PAGES

MISSING

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FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

WESTERN SCENES.

To cheer the wanderer from Britannia's isle
See in the West a little England smile,
Varied with hill and dale, with lake and bay,
Now lock'd in ice—now with sweet sunshine gay :
Where Nature holds a wild yet fruitful reign,
And throws her emerald mantle o'er the plain.
Tho' yet but thinly deck'd by arts refined,
Acadia's landscape charms th' untainted mind.
Thus, when her shepherd kings Italia knew,
Ere yet o'er vanquish'd earth Rome's ensign flew,
While teeming Greece still sent her children there,
To combat with the savage for his lair ;
When rising states had quelled their lawless foes,
And Rome, lov'd seat of Liberty, arose ;
As the wild forests fled th' improving hand,
New nations rose and cities grac'd the land :
So shall Columbia, with true English fire,
To match her parent isles in time aspire,
In powers of Science and of Art increase,
And equal strength cement eternal peace ;
Whose dove-like spirit England's every son
With Western Britons shall unite in one.

Oh ! who that passion's power has felt,
Or at the shrine of fancy knelt,
Or who that wears no icy heart,
(Whose soul is moulded not by art)
Can see his native land possest
Of charms by Nature's hand imprest,
Such as would warm the coldest breast
To view it in its loveliness,
Its sunniest and most varied dress,
With beauty that may charm the eye,
Or fill the dreamer's fantasy,
Without a son whose patriot lay*
Shall charm its winter night away,

*This part of the poem was written long be forethe appearance of the Rising Village, or the poetical description of Melville Island.

Western Scenes page 244 line 27.

Engraved for the Acadian Magazine.

"Windsor encircled by thy Pine clad hills! | Each rustic grace thy beauteous landscape fills."

WINDSOR FROM THE WEST.

Without a bard to raise desire
Its scenes to visit and admire,
Nor strike the harp with warmest glow
To strains that feeling will bestow ?
Muse of the West a votary now
I at thy new raised altar bow,
Grant to my song the power to tell
The sweetness of each fairy dell,
Or calm blue lake of Acadie,
As sweetly as they smil'd on me.—
The mountains that Helvetia shade,
Which Freedom long her home has made,
So noble that they almost seem
Too lofty for the poet's theme,
So grand that they still reach the sky,
Tho' nations and their mem'ry die ;
Such we can't boast, tho' hill and dale
Here temper the propitious gale.
My country ! how can I unfold
The love I bear thee, words are cold ;
The feelings that most warm the breast,
Mock even those who picture best
The weaker movements of the soul,
Now under check—now past control.

When the soft summer breezes curl the wave,
Day's genial orb diffusing o'er the scene
Its brightest rays, while all is cheerful, save
The gloomy shades beneath the wild wood's screen ;
When in the sun the village spire gleams,
And earth around with life and verdure teems—
'Tis then Annapolis most beauteous seems.—
Delicious spot, by Nature wholly blest :
Here would I live, here may my ashes rest.
Thy beauties fixed the bold adventurous band,
Who first found shelter on Cabotian strand.
De Mont,* Acadia's Cecrops, to thy shore
The lily standard of old Gallia bore,
With social arts o'er stormy Ocean came,
Bright be his laurels, endless be his fame.—
How calmly in his latest holiest hour,
When on the mortal clay Death holds his power,
How gently passes from this earthly sphere,
He whose bright fame has caused no human tear—
The setting sun now shoots a mellow'd ray,
And evening softly steals from earth the day ;
Between two woody hills a cove recedes,
Swelled by a stream that sparkles o'er the meads,†
And where the yellow floods of sunshine flee
The distant water opens to the sea ;‡
And here the wearied traveller rests awhile,

*Le Sieur Demont is said to have founded Port Royal (now Annapolis) in 1603.—Anterior to the building of any other European town in the Northern part of America.
†Bear River. ‡Entrance from the Bay of Fundi to the Annapolis Basin.

To feast on Nature's calmest, sweetest smile,
On the green wood, dark sea, and sky serene,
With many color'd clouds that canopy the scene,
And oh! 'twill be a glorious sight,
When stars disclose their virgin light,
To look from hence upon the bay,
(Darker and calmer than by day,)
When ev'ry lamp that lights the sky
Shall pictur'd on its bosom lie,
And from each oar electric fire
Like stars shall sparkle and expire,
The fisher laden to the brim,
For homeward course his boat shall trim,
And when his cottage light he spies,
Quick and more quickly rowing flies,
And still some ditty lov'd tho' rude
He sings to banish solitude,
Then resting from his well-worn oar,
He shouts for joy and leaps to shore.
Here to thy noble bay, Port Royal,* led
The bark that has thro' ev'ry danger sped,

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*The County of Annapolis is one of the largest divisions of Nova-Scotia. Its soil is uncommonly fertile. The Annapolis River takes its rise from the Carriboo Bog, sometimes called the Dismal Swamp. Its banks are covered with a succession of fine farm houses, barns and orchards for about 40 or 50 miles. The north and south mountains run nearly parallel the whole distance, the river winding through the valley between them. Those lofty hills are chiefly covered with the original forest: occasionally you may observe a cleared spot on either side. The new farms on the hills are commonly in the form of a parallellogram, and have rather a whimsical appearance in the scenery. The dwelling houses in this country are very large and substantially built, having a clump or two of trees near them. The style of building in the West of Nova-Scotia is this: The house of wood, two stories high, with a pitch roof, covered with shingles; from one end of the house projects a small building of one story, mostly used as the kitchen and wash-house. You sometimes, though rarely, find a flower garden. In the villages however, flowers are cultivated with some attention.

Aylesford is very sandy, Wilmot excellent upland, Annapolis proper has marshes very extensive and productive. The chief town Annapolis, consists of a single street on the bank of the river, with several leading from it, the houses generally look old and decayed. On the road by the Cape is a fine large wooden house, belonging to Thomas Ritchie, Esquire, Chief Justice of the Inferior Court of Common Pleas for that district, and another built by the Rev. Mr. Milledge, Rector of the Parish of Annapolis. The church is very neat and sufficiently capacious, but it has neither spire nor bell.—The court house on the opposite side of the road, is furnished with these ornaments.—When a circuit court is held, the bell rings to call together the parties, the counsellors, and the witnesses, who march in a kind of procession, with the sheriff and constables at their head. The government house is a large wooden building, where the officer in command of the garrison resides. The fortification includes a very fine old quadrangular brick edifice, used as barracks. The situation of this town is very advantageous for commercial and agricultural purposes, but at present, its prospects seem clouded. Little business is done in the town. There is a delightful walk to the General's bridge. Immediately above this is a woody hill, that amply repays the trouble of climbing it, by the rich scene it presents. The town, the river, Granville &c. form a map beneath one's feet. From this spot it is said the town was in ancient days annoyed by the French and English, who were alternately besiegers and besieged.—Digby is a handsome little town on the shore of Annapolis Basin, about twenty-two miles from the town of Annapolis. Its houses look remarkably neat. It had a considerable trade in fish, and there is still much business done there.

There are three beautiful coves or inlets of the Basin on the road between Annapolis Royal and Digby, one at Clements, another at Bear River ferry, and a third called the Grand Joggin. While waiting for the boat to take me across the Bear river ferry, I had

May swift each sail unbend, and safely ride
On the broad bosom of thy lake-like tide.
Who would not sigh at thy neglected state,
(Destined by Nature for a better fate ;)
Without improvement lies thy fertile soil,
In vain the marshes beg the farmers' toil.
The river source of boundless wealth would prove,
If aught from apathy thy swains could move.
If Labor's sons by fortune here should roam,
Soon would fair Commerce bless th' adopted home,
And thro' the land luxuriant harvests spread,
The gifts of plenty, where there lacks now bread.
So thought Agricola and would impart
To our rude hinds the nicer rules of art.
Divine the art! yet Industry we need,
If I my country's character can read ;
For knowledge cannot the ungrateful serve,
And labor's arm must gen'rous feeling nerve.
Fair Independence where thy form's imprest,
Each noble purpose glows within the breast.
On the dark waves with boundless terrors fraught
By the bold seaman is thy pathway sought.
Thy worship in the honest heart's enshrined ;
With men of worth the pole star of the mind.
Thy spirit would implant the love of toil,
Thy love attach us to our native soil.

Windsor,* encircled by thy pine clad hills!
Each rustic grace thy beauteous landscape fills,

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an opportunity of seeing the sun setting opposite the entrance of the Basin. I never was more entranced by scenery than on this occasion. The whole aspect of the Basin is grand and romantic. It is about eighteen miles long, in a direct line, and about eight or ten wide, entirely surrounded by high and well wooded hills. The shores are interspersed with farms, smoke-houses, and weirs, used in the catching and preparing the inestimable red herring of Digby. Fish of excellent quality and a variety of kinds always abound in the basin.

