be too ready to face this danger ; and when I declared my intention of watching by

him myself, they yielded to it most willingly, and seemed to think that I did so as an atonement for the unkindness I had evinced towards him since our marriage.

“ I announced that he grew worse ; and towards the second night I declared him to be dead. I would not permit any of my people, as I said, to incur the danger of infection. I washed the blood from the body,—covered it completely with a shroud and all this I did to the stark and bloody corse of that man, from whose touch, while living, I recoiled as from the sting of an adder.

“ Night came, and with it the pest carts and their bells, and the cry of ‘ bring out your dead ; ’—and the Count was carried out by his men, with stopped mouths and averted faces ; and he was placed among the dead,—and I was free !

“ Yes, free ! for detection did not reach me : no shadow of suspicion fell on my name.

“ In six months I was Laurentio’s bride ! But ah ! how different were my feelings from what they would have been had I been married to him in my years of innocence ! Now guilt,—the guilt of blood,—was upon my soul. Its weight was as lead ; its heat was as fire.

“ When we had been some time married, Laurentio could not but perceive the cloud which at times passed over me. He questioned me concerning it in vain. He thought, I believe, that it was occasioned by the shock my young heart had received as Count Braschi’s wife. He strove

by every means in his power to comfort and cheer me. Alas ! the wound was deep hidden from the leech’s eye. How then could he heal it ? yet he often probed it to the quick.

“ One day he asked me what had become of the golden bodkin he had given me in his first courtship ? He said he had never seen it since we had been married, and smiling, added, he supposed I had given it to the Count. My agitation was so extreme, that he could not but observe it ; he gently chided me for suffering my spirits to give way so much ; and changed the conversation.

“ About a week afterwards, I chanced to be suddenly called away, and left my *escrutoire* open. Laurentio, seeking some paper, or a pen, I know not which, found the bodkin, discoloured to the head with the indelible stain of human blood :—A terrible suspicion flashed across his brain !—He rushed to me,—questioned me,—and discovered all !

“ I cannot dwell upon the agony of this period ! After the first burst of indignation, his anger subsided into a deep—a sorrowful strain of condemnation, more dreadful to me than all the violence of passion which had preceded it. He would not he said, he could not betray me ; but neither would he ever again take a foul and spotted murderess to his bosom and his bed. I need not say what my agonies of entreaty were. His determination was irrevocable. We parted never to meet again. He fell in his first battle. I am still here ; but I feel I shall not be so long.”

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

THE FIRE FLY.

“ A description of fly common in Guiana of which there are two species. The largest is more than an inch in length, having a very large head connected with the body by a joint of a particular structure, with which at times it makes a loud knock,

particularly when laid on its back.—The fly has two feelers or horns, two wings, and six legs under its belly in a circular patch ; which in the dark shines like a candle, and on each side of the head near the eyes is a prominent globular luminous body, in size

one third larger than a mustard seed. Each of these bodies is like a living star, emitting a bright light. When the fly is dead their bodies will still afford considerable light, and if rubbed over the hands or face they become luminous in the dark like a board smeared over with English phosphorus. They dive in rotten trees in the day but are always abroad in the night. The other kind is not more than half as large as the former. Their light proceeds from under their wings, and is seen only when they are elevated, like sparks of fire appearing or disappearing at every second. Of these the air is full in the night though never seen in the day. They are common not only in the southern but in the northern parts of America during the summer."

Hail brilliant insect of the night,
We greet with joy thy flitting light,
When spring with soft green mantle spreads
Acadia's hills and flowery meads ;
When gentle zephyrs now invite
To ramble by the star-light night ;
Ere the tall forest tops assume
Their varied tints of summer bloom ;
Thou comest fair Summer's harbinger
As brilliant as the evening star.

Where the tall elm its waving head
Bends graceful o'er the pebbly bed
Of Salmon River's gentle stream,
(Each lover's and each poet's theme,)
When eve its sable curtain drew,
Closing the scenery from my view.
I've watched thy flashing with delight
Reflected in the waters flight ;
As a bright meteor, in the sky,
That swiftly glances past the eye,

Shedding like Jupiter's fair daughter,
Its transient beams o'er earth and water,
But sudden sinking to the ground
Leaves gloomy darkness all around.

In countless myriads are seen
Thy tribe like spangles on the green,
Shining as if they strove to vie
With the starr'd canopy on high,
Or wandering in airy maze
Millions at once emit their rays.
Then sudden closing up the source
Of light fly round in circling course,
Then quick as an electric flash
On the enraptured vision dash.

Over the treacherous bog's deep mire
Thou most delight'st to shew thy fire,
As if to warn th' unwary stranger
Of near approach to path of danger,
And bright thine intermitting lamp
Shines o'er the surface of the swamp.
Sometimes in town I've seen thee straying
Thy solitary light displaying,
Chas'd by th' un pitying boy who seeks
To daub thy phosph'rus o'er his cheeks,

Say pretty insect whence that power
To beautify the peaceful hour
Of silent night? Whence comes the beam
That shoots from 'neath thy wings its
gleam?

Proclaim from whom the gift was sent
To rival that bright firmament?

" 'Tis from the same all gracious love,
Which built that canopy above.
He made me shine, I do his will,
Thou should'st his wishes too fulfil.
If thou art bless'd with worldly gain,
Let poverty ne'er ask in vain.
If thou'st a mind enriched with lore,
Diffuse around the grateful store ;
Do good to all thou'lt surely find
Thy blessing in a peaceful mind.

F.

RETROSPECTIVE.

(Continued from page 24.)

" In some parts of the continent the winters are not quite so long. In the northern parts of America there is no spring ; as soon as the snow is gone the scorching hot weather begins, and the earth is soon alive with grubs and other vermin, which destroy the grain, and render the summer little more comfortable than the winter.— The legs, arms, hands, face, neck, &c. of the inhabitants are often much swelled and inflamed from the bite of sand-flies, mosquitoes, &c. In some constitutions their bites produce sores and ulcers very troublesome and tedious to heal—they frequently drive people from work. In the southern States the heat, equal to the East or West Indies, renders it impossible for Europeans to labour in the fields.—

Therefore they are obliged to purchase and employ slaves. The genius of the people is as much diversified as the soil and climate, with some characteristic features in which all agree. The inhabitants of America have emigrated at different times from Great Britain, Ireland, Germany, and Holland.

“Of the first settlers several left Great Britain on account of the civil wars and convulsions, which tore the state at different times. The Irish and Highlanders of Scotland took leave of their native country, from the hopes of benefitting by the change.—By marriages and intermarriages they are now much jumbled together, and a mongrel breed has started up. Yet the original genius, manners and religion continued from their ancestors, are still imperfectly to be traced amongst them.

“By means of snow-shoes, which by covering a great surface prevent their sinking in the snow, they will walk from five to six miles in an hour. With their snow shoes and winter dress, they have so little the appearance of the human species, that an European upon his first landing, might very innocently shoot them, supposing them wild beasts, perhaps of the species of monkey. Their carriages in winter, are a kind of sleds, which they call sleighs—they are sometimes made like a butcher’s cart or mail cart, without wheels.—When they are of that elegant construction, they are known by the name of cabrioles. In these machines they will travel at the rate of ten or twelve miles in an hour, on the ice or snow when beat down. Driving in cabrioles in the winter on the ice, is a favourite amusement, and in America is called sleighing. The dress of rich and poor in the winter, so nearly resembles that of the Indians, that it would be difficult to distinguish them from each other, only the Indians have a little more of the copper complexion. As soon as they are born a tomahawk and gun are put into their hands, the use of which and fishing, make up

the principal part of their employment, till they acquire strength to work in the woods, where we find poor and rich, if any have a claim to the appellation of rich, occupied in felling timber and in other laborious employment.

“Their princely estates turn out to be patches of cleared land, under what they call cultivation, which discover a variety of soil. In the States of America, very few, except in the southern parts have fortunes, for, ‘a thing,’ as Hudibras says, ‘is only worth what it will bring.’ The inhabitants whose grand fathers and fathers have emigrated to America, and carried with them some property, are by many years hard labour, in possession of small tracts of cleared land, which furnish them with the necessaries of life, but they are tied to the spot—they cannot procure tenants, or convert their property into money, to make remittances to another country. Under this idea and description of a man of fortune, every person, whose ancestors have placed themselves there, is in the same state, possessing enough for his own support, and unable to purchase more, which would only be useless and unprofitable to him. None choose to become tenants, when they may be land holders in their own right.

“Their houses bear a proportion to the poverty of their situation.—In a few of their towns there are decent stone and brick houses. In general they are wretched hovels, which keep out neither wind snow or rain, built of small pine, spruce or fir trees, about twenty feet long, cut into equal lengths, placed upright, and fixed in the earth, the interstices stuffed with moss, and the roof covered with bark, taken from other trees of the same kind. Of bark they lay in a sufficient quantity in summer. Some build their houses by placing logs horizontally, fastened together by notches at each corner, and raised to the height of eight or ten feet, stuffed and covered as already mentioned, the first are called picketed, the other logged

houses, through which the rain and snow do not enter so fast as they fall, yet in sufficient quantities to furnish carpets of snow two feet and upwards thick, some of the better kind of houses are lined with boards, and covered with shingles, which are thin boards cut in imitation of slates.

Our fishing business receives very little increase or benefit, from our new settlements. The handful of people they contain, having their minds filled with notions of personal independency, place all their hopes of accomplishing that end, by becoming possessed of a little land. When they find themselves seated, if they must be subjects, they are very regardless to whom they pay obedience. The employment of fishing they leave to Jersey and Guernsey people, and other Europeans who return in the fall. Our transatlantic fisheries, though very advantageous to the nation, are very expensive to those engaged in them, and can only be carried on with effect by persons of considerable property, or by companies to whom some bounty should be held out by government. If we have arrived at the zenith of our commercial greatness, which I fear is the case, it behoves us to pay great attention to our fisheries, which may be sources of great wealth and strength to the nation. If from 5 to 10 acres of the waste crown lands in England, and from 50 to 150 of uncleared lands in our new settlements were given to each Company, and to each individual, for every ton of shipping employed in our transatlantic fisheries, such a bounty would encourage our trade, secure the profits of it to England, retain the allegiance of the people, and keep at all times under controul a numerous body of sailors. No sailor or fisherman should be allowed to remain more than three winters on the lands, in any of the new settlements. The large and expensive establishments may then be reduced to two or three officers of Government in each settlement, to lay out the lands, take an account of the sailors and fishermen

who were not carried home in the fall, and to make a report thereof to ministry with such other regulations as may be deemed necessary. During the winter the people remaining upon the land, in the new settlements, may be usefully employed in building and repairing wharves, erecting flakes, building store houses, schooners, shallops and boats to begin the fishery as soon as the season offered. They might also clear a little land for vegetables, to supply themselves and others during the fishing season.— Very cogent reasons may perhaps be offered against this plan. At present I know of none. Certainly nothing can be more impolitic and less beneficial than the present. It is also certain that while Government are busied about forming new settlements, they pay no attention to great tracts of waste lands and commons, which tempt the hand of industry, and are more valuable for agriculture than all the lands we hold in America. The English are a bold, hard, ingenious, and numerous people, and if Great Britain means to maintain her importance, and support her head above the nations of Europe, she must now at this great commercial æra, find employment for her people, even for the unsettled part of them, who would, by the plan here proposed, have their curiosity satisfied, and their wandering dispositions reduced to reason by experience. The vast continent of America is laid open, and France with other nations, begin to turn their attention to commerce. It behoves us therefore to be very watchful, least that crafty people, under the specious pretence of opening their ports, by a commercial treaty, to our manufactures, decoy our artificers, and make Englishmen do what the whole house of Bourbon were never able to accomplish by the sword. Present advantage is not the principal matter to be taken into consideration, distant consequences are chiefly to be regarded in forming commercial treaties.— Why are our valuable waste lands, which might employ many thousands,

neglected, while we regard with care our distant fisheries?—Why is no attention paid to those at home, particularly, on the north coasts of Scotland, where the seas swarm with fish of a superior quality to any in America, not excepting those caught on the banks of Newfoundland? The American striped bass and sheep's head however, are equal, if not superior to any fish caught on the coast of Great Britain or Ireland. The eels and haddock very good, smelts much larger with less flavor, herring and mackarel nearly the same, trout and salmon much inferior, cod, even those caught on the banks are not so firm and well flavored as our home fish, which are on many parts of the coasts of Great Britain, in as great abundance as upon the banks of Newfoundland.

Our transatlantic fisheries nevertheless, are of great importance, and merit every encouragement. The establishment at Newfoundland is extremely valuable, on account of the money the fisheries bring into the country, while it proves a nursery for a numerous body of sailors at call and within our reach, when the emergencies of the state require their aid. They return to England every fall, and go out time enough in the spring to begin to fish, two such voyages will make a tolerable sailor. Our other possessions on the continent of America, and islands adjoining, appear to be brittle and unsubstantial, not beneficial, but very injurious and unnecessary for carrying on the fisheries. While we have Newfoundland, which is a station of some advantage to Great Britain, they add nothing to the strength of the mother country. Every man becoming a settler in the States, or in our own settlements in America, is lost to Great Britain, and for the most part to himself also; and experience will prove that our new settlements will never shoot up. If our transatlantic possessions were inhabited by sober industrious people, they are too far removed from the centre of power, ever to become advantageous to the mother

country, their attachments do not reach to so great a distance. They look to England only by the advantages they derive from it. What they do in clearing land, is very trifling, three hundred acres have not been cleared upon the Island of Cape Breton, since its first establishment, under Governor Des Barres; and the greater part of what has been cleared, is done either at his own expense, or that of government. To clear lands and cut out roads, appears to me rather injurious and impolitic, than beneficial to England, by drawing the attention of our enemies in time of war, and enabling them to remain longer in possession, if by surprise it should fall into their hands. To France, Holland or America, any of our new settlements would prove valuable acquisitions—to us, while we retain Newfoundland, they are but burthensome.