Two Islands covered with trees called Goat Island, and Gull Island, break the uniformity of the water view. The township of Clements chiefly inhabited by persons of German origin, is remarkable for the neatness and high cultivation of its farms. Some of the houses are thatched with straw, but they all have large barns and fine stocks of cattle. The land is not of the best quality. The church appears quite new, although it has been built many years. The Germans in this township are remarkably clean in their houses.

The whole of Annapolis County has received a stimulus from the lumber trade of St. John, and cultivation and building are now going on much more rapidly than in former years. Bricks of a very good quality are made in Wilmot.

Granville is a pretty little village, or rather a chain of farms, on the north side of the Annapolis River. It has three churches. Its farms bear great value in the estimation of practical farmers.

*Windsor is a remarkable neat little town. In the neighborhood is the College, which is old and ruinous, having been built of wood many years since. The Academy or Grammar school, which stands near the College, is a fine new free stone building.—Adjacent to Windsor, are the country seats of the Honorable the Chief Justice, and the late Honorable James Fraser. The marshes about Windsor are extensive, and of a superior quality. The farms are large and productive ; one of the principal farms in Windsor is owned by Thomas King, Esquire, whose science in agriculture, and skill in the management of his farm, has set a pattern to the whole country. His crops for

Where mounds of earth divert th' unwilling tide
Broad spreads the vale, to Tempe near allied.
While gentle slopes diversify the scene,
And Nature spreads her emerald coat of green.
'Tis sweet in summer's morn from gentle height
To watch the vessels with their sails of white
Glide gaily up St. Croix' all placid stream,
Which the unwary stranger wight would deem
To sail on land, while one by one they go
Like swans, and aided by the broad tide's flow,
They move majestic with the early dawn,
Commingling with the green and sloping lawn.
See on the hill that skirts the verdant plain,
Learning's lov'd court remov'd from haunts of gain.
Here Science blest us with her earliest dome,
And long may Study cherish this her home.
Thus far did Moore* our forest features trace,
And viewed the college in its infant grace.
Well may the Muses love to loiter here
'Midst scenes of calm delight to Fancy dear.
Where the broad channel of the Avon swells,
And rustling waves in headlong course compels
I would not rove, but when by passion's power
In wildest thought enwrapped I passed the hour,
There view the brigantine with sails half furled
Breast the black waves that round her bows are hurled,
Speeding to shore, and now in safety fast,
She fears no more wild Fundi's varying blast.
But by the lov'd St. Croix all pearly stream
'Tis sweet to dwell on Inspiration's theme,
To court the sunset many colored sky
Where with the eve our fairy castles die.
Or on some gentle upland bank to stray
Near Windsor's charming precincts all the day,
'Tis sweet by moonlight's calm and soothing light,
To view her town and scattered cots of white,
When every sound is still'd, save bark of cur
Who ever and anon creates a stir.
Here the broad oak his noble branches spreads,

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these few years back have been of a good quality, and exceedingly abundant. Plaister of Paris or gypsum is exported from Windsor.

The plate represents a view of the town, taken from a hill, (at the foot of which stands one buttress of the projected bridge across the Avon,) situate between the college and the river You see the mouth of the St. Croix, and that bend of the river Avon upon which the town is built. Back of the town is Fort Edward, called after his Royal Highness, the late Duke of Kent. The court house, a large white building to the right, may be known by a rail on the top. There is but one stone house in Windsor, which stands about the centre of the town. It was built by the late Nathaniel Thomas, Esq. Collector. At the back ground are the high hills beyond the St. Croix. The scenery about Windsor is much diversified by the passing and repassing of the plaister vessels in the St. Croix. The tide rises and falls many feet. At the ebb of the tide the water is carried off with amazing rapidity, leaving two small channels on each side not deep enough to prevent passing and repassing on foot or in a carriage. The vessels remain in the mud, at wharves, until the return of the tide.

*The celebrated Anacreon Moore, who was in Nova-Scotia about twenty-one years ago, and visited Windsor.

And o'er the grass his deepest shadow sheds :
While there the elm her elegance displays,
Whose careless grace attracts the wandering gaze.
Here, sheltered from the sun's intenser ray,
In friendship's bower, how happy seem'd the day,
Before us spread behold the verdant plain,
With pasture rich and bright with waving grain.
Yon poplar avenue bedecked the place,
And those large willows lent a double grace.
How blest the converse that outstript the hours,
Where wit and beauty had combin'd their powers.
Such hours I oft regret, I know not why,
Alas ! remembrance still is but a sigh
When youth gave colors to what Fancy drew,
And all my feelings, hopes, and dreams were new,
Ere I had wandered from my early home,
How much I lov'd o'er wood and field to roam,
To list the cow bell tinkling in the dale,
To hear the surges speak the rising gale,
To seat me on some flowering bank, and trace
The little rill from its first hiding place,
To watch the flies disporting o'er a lake,
Or push in quest of flowers thro' the brake.
When shall the hour of youthful joy return ?
When its warm transport in this bosom burn ?
Alas ! alas ! what treasures can impart
Such fond emotions as first fill the heart,
When youth its flag of happiness unfurl'd,
And all was sunshine in our little world ?
What can the finest scene that Nature made,
Embellish'd by the Arts, adorn'd, array'd
With all the eye can wish, cause man to feel,
Compared with that his infant eyes reveal ?
Long treasured in the heart is every glade ,
Each little thicket, each reviving shade ;
Where Fancy first her magic reign began,
Ere yet we felt the woes annexed to man.
How sick the heart, when first from home we stray,
If our return's deferred from day to day :
In vain does beauty court the languid eye,
In vain does pleasure charm us from our sigh,
In vain does friendship spread the festal board,
Or learning tempt us with her ample hoard.
Home, home's the theme of waking, sleeping dreams ;
We sigh to see our native long lov'd streams.
Oh ! how delicious to the sea coast's child,
To quit the warmest vales with breezes mild,
And, when approaching to old Ocean, feel
Its cooling gale o'er all the senses steal.

Speed we from Avon o'er the tedious hill
Where ten long miles with wood are covered still.
At last we break upon a boundless view
Of rivers, towns and plains of varied hue.
Beneath our feet see endless vales extend,

And wood-clad hills with verdant honors bend.
Trac'd like a map see ev'ry part defin'd,
Where Nature all her choicest gifts combin'd.
Here Horton* shows her lengthened line of farms,
There, North and South, the mountains spread their arms ;
But more the mind to gentle arts dispos'd
Will love the dale by waving hills enclos'd.
Such is the beauteous intervale, where flow
The calm smooth waters of the Gaspereau.
Horton can boast its orchards that delight
The traveller who with woods has tired his sight,
Its neat farm houses with a jutting end,
Its pretty gardens, which their graces lend
To gild and sweeten all the farmer's toil,
And glad his heart with Nature's choicest spoil.
And Kentville blest with views that court the eye,
With friends who charm the heart and check the sigh ;
Its opening vistas 'midst the oaks are seen,
Where intervale displays its richest green.
Nor should Cornwallis here unsung remain,
Its marshes rich, its plenty bearing plain ;
Where hospitality unfolds her door,
And friendship beckons to the festive floor.
Such kindness Aylesford gilds thy sandy plain,
Which Nature planted in a sparing vein.
Again, Annapolis, thy river glides
Before me in her copious vernal tides,
Thy farms' improvement owns the laborer's hand,
And Bridgetown† springs at Industry's command.
Here let me pause awhile, in idle mood ;
Where Heav'n and Nature have made all things good.
Man, man alone requires Instruction's hand
To bid him banish sloth and bless the land.
Grateful to Heaven for her unbounded store
Of choicest gifts that bless our native shore,
For Peace whose angel-wings have hovered near,
And kept far from us war,—its guilt,—its fear ;
For Health and Plenty, jewels rich and rare,
Tho' competence alone, not wealth, we share ;
For lovely scenes that warm our hearts to home,
Not suffering far or long from friends to roam ;

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*Horton and Cornwallis form the largest body of cultivated land, within a similar compass within this province. The scenes are so various as to prevent any short description doing them justice. They should be visited by every lover of the milder beauties of cultivated nature. Horton Corner [since designated by the name of Kentville] is altogether a picture. From the Inn door at the Oaks, which ever way you turn your eyes a charming view greets them. The Oak is the peculiar ornament of the western parts of Nova-Scotia, the Aspen of the eastern district. The Elm is to be found in most parts of the province. Gaspereau River is a meandering stream that flows through a small valley. The scenery there is romantic and beautiful. One of the finest views in the province, is the glimpse you obtain of Horton, Cornwallis, &c., after emerging from the mountains that separate Falmouth from Horton.

†Bridgetown.—This thriving and rapidly improving village, stands at the distance of fifteen miles from the mouth of the Annapolis river, at the head of the sloop navigation. It arose in 1823. Hay, lumber, and cattle are exported continually, and in quantities, to St. John, N. B.

For maids with rosy cheek and dark blue eye,
That cause the throbbing pulse, the long drawn sigh ;
For all that gives an honest native pride,
Our humble rhyme to faintly sketch hath tried.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

A WINTER PIECE.

Must, O Winter, these fields, that refresh us with their bright and variegated hues, yield to thy rigid and unrelenting hand ? Must all those umbrageous aspiring oaks, these gay trees, around, be stript of all their beauteous verdant foliage, and be left desolate and bare, to all the fury of the raging wind ?

Ah ! thy rigid approach hastens ; nought to retard it : how all nature saddens ! both herb, tree, and flower, languishingly droop their heads. Now no more the fluctuating air breathes through the groves the soft mellifluous warbling of the plumy tenants, nor any more of the listening ear rapturously pleased, with their notes : they all have fled thy frigid, withering hand, to visit milder climes, where other groves their sweet influence may own.

See ! now gloominess overspread the northern sky ; and Boreas beats vehemently against the craggy rock and hill ; the dun leaves descend in whirling eddies to the brown earth ; and often rain or hail comes rattling down, or oft the fleecy snow doth softly fall.

Now, when all nature yields nought to the eye, but a barren prospect both far and wide, and tall forest shrubs and trees, bending to the dead and scattered leaves beneath them, exhibit only icy incrustations, and sombre branches—waving inert in the wind ;—now is the time, whilst leisure doth allow, to read o'er by the sparkling flame, what poets have sung, and what the acts of ancient days.

Now frosts and snows cover the earth, and the rivers, rivulets, and lakes, full brimming, swell'd by the autumnal rains, forget to flow. Hail ! sportful time, long wished for by the youthful crowd, whose chief delight it is, on your transparent surfaces to fly along.

How desolate and forlorn do all things appear, rendered so by thy power, O Winter !

CECIL.

THE MENDICANT.

The heat of the day was over—the evening was very fine—we all sat in the entry—and the door stood open —a feeble cough announced the approach of some person—" O ! a beggar ! a beggar ! shut the door for he is coming this way." But he had got too near—something that had once been a hat, was before in his hand—a woollen rag covered the holes in the crown, to prevent the money from falling through, " Why do you not go to work ?" He had no need to answer—it was not quite dark. Old Age crawled forward, and pointed at his hoary locks—and cast an eye of reliance upon the strength of his staff—Palsy shook his head and said it was impossible.—" You should have taken care while young, to have laid up for old age ; prodigality, idleness, and vice have brought you to this." A flush of resentment came over his blanched cheek, but passed away in a moment. Charity, who sat among us, in the shape of a lady, with a tear on her cheek, more becoming than the richest gem, instantly took his part. " Perhaps he has met with some unmerited misfor-

tunes ; perhaps despair has pressed the poor old man, and bowed his body down." Her money was in her hand, and the aged mendicant sighed —yet received it with a look of admiration and gratitude.

Miss Affectation, who had fled at his approach, now returned—she said, " these beggars came in such ragged clothes, and discovered their nakedness so, that it was impossible for a modest woman to endure them." Charity looked with a smile of superiority ; but I cannot say contempt. " Po, Po," saida young gallant who had fled and returned with Miss Affectation, " can we find nothing but this old fellow to talk about ? I wish they would not come breaking up company so." The mendicant tottered away, leaving Conscience behind to answer for him.

CECIL.

A LETHEAN ODE.

First round my brows a poppy wreath I'll bind,
Gather'd, while moisten'd with the falling dew,
With ivy tendrils round their stems entwin'd—
Then to the god of sleep my song pursue.

Hail balmy sleep, thou offspring of the night !
Alone of thee, the Muse delights to sing ;
Bend hitherwards thy gentle airy flight,
And o'er me drop thy dark extended wing.

Thy fairy-lustre to my sense impart,
And on my couch, oh, pensive sleep ! descend ;
'Tis thou alone can'st strike my grief-worn heart,
" Nature's best nurse," and sorrow's gentlest friend.

Spread wide thine arms, and fold me to thy breast ;
There I can taste the blessings of repose :
Then, with my sorrows, shall I sink to rest,
And calm oblivion mitigate my woes.

CECIL.

St. John, N. B.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

TALES OF A WINTER ALONGSHORE.

By the Author of Fitz Aubert.

It happened that in the very severe winter of the year 18— a schooner engaged in the West Indian trade, was compelled to remain in a small fishing harbor on the coast of Nova-Scotia. The ice had surrounded her and reached to such a distance out towards the sea, that it was considered impossible for her crew to cut her a way through it, although they had been assisted by the few male inhabitants of this remote and desolate place. The captain found himself accordingly under the necessity of remaining there, until the broken weather of March should enable him to work his way out through the ice, which by that time he expected would separate. He obtained accommodation for himself in the only decent looking house in the harbor, and his mate and men distributed themselves about, in the best manner they could.

Waters, the landlord, had a broad piece of pine plank painted black with white letters, swinging on a frame like a gibbetted highwayman. This attractive ornament stood near his front

door. It displayed besides his name, what had been intended for a bust of Lord Nelson ; but what with the licentia sign—paint—oria of the artist, and the ravages of the rain, it would have passed very well for a representation of King Christophe, or his right trusty and well beloved Duke of Lemonade. By this and sundry other little circumstances, Waters's house bore the name of an inn ; yet with all its conveniencies and the hospitality of the good man, who was an honest cheerful fellow, Captain Dalton wished much to get to Halifax overland, whither business and pleasure alike beckoned him. The harbor had but one rough and narrow road or rather path through the forest, communicating at the distance of fifteen miles with the post road. This was now rendered impassable by the snow-drifts, and Dalton consoled himself by reflecting that his crew would be kept together until he could put to sea in the spring.

At the time the Spring Bird had been thus laid up in ordinary, there were three other travellers at Waters's, detained by the impossibility of surmounting the drifts. The priest, Father Marceau, as he was called, was a young Canadian abbe, who had been sent by the Bishop of Quebec to visit the coast settlements in this part of the country, as they were then destitute of resident pastors.—The next was Mr. Abel Terry, a young man from Salem, who had been a passenger in a brig that was wrecked outside the harbor, in the preceding autumn. Being very delicate, for he was on a voyage to the Mediterranean for the improvement of his health, the hardships he underwent at the time of the wreck, rendered him unfit for travelling, and as he began to recover and gather strength, the winter set in and he had to remain at Waters's magnificent hospitium. The third was a travelling merchant, in common pailance a pedlar, named Alexander M'Clinch.

Finding themselves thus cooped together for the season, they endeavored to dissipate ennui by singing and dancing, Mr. M'Clinch played on the violin, and Dalton and Terry made up a reel with Mrs. Waters and her eldest daughter, a fair and rosy girl of sixteen.—One evening after they had danced awhile, the father Marceau, who enjoyed the scene with the most perfect *bonhommie*, after taking two or three preparatory pinches of fine scented macabau from his box, of *papier mache :* said—"Captain, I tink you must be alf tire of de danse. Here is Monsieur Vater vat is oblige to sit still for his vooden leg, and moi I be sous le necessite to sit still too by my profession, unless I vould take the judgement of that Comique anteur, vat you call him ?—eh ! Yorique, Yorick !—who tell about le souper and le grace, dat is le benediction by way of contredanse for the clerge. Den dere is Monsieur Teri, he is trop imbecile, delicat, veak for stand danse danser, continuellement. You so robuste you dont mind to be fatigue.—Now vat you tink if we all tell some petites contes,—histories,—tales ; each von tell a von tale, storie, all roun ? eh !"

Dalton, and indeed the whole company, were much pleased at the idea, and it was accordingly arranged that each should deliver his tale in rotation, beginning with the youngest present, and that when they should be tired of this amusement, or their memory and invention be in some degree exhausted, they could recur to Sawney's fiddle and Tulloch-Gorum for diversion.—Miss Lucy Waters, as the youngest in company, on the next evening began her story as follows :—

LUCY'S STORY.