COLONIZATION, &c. &c.

“The Inhabitants of the north of Scotland can live as hardy, endure as much fatigue, and are as capable of catching the fire of emulation, as any people on either side the Atlantic.—By affording encouragement to our fisheries at home, a hardy, numerous, enterprising and warlike race of men would be raised, ready at hand, to serve his Majesty on any sudden emergency. Large tracts of waste land would in consequence be cultivated and improved, and the home fisheries would prove a fund of national wealth, and be the means of introducing industry, where sloth and laziness now prevail.—Industry has its beginning, the difficulty lies in the commencement, when once it is set a going, the progress is rapid—one catches the fire of emulation from another, the nursing hand of the state is required at first, but soon ceases to be required. When one person by industry lives comfortably, enjoys the necessaries and conveniences of life, and appears at public places, and upon every occasion better clothed than his neighbours, with money at all times

in his pocket, by observation some find out that industry has put him into that superior situation, others make the same discovery, a few try the experiment and succeed by following his example, at last ambition fires every breast, idleness gives place to industry, poverty and distress to riches and comfort, and barren wastes rise into rich and beautiful fields, groaning under the weight of their own increase.

To be continued.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

COOPER—THE AMERICAN NOVELIST.

THE works of Cooper begin to be read with interest and delight upon both sides of the Atlantic. This is an age of intellect; and the smallest tribute of genius is appreciated by the lovers of mental enterprise, wherever science and literature have shed their irradiating beams. Liberality of sentiment is cherished and felt more than formerly. Geographical distinctions, we trust, ere long will be unknown as regards the intellectual condition of mankind. No bounds should be set to the almost inconceivable march of mind;—but the human species should become united in all the circumstances and feelings which relate to the amelioration of our condition. The question was once sarcastically asked—“Who reads an American book?” If the fame of Washington Irving be not a satisfactory reply, the question will probably remain unanswered; but the reputation of “The Sketch Book” and “Bracebridge Hall” is too generally acknowledged ever to be sullied or lessened by the sarcasm of a fastidious reviewer. Cooper, we also think, has considerable pretensions to celebrity; and the call for his productions justifies the remark.

Our author is undeniably a close observer and an ardent admirer of the “*Great Unknown* :” for it may be easily seen that he has entered deeply into the spirit of that romantic feeling which characterizes the *Waverly Novels*. Although the scenes of Cooper’s tales are (mostly) laid in America; yet there is a something (we hardly know what) which warrants

us in the conclusion that the *Great Unknown* is his model.—It is true, that he speaks not of armed knights, of family feuds, of ancient castles, of subterraneous passages into beauty’s bed-chamber, of the incidents of centuries gone by—still there is something in his works indicative of imitation. The undervalued splendor, the charms of romance, and the classical beauties of the author of *Waverly*, are too bewitching not to be copied. We mean no disparagement to Cooper, when we speak of him as the follower of such a writer as the one alluded to.

The first publication of our author was entitled “*PRECAUTION* ;” and though it was read in the United States with delight and feelings of national pride, still it was but partially known to, and consequently, neither applauded or condemned by the critics of the old world.

Next “*THE SPY*” came forth replete with interest, because it was a tale drawn from the incidents of that unfortunate revolution, which severed so large a proportion of the colonies from Britain’s great and glorious empire.—As Cooper is politically (and perhaps in reality) a republican, it may be readily conceived upon what part of the picture he has laid the deepest coloring. The *love portion* of the tale is compound, in as much as two sisters choose their bosom favorites from officers of the contending armies; and in this respect, he collects together such a variety of peculiar circumstances as form a singular combination. The hero of his tale,

“Harvey Birch,” is a spy employed by the commander-in-chief of the American forces, to bring whatever intelligence he may obtain from the opposite quarter.—In order to prevent detection, the spy disguises himself as a pedlar, and in that character has free egress and ingress to both parties. However, it is not our purpose at present to lead our reader through all the apartments of this fabric of fiction:—he must be content with the name of the lord, who inhabits it, and with a view of its turrets at a distance.—If we for a moment will throw national prejudices by, and judge of this work as unconnected with extrinsic relations, we I think will not hesitate in pronouncing it worthy a second perusal;—yea!—a third:—for genius, in every nation and in every age of time, will attract attention and be admired, although its political bearing may be opposed to general feeling.

“THE PIONEERS” next appeared; and its appearance was hailed with a hearty welcome by Cooper’s countrymen. We were in New York when it was first offered for sale; and the demand for the book was unexampled in that part of the world. This was to be expected, as the Spy had given such universal satisfaction. The scene of the tale is laid in the western country, in the midst of the wilderness, where civilization had hardly reached: therefore “no ivy mantled towers,” no moss enveloped ruins, and no dilapidated buildings could be introduced: all was new as heaven made it.—Yet even there our author’s peculiar genius has fabricated an agreeable and deeply interesting story. The domestic constitution of Judge Templeton’s family is inimitably delineated; and the character of “Leather-stocking” would not disgrace any novelist of the age.—This work is more generally admired than the Spy; but we have all our likes and our dislikes; and as for ourselves we must unequivocally declare, that we conceive it inferior to its prede-

cessor.—However, its descriptive scenery is peculiarly beautiful;—and the delineation of a wood on fire exhibits no small share of skill in that department of composition. In short, the book was received at Edinburgh, where the great tribunal of modern literature is held—and when a book of any kind passes the ordeal of a trial in that court, and escapes uncondemned, it is a clear and incontestible proof of its merit.

In a very short time “THE PILOT” followed, and was received with that kindness and applause, which speaks approbation.—Part of this highly entertaining tale may be considered aquatic, as its interest depends upon a voyage at sea, and we assert without the fear of contradiction, that the roar of the tempest and the dash of the wave, are better depicted by Cooper, than by any other prose author of the age.—This can be accounted for, as he formerly was an officer of the American Navy, and consequently, had an opportunity of observing the sea in its calmest and wildest moments. The hero of the tale is the well known Paul Jones. “LONG TOM” is an excellent characteristic of a Cape Cod whale fisherman.

We partly read “LIONEL OF LINCOLN” (which succeeded the Pilot) in manuscript previous to its publication; and our impression at the time was, that it was equal to any of the author’s other works: but as we only saw it before its completion, our opinion is not to be depended upon. “THE LAST OF THE MOHEGANS” we have never seen.

Whether it were intended or accidental, we know not; but the reader will observe something strikingly progressive in the title of these novels. 1. Precaution.—2. The Spy.—3. The Pioneers.—4. The Pilot, &c. We have given this sketch of Cooper, because he is but little known in this Province, and because it may be the means of introducing his works to our fair lovers of romance. His novels are increasing with a rapidity

equal to those of the Great Unknown, and have been translated into French, Spanish, &c. As we have introduced him to our readers, we hope he will be received with that courtesy and caution, which hospitality and prudence may suggest.

THE RISING VILLAGE.

A Poem. By Oliver Goldsmith, descendant of the Author of the "Deserted Village," with a Preface by the Bishop of Nova-Scotia. London—1825. pp. 48—price 2s. 6d.

(Concluded from page 19.)

Flora then leaves her home amidst tempests of drifting snow, to seek her lover. Unable to pursue her journey, her fragile frame sunk beneath the storm ; and

—“ Just as the morn had streak'd the eastern sky
With dawning light, a passing stranger's eye,
By chance directed, glanc'd upon the spot
Where lay the lovely suff'rer : to his cot
The peasant bore her, and with anxious care
Tried ev'ry art, till hope became despair.
With kind solicitude his tender wife
Long vainly strove to call her back to life ;
At length her gentle bosom throbs again,
Her torpid limbs their wonted pow'r obtain ;
The loit'ring current now begins to flow,
And hapless Flora wakes once more to woe.
But all their friendly efforts could not find
A balm to heal the anguish of her mind.”

The author's description of his village in an advanced state is simple and truly characteristic of Nova-Scotia.

“ While time thus rolls his rapid years away,
The Village rises gently into day.
How sweet it is, at first approach of morn,
Before the silv'ry dew has left the lawn,
When warring winds are sleeping yet on high,
Or breathe as softly as the bosom's sigh,
To gain some easy hill's ascending height,
Where all the landscape brightens with delight,
And boundless prospects stretch'd on every side,
Proclaim the country's industry and pride.
Here the broad marsh extends its open plain,
Until its limits touch the distant main ;
There verdant meads along the uplands spring,
And to the breeze their grateful odours fling ;
Here crops of corn in rich luxuriance rise,
And wave their golden riches to the skies ;
There smiling orchards interrupt the scene,
Or garden bounded by some fence of green ;
The farmer's cot deep bosom'd 'mong the trees,
Whose spreading branches shelter from the breeze ;
The saw-mill rude, whose clacking all day long
The wilds re-echo, and the hills prolong ;
The neat white church, beside whose walls are spread
The grass-clod hillocks of the sacred dead,
Where rude cut stones or painted tablets tell,
In labour'd verse, how youth and beauty fell :
How worth and hope were hurried to the grave,
And torn from those who had no power to save.

“ Or, when the summer’s dry and sultry sun
Adown the West his fiery course has run ;
When o’er the vale his parting rays of light
Just linger, ere they vanish into night,
’Tis sweet to wander round the woodbound lake,
Whose glassy stillness scarce the zephyrs wake ;
’Tis sweet to hear the murm’ring of the rill,
As down it gurgles from the distant hill ;
The note of Whip-poor-Will ’tis sweet to hear,
When sad and slow it breaks upon the ear,
And tells each night, to all the silent vale,
The hopeless sorrows of its mournful tale.
Dear lovely spot ! Oh may such charms as these,
Sweet tranquil charms, that cannot fail to please,
For ever reign around thee, and impart
Joy, peace, and comfort to each native heart.”

He concludes his Poem with an address to Acadia, in which a tribute of respect is paid to the Earl of Dalhousie.

“ Happy Acadia ! though around thy shore
Is heard the stormy winds terrific roar ;
Though round thee Winter binds his icy chains,
And his rude tempests sweep along thy plains,
Still Summer comes with her luxuriant band
Of fruits and flowers, to decorate thy land :
Still Autumn, smiling o’er thy fertile soil,
With richest gifts repays the lab’ers toil ;
With bounteous hand his varied wants supplies,
And scarce the fruit of other suns denies.
How pleasing, and how glowing with delight,
Are now thy budding hopes ! How sweetly bright
They rise to view ! How full of joy appear
The expectations of each future year !
Not fifty Summers yet have bless’d thy clime
(How short a period in the page of time !)
Since savage tribes, with terror in their train,
Rush’d o’er thy fields, and ravag’d all thy plain.
But some few years have roll’d in haste away
Since, through thy vales, the fearless beast of prey,
With dismal yell and loud appalling cry,
Proclaim their midnight reign of horror nigh.
And now how chang’d the scene ! The first, afar,
Have fled to wilds beneath the northern star ;
The last have learn’d to shun the dreaded eye
Of lordly man, and in their turn to fly.
While the poor peasant, whose laborious care
Scarce from the soil could wring his scanty fare ;
Now in the peaceful arts of culture skill’d,
Sees his wide barns with ample treasures fill’d ;
Now finds his dwelling, as the year goes round,
Beyond his hopes, with joy and plenty crown’d.

“ And shall not, then the humble muse display
Though small the tribute, and though poor the lay,
A country’s thanks, and strive to bear the fame
To after ages, of Dalhousie’s name.
He who with heroes oft, through fields of gore,
The standard of his country proudly bore ;
Until on Gallia’s plain the day was won,
And hosts proclaim’d his task was nobly done.
He who ‘ not less to peaceful arts inclin’d,’
Cross’d the deep main to bless the lab’ring hind :
The hardy sons of Scotia’s clime to teach
What bounteous Heav’n had placed within their reach.

He saw the honest uninstru~~cted~~ swain
 Exhaust his strength, and till his lands in vain ;
 He called fair science to the rustic's aid,
 And to his view her gentle path displayed.
 His fruitful field with Britain's soil new vies,
 And as to Heav'n his grateful thanks arise,
 Thy name, Dalhousie, mixes with his prayers,
 And the best wishes of the suppliant shares.

“ Nor culture's arts, a nation's noblest friend,
 Alone o'er Scotia's field their power extend ;
 From all her shores, with every gentle gale,
 Bright commerce wide expands her swelling sail :
 And all the land, luxuriant, rich, and gay,
 Exulting owns the splendor of their sway.
 These are thy blessings, Scotia, and for these,
 For wealth, for freedom, happiness, and ease,
 Thy grateful thanks to Britain's care are due ;
 Her pow'r protects, her smiles past hopes renew ;
 Her valour guards thee, and her councils guide ;
 Then, may thy parent ever be thy pride !

“ Oh, England ! although donbt around thee play'd,
 And all thy childhood's years in error stray'd,
 Matur'd and strong, thou shin'st, in manhood's prime,
 The first and brightest star of Europe's clime.
 The nurse of science, and the seat of arts,
 The home of fairest forms and gentlest hearts ;
 The land of heroes, generous, free, and brave,
 The noblest conqu'rors of the field and wave ;
 Thy flag, on ev'ry sea and shore unfurl'd,
 Has spread thy glory, and thy thunder hurl'd.
 When o'er the earth, a tyrant would have thrown
 His iron chain, and call'd the world his own,
 Thine arm preserv'd it, in its darkest hour,
 Destroy'd his hopes, and crush'd his dreaded power.
 To sinking nations life and freedom gave,
 'Twas thine to conquer, as 'twas thine to save.

“ Then, blest Acadia ! ever may thy name,
 Like hers, be graven on the rolls of fame ;
 May all thy sons, like hers, be brave and free,
 Possessors of her laws and liberty ;
 Heirs of her splendour, science, pow'r and skill,
 And through succeeding years her children still.
 Then as the sun, with gentle dawning ray,
 From night's dull bosom wakes, and leads the day,
 His course majestic keeps, till in the height
 He glows one blaze of pure exhaustless light ;
 So may thy years increase, thy glories rise,
 To be the wonder of the western skies ;
 And bliss and peace encircle all thy shore,
 Till sun, and moon, and stars shall be no more.”