"A young bachelor, a merchant in Halifax, was in the habit of strolling out frequently in the long summer nights, with a large cloak wrapped closely round him. Sometimes he would walk half way to the Tower, and at other times along the beach to Point Pleasant. He would often seat himself on one of the ramparts of the old seven gun battery which

has long ceased to bear the frowning artillery of war, and gazing on the expanse of the bay and the islands towards its entrance, become lost in the recollections of boyish days, that were associated in his mind, with the delicious prospect before him, until the waning moon reminded him of the lateness of the hour. He had been taking a walk in that direction one night, and on his way homeward had heard the sentinels exchange their 'all's well,' and the town clock strike twelve, when in passing a corner near the burying ground, his attention was arrested by hearing his own name repeated in an earnest, though smothered tone. Listening with caution, he overheard two scoundrels laying their heads together, and designing to break open his store, and carry off his Iron Chest. He knew one by his voice to be a man named Joe, whom he sometimes employed about his place in sweeping it out or running on errands. The other appeared to be a countryman, who had an empty waggon, and their plan was to burst the office window shutters with a crow bar, a little before daybreak, and set off with the chest concealed in the bottom of the waggon, and divide the spoil when they arrived at the countryman's house, which was about twenty miles from town.

"Our merchant was pleased at making so timely a discovery, but as he was a very good-natured man, he resolved that he would try if he could not defeat their plans, and make them punish themselves without calling in the aid of any of the honest myrmidons of justice who so disinterestedly watch over the peace and happiness of society. 'For' said he to himself, 'the expense and trouble of procuring the arrest and conviction of those fellows, would fall to a certain extent on myself, and there are other ways of making them sorry for their tricks, besides giving them board and lodging at the public expense.'

"So he went home and opening his iron chest, very carefully removed all the valuables it contained to a place of less danger, leaving a good deal of copper money inside, that might jingle and make the chest weigh heavy. He then locked it carefully and took the key with him, and having got his horse saddled, he set off at full gallop, and at last put up at an inn, very near the house of the kind countryman who had lent Mr. Joe his waggon.

"Meanwhile the confederates had succeeded in getting at the iron chest, and not having a key, they deferred breaking it open until they should get to their place of destination, fearing to make any more noise than their purposes demanded. So they lifted it into the waggon and left town with as little delay as possible, looking back every moment expecting a posse in pursuit, but finding no molestation, they stopped a few miles from town at the house of an acquaintance, where they drank something and set off again.—Joe who had been elated with his imaginary success, and had accordingly drank very freely, now fell asleep, and did not awake till they arrived at the countryman's door; when they both got out and took their supposed prize into the house. It is more easy to imagine than describe the surprise felt by our honest confederates, when having at length succeeded in breaking open the chest, they discovered the nature of the booty, which had cost them so much pains. Mr. Joe at length began to surmise that his fellow in iniquity, had somehow or other taken from the chest, its more valuable contents while he had slept on the way, and without much ceremony accused him of it. High words ensued, and they at last came to blows, but the rustic being the stronger and his wife taking his part, they gave their guest a severe beating.

"In the meanwhile the merchant had acquainted the landlord of the inn, who was also a justice of peace, of the circumstances of the night's frolic, he was engaged in conversation with him about it, when they observed from the window, Master Joe, making

the best of his way to the inn, with his head tied up with a red silk handkerchief, and his face disfigured with bloody streams. Suspecting his errand, Squire Settle (for so our host was called) went into another room to receive him in due form. Joe made his complaint against this farmer and his wife, who were sent for by the justice, and regularly committed into the keeping of the constable of the place, who escorted them to town, and lodged them in durance vile.—The magistrate not pretending to know any thing of the cause of the affray, and the countryman having his own reasons for holding his tongue. The merchant after this, returned to town, and took no further steps in the affair until the Quarter Sessions, when he informed the magistrates of what had happened. So in the regular course of things, the countryman and his wife were put on their trial for having beaten their good friend so unmercifully, and Joe gave evidence against them, stating that he had done nothing to provoke such treatment.—But the court would not give him credit, and discharged the prisoners, on which Joe grumbled loud, and accused their worships of not having done him justice. Seeing his obstinacy, one of the justices sent for him to the bench, and whispered softly to him, 'Do you remember the iron chest?' Joe turned as pale as ashes, and darting through the crowd, made his escape from the town, and was never after heard of.

"The merchant having thus obtained his revenge on them both, was fully satisfied, and not a little pleased at the result of the adventurers, but he ever after took more care in fastening and securing his money and goods, than he had thought necessary before."

The company all approved much the young lady's story, and commended her for having selected one of a local nature. Some approved the conduct of the merchant; but the older and graver ones said he should not have let the thieves off with so slight a punishment. All however admitted that he deserved much credit for his ingenuity.—They soon after separated for the night. The next evening it fell to the Abbe's lot to entertain them with a story. He remarked that they could not expect him to lay the scene of his romance in Nova-Scotia, where he was a complete stranger; but that if he did not succeed in pleasing, it should not be inferred that it was from want of inclination. After this preface he begun—

THE ABBE'S TALE.

"In the province of Visiapour, one of the fertile regions of Hindostan, there is or was a small village called Colan. It was the sole remaining trace of civilization in a large and beautiful plain, through which meandered a stream, whose pure and placid waters had in ancient times invited the industrious to settle on its fertilizing margin. On the hills around still waved in wild luxuriance the antique forests planted by the hand of Nature. But the tangled thickets,—the wild and almost impenetrable jungle that overspreads the face of the vale, were of later growth. Formerly villages and farm-houses covered the ground, where now the savage beasts of prey or still more barbarous robber had his lair. The intestine wars, that have desolated so many of the finest regions of the East, swept away from this once favored district all the benefits, that indefatigable labor had gradually accumulated. Conscriptions and taxes, the interruption of commerce and the devastation of the sword, had combined to render the place more inhospitable and dangerous to man, than it had been in its primitive condition.

"In Colan, which alone survived the desolation, lived a poor fellow named Hamet, who drove a trade in small wares. As the good people of Colan were very fond of indulging themselves in various kinds of hunting in the neighboring deserts, Hamet always took care to be well pro-

vided with swords, spear heads, and all the etcetera connected with the sport, which were ranged round his little shop, in pretty nearly the same manner that one sees razors in all their acquired brilliance, garnishing the magazine of a dresser of periwigs, and chin-smoother; or to carry the comparison at once to the true sublime, those who have been at the Tower Armory will understand the beauty of such things, and those who have not, may get a travelled friend to describe it, or at the last resort may confer with their own imagination.—Hamet was strict in his dealings and regular in his ablutions, but if applied to by a generous customer for a scymitar, would not be very particular about enquiring into the profession of the purchaser. You must know it was not his business to do so, seeing that our worthy trader was neither a cadi nor a justice of the peace. If the buyer happened to be a robber, and the scymitar eventually served to decapitate one of Hamet's competitors in traffic, or any other honest Mussulman, (Hindoos, Jews, Christians &c. were of no moment, as he looked on them all as dogs;) the pious Hamet washed his hands of the matter, and argued with himself, that there could be no possible crime in following his vocation. Nay he would sometimes purchase from such customers a variety of articles at a very low price, knowing in his heart that they had belonged to some traveller, who had been robbed and possibly murdered by the highwaymen. This conscientious shopkeeper had a large family to support, and a wife especially, who cared little how he carried on his business, if she could only contrive to vie with her neighbors in gaudy attire; yet the trade Hamet followed quickly improved his means, and he soon began to hold his head up in the village.

"His eldest son Alzaman, about this time in his sixteenth year, though but a stripling, was distinguished for activity in every mischievous conspiracy among the youths of the place, whether they undertook to punish some surly miser by stealing his choicest fruit, or to break windows or verandas at night. His days were spent in his father's shop, and in the afternoon he would generally steal off, under the pretence of hunting with a bow and arrows, and lounge among the fields or in some shady grove, until the approach of night caused him to retrace his steps.

"The unoccupied mind is apt to receive impressions. So it happened to Alzaman. Every day he passed by the garden in the rear of the Emir Mustapha's house, and every day he observed the Emir's pretty little daughter sitting at a window that overlooked it. In Colan the custom of confining the fair sex had never taken root, and Alzaman had many opportunities of seeing and conversing with Fatima, who was younger than himself, and she did not appear displeased at the little attentions he shewed her. This little penchant had a visible effect in improving his deportment. He became steady and serious, and though he never mentioned love to her, he often thought of it, and as time rolled on and she was advancing fast into womanhood, he began to feel a deep and serious attachment.

"The Emir Mustapha was the cadi of the village, and had in that situation accumulated a large property, and becoming rich had adopted the title of Emir, signifying that he claimed descent from the family of the Prophet. Some grumblers affirmed that in selling justice to others he had not forgotten himself, and that his gold had not been altogether the reward of too strict an adherence to the principles of the Koran, and they denied his claim to the Prophet's connection. However, as Mustapha was known to be rich, and felt to be powerful, all this grumbling was confined to whispers and insinuations, and he himself received all the outward respect that he wished. He was proud, ambitious and covetous.

SoAlzaman took very good care not to give him any room to suspect that he aspired to the hand of his daughter. For a long while he was very guarded not to let Fatima herself see any decisive marks of the impression she had created. In the mean time as she grew up, his opportunities of seeing her lessened, and as she now was always attended out of respect by some of her female friends, it would have been dangerous for him to venture any conversation on the subject.-

"He watched for some time to find an occasion to address her without observation, and was successful in persuading her of the merit of his long and fervent affection, and the restraint he had put on himself in not disclosing it before. She confessed that she had an affection for him, and they consulted on the best way to correspond with each other, without the knowledge of her father. She pointed out a hollow space in the garden wall, between two stones that had been loosened by time and weather, which was agreed on as a post-office for their letters.

"They wrote to each other all those romantic effusions that youth and ardent imagination would naturally suggest, but they found there was no hope of uniting their destinies, unless by concerting a flight from their native village, to some place beyond the scope of the Emir's influence. Having made up their minds to this step, nothing remained but to carry it into execution as soon as possible. In order to effect this, Alzaman obtained under different pretexts sums of money from his mother, who was dotingly fond of him. Fatima on her part was not remiss in getting presents from the Cadi of jewelry for the ostensible purpose of decorating her pretty little person, and as she reminded him of shewing off his wealth and consequence ; but with the intention of taking them with her, when she should make her escape.—Having at length by their joint assiduity realized a sufficient sum of money and valuables, Alzaman took with him one of his father's best swords, and having purchased a couple of horses, they took flight at midnight, resolved to make the best of their way from Colan.

"After many days' journeys, they thought themselves secure from pursuit, and having taken up their abode in a large city in the kingdom of Ajmere, they went together before a Cadi, and were regularly married.

"Having thus dispatched this little affair, they bought a small house and furnished it. Finding that they had nearly exhausted their treasury, jewels and all, Alzaman concluded he had best carry on the business his father followed, so fitting up a shop he soon obtained a great resort of all kinds of gentlemen and sportsmen, who readily purchased his swords and promised payment. Alzaman after a little while discovered, that his knowledge of the articles he dealt in was of secondary moment, and that he was remarkably deficient in the knowledge of mankind; on the acquirement of which a man's success in trade chiefly depends. His customers were more ready to buy than to make payment, while the debts he incurred, strange to say, would not disappear as fast as his cutlery. In fine he was compelled to sell the house, furniture and remaining stock, before he had been six months in business. He was lucky enough through the intervention of an acquaintance to procure a place among the huntsmen who went with the Sultan of Ajmere to the chase. That monarch being fond to an excess of the amusements of the field, took particular notice of Alzaman, on account of his dexterity in the use of the bow, to which our hero had been accustomed from his infancy. He gave him a cottage and a productive tract of land besides his pay, and kept him almost the whole time with him wherever he went.

"Fatima rejoiced to find that they were not entirely deserted by For-

tune ; but as her affection for her husband had grown stronger since their union, she regretted the necessity that obliged him to close attendance on the Sultan, and deprived her so much of his society. She often thought too of her father, not without some remorse at having thus abandoned him in his old days, the more so as he had been very indulgent to her, and never denied her a request.

"In a short time Fatima became the mother of a beautiful boy, who bore a resemblance to his parents. His innocent caresses soon diverted her attention from melancholy thoughts. Alzaman obtained the Sultan's permission to stay at home for a few months ; with his lovely wife and her infant he enjoyed as pure and complete happiness as is consistant with our finite state, the only drawback on which was the reflections, that would now and then obtrude, relative to the unceremonious manner in which they had left Colan.

"While they were thus enjoying the sweets of domestic life, the Sultan in an idle hour took it into his head to pay a visit to their cottage. Leaving his attendants to wait for him at some distance, he dismounted, tied his horse to the gate, and was in the room where they were sitting before they knew he was near. They were very much alarmed and surprised at his appearance ; but he reassured them in the most kind and conciliating manner ; and after a short desultory conversation took his leave.—On the following day an officer of the Sultan's retinue who had been under some obligations to Alzaman, called on him, and in the most confidential manner informed him that the monarch had openly avowed his admiration of Fatima's beauty ; intimating at the same time his intention of making her one of the ornaments of his Serail. The officer advised an instaut flight. Alzaman seeing no other safe course, they disguised themselves in the dress of peasants, and as Fatama was still weak he carried the child. They had no opportunity of obtaining horses, or any money to take with them, except a few pieces of gold which the officer had lent him. They struck into the most unfrequented road they could find, as they were in constant alarm lest they should be pursued and taken.

"They travelled as fast as their situation would admit of, under continual anxiety, until they were out of the Sultan's dominions. Finding themselves at length in a pretty little village, a day's journey beyond the frontiers, they resolved to take up their residence there. As their money was exhausted, Alzaman hired himself to a farmer, submitting cheerfully to every privation to obtain a scanty subsistence for his family. He was one day employed in a neighboring wood, cutting faggots for his master, when he observed at a distance a robber attacking a pilgrim, who though apparently old and imbecile, made a bold resistance. He flew with his hatchet in his hand to his relief, and just as the villain was aiming with his sword a cut at the old man's head that would have severed it in two, our hero struck him a mortal blow on the back of his head with his hatchet. He staggered and fell, and in a few moments expired, ejaculating curses. Alzaman found the old man, he had thus saved from destruction, so bewildered and agitated that he was incapable of making any intelligible answer to his questions, or even of walking a step without assistance. His firmness, which had evinced itself just before in a stout defence against his antagonist, appeared to have been a momentary fit of desperation. Alzaman led him to the dwelling of the farmer where he himself served, and told the circumstances under which he had met him in the wood. The old man after tasting a little refreshment, recovered the use of his faculties. Fatima who was present, washed from his face the marks of his sanguinary combat, and when his features lost this disguise, she started with astonish-

ment. It was her father—the Emir Mustapha!

"The explanations, and the joy that followed them, may be more easily imagined than described. The old man had indeed been fond of money, but his daughter was still dearer to him, and after her flight he tried every means in his power to find her out. Losing all hopes of recovering her, grief had made sad inroads on his mind, to calm which he was on a pilgrimage to the tomb of the Prophet, but having a considerable sum with him, to make purchases, as is usual for pilgrims to do, he very incautiously suffered it to be seen at the last cavaransera by some strangers. Among those strangers was the robber, who followed and attacked him. The good farmer and his family partook of the satisfaction this unexpected good fortune gave their inmates. It need hardly be said that Mustapha's joy at recovering his lost child, and gratitude to Alzaman for saving his life, quite obliterated all resentment for the run-away match, and reconciled him to their union. He gave up his intended pilgrimage, and taking them back with him to Colan, made them the partakers of his wealth while he lived, and his heirs at his decease. Hamet and his wife were quite rejoiced at the happy event of this unpromising affair, and as he had now made money enough, resigned the shop to one of his youngest sons, who did not imitate his father's habits of dealing with suspicious customers. Alzaman's mother did not long survive his return, for she caught cold by going too thinly dressed, in order to shew off some finery. Our hero and heroine became serious, quiet, and regular sort of people. No one could have suspected them to have played the pranks that had occurred in their juvenile years, but some of the old chronicles of the village had put down their strange tale in black and white, and from them I obtained it."

When he had concluded his story, some of the company remarked very severely on the conduct of the lady and her lover, but they at last agreed that love excused a great many aberrations of conduct; as it was an irregular and uncontrolable passion.—The Abbe defended their conduct, with many sage observations, that might be thought too prosing if set down here. The friends then separated for the evening.

THE following Poem, which has been obligingly furnished us by a Reverend friend, is from the pen of the Venerable, and Honorable ARCHDEACON SPENCER, of Bermuda. It was written while the author was prosecuting his studies at Oxford; and evidently displays those rare and splendid qualities of the mind, which are the special, discriminate gifts of Genius. MR. SPENCER's late interesting visit to Halifax, gave us an opportunity of judging of his pulpit eloquence; which for dignity of language, gracefulness of gesture and expression, and richness of poetical imagery, superadded to an intimate acquaintance with the classics, and ancient and modern history, fully characterized the *Homo præstantissimi inginii* portrayed in the following elegant illustrations of the once "Mistress of the World:"

THE COLISEUM,

OR A LETTER FROM ROME,

BY THE REV. AUBREY GEORGE SPENCER.

DEDICATION.

To those who venerate the departed greatness, to those who while admiring this proudest monument of the "Eternal City" reared by the conquests of her

Emperors, and since hallowed by the blood of her Martyrs, contemplate in sorrow and in anger, the degeneracy of her parent state; this faint echo of Roman Glory, through the mouldering arches of the immortal Coliseum, is humbly inscribed by

THE AUTHOR.