We cannot conclude this article, without expressing a desire that Mr. G. may at some future period, again favor the public with the poetic effusions of his pen. Though we do not think his productions will ever equal those of his great model, yet a very fair proportion of poetical imagery, which the extracts before us show him to possess, and the smoothness of his versifications, will, we think, always ensure him a favorable reception from the Public of Nova Scotia.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

NATHANIEL SMITH.

A TALE.

And down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death.

Thompson.

THE sound of the conch announced to Nathaniel Smith that supper was on the table and as he approached his hut he carelessly swung his axe over his shoulder, and drove it into the end of a huge maple log. "Rest there my good fellow," said Smith, "to day thou hast fallen the largest tree in the forest." Smith was a native of Nova Scotia, and had settled in the year — on the banks of the River Jordan, a few miles from the harbor of Shelburne. His hut was built after the fashion of the early settlers of America. The logs placed together without the labour of hewing, and the openings filled up with moss, to prevent the intrusion of the rain or snow. The chimney was made of rough stone, cemented with mud, with a piece of an old barrel placed at the top. In the erection of his pig sty, he seemed to have studied convenience rather than cleanliness or comfort; it was placed at one side of the front door, where the music of these hungry grunters was heard whenever it opened, or when by chance their twinkling eyes caught a glimpse of a bucket. They were of the grey hound description, but their owner partook not of their leanness, he was short and chubby, and of a lively animated disposition. His son George was eighteen years of age, and could fell a tree, wield a flail, or handle a pick-axe with any man in the neighbouring settlement. He was an able assistant to his father; they had been three years on their new residence, and had cleared a large patch of ground around them; in the centre of which, on a slight eminence, stood their habitation. Spring had opened, and the robins

began to warble their soft notes, perched on the lofty ash and towering elms by which they were surrounded. — At a distance were to be seen the rough cliffs of granite formed into variegated shapes, projecting their huge tops over the river below, as if threatening to fall from their stupendous weight: he who would enjoy the wildest scenes of nature must plunge into the forest, climb the rugged cliff, or float on the broad streams of the rivers of America. — They had five children, younger than George, and Smith's wife, though industrious and economical, was frequently hard driven to find clothing for her flock. It was not unusual to see Neddy with an old pair of daddy's pantaloons containing a huge sheep skin patch, or Dan with a green baize sleeve to a blue homespun jacket. The girls' frocks descended in rotation from the oldest to the youngest, or rather from the largest to the smallest, and were patched and patched again until it was difficult to say of what colour the original garment had been dyed. They might be called orderly children, for by long lectures and frequent application of the rod, Mrs. Smith had got them into tolerable training. One circumstance added greatly to the enjoyment of the family and particularly to that of the children. George could play on the fife, and it was amusing indeed, to see these little urchins skipping on the rough logs of the floor of the hut to the tune of "Over the hills and far away." He had no great variety of airs, and what he had acquired, were caught by ear at a rolling frolick, or perchance from the whistle of a passenger, for secluded as they were from the rest of the world, a stranger on his way to Shelburne would sometimes make his appearance, when the native hospitality of the country was dis-

Mr. G.
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Their table was crowded with the productions of their little spot, every attention was shewn and every tribute of respect paid. The difficulties of clearing land are not to be overcome, save by patience and long perseverance. Smith and his family possessed great assiduity, and they loved and esteemed each other. The more necessity called for their exertions, the closer were they united in intimacy and friendship. At this season he was employed planting his potatoes among the rotten stumps, whilst George was engaged watching the run of the gasperaux, with which the river abounded, and laying in a supply for the ensuing winter. They had taken but two barrels when their supply of salt failed. This was not an unusual occurrence. In the early settlement of Nova-Scotia, and indeed to this day, many of the poorer inhabitants on the shores, are frequently compelled to allow their fish to spoil, or are deterred from catching them, by the want of this necessary of life. George was dispatched in the flat to the neighbouring settlement to procure a few bushels. At evening he made his appearance, success had not crowned his endeavours, he returned without a load.

The summer passed but added little to their stock for the approaching winter, though an intended clearing in a rich soil gave a promise of future wealth and independence. To the right of the house was a small meadow, and as they removed from it the brush and young growth, it opened a more extensive view of the surface of the river, and added materially to the value of the farm.—Habit had wedded Smith to enjoyments of a simple nature, he had never mingled in the hurry and bustle of a crowded city, his greatest pleasure was to set at twilight in the front of his dwelling, and listen to the melancholy note of the Whip-poor-Will.

One evening Smith's wife talked to him of the prospects of the ensuing season. "How" said Nancy, "shall we procure food for the win-

ter? We have no money to buy, and our supply of provisions is but small." But Smith seemed to repel from his thoughts all future evils and answered, "I have gone through many troubles, to me this is but a trifle, do not allow such gloom to take possession of your mind. Depend upon it Nancy the protecting hand of Heaven will repay our exertions. Have I not hitherto sacrificed my ease and comfort for the interest of my family, and do you think industry will go unrewarded?" But a thoughtfulness still preyed on her mind, she was unsatisfied with the answer she received, and grieved that Smith would not enter more feelingly into her sentiments, and unite in the sorrow of a parent and a wife. His wife's opinions proved but too true. Stern winter set in and leaves fell from the surrounding trees. Smith's residence presented a scene far different from that of the previous season.

"Low, the woods
Bow their hoar heads; and ere the languid
sun
Faint from the west emits his evening ray
Earths universal face, deep hid and chill
Is one wild dazzling waste that buries
wide
The works of man."

Their comfort now consisted in piling on the fire huge maple logs from the adjacent forest. They gathered round its enlivening blaze, and their faithful dog Cæsar, trained to play tricks for the amusement of the children, was permitted to take possession of his accustomed corner.—Thus did time flee on airy wings away, until the month of February, when as Nancy had predicted their fish had given out, and potatoes were their sole dependence. Smith now resolved to travel through the woods to the neighbouring settlement, to obtain a sufficient quantity of provisions to last them till spring, when the bounties of nature would again be bestowed upon them. In the early settlement of Nova Scotia it was customary to travel in the woods by what the inhabitants call a blaze.

For the purpose of forming a guide in the forest, a direct course is pursued from one house to another, or from one settlement to another, and the first traveller carries in his hand an axe, and as he walks on, takes a chip off the trees that lie directly in his track; and by proceeding from one of those trees so blazed or marked to another, any future traveller may be guided safely to the end of his journey. It was a fine morning when Smith took his departure. "Come Cæsar," said Smith, "you shall keep my spirits alive, the snow is not deep and the distance only five miles."— He took leave of his family, promising to make no unnecessary delay, but to return on the following day. He travelled about a mile from the house, when the sky became clouded and shortly after the snow commenced falling heavy and thick. I now return to the hut. Nancy and George observed anxiously the

change of the weather, they feared it would prevent Smith's seeing the blaze, and that he would wander from his course. At night the wind blew bleak from the north west, the snow drifted and the cold was intensely severe. Every heart in the lonely hut, throbbed with anxiety for Smith. Yet there was a hope that he had reached the end of his journey, the woods were well known to him, and the distance but short. About mid day Cæsar was seen coming from the edge of the clearing. He looked thin and exhausted, they watched for Smith, hour after hour passed but he did not appear. About sun-set George left the hut. He followed the dog's track for a mile, when he beheld his father's corpse lying on the snow—

"Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast."

R— S—.

Selected.

HOURLY STAGES.

By the introduction of these now essential conveniences for the man of business, as well as the man of leisure, the condition of many persons is materially improved. No less than five hourly stages now leave the city for the adjacent towns, travelling in as many directions.— Persons, whose business requires them to be more or less in the city, are by means of these stages enabled to take a cottage or board during the summer months in the country, thus enjoying the health and comfort of a country residence. To others they afford a ready transportation from or to the city, and offer to all a great facility, if pleasure only prompt them to change their location. An occasional traveller in one of the many stages that leave the city of London for the suburbs, in a speculative essay on the subject of short stages, thus humorously describes some of the events connected with his excursions,

and closes with quite an interesting story, which will recommend itself to the reader's attention, from its artlessness as well as the brevity with which it is related:

It occasionally affords me no little entertainment, while I listen to the animated discussion that frequently prevails in these "leathern conveniencies," to guess the peculiar occupations and habits of those by whom it is carried on. Practice has, I flatter myself, conferred upon me tolerable skill in this respect. I have sometimes been led, by very slight indications, to form conjectures which subsequent inquiry has proved to be well founded. I have detected a stock-broker, by his remarking, that the barometer 'looked up;' a solicitor by his 'demurring' to the observations of a gentleman on the opposite seat; and an artist, by his praising the 'fine tone of color' of an iron-grey horse that passes us on the road. Candor, however, com-

pels me to confess, that I now and then commit a little blunder, I once mistook a sheriff's officer for a musician, because he spoke of 'bars.' and 'a good catch;' and just after the death of our late venerable Sovereign, I nearly escaped insulting a young dandy, who talked a great deal about 'men and measures.' and who, I afterwards understood, was a junior clerk to one of the Under Secretaries of State, by asking him the ready-money price of a suit of the best French black.

In most short stages, there belongs to every regular set of passengers one person of greater self-importance than the rest, who affects to assume an authoritative tone and manner. This especially occurs, when an individual so pre-disposed, happens to be invested with any of the parochial dignities of his neighbourhood. It is this person who draws up or lets down the windows. It is this person who rates the coachman for waiting more than exactly two minutes at the door of a dilatory customer. It is this person who prescribes the precise line of streets, through which the stage shall be driven to the place of its destination. Sometimes, his assumption is silently acquiesced in; sometimes, it is stoutly resisted.—More than once, after an absence of several months, I have again taken my station in the narrow arena of a contest of this description, for the sole purpose of gratifying my curiosity, by ascertaining whether, in the interval, the ancient autocrat had been able to maintain his despotism, or whether he had been deposed by a well concerted and vigorous rebellion.

Another striking characteristic of these vehicles is, the inclination evinced by many of their temporary occupants (although seldom on the part of the regular passengers, between whom and interlopers there is often much jealousy,) to communicate to utter strangers a thorough knowledge of their own affairs. In passing from Turnham Green to Piccadilly, I have been entertained with

every particular of a complicated and interminable law-suit; and I have had the distance from Leaden-hall street to Limehouse rendered apparently short by an accurate enumeration of the various connexions, down to the fifth cousin, by marriage of one whom I had never before seen, and whom I trust it is no breach of Christian charity to pray to Heaven I may never see again.

But it would be gross injustice were I not to repeat that the gratification which I have sometimes experienced on these occasions has much exceeded the annoyance. One of the most delightful incidents that I ever witnessed, and which afforded me a pure and unmixed enjoyment, occurred the other day in the Chelsea stage, at a moment when I was so lucky as to be seated in it.

I have a friend in Sloane Terrace, who is an excellent fellow, and which is more, (to use Dogberry's phraseology,) a great reader; and, which is more, a tolerable chess player. Having passed an evening with him in chatting on books, he at length induced me to sit down to the board; at which as his custom is, he checkmated me repeatedly without mercy. I certainly revenged myself very amply on his sandwiches and liqueurs; but before his hostility and my spirit of retaliation were satiated, it became so late, that I gladly accepted his offer of a sofa and a blanket for the night.

As I had an affair of some importance in town next morning, I determined to go by the nine o'clock stage; at the office for which my friend's servant accordingly booked a place, and I was punctually called for at the proper hour. In the coach I found two gentlemen, who I have no doubt belonged to one of the respectable classes to which I have already alluded, and were on their way to their daily employment. By the time that we had determined that it threatened rain, had predicted what would be the amount of the subscription for the distressed Irish, and had supposed

that Parliament would not be prorogued until the latter end of July, the coach arrived at the junction of Sloane-street with Knightsbridge; and the coachman hastily drew up, to admit a lady who was there, awaiting his approach, but whom he did not appear at all to know. She saluted us with much civility. Her age seemed to be about five and forty.—She was rather *en bon point*. Her countenance was intelligent, and if not handsome, (of which I am not sure) possessed an expression of mingled sweetness and frankness which in my opinion is peculiar to our countrywomen. Conversation, which this little stoppage had interrupted, was resumed, but the topic was again changed.

‘I wonder,’ exclaimed one of my male companions, ‘what has become of that young lady *as* we used to take up here, and *sit* down at the bottom of Chancery lane?’

‘I can’t guess,’ replied the other, ‘she came for a long time very *regular*, but she has not been with us for a fortnight.’

‘It’s a great loss. She was always so chatty and pleasant.’

‘Yes; and very diffident too;—that’s what I call properly diffident;—not sheepish or shamefaced.’

‘O! not a bit. Just what a young woman should be. Do you remember how, by two or three quiet words she confounded the spark *as* kept staring her in the eyes one day, till I was going to say something to him which he would not have liked, only she saw what I was about, and spoke herself, to prevent what she thought might be mischief?’

‘Aye; and do you recollect that snowy morning last November, when, though the coach was crammed, she begged that the poor little child of a soldier’s wife outside might be taken in, and all I could do, insisted on carrying it, wet as it was, in her own lap?’

‘Yes; she was a good creature, and very pretty into the bargain.—Every body liked her. Even Sam

the coachman, when he let down or put up the steps for her seemed to do it with a half smile; though I think he’s about the gruffest fellow *as* ever I saw. I should like amazingly to know what is become of her.’

‘So should I. But with her disposition, she’s sure to be *uncommon* happy, go where she may.’

Towards the close of the above dialogue my eye happened to glance on our female fellow passenger, and was suddenly arrested by observing that her fine face was lighted with no ordinary emotion, which she vainly endeavoured to suppress, but which at length she checked so far as to hide it from any scrutiny but that of a physiognomist. I have already owned my vanity on score.—Of course, I immediately set about divining the cause of the appearance I had noticed. Many sagacious conclusions did I draw; but they all fall short of the affecting truth, told with great simplicity by the lady herself, as she was preparing to leave us in Henrietta-street, Covent Garden.