Long from Scarnanders shore, and Idas height
The enthusiast wanderer strains his baffled sight;
No record stone, no storied ruins guide
To where Cassaudra raved, or Priam died;
Of Illon's fatal flames no marks survive—
In Homer's Urn alone her ashes live—
Tradition vaguely points the untrophied spot,
All—save "the tale of Troy divine"—forgot.
And shall thy ruthless grasp, oblivion! claim
Rome's lettered wealth and monumental fame—
The sculptor's treasury, the poet's theme
Fade like the splendors of a morning dream?
No—not in vain the impassioned stranger roves
Her marble peopled courts, and templed groves
Where e'er each zephyr learned the shouts of fame,
Each echo syllabled a hero's name—
Where still th' historic muse, 'mid fanes o'erthrown
Sends forth her oracles to genius known,
From breathing brass and animated stone.

Near many a prostrate shrine, and mouldering dome,
Some Demigod's retreat, or Cæsar's home;
Where desolation's deliterious might
With classic memory wages doubtful fight;
Amid the wrecks of war, the waste of years,
Its awful front the Coliseum rears!
Not proud, as at Vespasian's stern command
The structure rose from captive Judah's hand,
When the fall'n sons of David's royal line
Sighed for the hills of balmy Palestine;
Not gay, as when from shows, and sports abhorred,
Exulting myriads round the Arena poured;
Yet though impaired for time too vast a prey,
A shivered rock—a mountain in decay—
Frowning sublime above the general gloom,
The eternal shield, the giant ghost of Rome.

How in mid air receding from the eye
Sweeps the bold curve in simple majesty!
As teir or tier the interminable row
Of arch, and column, melts in shade below:
Firm set in earth the Donan pillars there
Massive and rough the enormous ruin bear;
On these Ionia's lighter columns rise,
And Corinth next her beauteous shaft supplies.—
Above the jutting frieze, and blazoned flower
High as their fame her rich palasters tower,
While bronzed with age's tint, by moss o'ergrown,
Bends round its hoary brow the Attic Crown;
Free o'er the varied pile the eye may r[illegible]e—
Herculean strength below, and Paphian [illegible]ace above,
Within these walls, now dreary and decayed,
Were martial games and murderous feats displayed;
Here Cæsar saw from his exalted seat
The world's great mistress prostrate at his feet,
Nor feared supreme in majesty and power,
The evanescense of her glorious hour:
The just, the retributive blow, which now
The laurel strikes from Rome's degenerate brow.
With cheeks unblenched the Roman virgin stood
To sanction guilt, nor shrunk from deeds of blood;

Hung o'er the scene with unaverted eye,
And bade the victor strike—the vanquished die.
Here thrown to beasts by man's more savage hate,
The mild Ignatius blessed his martyr fate,
Prayed of his Saviour God's in death's last throes
Grace for himself, and pardon for his foes.
Where from yon masses of disjointed stone
The marble stain, the sculptured pillar shone ;
Round whose rich pedestal by age defaced
The Roman wars, the Grecian chisel traced.
Through lofty porch and long drawn corridor
Uncrowded nations pressed the echoing floor ;
But lonely now the mighty void—save where
Some prowling robber seeks his midnight lair,
Or dark stoled priests, and wandering pilgrims breathe
Vows to the sainted dead, that sleep beneath—
No barbarous shout, no clarion's brazen sound
Wakes the deep silence of the hallowed ground—
The conqueror's joy the victim's pangs are o'er,
Nor thunders round the vaults the tyger's maddening roar.

Thus reared in times when dreaded and adored,
Rome's eagle flight to all but Godhead soared ;
Matchless though rude the awful fabric towers
Immortal type of Rome's Colossal powers ;
Powers which combined, in empire's haugtiest prime
Grandeur with vice, sublimity with crime ;
While arch and palace tomb, and temple round
Sink into dust, and strew the unconscious ground.
Rome on this wreck of monumental stone
Her shaken, shattered, but eternal throne—
Rome over art, and learning's bright domain
The monarch people's widowed queen shall reign—
Yes, wondrous pile ! though heroes tread no more
Imperial Tyber's desolated shore,
Though bigot slaves, and villain despots mar
What braved the shock of tempest and of war,
While free-born souls, and patriot spirits fled
Guard not the relics of the mighty dead,
Yet shalt THOU last thro' every age revered,
By christian honored, and by savage feared ;
Mid universal night one glorious ray,
One splendid record of departed day,
Fated to stand 'till nature's final doom—
Rome her last spoil, and thou the last of Rome.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

CURSORY THOUGHTS AND LITERARY REMINISCENCES.

Mr. Editor,

To a man of literary habits, especially if his mind be slightly metaphysical, I know of nothing more delightful than retracing the steps by which his taste was formed and settled, his powers of thinking combined, or separated, to produce an effective end, and his imagination brought under subjection to reason and rendered submissive to its direction. I know, indeed, that there are some who, in the pride of ripened taste and matured intellect, not only scorn, but shun, even with shame, the contemplation of the days when Jack the Giant Killer with his seven league boots was believed, and Cinderella unquestionably became a queen by means of a slipper. Yet it is in these early days, and to the associations then formed, that we are to trace the foundation and gradual superstructure of the mind of manhood, and in proportion to the quantity of this apparently useless food thrown in its way, and

the appetite for its consumption, is often, if not always the future mind. Some there are, it is true, who, like Rousseau, in their insane admiration of truth, would carefully debar their children from all access to these repositories of childish and fictitious adventure, or in the wilder spirit of the present age, confine them to the perusal of cold and uninteresting details of precocious piety. They forget that the arid fields of truth can afford no nourishment to a plant like the young mind, whose proper soil is where the sunny clouds of fancy hover, and the gentle dews of fiction descend. The good old custom of lulling children to sleep, or suppressing their fretfulness, by nursery tales, "rilly sooth" indeed, but so much the better, is, I am sorry to say, fast on the decline in the mother country, and seems scarcely ever to have been, or is likely to be, adopted in this her colony. I can still remember, and love the remembrance, of the first efforts that I made, with some of my childish playmates to invent stories similar to those with which our nurses amused us; and the eager interest with which they were listened to, the unsuspecting simplicity with which they were held devoutly true, the fairy dreams of delight to which they gave rise, are, I often think, but poorly overbalanced by historical facts and logical inductions. The recital of such tales, or their perusal, undoubtedly is to the young mind what light food is to the young body:—it imperceptibly prepares it to receive, and induces it to relish, what is stronger and more nutritious. The human mind is at a very early period active and insatiably curious, and its proper culture is to supply that activity and that curiosity, for if it be not done, its own efforts to do so are soon exhausted, and dull torpidity is the sure consequence. On the other hand if the supplies be not such as are both inviting and succulent, and carefully selected to suit fancy rather than reason, the error is equally baneful; for if the entrance to the path of knowledge be but even slightly shadowed to the young mind, it is long, very long, and by severe efforts, before it can be brought to burst through the gloom.

That such tales recited or read, engender in the young mind a dislike to truth and wholesome nutriment, is essentially erroneous:—they foster the imagination, and feed it with itself, till the gradual developement of reason impel it to seek for more solid matter. Experience and analogy operate sooner on the mind than many are aware of, and at a very early age, works that are consonant to experience and analogy, but require no continuous exertion of the intellectual powers to pursue their tenor are preferred to the wonderful and improbable. Moreover the young mind by such a process is imperceptibly habituated to depend on itself, and look less abroad for employment, the latter of which dependencies has, without doubt, deprived the intellectual world of thousands that might have adorned it. The homely aphorism, "When the devil finds a man idle he generally sets him to work" is founded on this fact, for it is not among those who are accustomed to find employment, during their vacant hours, in the resources of their own minds, either by creating, reflecting, or supplying, that we are to trace the origin of the crimes that disgrace the annals of mankind, but among these whose hours of leisure cannot be thus filled. That this early attention to the cultivation of the young mind will operate alike on all, or lead to the same results, I by no means pretend to assert, for this both experience and observation contradict:—I only maintain that the neglect of it and the misapplication of the means are the causes of much evil, even overlooking the intellectual loss sustained, that there is not the same appetite for knowledge, (that is, knowledge which extends beyond every day necessity,) in all minds, is very evident,

as much so, as that there is not the same appetites in all our bodies, but it is absurd to infer from this, that it is no duty, or at least a matter of no consequence, to put the means for the attainment of such knowledge, and create the love for it, in the way of all. We cannot indeed discern which mind will seize the means thus early offered, and, out of innate love, of itself seek to multiply them, but we are certain that almost no mind, will wholly neglect to apply them in some shape, though perhaps not as we expected. It may then be pleaded that the impossibility of ascertaining what sort of intellectual nourishment will be best liked by the young mind, presents an insuperable barrier in our selection, but this is, in reality, only imaginary, for till reason be in some degree capable of exercising its powers of discrimination the same food is alike acceptable to all minds. That this appetite does not in many continue beyond early youth is true, but that all such who then lose it, lose it through innate disinclination, I by no means believe. I would rather ascribe it in general to the want of the supply innately desired, which desire in some minds is so strong as to conquer every obstacle, and prompt them to resort to the most extraordinary for its attainment, but in others, less vigorous, grows exhausted, and eventually dies, when not fostered by ready or early procured supplies.