‘Gentlemen,’ said she, with the most gracious smile conceivable, ‘I cannot wish you farewell, without thanking you for your very handsome praises of—my daughter! She is indeed an excellent girl, and deserves your good opinion.’—Her eyes filled with tears, and she made a short pause: ‘I am sure you have kind hearts; and that you will be glad to hear that she no longer goes by the stage to the place of her usual business, because she was married last week to a worthy young man, with whom I hope and believe she will be—God bless you!’

I do not profess to be sentimental; but I would cheerfully endure the joltings of the worst-hung coach that a patentee for easy carriages ever invented, over a hundred miles of the most rugged road that commissioners were appointed to keep in repair, to experience such another sensation as I felt at that moment.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

ODE.

Neque nomen, neque honos aut gloria.

VIRG. ÆN. LIB. 12.

Far dearer far to me Acadia's land,
 Varied with rich prairies and forests wild,
 Than other climes;—whether the classic stand,
 Where erst immortal Poets sang, or warlike band
 To gain a name for some proud hero toil'd,
 Or modern soil, where riches most abound,
 With arts and science, ease and splendor crown'd.

And why so dear this spot of little fame,
 O'er half of which the savage roams at will,
 Which bears in history no shining name,
 Whose sons to highest stations have no claim,
 And but a few are call'd those posts to fill
 On martial field or deck where blood is shed;
 (Though when so plac'd they've nobly fought and bled.)

Then why so dear? See peace and plenty reign
 Within our confines, cheering every heart;
 Here rich variety, o'er hill and plain,
 Of meadows green and fields of waving grain,
 To freedom's sons a competence impart;
 Here equal laws protect from fraud and crime;
 But more than all,—this is my native clime!

Kentville, July, 1826.

ARION.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

FITZ AUBERT.

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

CHAPTER 2.

Continued from page 8.

When the house proceeded to business, several petitions were presented from the freeholders of certain counties and other large bodies of individuals, in which the most violent language against the crown was reiterated, and different courses of outrage suggested and prayed for. Hambden gave in one from the county of Buckingham, and said that the hour so long wished for had at length arrived, that the people were awake to a sense of their true interests, that they must now pass the Rubicon—they must put their hands in earnest to the plough and not again look back to those who had so long and so often deceived them. For his part,

that he was prepared to stake his lands, his life, his liberty and what was still dearer to him, his honour on the event. He asked if any one sincerely expected that England could regain her lost liberties but by a bold and intrepid course. This was immediately followed by a petition of the apprentices of London, who had at all times been distinguished for a seditious spirit and a proneness to changes of government. They asserted that with their own force they should be able to rescue England from the tyranny and anarchy under which she was oppressed; and telling the House in the words of the proverb, that necessity hath no law, they

demanded the speedy punishment of the authors of the present unexampled wretchedness of the realm. A petition from 15,000 porters dwelling in the cities of London and Westminster was then read: It detailed a long catalogue of grievances and oppressions of the subject. It represented the breach of the privileges of parliament in the recent attempt to seize the five members—and the neglect with which the wishes of the people were treated by the advisers of the Crown. It painted in strong colours the danger that threatened the country from the innovations in religious matters, and the endeavours made to bind the consciences of men by a domineering and ambitious clergy. It attributed the rebellion of Ireland, and the massacres which had recently taken place there, to the private intrigues of the king, and finally dwelt on the decay of commerce, the depreciation of English manufactures, the stagnation of business, and the financial difficulties that embarrassed the whole of government, and imputed them to the corrupt and artful mismanagement of malignant and evil counsellors of the crown. After this the petition of the beggars which we have before spoken of, appeared and seemed to excite not a little surprize and enthusiasm; it was followed by one, presented by a brewer's wife of the city "in her own proper person" as the attorneys say, neither did she appear at the bar of the house unattended. For although the Roundheads did not possess gallantry enough to marshal out a train for this potent political ally of theirs, yet their wives and daughters, yea and also the wives of that ancient and reputable market of Billingsgate, with all the delightful perfumery of their occupation, and sundry other nondescript females, whose avocations are of so mysterious a nature that their delicacy will not suffer them to be designated thereby, these and the Cinderella tribes, and the match (not connubial but sulphureous) makers came in shoals to

the doors of the parliament house, and thronged the lobbies in patriotic and dutiful attendance on their prolocutrix, the dame of ale. Their irregular and uncontrolable burst of party feeling, were not a little strengthened and augmented by the copious draughts of mild and genuine juice of barley, to which the breweress had treated them. She judiciously thinking that a little exhilaration of this nature would fortify their lungs against the raw morning air, and enable them to vociferate with more freedom, to the great edification of the house, and the pleasure of the gallery.

All these extraordinary methods of exciting popular fury against the royal party were resorted to at this particular juncture, because the king had fled to Hampton Court, and most of his friends in both houses had either gone in a terrified state to their country seats, or were so despondent and irresolute since the King's departure, that no opposition could be expected to proceed from them, let the propositions of the other party be ever so violent and extravagant. The reader at all initiated in secret political history, will not suppose that those demonstrations of popular sentiments were altogether the spontaneous workings of the public feeling, thus existing in any class of society. Addresses and petitions, remonstrances and memorials were about this time brought into use, and it is reasonable to conjecture, that the ingenious persons by whose art they were first introduced, would take care to render the invention subservient to their own purposes. Every man acquainted with the present age knows, that those documents are in our times, any thing but just indications of the state of general feeling in a community. We may then look with a degree of necessary suspicion on those the archetypes of all addresses and petitions that have appeared since; and we may consequently regard them rather as a proof of what their writers wished to be believed or adopted, than

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of what their signers thought or intended. Such in fact was the case with the petitions presented on this memorable day. They all had been drawn up with great care by Vane, Pym and Hambden, and were entrusted to agents in their confidence to procure signatures, and have them presented in the ordinary way, and they were the emanations of a wild enthusiasm among the populace; and it is not a little remarkable, that Pym went out to the crowd of females we have described, and thanked them for their petition, in the name of the House. Very many moderate members who had before this occasion strongly opposed the warlike resolutions, of the prime movers of this eventful tragedy, now were led to look upon their past moderation as a tameness at variance with the public feelings of the nation, and thence to concur in whatever should be proposed by the most energetic of the popular side. In this manner measures passed, which a few months before, would not have obtained a hearing; among others that of depriving the Bishops of their right to sit in the Upper House. The King as it is supposed in the hope of gaining time and lulling the popular leaders into fancied security, gave his assent with seeming good will to these measures. He however steadily refused to return to London, as he indeed dreaded lest his life should be attempted by some of the infuriated mobs which now daily infested the most populous part of the capital. At this period it was planned by Charles that his queen should make her escape to the continent, where she could be of service to his party by stirring up some of the foreign crowned heads to his assistance, against his disaffected people, and where she might secure a retreat for him in case his own stay in England might appear to be no longer safe.

After the day on which the King had come in person to the House of Commons, to demand the five obnoxious members, viz. Hollis, Hazlerig,

Hambden, Pym, and Strode, whom Herbert the attorney general had thought proper to include with Lord Kimbolton, in an accusation of high treason, preferred before the House of Peers, which was a very short time before the commencement of the narrative contained in the last chapter. Those five accused members of the House of Commons received from their brother members, and from the public generally, a high degree of respect and attention; they being looked upon in some measure as likely to be martyrs to their patriotic zeal. Petitions poured in upon them from all quarters, beseeching in the most earnest terms of supplication, that they would not yield the high post of honour on which they had been planted by the events of the times, although it was evidently a post of danger. Stirred up by the conspicuous point of view in which they now found themselves placed, they not only exerted their former zeal in the promotion of the interests of that good old lady "the Cause," but they displayed an unusual activity in stirring up the latent sparks of a martial spirit, that about this time pervaded the nation, and spent their days and their nights in close consultation on the grand objects they had in view. Hardly was time allowed for the necessary refreshment of food and sleep, by those redoubtable companions of democracy, who called in to their aid Vane, the younger, then highly celebrated for the strength of his imagination; the ingenuity of his speeches and his ardent enthusiasm in favour of the most Utopian and impracticable systems of government, and a rooted abhorrence and detestation of all hereditary as well as arbitrary power. Cromwel's uncommon abilities had not escaped the statesmanlike and penetrating research of Hambden, although the rude and unpolished style of his harangues, and the confusion that marked his language had as yet prevented him from receiving much consideration. He as well as

Vane was accordingly taken into council by the five accused members; they convened both in the mornings and in the evenings at Hambden's house, in a retired chamber in which their secret conferences could be carried on without fear of espial or of interruption. Here they prepared such business as they intended to bring forward in public, and here also they received intelligence from their friends as to what was thought, said or done in different parts of England, with reference to the extraordinary resolves and bills lately passed, and the civil war which was now generally expected to burst forth.

In this chamber we again introduce Fitz Aubert to our readers, on the evening of the day which was distinguished by the presentation of so many tumultuary petitions to parliament. The republican secret committee was in full debate when he entered it, which they continued for some time without observing his entrance, so intent were they on their discussion, and he had come into the room without being announced.— At length Hambden who sat at the head of the table motioned to him to sit down, and then informed the others that he had sent for Fitz Aubert, in order that he might be dispatched along with Sir John Hotham to Hull. He complimented our hero on the address he had displayed on the preceding evening, when performing the character of a beggar, and told him that as the house had directed Sir John Hotham, one of its most esteemed and powerful members, to proceed to Hull, and there take pos-

session for the parliament, of the garrison, and of a large quantity of military stores and ammunition, it had been deemed advisable that he, Fitz Aubert, should accompany Sir John, and returning by a different route should endeavour to influence those who stood well affected to the cause, to appear in arms, and to train their servants and dependants, that by doing this in a private and unofficial character, less danger would be likely to arise of his being injured by any Royalists he might encounter, while he would be better enabled at the same time to ascertain the state of men's minds, and the strength of parties, than if he went in a public character. While Hambden was speaking in this strain, Sir John Hotham was announced, he came in and told the Committee he was just about leaving town, as he thought no time should be lost in the business entrusted to him. Fitz Aubert was then introduced to him by Hambden, and the purport of his orders having been explained, he was furnished with a considerable sum in gold to meet expences, and to enable him to obtain information more readily. All these arrangements were made in a very few moments; and Fitz Aubert went with Sir John in his carriage, which was in waiting at the door, and in which all the conveniences for travelling in use at that early period had already been placed. The night had just set in when they commenced their journey, and as the moon rose full and unclouded, they beheld the spires and lofty edifices of London fast receding from their view.

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CHAPTER 3.

Oh youth blest period, when the fancy dwells
On brilliant pictures that hope's pencil draws,
While the warm heart with generous fondness swells,
Ere sad experience gives her chilling laws.

WHILE Sir John Hotham and our hero are pursuing their rapid journey, it may be as well to describe shortly, the past history of the latter. The only child of a country gentleman of moderate fortune, he had at a very early age been deprived of his mother, by the relentless ravage before whom the king and the peasant alike must bow submission, and the sudden

death of his father, while he was at Westminster school, left him in his seventeenth year an orphan, without any near connexions that he had any knowledge of. He found, however, that his father had providently bequeathed the charge of his child, to the guardianship of Serjeant Bradshaw, who had estates in the same neighbourhood with himself, on the banks of the majestic Severn, and with whom the elder Fitz Aubert had formed a college acquaintance in early life. Fitz Aubert was in consequence of this melancholy event, sent for by the Serjeant, who happened to be in town, attending some trials of importance at the time. He was much pleased with the boy's appearance and manner, and the midsummer holidays approaching, he took him down along with his own family to his seat in Kent. Fitz Aubert found some mitigations of the grief he felt for the loss of a kind and indulgent father, in the gay scenes of festivity, which the return of Bradshaw to his family mansion gave birth to, and among Bradshaw's boys and girls he was seldom at a loss for play-fellows. The Serjeant's lady too was of the kindest temper, and she felt a strong inclination to render the lad's sojourn a pleasant one, in order that he might be weaned from too much indulgence of sorrow, for the loss of his father, which at first, seemed to make him quite insensible to the kindness and hospitality of all around him. She wisely thought that if he were permitted to spend his hours in melancholy musings, and to acquire too great a propensity for solitude, his mind would gradually lose its original strength, and might perhaps be tainted for life, with the effects of such dangerous habits of gloomy reflection, acquired so early, and therefore more difficult to shake off. In these sen-

tements she was warmly supported by her husband, who directed his boys to let Master Fitz Aubert be as little by himself as possible, and to divert his attention by showing him the prettiest scenes in the vicinity, and by teaching him their favourite amusements.

What effect those prudent directions would have had in curing him of the tendencies to solitude and grief, we have spoken of, would be difficult to say, but a more powerful agency soon exerted itself to give a different turn to the emotions of his youthful breach.

Catharine Hamden, a niece of the celebrated patriot, was on a visit at Bradshaw's at the time that Fitz Aubert came there, she was about fifteen, and womanly in appearance for her years. There was nothing showy in her face or form, and she bore not the promise of being celebrated when she should grow up, for beauty; but there were the most striking developements of what may be termed intellectual beauty. Her's was a face beaming with intelligence beyond her years, her dark blue eyes were capable of great expression, her smooth and elevated forehead added much to their power, and there was a benevolence and sedateness of character to be traced in all she said or did, which though it might not win the heart of a beholder by a *Coup d'oeil*, yet were better calculated to rivet indissolubly the chains of that affection which they gradually and almost imperceptibly attracted than the most striking physical beauty. It is not to be wondered at, that Fitz Aubert whose mind has been rendered more susceptible than ever, of all kinds of tender impressions, should unconsciously drink in large draughts of the dangerous poison of love.

To be continued.

NEW MELODIES.

BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

“ No !—leave my heart to rest, if rest it may,
 When Youth, and Love, and Hope have pass'd away ;
 Could'st thou when summer hours are fled,
 To some poor leaf that's fallen and dead,
 Bring back the hue it wore, the scent it shed ?
 No ! leave this heart to rest, if rest it may,
 When Youth, and Love, and Hope have pass'd away.

“ Oh ! had I met thee then when life was bright,
 Thy smile might still have fed its tranquil light ;
 But now thou break'st like sunny skies
 Too late to cheer the seaman's eyes,
 When wrecked and lost his bark before him lies !
 No ! leave this heart to rest, if rest it may,
 When Youth, and Love, and Hope, have pass'd away.

“ Where are the visions that round me once hovered,
 Forms that had grace in their shadows alone ;
 Looks fresh as light from a star just discovered,
 And voices that music might take for her own.

“ Time while I spoke with his wings resting o'er me,
 Heard me say, ‘ Where are those visions, oh, where ?’
 And pointing his wand to the sunset before me,
 Said, with a voice, like the hollow wind, ‘ There !’

“ Fondly I looked when the wizard had spoken,
 On to the dim-shining ruins of day ;
 And there in that light, like a talisman broken,
 Saw the bright fragments of Hope melt away.

“ Oh lend me thy wings, Time, I hastily uttered,
 Impatient to catch the last glimmer that shone !
 But scarcely again had the dark wizard fluttered
 His wings o'er my head, ere the light all was gone.”

“ If in loving, singing, night and day,
 We could trifle merrily life away,
 Like atoms, dancing in the beam,
 Or day-flies skimming o'er the stream ;
 Like summer odours, born to sigh
 Their sweetness out and die.

“ How brilliant, thoughtless, side by side,
 Thou and I could make our minutes glide !
 No atoms ever played so bright,
 Nor day-flies ever danced so light,
 Nor odours ever mixed their sigh,
 So close as thou and I.”

Selected.

SECRETS OF CABALISM.

ON the evening of the 29th June, 1555, in one of the narrow streets near the Poultry Compter, in London, a dark square-built ruffian, in a thrum cap and leathern jerkin, suddenly sprung forth from his hiding place, and struck his dagger with all his force against the breast of a man pass-

ing by. "By my holidam," said the man, "that would have craved no thanks, if my coat hardy had been thinner—but thou shalt have a jape for thy leman to know thee by"—and flourishing a short *gis-arme*, or double pointed weapon, on his left hand, with his right on which he seemed to wear an iron glove, he stamped a sufficient mark on the assassin's face and vanished in a moment.

"Why thou, Lozel!" said another ruffian starting from beneath a pent house, "wast playing at barley-bread with a wooden knife? Thou wilt hardly earn twenty pounds this bout."

"A plague on his cloak, Coniers! he must have had a Gambas under it. Thou mayest earn the coin thyself; thou hast gotten a gold ring and twenty shillings in part payment."

"Get thee gone to thy needle and baudekin again, like a woman's tailor as thou art! thou hast struck the wrong man and he hast taken away thy nose that he might swear to the right one. That last quart of buff-cap made froth of thy brains."

"My basilard is sharp enough for thee I warrant," muttered his disappointed companion as he drew his tough hyke or cloak over his bruises and slunk into a darker alley. Meanwhile the subject of their discourse and of their villany strode with increased haste towards the Compter prison and enquired for the condemned prisoner John Bradford. The keeper knew Bishop Gardiner's secretary, and admitted him without hesitation, hoping that he brought terms of grace to the pious man, whose meek demeanour in the prison had won love from all about him. The secretary found him on his knees as his custom was, feating his spare meal in that humble posture, and meditating with his hat drawn over his face. He rose to receive his visitor, and his tall slender person held gracefully erect, aided a countenance which derived from a faint bloom and a beard of rich brown, an

expression of youthful beauty, such as a painter would not have deemed unworthy of the great giver of the creed for which he suffered; Gardiner's secretary uncovered his head, and bending it humbly, kissed his hand with tears. "Be of good comfort, brother," said Bradford, "I have done nothing in this realm except in godly quietness, unless at Paul's cross, where I bestirred myself to save him who is now Bishop of Bath, when his rash sermon provoked the multitude."

"Ah, Bradford! Bradford!" replied his visitor, "thou didst save *him* who will burn *thee*. Had it not been for thee, I had run him through with my sword that day!" Bradford started back and looked earnestly,— "I know thy voice now, and I remember that voice said those same words in my ear when the turmoil was at St Paul's cross. For what comest thou now? A man of blood is not fit company for a sinner going to die."

"Not while I live, my most dear tutor, I am Rufford of Edlesburgh."

The old man threw his arms around his neck; and hung on it for an instant:—"It is twelve years since I saw thee, and my heart grieved when I heard a voice like thine in the fierce riot at Paul's Cross. Art thou here bodily, or do I only dream? There is a rumour abroad, that thy old enemy, Coniers, slew thee at Huntingdon last year."

"He meant well, John Bradford; but I had a thick quilted pourpoint and a tough leathern cap:—I have met his minions more than once, and they knew what print my hand leaves. Enough of this.—I am not in England now as Giles Rufford; I shall do thee better service as what I seem."

"Seaming was never good service," said the divine: "what hast thou to do with me, who am in God's hands?"

"He makes medicines of apes and vipers," answered his pupil,— "I shall serve him if I save his minister,

though it be by subtlety. I have crept into Gardener's favor by my skill in strange tongues and Hebrew secrets, therefore I am now his secretary; and I have an ally in the very chamber of our queen-mistress."

"That woman is not unwise or unmerciful," replied Bradford, "in things that touch not her faith; but I will be helped by no unfair practice on her.—Mercy with God's mercy will be welcome; but I am readier to die than to be his forsworn servant."

"Master, there can be no evil in gathering the fruit Providence has ripened for us.—Gardener was Wolsey's disciple once, and hath more heathen learning in him than Catholic zeal.—There is a leaven left of his old studies which will work us good. He believes in the Cabalism of the Jews, and reads strange books from Padua and Antwerp, which tell him of lucky and unlucky days.—He shall be made to think to-morrow full of evil omens, and his superstition shall shake his cruelty."

"Thou art but a green youth still," rejoined Bradford, "if thou knowest not that cruelty is superstition's child. Take heed that his heathenish witchcraft doth not shake both thy wit and thy safety.—For though I sleep but little, and have few dreams of earthly things, there came as I think, a vision raised by no holy art, into my prison last night.—And it had such a touch of Heaven's beauty in its face, and such rare music in its voice, that it well nigh tempted me to believe its promise. But I remembered my frailty and was safe."

The Secretary's eyes shone brightly, and half a smile opened his lips.—But he lowered both his eyes and voice as he replied "What did this fair vision promise?"

"Safety and release, if I would trust her, and be pledged to obey her."—

There was a long pause before the young man spoke again. "Do you not remember, my foster-father, the wild laurel tree that grew near my birth-place? An astrologer at Pisa told me it should not wither till the day of my death. And it seems to me, when I have walked under its shade, that the leaves made strange music, as if a spirit had touched them. It is greener and richer than its neighbours, and the fountain that flows near its root have, as men believe, a rare power of healing. The dreams that visit me when I sleep near it are always the visiting of a courteous and lovely spirit. What if the legends of Greece and Syria speak truth? May we not both have guardian spirits that choose earthly shapes?"

"My son," replied Bradford, "these thoughts are the diamond-drops that lie on the young roses of life. But the sun of Truth and Reason should disperse them. Man has one guardian, and he needs no more unless he forgets that *One*. Thou wast called in thy youth the silken pleader, because thy words were like soft threads spun into a rich tissue.—Be wary lest they entangle thee, and become a snare instead of a banner fit to guide christians. I am a blighted tree marked for the fire, and thou canst not save me by searching the freshness of thy young laurel for my sake."

"I will shame the astrologer to-morrow," said his pupil, "and therefore I must make this hour brief.—She who rules the Queen's secrets has had a bribe to make Mary merciful. There is hope of a birth at court and death ought not to be busy. Fare ye well! but do not distrust that fair apparition if it should open these prison-doors to-morrow." So saying, the young man departed without heeding Bradford's monitory gesture.

BIOGRAPHY.

ABSTRACT OF THE MEMOIRS OF PRINCE EUGENE.

Written by himself.

SOME Historians good or bad, will take of my youth, of which I scarce remember any thing. They will not

fail to speak of my mother driven from the court, exiled from Paris, and suspected of witchcraft by people who were no great conjurers.— They will tell how I was born in France, and how I left it burning with fury against Louis XIV. I was born 1663,—left the court of Louis 1683, and went into the service of Leopold the First.

A colonel at twenty and major general at twenty-one, I was made lieutenant general at twenty-five,—fought against the Turks under the Elector of Bavaria.

In 1690 joined the Duke of Surry at Villa Franca,—against the French. In 1692 the order of the golden fleece was sent to me at Turin, and on my arrival at Vienna, I was made Field Marshal ten years after my entrance into the service.

The duke of Savoy went over to the French, and left Eugene to oppose Catinat. 1697 I set out for Vienna, where I expected to be received a hundred times better than I ever had, Leopold gave me the coldest of audiences, I instantly perceived that somebody had been at work during my absence, and that while I was ridding myself of the Turks, some good christians at Vienna, had been trying to get rid of me.—Schlick demanded my sword. It was reported that I said "Take it yet reeking with the blood of enemies, I have no

wish to resume it, except for the benefit of his Majesty's service." One half of this would have been a gasconade, and the other a mean resignation. *My rage was silent.* I was put under arrest. Deputies from the body of the citizens offered to guard me, and prevent my being taken away in case of any design to put me to death. I entreated them not to violate their duty, as loyal subjects. Either from fear or repentance the Emperor sent me my sword, with a request, that I would still continue to command in Hungary.—I replied I would on condition that I should have a *carte blanche*. The poor Emperor durst not publicly give me these full powers, though he did it privately in a note.

In 1703 the Emperor made me war minister instead of Mansfeld, what I obtained was the power of negotiating alone, and I gained over to our side Queen Anne and Marlborough. I left Marlborough and Prince Louis of Baden to follow Tallard who was endeavouring to join the Elector of Bavaria. Marlborough with his infantry and artillery and sometimes with his cavalry, cleared away that of the enemy, and took Blenheim. We were beaten for a moment by the gendarmerie, but at length we threw them into the Danube.

TO BE CONTINUED.

From the Improvisatrice. By L. E. L.

THE DESERTER.

Alas, for the bright promise of our youth !
How soon the golden chords of hope are broken,
How soon we find that dreams we trusted most
Are very shadows.—

'Twas a sweet summer morn,—the lark had just
Sprung from the clover bower around her nest,
And poured her blithe song to the clouds : the sun
Shed his first crimson o'er the dark grey walls
Of the old church, and stained the sparkling panes
Of ivy covered windows. The damp grass,
That waved in wild luxuriance round the graves,
Was white with dew, but early steps had been
And left a fresh green trace round yonder tomb :
'Twas a plain stone, but graven with a name
That many stopped to read—a soldier's name—
And two were kneeling by it, one who had

Been weeping ; she was widow to the brave
 Upon whose quiet bed her tears were falling.
 From off her cheek the rose of youth had fled,
 But beauty still was there, that softened grief,
 Whose bitterness is gone, but which was felt
 Too deeply for forgetfulness ; her look,
 Fraught with high feelings and intelligence,
 And such as might beseem the Roman dame
 Whose children died for liberty, was made
 More soft and touching by the patient smile
 Which piety had given the unwearied brow,
 Which Guido draws when he would form a saint
 Whose hopes are fixed in Heaven, but who has yet
 Some earthly feelings binding them to life.
 Her arm was leant upon a graceful youth,
 The hope, the comfort of her widowhood ;
 He was departing from her, and she led
 The youthful soldier to his father's tomb—
 As in the visible presence of the dead
 She gave her farewell blessing ; and her voice
 Lost its so tremulous accents as she bade
 Her child tread in that father's steps, and told
 How brave, how honored he had been. But when
 She did entreat him to remember all
 Her hopes were centred in him, that he was
 The stay of her declining years, that he
 Might be the happiness of her old age,
 Or bring her down with sorrow to the grave,
 Her words grew inarticulate, and sobs
 Alone found utterance ; and he, whose cheeks
 Was flushed with eagerness, whose ardent eye
 Gave animated promise of the fame
 That would be his, whose ear already rang
 With the loud trumpet's war-song, felt these dreams
 Fade for a moment, and almost renounced
 The fields he panted for, since they must cost
 Such tears as these. The church-yard left, they passed
 Down by a hawthorn hedge, where the sweet May
 Had showered its white luxuriance, intermixed
 With crimson clusters of the wilding rose,
 And linked with honeysuckle. O'er the path
 Many an ancient oak and stately elm
 Spread its gay canopy. How Edward's eye
 Lingered on each familiar sight, as if
 Even to things inanimate he would bid
 A last farewell ! They reached the cottage gate,
 His horse stood ready ; many, too, were there
 Who came to say good-by, and kindly wish
 To the young soldier health and happiness.
 It is a sweet, albeit most painful feeling,
 To know we are regretted. "Farewell" said
 And oft repeated, one last wild embrace
 Given to his pale mother, who stood there,
 Her cold hands pressed upon a brow as cold,
 In all the bursting heart's full agony—
 One last, last kiss,—he sprang upon his horse,
 And urged his utmost speed with spur and rein.
 He is past— - - - out of sight. - - -

The muffled drum is rolling, and the low
 Notes of the death-march float upon the wind,
 And stately steps are pacing round that square
 With slow and measured tread ; but every brow
 Is darkened with emotion, and stern eyes,
 That looked unshrinkingly on the face of death,
 When met in battle, are now moist with tears.