Though Books professedly composed for initiating the young are exceedingly multiplied in the present day, I consider the greater part though not hurtful, at any rate inadequate, if not useless, for the following reasons: they leave no scope for the fancy and are therefore unamusing; they excite no wonder and are therefore uninteresting; and the moral truth so carefully inculcated by the tale, and so incessantly obtruded, too abstract for the young mind to comprehend. Though the choice may call up a smile in many, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, whether as to style, story, or matter, appears to me of all books best adapted to this end—that of calling the young mind into profitable activity. The simplicity and natural flow of the dialogue, the seemingly unselected and yet admirable coincidence of the situations, apparently only such as befal every traveller, the fine and airy fancy which pervades even the most barren parts, and the unwearying interest excited for the characters, whether in security or in danger, in joy or in sorrow, at the House Beautiful or in Giant Despair's Castle, have scarcely ever been equalled and never surpassed. I overlook the exquisite management of the allegory throughout, for with it the young reader is not concerned. Riper readers however will with me lament that such an admirable work should now be generally printed with bald and impertinent notes, debased alike with stupidity and fanaticism. "Robinson Crusoe," though at a considerable distance, follows for almost the same reasons, if we except Bunyan's incomparable fancy, of which Defoe possesses but a small share. The History of the Plague in London by the latter, however, stands unrivalled for intensity of interest and almost painful vividness of description, and if to preserve the memory of a similar calamity, Athens has been esteemed fortunate in possessing her Thucydides, London has been equally so in her Defoe. It is works such as these which, by a gentle and imperceptible process, win the young mind to the love of more useful but less reductive information; which without rudely dissipating the exertions of fancy, contract their boundaries nearer and nearer to the pole of truth, till at last they extend no farther than she directs, and are valued only by their propensity to her territories.

When the young mind has thus been gradually taught to feel a void, the choice of the means to fill it may safely be left to itself, for I hold it incontrovertibly true, that exclusive

selections, and strict prescriptions of works and authors are highly prejudicial, inasmuch as they fetter the judgment and narrow the freedom of the mind. Such prescriptive exclusiveness indeed generally defeats itself, and may in many cases lead to a very different result—the preference of the prescribed to the recommended. For the same reasons expurgatory editions of either the ancient or modern classics should be discountenanced, for over and above the glaring injustice done the author by the alteration, omission, or perversion of his meaning, such editions expressly declare, by the attempt, an endeavor to subject the mind of one to the trammelled taste of another, and in all likelihood that other a mind of very inferior judgment. There may be many passages in an author which we may wish were not there, but he must be a foolish author who allows them to be there without conducing to some definite purpose, and the omission of which would materially defeat the end. Many of the notes in Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," are such as a delicate mind may revolt at, and which perhaps none but a prurient mind would have introduced, but their expurgation would materially injure the history in its most valuable inductions. Southey, if I mistake not, in his admiration of immaculate purity, made such an attempt to preserve what he esteemed the purity of his late son, but soon desisted. But in leaving youth the liberty of choice I would not be understood as recommending an indiscriminate Library—a "Candide" by the side of a "Rasselas," a "Pucelle" by "The Exiles of Siberia" or a "Don Juan" by "The White Doe." Works evidently pernicious and immoral, however recommended by genius, are in no wise defensible,—can in no wise conduce to any salutary end. Our own literature, and to our boast be it said, is debased by very few, and it is matter of deep regret that we are not content with drinking at our own pure fountains, without mixing draughts of French pollution.

I.

Colchester.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

THE WORKS OF MOORE.

Perhaps the works of no literary man of the present day, have been more read, recited, sung, admired, applauded and condemned than those of my author. He deals in the brightest, purest, gayest and richest treasures of nature; for whatever is calculated to delight the outward senses or to regale the mind, is called forth, and scattered with exquisite taste and propriety over his bewitching pages.—Smiles, sunbeams, summer clouds, moonlight skies, flowery landscapes, beauty's tears, rosy lips, dew-drops and the like are his peculiar property;—and he arranges them into the smoothest, sweetest numbers that ever poet sung. If language may be termed a dress for thoughts, Moore's productions are happily calculated for making a most fascinating and dazzling appearance: for no matter what the thought may be, it is tastefully arrayed at once in the most splendid apparel of our language. —Whether delineating the half-maddening scenes of Bacchanalian revelry and wickedness, or whether portraying with the nicest delicacy and propriety the holiness and excellencies of religion and virtue—still he strikes the ear with the same heavenly harmony of numbers and the same elegant richness of diction. Perhaps the ever continuing splendor of his language may admit of a considerable share of animadversion for want of variety:—indeed, where is the traveller that would not choose at times to leave the even

tenor of his way " through flowery meads and unvaried landscapes, and take a view of the sterner, and more stupendous works of creation, where rock-fronted hills are thrown up in wild, unarchitectural disorder, and where cataracts are furiously tumbling from the surrounding precipices. For myself, however, I am somewhat loth to ascribe to my author the fault of not varying his diction ; for it would be impossible to change his manner for any other sounds that would be more harmonious and beautiful—and yet the reader soon feels his mind satiated with such an exhuberance of mental luxuries, and would gladly dismiss the repast for something less inviting, but more substantial.—Though Moore may please the ear with the honied smoothness of his numbers, may delight the fancy by the brilliant playfulness of his wit, and may obtain the approbation of the understanding for the justness and elegance of his comparisons ;—yet there are others, who explore the most hidden apartments of the human heart, and depict its worst and best affections and propensities with a kind of super-human exactness ; and at the same time, possess none of my author's deliciousness of language. Wordsworth is one of those prodigies who are capable of flinging a kind of holy charm over the variegated scenes of nature.—He views them with a poet's eye, expatiates on them philosophically, and speaks of them in a plaintive strain of hallowed benevolence—in fact, he seems to sanctify with the magic of his poetry whatever he gazes upon—and still, the simplest and most easily to be comprehended diction is his choice. On the contrary, Moore looks upon the wide expanse before him with the same feelings that other men are wont to do—he gazes upon the star-spangled firmament above with admiration and reverence—he sees and enjoys the freshness and fragrance of flowers with pleasure—and he eyes beauty's fascinating form and sprightliness with heart-inspiring rapture ;—and thus all other men of warm imaginations survey earth's and heaven's loveliness—yet all men of the same cast are not equally capable of manifesting their fervid feelings in the same splendid magnificence of language. It may not be improper to enquire—what has my author done for the advancement, the honor, and the glory of virtue ? what chaplet has he wreathed around the spotless brow of religion ? and what has he accomplished, calculated to ameliorate the condition, or to promote the interest of mankind generally ? I own there are times, when he has hypocritically worshipped at the shrine of virtue and chastity, and with affected enthusiasm, has sung delightful hymns of praise, of fervor and of piety in the cause of religion. But we cannot be persuaded of his sincerity ; for it seems like wicked, provoking mockery, sacreligiously to mingle his devotions in the same volume with the most lascivious, contaminating, and heart-corrupting of his lyrics. Notwithstanding all his faults, lewdness and levities, his country has been his political idol—he has not neglected to sing of her sufferings, her wrongs and her native excellencies. The flame of patriotic ardor burns in his bosom, and I trust will never be extinguished by length of absence, or lost and forgot amid the dazzling light and splendor of foreign fame.

Although Moore for the most part appears pleased and in a good humor ; yet at times, the flashes of his anger and the vivid lightnings of his wit, have darted from beneath the massy clouds of wrath, which have gathered suddenly and overclouded the calm sunshine of his feelings.—The following is a specimen :—

" When I lov'd you, I can't but allow
  I had many an exquisite minute ;
But the scorn that I feel for you now,
  Hath even more luxury in it :
Thus, whether we'er on or we'er off,
  Some witchery seems to await you—
To love you is pleasant enough,
  And oh ! 'tis delicious to hate you !"