The silent ring is formed, and in the midst
 Stand: the deserter ! Can this be the same,
 The young, the gallant Edward ? and are these
 The laurels promised in his early dreams ?
 These fettered hands, this doom of open shame ?
 Alas ! for young and passionate spirits ! Soon
 False lights will dazzle. He had madly joined
 The rebel banner ! Oh 'twas pride to link
 His fate on Erin's patriot few, to fight
 For liberty or the grave ! But he was now
 A prisoner : yet there he stood, as firm
 As though his feet were not upon the tomb :
 His cheek was pale as marble, and as cold ;
 But his lip trembled not, and his dark eyes
 Glanced proudly round. But when they bared his breast
 For the death shot, and took a portrait thence,
 He clenched his hands, and gasped, and one deep sob
 Of agony burst from him ; and he hid
 His face awhile—his mother's look was there.
 He could not steel his soul when he recalled
 The bitterness of her despair. It passed—
 That moment of wild anguish ; he knelt down ;
 That sun-beam shed its glory over one
 Young, proud, and brave, nerved in deep energy ;
 The next fell over cold and bloody clay. - - -

There is a deep-voiced sound from yonder dale,
 Which ill accords with the sweet music made
 By the light birds nestling by those green elms ;
 And, a strange contrast to the blossomed thorns,
 Dark plumes are waving, and a silent hearse
 Is winding thro' that lane. They told it bore
 A widow, who died of a broken heart :
 Her child, her soul's last treasure,—he had been
 Shot for desertion !

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

FITZAUBORNE.

A BORDER TALE.

And where his frown of hatred darkly fell,
 Hope withering fled—and mercy sighed
 farewell !

CORSAIR.

It was a calm and beautiful evening
 in the month of October, 1282, as the
 Knight of Allanbank imprinted a
 burning kiss upon the pale cheek of
 his amiable and beloved spouse, and
 bounding nimbly upon his steed soon
 joined the warlike cavalcade which
 had, a little before, issued from the
 gate of the castle. The last beams
 of the setting sun glanced gaily from
 plumed helmets, and plated mail, and
 blazed in a flood of light around this
 band of few but determined patriots
 in their country's cause. A tear
 rolled over the cheek of the Lady
 Margaret as she watched the steps

of their departure from the jutting
 battlements, and the faint sound of
 the horses' feet as they receded from
 her view and plunged amid the dark
 groves of the Liddel seemed a death
 knell upon her ear, for a dire forbod-
 ing rankled in her mind that her arms
 should never more encircle the brave
 and faithful bosom of the Lord of
 Allanbank, and she sought relief in
 a flood of tears. Night spread her
 gray mantle over the face of nature,
 and Lady Margaret retired to her
 chamber, but her mind was strongly
 agitated by conflicting passions for
 the safety of her Lord ; and the idea
 of her beloved Ellen struggling in the
 loathsome grasp of a ravisher pre-
 sented itself before her eyes in its

most horrible images. Scotland was at that time in a state of thralldom : the victorious and overwhelming power of Edward had spread itself over the kingdom like the blast of destruction, and the proud banners of the Red Rose floated their silken folds over her castellated turrets stained with the blood of her bravest and her noblest sons ; whilst the wretched natives, with their spirits bended, and broken beneath accumulated insult and oppression, had sought a retreat in mountain caves, except the few, who, traitorously true to the mean spirited Baliol, ingloriously bent their necks to the iron yoke, and cringed beneath the shackles of an ambitious invader. It was not so with Fitzauborne : he loved his country with a pure, a patriots love, and had long looked with the dark scowl of indignation upon the encroachments of the Southern foe. His fortress was situated in a deep ravine upon the romantic banks of the Liddel, and, from its situation upon the borders of Cumberland, he was often subjected to the inroads of the English, who, in strong parties, carried off their prey in defiance of the helpless inhabitants of the Scottish borders. A lovely daughter had blessed the love of Fitzauborne and Dame Margaret, and now in her seventeenth year, bloomed sweet amid a profusion of nature's bounties, and was possessed of all these accomplishments which add a lustre to the captivating nature of woman. Amiable and engaging in her manners, she was a beam of light to the souls of her parents, and they looked upon her as the dearest gift of Heaven. She had been returning a few days before this period from the celebration of a religious festival in the chapel of Kirkandrew, when she was waylaid by the Knight of Redburn, who carried her off to his tower on the Borders of Northumberland. Sir Roderick of Redburn was by birth an Englishman, and a zealous supporter of the Scottish invader. He possessed by the right of war, a

large and fertile tract of land upon the Marches, which he industriously enriched by the spoils of the hapless swains of the Scottish Lowlands. The number of his retainers ; the strength of his fortress which in these times was deemed impregnable, though now the owl sings his night song from the dreary silence of its empty and desolate halls ; and withal his own prowess in the field rendered him a formidable foe, among the petty chiefs around. His heart had long bowed in warm ardor to the charms of Ellen Fitzauborne, and, though their sires were foes, she returned his love. Many and secret were their interviews in the hallowed dome of Kirkandrews, towards which the desire of meeting each other, oftener directed their steps than the pure principles of devotion, and she was no stranger to the scheme by which she fell into his hands. This news was a thunder-clap to the ears of her parents, and their hearts died within them for the loss of their daughter. Fitzauborne stood the picture of despair, and all his energies seemed numbed and deadened, when he was roused by the voice of Dame Margaret whose spirit at that moment seemed to rise above the natural weakness of her sex, and instilled its magic influence into the soul of Allanbank. " Rouse thee " said she " Fitzauborne of Allanbank, and sink not into a woman's lethargy ! why sleeps thy fathers blade within its sheath and the hopes of our house withering in the blood-stained arms of a hated foe ? the din of arms, and the strife of noble foes was wont to be sweet music to thy ear,—arise then, and free my child or perish in the desperate struggle ! " Fitzauborne started from his reverie : the fire spark of vengeance darted from his eyes, and their keen and luring scowl from beneath the dark and gathered gloom of his brows spoke the stern purpose of his soul. The steel of his fathers glittered and rung upon his thigh, as he raised his nervous hand to part the dark red

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and bushy locks of hair that clouded his forehead, and dash away the big tear that, at times started into his eye and rolled over his cheeks diffused with the feelings that burned and blazed within, and his bosom heaved with the desire of revenge. The voice of war resounded through the castle, and every one was busily employed in preparing his armour for the approaching strife. The lofty pillars of the hall so lately loaded and glittering with the sword and buckler and other instruments of battle were quickly stripped of their blood-stained ornaments, and the noble steeds snorted and pawed the ground, as if mindful of former combats and longing for the onset. Morning arose gaily in the east, and the grey mists dispersed slowly before the radiance of its beams, as Norman Montgomery, the kinsman and standard-bearer of Fitzauborne unclasped the great bugle from the gate of the castle, and winded the "Border Raid" till its shrill notes swelled along the slumbering streams of the Liddel, and every echo hoarsely replied to the well known sound; then, snatching the blood crusted spear from his chieftain's outstretched hand, he sped with the welcome signal, and the war word over heath and dale and deep morass, from cottage to turreted tower, till the battlements of Gilnockie-hall burst upon his view, and the sound died away in sullen murmurs amid the dark windings of the Esk. Toil worn and covered with

dust, he arrived at the gate, and gave the well known watchword, then sudden turned away and retraced his weary steps towards Allanbank, followed by the brave retainers, who, thirsting for the combat, were all before its towers, ere the sun had half sped his blazing course towards the western wave. The sight was pleasing, though mournful, to see so many gallant hearts, blooming in the green years of youth and beauty, emerging from deep ravine and woodland copse, with their spears glittering in the sun beams, and the loose red dress of the Borders, floating around their manly limbs, who, perhaps, ere another sun shed upon them his floods of light, might lay shrouded in their blood, and trampled beneath the horses' hoofs upon a foreign strand. The bands of matrons and maidens that accompanied them to the muster place to take their passionate farewell of fathers, brothers, sons and lovers, spread a gloom upon the scene; whilst the voices of the grey haired sires reminding them of the deeds of their fathers—the proud banners of the house of Fitzauborne waving in the breeze, and the clang of armour animated their hearts, and, flinging aside their departing sadness, they raised the shout of battle till the air and mountains rung, and echoed back the sound.

JOHN TEMPLEDON.

Knoydart, Gulf Shore, 1826.

To be continued.

To the Editor of the Acadian Magazine.

SIR,

The name of "Ugoni" having been given to a fine ship building at Yarmouth, in this province, and imagining both the name and character of the patriotic individual, after whom she has been called, to be but little, if at all known in this hemisphere, I hand you the following lines written by a friend of mine, and first published in the London Literary Chronicle,

of January, 1825, trusting that they will prove highly pleasing to every lover of true patriotism. Your readers will also, I am sure, be gratified in knowing that the brave, though unfortunate "Ugoni" made his escape from the prison of Hamburg, and afterwards happily arrived in London, that assylum of the destitute.

Yours,

J. A. B.

• *To the Betrayers of Fileppo Ugoni, of Brescia.**

And have ye chained the exiled hero's form—
 And have ye manacled those free born limbs?
 Is this tale true? And have ye hearts for deeds
 So traitorously dark—so merciless?
 Ye have the **POWER** and much I fear the **WILL**—
 But why thus dream of innocence!—**YE HAVE**
DONE THIS! Your act of treachery is past.
 What! are your eyes sealed up from freedom's light—
 Your ears from suffering virtue's pleading tones—
 Your hearts from every great and noble feeling?—
 That ye should lay the hand of wanton might
 Upon the man who entered at your gate,
 A friendless persecuted wanderer?
 Oh! could ye feel what then he must have felt—
 Most deeply worn in limb and rent in heart,
 With memories sad to feed his present grief—
 With no hope then before him but your aid,
 Ye surely had not done this deed of night!
 Was not his bosom bare with suffering,
 His arm defenceless, and all succor gone—
 His life's dear visions vanished—save that best—
 The thought that he had bled for freedom's sake!
 And could ye rend from him the cherish'd ties
 That yet remain'd to cheer his solitude?—
 And could ye stop him on your crowded strand,
 When he would fain have sought another shore,
 And left ye his warm blessing—not his curse?
 —Cast from your eyes the black enshrouding veil
 That hoods their noblest light! To your dim souls
 Let mercy's beaming come—assert your fame—
 And let men know ye kneel not, nor have knelt,
 At Austria's proud throne! 'Tis thankless work
 To do a tyrants bidding, but 'tis great
 To shelter from the arm of despot-strength
 • The **EXILE** and the **HERO**.

Rend his bonds—

No longer let your dungeon's loathsome walls
 • Re-echo back his groans!—Let him breathe still
 It is but man's inheritance, Heaven's air—
 And suffering Freedom's thanks on ye shall rest.
 But give him to the blood-hounds as a prey,
 And in the darkest page of living time
 Your chronicled disgrace shall be! Nay, more—
 The treasured scorn of ages shall be your's!
 And men who wish to chafe your blushing race,
 Shall need not words of fierce and angry ire—
 But merely say—**UGONI!**

Selected.

NOW, A HOT DAY.

Now the rosy- (and lazy-) fingered surround her, and goes veiled with
 Aurora, issuing from her saffron them as long as she can; till Phoebus,
 house, calls up the moist vapours to coming forth in his power, looks eve-

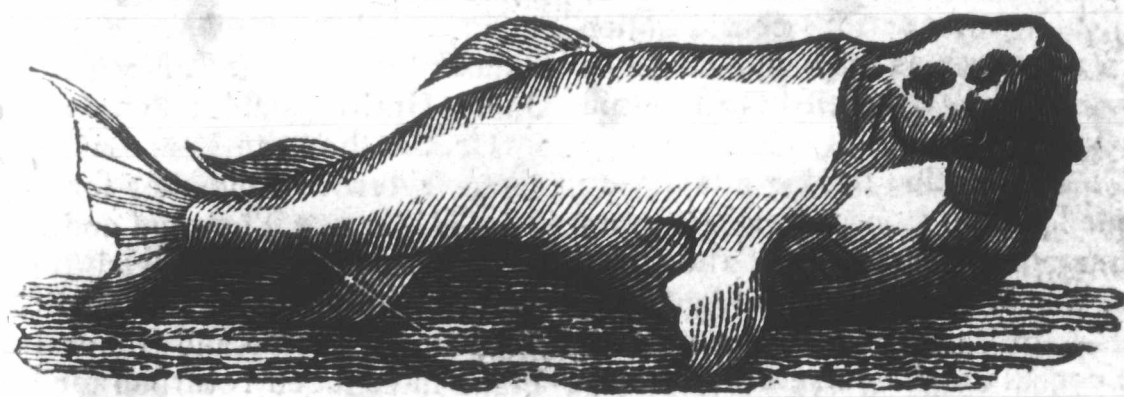
*The above unfortunate Gentleman had the temerity to be one of those few who upheld the Neapolitan struggle for liberty. He disdained to follow the course of his degenerate countrymen, and became an exile, taking refuge in Hamburg; the government of which, at the instigation of the court of Vienna, has thrown him into prison, from whence (to quote the words of the exile's friend 'he may be sent to a dreadful destination.' When arrested, he was on the point of embarking for America.

ry thing out of the sky, and holds sharp uninterrupted empire from his throne of beams. Now the mower begins to make his sweeping cuts more slowly, and resorts oftener to the beer. Now the carter sleeps atop of his load of hay, or plods with double slouch of shoulder, looking out with eyes winking under his shading hat, and with a hitch upward of one side of his mouth. Now the little girl at her grandmother's cottage-door watches the coaches that go by, with her hand held up over her sunny forehead. Now labourers look well, resting in their white shirts at the doors of rural ale-houses. Now an elm is fine there, with a seat under it; and horses drink out of the trough, stretching their yearning necks with loosened collars; and the traveller calls for his glass of ale, having been without one for more than ten minutes; and his horse stands wincing at the flies, giving sharp shivers of his skin, and moving to and fro his ineffectual docked tail; and now Miss Betty Wilson, the host's daughter, comes streaming forth in a flowered gown and ear-rings, carrying with four of her beautiful fingers the foaming glass, for which, after the traveller has drank it, she receives with an indifferent eye, looking another way, the lawful twopence: that is to say, unless the traveller, nodding his ruddy face, pays some gallant compliment to her before he drinks, such as "I'd rather kiss you, my dear, than the tumbler,"—or "I'll wait for you my love, if you'll marry me;" upon which, if the man is good-looking and the lady in good-humour, she smiles and bites her lips, and says "Ah—men can talk fast enough;" upon which the old stage-coachman, who is buckling something near her, before he sets off, says in a hoarse voice, "So can women too for that matter," and John Boots grins through his ragged red locks, and doats on the repartee all the day after. Now grasshoppers "fry," as Dryden says. Now cattle stand in water, and ducks

are envied. Now boots and shoes, and trees by the road side, are thick with dust; and dogs rolling in it, after issuing out of the water, into which they have been thrown to fetch sticks, come scattering horror among the legs of the spectators. Now a fellow who finds he has three miles further to go in a pair of tight shoes, is in a pretty situation. Now rooms with the sun upon them become intolerable; and the apothecary's apprentice, with a bitterness beyond aloes, thinks of the pond he used to bathe in at school. Now men with powdered heads (especially if thick) envy those that are unpowdered, and stop to wipe them uphill, with countenances that seem to expostulate with destiny. Now boys assemble round the village pump with a ladle to it, and delight to make a forbidden splash and get wet through the shoes. Now also they make suckers of leather, and bathe all day long in rivers and ponds, and follow the fish into their cool corners, and say millions of "*my eyes!*" at "tittle-bats." Now the bee, as he hums along, seems to be talking heavily of the heat. Now doors and brick-walls are burning to the hand; and a walled lane, with dust and broken bottles in it, near a brick-field, is a thing not to be thought of. Now a green lane, on the contrary, thick-set with hedge-row elms, and having the noise of a brook "*rumbling in pebble-stone,*" is one of the pleasantest things in the world. Now youths and damsels walk through hay-fields by chance; and the latter say, "*ha' done then, William;*" and the overseer in the next field calls out to "*let thic thear hay thear bide;*" and the girls persist, merely to plague "*such a frumpish old fellow.*" Now, in town, gossips talk more than ever to one another, in rooms, in door-ways, and out of windows, always beginning the conversation with saying that the heat is overpowering. Now blinds are let down, and doors thrown open, and flannel waist-coats left off, and cold meat preferred

to hot, and wonder expressed why tea continues so refreshing, and people delight to sliver lettuces into bowls, and apprentices water doorways with tin-cannisters that lay several atoms of dust. Now the water-cart, jumbling along the middle of the streets, and jolting the showers out of its box of water, really does something. Now boys delight to have a waterpipe let out, and set it bubbling away in a tall and frothy volume. Now fruiterers' shops and dairies look pleasant, and ices are the only things to those who can get them. Now ladies loiter in baths; and people make presents of flowers; and wine is put into ice; and the after-dinner lounge recreates his head with application of perfumed water out of long-necked bottles. Now the lounge, who cannot resist riding his new horse, feels his boots burn him. Now buckskins are not the lawn of Cos. Now jockies, walking in great coats to loose flesh, curse inwardly. Now five fat people in a stage coach, hate the sixth fat one

who is coming in, and think he has no right to be so large. Now clerks in offices do nothing, but drink soda-water and spruce beer, and read the newspaper. Now the old clothesman drops his solitary cry more deeply into the areas on the hot and forsaken side of the street; and bakers look vicious; and cooks are aggravated; and the steam of a tavern kitchen catches hold of one like the breath of Tartarus. Now delicate skins are beset with gnats; and boys make their sleeping companion start up, with playing a burning-glass on his hand; and blacksmiths are super-carbonated; and cobblers in their stalls almost feel a wish to be transplanted; and butter is too easy to spread; and the dragoons wonder whether the Romans liked their helmets; and old ladies, with their lappets unpinned, walk along in a state of dilapidation; and the servant-maids are afraid they look vulgarly hot; and the author, who has a plate of strawberries brought him, finds that he has come to the end of his writing.



The Plate represents an uncommon sized Fish which was taken off Portuguese's Cove, on the 12th instant, by a Fisherman, with a common cod hook and line. When hooked, it struggled violently, and in its efforts to disentangle itself from the hook and line, killed itself. It appears to be of the species of the Shark. Its length is fourteen feet, and the circumference round the largest part of the body is eight feet. The upper lip projects, and when the mouth of the animal is shut, laps about eight inches over the under jaw.—The teeth are in two rows—it has five gills, large enough to admit a man's arm, which lap over each other, decreasing in size towards the pectoral fin. It has two holes on the top of the head, resembling those of the Blue Shark. The dorsal fin nearer to the tail than the head, the head about one third of the length of the fish from the tail.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

BURMESE WAR.

American papers state, that the Burmese suffered the time in which the Treaty of peace was to be ratified to expire. The British thought the whole affair a trick, recommenced hostilities, took the city of Melloon and advanced 12 miles beyond it.— In the city they found the original treaty which had never been sent to Ava. The British obtained 9,000 lacs of rupees among their booty at Bhurtpore.

PARLIAMENTARY.

On the 20th May, Mr. Brougham brought before the House, the following resolution, relative to the slave trade:—

‘That this House has observed with deep regret, that nothing effectual has been done by the Legislature of his Majesty’s Colonies in the West Indies, in compliance with the declared wishes of his Majesty’s Government, and the resolution of this House of the 15th May, 1823, touching the condition of the slaves; and this House will, therefore, early in the next session of Parliament, take into their most serious consideration such measures as may appear to be necessary for giving effect to the said resolution.’

This resolution having a tendency to pledge the House to adopt compulsory measures against the Colonies, was of course opposed by Ministers.—Mr. Canning advocated a mild and conciliatory course of proceeding, and expressed himself desirous of giving the Colonial Legislatures more time to consider, and carry into effect, the plans for meliorating the condition of the slaves recommended by Earl Bathurst and his Majesty’s Government. Mr. Brougham’s motion was lost 36 to 100.

The subscriptions advertised in the London papers, for the relief of manufacturers, by the latest accounts amounted to £90,000.

PORTUGAL AND BRAZILS.

News had been received at Rio

Janeiro, of the death of the late king of Portugal, Don John, VI. The new Emperor Don Pedro, had confirmed the Regency established in Portugal, and granted pardon to all subjects of Portugal imprisoned for political and other offences.

He has also by a public decree, resigned the government of Portugal to his daughter, Donna Maria Da Gloria, princess of Da Gra Pana, in order that she may administer the government independent of Brazil.

DISCOVERY.

An inhabited island in the Pacific has been discovered by Captain Egg, of the Pollux sloop of war, in the service of the king of the Netherlands, to which he has given the name of Nederlandish island. It is in lat. 7 deg. 10 min. S. and long. 177 deg. 83 min. 16 sec. E. from Greenwich.

ELECTIONS.

The elections in England, were proceeding with great activity. At Carlisle the mob became extremely riotous, the interference of the military was found necessary, two females were killed, and one man and a boy severely wounded. The three candidates were Sir P. Musgrave, Sir James Graham and Mr. James.

Dr. Southey the Poet Laureat has been returned member for Taunton—Alderman Thomson and Waithman, Wood and Ward lead the poll in the city election. The Right Hon. William Huskisson and General Gasgoine have been returned for Liverpool.

The candidates for the Borough of Preston are—Mr. Cobbett, Mr. Wood, Mr. Stanley and Capt. Barrie.

Mr. Brougham and Lord Viscount Howick have been returned for Winchelsea—Lord John Russel and W. H. Whitebread for Bedford—Mr. Wilmot Horton and Mr. Borrowdale for Newcastle—Grattan and Moore for Dublin—Sir F. Burdett and J. C. Hobhouse for Westminster—Mr. Calvert and Sir Robert Wilson for Southwark.

CAPTAIN FRANCKLIN.

The following is contained in a letter to the editor of the Detroit Gazette, from a Gentleman at the Sault St. Marie, dated April 19 :—

“ The ground is still covered with more than two feet of snow, and the river fast held in the embraces of winter. During the winter the weather has been incredibly severe ; though the extreme cold, as indicated by spirits of wine, was but 36 degrees below Zero. From a correct register of the depth of snow, taken as it fell, we find an aggregate of seventeen and a half feet, and it is now snowing quite fast.

“ One of Capt. Francklin’s party, who is the bearer of despatches for the Admiralty Office, passed this Post on the 2d April, from whom we learn, through the Agents of the Hudson’s Bay Company, that Capt. F. reached the shores of the Arctic Sea on the 14th Aug. without encountering any of the Esquimaux in descending M’Kenzie’s River, they have retired to their glacial habitations still nearer the magnetic pole. After remaining two days on the coast the party returned to Bear Lake, where arrangements had been made with the Hudson Bay Company, at which place the bearer of the Despatches left them on the 6th of September. Dr. Richards had, in the mean time, been in search of the copper mountains alluded to in the printed Journal.

“ It is to be hoped that the severity of the weather will not prevent an early movement of the party this spring. We have reason to believe that the rigor of their winter has

been increased in ratio corresponding to their latitude, from the number of Rein Deer that have been seen in this quarter, which would have taken place only in consequence of unusual difficulties in subsisting themselves in a region still more inhospitable than this.”

DEATHS.

Her Majesty Elizabeth, widow of the late Emperor of Russia, died on the 4th of May last in Belew, on her journey from Tagenrock to Haluga. She was the second daughter of the hereditary Prince Charles Louis of Baden, who died in 1801. She was born on the 24th January, 1779.

It is a singular coincidence in the history of the United States, that the death of the two renowned Patriots, Mr. Adams and Mr. Jefferson, should have both occurred on the 4th day of July last—just fifty years after the declaration of Independence ; Mr. Adams aged 91, Mr. Jefferson 83 years.

MIRAMICHI.

The amount of losses under £20 proved before the commissioners appointed, to ascertain the losses sustained by the late destructive fires amounted to the following sums ;—

Miramichi, - - -	£193,339	1	8
Fredericton, - - -	26,794	1	4
Oromocto, - - -	5,491	14	3
Total amount of special cases not proved in the regular form, - - -	2,293	12	0

There is now about £20,000 for distribution. The precise amount of subscriptions are not yet ascertained.

SUMMARY OF DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

On Thursday, 13th July, arrived His Excellency Sir Howard Douglas, Lady Douglas and family, with his Excellency’s suite, in His Majesty’s Ship Niemen.

Major General Sir John Keane, K. C. B. Lieut. Col. M’Leod, Lieut. Pickering and John Wodehouse, Esq.

arrived here from Jamaica, on Monday the 17th of July, in His Majesty’s Ship Valorous, Captain the Earl of Huntingdon.

REGATTA.

On the tenth day of July a meeting of the Committee appointed to manage the classing of the boats and

other business, was held. Subscriptions, to the amount of £120 were paid into the hands of the Hon. Enos Collins, Treasurer. The Regatta took place on the 19th. So novel a sight in the harbor of Halifax drew together an immense concourse of spectators, the wharves were crowded and as the boats passed, they were cheered from every quarter. A lively interest was excited by a race of the Indian canoes. As they glided swiftly past the wharves they returned the cheers of the crowds by their whoop—the following is a list of the successful candidates:—

The 1st class of Sailing Boats, prize 60 dollars, won by the Emily, a boat belonging to, and managed by Rear Admiral Lake

2d class, prize 40 dollars, by the Favourite, belonging to Capt. James Fullerton.

3d class, prize 20 dols. by the Sutherland, belonging to Mr. Edward Pryor Junr.

4th class, solely for the benefit of fishermen, prizes, 1st boat 80 dollars,—2d boat, 20 dollars—3d boat, 8 dollars. 1st by Jas. Heron of Prospect, 2d by Jas. Gray, and 3d by Warren Smith, both of Sambro.

1st class of Row Boats, prize 60 dollars, by a boat belonging to the Whaling Company. We are here desired to mention that the boat belonging to Mr. Beasley, Ferguson's Cove, came in first at the winning place, but having only gone round the Island, and not the boat moored off it, the prize was awarded by the Umpires to the second boat.

2d class not decided, from the boats not having started at the same time. To be decided this day at 11 o'clock.

The prizes for the Races in Flats, of £5, £3, and £2, were won 1st by John Brown and John Rhino. 2d by John Keife, and Hugh Munro. 3d by Thomas Fraser, and W. Cleary.

The Prizes for the Canoes also of £5, £3, and £2, were awarded as follows: 1st to an Indian called Paul, 2d to Tom, 3d to Peter.

Halifax, 20th July.

Arrived on Thursday the 20th July, His Excellency the Earl of Dalhousie and Lady Dalhousie in His Majesty's Ship Menai, Capt. Stewart, from Quebec; they were received at the King's wharf, by the members of His Majesty's Council—Officers of the Staff and Regiments in Garrison, Magistrates and other respectable Inhabitants of the town.

On Friday following, the Governor in Chief held a Levee, which was numerously attended.

On Saturday the following address from His Majesty's Council, the Clergy, the Magistrates and other Inhabitants of the town of Halifax, was presented to His Excellency by the Honorable Michael Wallace:—

The arrival of your Lordship once more in this province, affords to the inhabitants of the town of Halifax, another opportunity of manifesting their loyalty and devotion to their most gracious Monarch, in the person of his Representative, the Governor General of British America.

To the exalted station and representative character which your Lordship fills, we yield with deference, the homage of our duty; but we trust that we may be permitted to unite with these higher sentiments of loyalty and devotion, those feelings of ardent attachment to your Lordship, which your private virtues excited in every member of this community during your residence among us.

We fondly recall the recollection of the happiness we enjoyed under your Lordship's administration. The zeal, ability and integrity with which you discharged your public duties, entitled you to our esteem and respect, while the kind condescension and amiable affability which you displayed in private life, gained and rivetted our affections. It is then with the most unfeigned pleasure that we welcome your Lordship once more to our shores, and we beg you to believe, that the welcome springs from our hearts.

Happy as we were while your Lordship administered the government of this province.—Happy as we still are under the administration of your excellent and able successor, we should feel guilty of ingratitude if we did not avail ourselves of every opportunity of expressing our respect for those who devote their time, and their talents to promote our welfare, and our attachment to that gracious Sovereign, whose paternal regard for us has been so conspicuously manifested in the selection of able and upright men to represent him in this distant part of his dominions.

We had not forgotten that when last your Lordship honored this town with your presence, we heard from your own lips that the Countess of Dalhousie should be the companion of your next visit. The fulfilment of this promise has been anxiously expected, and your Lordship has not disappointed our hopes.

The ease of manner and sweetness of disposition which, without compromising the dignity of her rank, formed the charm

of that society over which her Ladyship presided, have left in our minds a deep impression, and we delight in recalling those amiable qualities which won our admiration and secured our esteem.

The return of her Ladyship, connected with such pleasing associations could not fail therefore to impart to us the highest gratification, and we gladly avail ourselves of this occasion, to give expression to those sentiments and feelings with which her memory is cherished among us.

We have the honor to remain, with every sentiment of respect and affection, your Lordship's most devoted servants.

Halifax, 22d July, 1826.

To which his Excellency was pleased to make the following reply:—

Gentlemen,

It is my first duty to thank you in his Majesty's name, for the declaration of that loyalty and devoted attachment to our most gracious Sovereign, which you have expressed in this address. I know well the sincerity with which those sentiments are felt in Nova Scotia, and it is in receiving such declarations of them that I feel most impressively all the honor of the high station in which his Majesty has placed me, and in which I am permitted to speak as his representative. In my public capacity therefore, this welcome is most gratifying and most acceptable.

But it is as a private individual, and as such only, that I now return with Lady Dalhousie, in performance of my promise to you and to my old friend Sir James Kempt. It is as such, that I would assure you, that the cordial and affectionate regard which we have long felt towards the inhabitants and society in Halifax, has been in no degree diminished by our absence.

I recall, with great pleasure, the recollection of those years of my life which have been passed in Nova-Scotia; and it always gives me infinite satisfaction to know, that the welfare of this Province is so zealously promoted by my friend and able successor in the administration of the Government.

The reception and welcome which you now add to all former proofs of your unvarying approbation, and attachment, will ever be remembered by us with the most lively feeling of gratitude.

DALHOUSIE.

Government House,
Halifax, 22d July, 1826. }

RACES.

The Races took place on the 20th and 21st of July—below is an account

of the different heats and of the winning and beaten horses.

FIRST DAY.

Plate of \$100—10st. 7lbs.—Mile heats.

1. Tanner, 1st—Rifleman, 2d—Jesse, 3d—Rattler 4th.
2. Jesse 1st—Tanner 2d—Rifleman 3d—Rattler distanced.
3. Jesse 1st—Tanner 2d—Rifleman 3d.

Purse \$80—10st.—Mile Heats.

1. Silk Stockings 1st—Tanner 2d—Rattler drawn—Briton drawn.
2. Silk Stockings 1st—Tanner 2d.

Sweepstakes twice round the course.

- Rattler 1st—Eclipse 2d—Jesse drawn—Tanner drawn.

SECOND DAY.

Cup \$100, Mile heats, 10st. 7lbs.

Tanner, Bay Gelding	2, 3;
Rattler, do	3, 2;
Briton,	drawn;
Eclipse, do	1, 1;
Jesse, dark chesnut Mare	drawn;

In consequence of unfair riding, this race was decided in favor of Eclipse.

Ladies' Purse, \$80, 10st. 7lbs.

Briton, Bay Gelding,	drawn;
Rifleman, do	1, 1;
Scotch Lassie, Grey	} 3, 2;
Poney	

Grasshopper, bay mare, 2, 1;

No horses entered for the beaten plate.

3. A match between Capt. Canning's black mare, Grasshopper, and Col. Smith's black mare "Black and all Black," won by Grasshopper.

Half Mile Heats.

4. Sweepstakes for untrained horses rode by gentlemen—seven horses ran, and it was won by Colonel Smith's black mare, Black and all Black 1—1.

After the races, the stewards gave a saddle to be run for by truck horses, which was won by Mr. Northrup's horse.

OPENING OF THE SHUBENACADIE CANAL.

This period has been looked forward to by the natives of the province, and by all true friends of Nova-Scotia, as the era at which the foundation of our future prosperity was to be laid. The practicability of the undertaking has never been doubted. So long ago as the year 1797 a survey was held by Isaac Hildrith from the harbor of Halifax, through the Dartmouth and Shubenacadie lakes to the Basin of Mines, at which time there appeared to be a decided public spirit, in favor of its execution. Again in 1815 Valentine Gill was employed

to survey the route from Fletcher's bridge, to the harbor of Halifax, both which surveys were favorable to the undertaking. In 1824 the Report and estimate made by Mr. Hildrith, and the act for incorporating a company were submitted to William Chapman, Esq. Civil Engineer, Newcastle, who was decidedly of opinion, that no communication between any two seas possessed greater facilities for a canal, than that between the harbor of Halifax and the Basin of Mines. He recommended, that a professional gentleman should be employed to lay down the most advisable method of proceeding. Accordingly Francis Hall Esq. was appointed under the authority of the act of the Assembly, to make a survey, and estimate the expenses. That gentleman whose ability appears to be undoubted, and whose exertions and application are apparent to all who have interested themselves, in the promotion of the undertaking, expressed his decided opinion, that the work could be completed at the expense stated in his estimate. "I feel confident (says he) as to the practicability of the undertaking; and with fewer difficulties than I have seen or experienced in Canal works, either in Britain, Canada or the United States." The total amount of expense, by Mr. Hall's estimate, of a Canal with eight feet depth of water and commensurate locks is £55,344 7s. 5d. The country through which the line of the Canal will pass, is well suited to Agricultural purposes, and abounds in Timber, Lime Stone, and Gypsum, and affords indication of coal and other minerals. The House of Assembly by recommendation of our present Lieut. Governor Sir James Kempt, having granted the sum of £15,000, and the private subscription amounting to £17,725, the directors called a meeting of the shareholders, at which meeting it was determined to proceed with the funds already in hand. The presence of his Lordship the Earl of Dalhousie, Governor in Chief of

the North American Colonies, who had when Lieut. Governor of Nova-Scotia given his warm and zealous recommendation to the furtherance of this, as well as other objects suited to the increasing prosperity of this colony, was thought to be the most proper opportunity to commence a work tending to promote our commercial intercourse, and which we hope will be of permanent utility to our prosperity. Accordingly on the morning of the 25th of July, His Lordship the Earl of Dalhousie, and his Excellency Sir James Kempt, accompanied by his Excellency Sir Howard Douglas and Rear Admiral Lake, Major General Sir John Keane, the members of his Majesty's Council, officers of the army, with a numerous and respectable assemblage of the inhabitants of the town, proceeded to the portage between Dartmouth Lake, and Lake Charles. The directors of the Canal and the engineer Mr. Hall were on the spot to receive them. A guard of honor consisting of the flank companies of the Militia, under the command of Captains Black and Richardson, and the Artillery company under the command of Captain May, was drawn up. The right worshipful Grand Master, and the different lodges also attended. The approach of his Lordship the Earl of Dalhousie was announced by the sound of a bugle, when a salute was immediately fired by the artillery. A hollow square was formed around the spot in which the spade was to be first inserted, into which their Excellencies and attendants were conducted. The honorable Michael Wallace then addressed his Lordship as follows:—

As I have been honored with the office of President, under the charter of this Company, I cannot be a silent spectator of the first step of this important work.

I have the confidence and pride to style myself the father of the project--It originated in my mind long before many of those who hear me were born; and it has pleased God

to extend my years to the happy period, when the loyal and enterprising people in this Province, have, with heart and hand, engaged in the undertaking. They must share with myself, the extreme gratification afforded upon this occasion, by the presence of our noble and highly revered Governor General, and our excellent Lieutenant-Governor, who seem to be vieing with each other, in encouraging every measure which they conceive can tend to the welfare of this happy country.

I cannot expect to have many days added to my life, but short as the residue of my years may be, it is not impossible, that I may yet view the progress, and even the completion, of this great design; our children, I will venture to prophecy, will bless us for the undertaking—and our posterity will find it, and feel it, one of the best legacies bequeathed to them by their ancestors—and I trust every man who hears me will, from the bottom of his heart, wish that the Almighty may prosper the handy work of his people.

GOD BLESS THE KING.

At the conclusion of this address a spade prepared for the occasion was presented to his Lordship, who after having penetrated the ground, pronounced the work commenced, and delivered the following address:—

Mr. President and Gentlemen,

It is to me a most pleasing compliment to have been called upon to assist here to-day, in the first operation of this public work, so long desired—so important to this Province. Persevering enquiry has now overcome all doubts of the practicability of the work, and the spirit of enterprise and improvement has contributed the funds on which to make a beginning. The Legislature too, has afforded that liberal support which I trust will encourage, and lead to a speedy and successful accomplishment of this great undertaking.

I am happy, Sir James, to see such

convincing proof, as this now affords, of the progress of improvement in Nova Scotia. I have always thought, that the advancement of these young countries ought not to be forced,—but leaving the march to the encreasing powers of time and rising spirit, a few years, comparatively, would bring changes far out-doing what we can anticipate in human foresight:—I think I have been right as regards this work, for now I feel convinced, that we not only commence the Canal, projected so many years ago, but in this act, we also lay the foundation of many and various improvements that will spring up in connexion with it.

Mr. Wallace, permit me to congratulate you personally, on this occasion: for you are among the first, whose public spirit suggested this work, and whose constant pursuit of public improvement has never permitted the subject to be dropped until it has been brought to this point.

You gentlemen, who may be charged with the direction, and you Right worshipful Grand Master, and brother masons, will join me in the fervent prayer, that the Great Architect of the Universe may prosper this undertaking, for the public advantage, and to your own honor.

The Rev. Archdeacon Willis, in a solemn and impressive manner, delivered the following prayer:—

O God, who inhabitest eternity, and yet condescendest to regard the affairs of this lower world,—O beneficent Creator, who hast prepared this earth for the habitation of man, and made it to bring forth abundantly for his support, when tilled by industry and subdued by art; be graciously pleased to hear us on this occasion, while we implore thy heavenly aid and favor.

O Almighty Parent, from whom we and all things proceed, we acknowledge with unfeigned gratitude, thy superintending Providence, and Fatherly care of the creatures of thy hand; and we now most humbly beseech

thee to take us and all our concerns under thy Heavenly protection.

When thine Almighty Edict came forth, and this world emerged from the dark fathomless regions of rude and dull chaos, into beauty and organization—when every thing that was made, was emphatically pronounced to be “very good,” it was thy pleasure, Almighty Parent, to create man—to put him in full possession of this Earth, and to command him to have dominion over it—to cultivate and subdue it, and to make it subservient to his uses.

We thankfully confess with thy holy Prophet, that the earth is full of thy goodness: but we know also the unchangeable decree, that it is through the “sweat of man’s brow”—through industry and much labour, that the earth yields her full increase; and that this increase of the land can be transported and dispersed abroad for the equal use and benefit of its inhabitants.

On an undertaking to promote such purposes—an undertaking, we very humbly trust, in consonance with the principles of that Revelation, which thou hast graciously vouchsafed to mankind—we now O God, devoutly implore thy favor and blessing—prosper with success this work, which has this day been most auspiciously, we hope, begun.—It is not by our own arm that we can effect what we desire. Thou rulest all things both in Heaven and on Earth, and we desire to be entirely under thy rule and governance. To whom, but to thee, can we apply for a blessing on the work of our hands? For at thy command nations rise or fall, flourish or decay. Prosper then the works of our hands upon us, O prosper thou our handy work.

Bless with thy favor all who are associated for the purposes of public good. Hear, we entreat thee, the prayers of a Christian people, who call upon thee, and desire to advance, with the glory of thy blessed name, the prosperity of this favored land.

Bless, O God, all who are in au-

thority over us, and especially those here present, and grant that through thy grace, they may continue their laudable exertions, to prosecute all good works; and especially those which tend to promote the general good of the people, the advancement of true Religion, and the welfare of this Province.

These our Prayers we prefer to the throne of Grace, in the name of our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.—AMEN.

The Lord Bishop of Nova-Scotia, having been appointed, by His Majesty a member of Council in New-Brunswick, took his seat at the board on the 11th July.

FREDERICTON.

The cornerstone of a new Government House was laid at Fredericton, on the 1st July—By His Excellency Sir Howard Douglas.

MARRIAGES.

July.—At Halifax, Capt. James Kelly, to Miss Mary Elizabeth Rogers.—Mr. Edward Rutledge, to Miss Elizabeth Grant.—Charles Searer, Esq. to Miss Sarah Mansfield.

At Falmouth—Mr. J. Harvie, to Miss Mary Ann Irish.

At Pictou—Rev. John McLean, to Miss Sophia Blanchard.

DEATHS.

June.—William Henry Fielding; Mrs. Agnes Clark; Mr. Jeremiah Vickers; Mrs. Johanna Morrissey; Mr. David Hamilton; Mrs. Matilda Madden.

July.—Mr. George Bates; Mrs. Ann Herbert; Mrs. Helen Malcolm; Mr. Stephen Dupuy; Miss Mary Bates; Miss Rachael Phelan; Mrs. Eleanor de Lesdenier; Mrs. Elizabeth Kerwick; Mr. Samuel Greenwood; Mr. Joseph Bates.

At Hammond Plains—Miss Sarah Johnson.

At Horton—Jonathan Crane; William Rathburn; Mr. Walter Alder Martin; Mr. John Scott.

At Amherst—Mrs. Margaret Buchanan.

At Pictou—Mr. Hugh Fraser.

At Pictou, on 23d July, during a thunder storm, and accompanied by a squall of wind, a boat was upset and sunk in the harbor, and John McMillan and his wife perished.