The same *pretty things*, that would adorn and beautify a toy shop, would not, methinks, be very fitly adapted for being used as the principal materials in building some firm and towering edifice: and upon the same principle, there are poetical elements, which are appropriate for a lyrical flight; but at the same time, are too tawdry, too flimsy, and too weak to be used as the main substance in constructing a poem of any great length, or abounding with a combined variety of intricate incidents. If the reader will turn to Lalla Rookh, he will be convinced of the justness of the foregoing remark; for whoever peruses the poem with attention, must perceive that the author is not at home; but rather seems like a self-exile, who has determined to spend a certain space of time in a strange land—and although he affects to be contented, and assumes a smile of cheerfulness, still longs to breathe his native air, and in his dreams, fondly revisits the home of his childhood. Moore never seems perfectly master of his subject, but when he is wreathing bright-hued flowers for forming some little poetical nosegay of taste. His powers are fitted, and only fitted for lyrical effusions;—but those effusions steal as sweetly and soothingly upon the ear as the soft tones of a flute, which wake the calm and fairy-footed echoes of a still summer evening. Through many parts of Lalla Rookh, he has occasionally scattered those admirable songs, for which his genius is so very remarkable.—The following specimen is worth all the narrative portion of the poem:—

"There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long,
In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream,
To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song—
That bower and its music I never forget,
But oft when alone in the bloom of the year,
I think—is the nightingale singing there yet?
Do the flowers still bloom by the calm Bendemeer?

"No, the roses soon withered that hung o'er the wave,
But some blossoms were gather'd while freshly they shone,
And a dew was distilled from their flowers, that gave
All the freshness of summer, when summer was gone.
Thus memory draws from delight, e'er it dies,
An essence that breathes of it many a year;
Thus bright to my soul as 'twas then to my eyes,
Is that bower on the banks of the calm Bendemeer!"

The foregoing is but a fair sample of Moore's excellence in that particular department of poetry. His melodies therefore are, or ought to be his pride; for upon their merit depends his future fame—his literary immortality.

The same observations, which I have applied to my author's other works, may with equal propriety be applied to his translations: for, wherever any thing splendid in language or sprightly in thought is required, he strikes his lyre with the most exquisite delicacy, sweetness, and elegancy of taste; but where any thing of a deep and weighty character is handled, his genius flags, apparently incapable of supporting so heavy a burden.

"The Loves of the Angels," as respects incident, is a singular jumble of extravagance and nonsense; and, as the author confesses, is *founded* upon the *error* of a mistranslation. I know there are those, who have considered this poem as a black and impious mark of irreverence to the Deity; but I should be pleased to assert, that Moore has published nothing worse, and more damnably calculated to injure religion and virtue than this poem. Although this little work is barren in variety and incident, still it contains some of the happiest lines, and delightfully appropriate similitudes in the language. What could have induced my author to have adopted such a subject for a poem I know not. In his preface however he avers that it was intended as

an episode, to be embodied in a larger work; but finding that Byron had accidentally chosen the same groundwork for a drama, he determined to publish it in its present form. He asserts that his object for pursuing that plan, was, to come before the public, previous to the appearance of Byron's drama; and by that means, not suffer by an unfair comparison with that brilliant literary luminary. But Moore's fears were altogether unfounded :—for he had nothing to apprehend in appearing above the horizon at the same time with his illustrious contemporary. They would appear from opposite sides of the hemisphere—one would assume the character of a thunder storm and tempest, threatening to blast with its lightnings the *little critics*, that would imprudently dare to murmur disapprobation ;—the other would rise with the mild splendor of the morning star, casting its glittering rays abroad upon the pellucid dew-drops of the morning, and enlivened by the earliest songs of the sweet singing birds of summer. Indeed, the powers of these two great men could hardly be more diametrically opposite :—one would depict the depravity and the miseries of the human heart, and delineate mankind as endeavoring to satiate their appetites with gall and worm-wood ; the other would transport the whole species into the evergreen walks of Eden, where they might enjoy its fruits, its flowers, its sunshine, its cooling shades, and the wild melody of its birds forever. Moore, methinks, selected this subject (The Love's of the Angels) merely for the purpose of exercising his genius in that elegance of diction for which it is so wonderfully adapted. He exhibits the angels of heaven in the amorous character of lovers, deeply enamored with the irresistible beauty of woman ; and thereby, losing their purity, which of course forfeits the favor of their Creator. I shall now subjoin a few quotations in proof of the preceding remarks.

The quotation that follows is the commencement of the first angel's story; and no one will deny that it is uncommonly beautiful—

" 'Twas in a land, that far away
Into the golden orient lies,
Where Nature knows not night's delay,
But springs to meet her bridegroom, Day,
Upon the threshold of the skies.
One morn, on earthly mission sent,
And mid-way choosing where to light
I saw from the blue element—
Oh ! beautiful,—but fatal sight !
One of earth's fairest womankind,
Half-veiled from view, or rather shrin'd
In the clear crystal of a brook ;
Which while it had no single gleam
Of her young beauties, made them look
More spirit like as they might seem
Through the deep shadowing of a dream.

" Pausing in wonder I look'd on,
While playfully around her breaking
The waters, that like diamonds shone,
She mov'd in light of her own making.
At length, as slowly I descended
To view more near a sight so blended,
The tremble of my wings all o'er
(For through each plume I felt the thrill)
Startled her, as she reached the shore
Of that small lake—her mirror still—
Above whose brink she stood, like snow
When rosy with a sunset glow.
Never shall I forget those eyes !
The shame, the innocent surprise
Of that bright face"——

* * * *

"Nor was it long, ere by her side
I found myself whole happy days,
List'ning to words, whose music vied
With our own Eden's seraph lays,
When seraph lays are warmed by love,
But wanting THAT, far, far above!
And looking into eyes where, blue
And beautiful, like skies seen through
The sleeping wave, for me there shone
A heaven more worshipp'd than my own.
Oh what, while I could hear and see
Such words and looks was heaven to me?
Though gross the air on earth I drew
'Twas blessed, while she breathed it too;
Though dark the flowers, though dim the sky,
Love lent them light while she was nigh."

The following describes a half-angelic woman, struggling between piety and love, in the holy hour of prayer. I think it contains a comparison that I have never seen surpassed:—

"One night—'twas in a holy spot,
Which she for pray'r had chos'n—a grot
Of purest marble, built below
Her garden beds, through which a glow
From lamps invisible then stole,
Brightly pervading all the place—
Like that mysterious light the soul,
Itself unseen, sheds through the face—
There, at her altar which she knelt
And all that woman ever felt,
When God and man both claim'd her sighs—
Every warm thought that ever dwelt,
Like summer cloud, 'twixt earth and skies
Too pure to fall, too gross to rise
Spoke in her gestures, tones, and eyes."——

From the above quotations, it may be easily seen that the popularity of the poem depends upon the smoothness of its numbers, and the wild but short excursions of fancy, which amuse, but do not instruct the mind, or strike the feelings with astonishment.

There are many of Moore's earlier productions, which for obscenity of expression and foulness of thought, are incomparably wicked; and would never have been read but to be detested, had he not arrayed them gorgeously in the most showy and captivating dress:—however, those early stains of literary disgrace are rapidly sinking into merited oblivion.—To draw the outlines of this extraordinary genius—his powers (or rather charms) consist in playfulness of fancy, elegance of diction, harmony of numbers, beauty of comparison, and a happy turn for satirical wit:—but on the other hand, he is void of loftiness and sublimity of conception—his style is beautiful, but is without energy—and we explore his pages in vain for depth of plot, or interest and propriety of denouncement.

GAMMA.

Bridgetown, December 18th, 1826.

There is a spirit hovers o'er
The regions of the bless'd,
To guide the heart of fallen man,
And lull his soul to rest.

Now if in death this scene should close,
My worldly cares should cease,
Oh! take my kindred spirit, Lord,
To thy eternal peace.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

LEISURE HOURS.—No. 2.

THE MANIAC : A TALE OF NOVA-SCOTIA.

DURING one of the summer months of the year 182–, many of the inhabitants of the little village of K——— in this Province, had assembled to celebrate the marriage of a young couple; both of whom had been born there.—Every heart seemed to beat high with exultation, but none appeared more gay and happy than the bride and her lover.

The ceremony closed with the evening: and the objects of it commenced their new mode of life with those sunny hopes of happiness so peculiar to their situation.—And happy they seemed to be for a short—(ah! how fleeting) a period—that little more than one "short year" had elapsed since their marriage day, when I——— was heard to complain to his father, that his wife had ceased to treat him with her former attention, and (he added) the voice which but lately had addressed him in tones of love and affection, now uttered expressions of coolness and aversion. His father fondly endeavored to soothe his afflicted spirit, but no balm could heal the wound which too evidently had cankered and corroded his peace.

His farm now was cultivated less diligently: his garden became neglected, and his house bore evident signs of being denied its accustomed repairs. But there was something infinitely more valuable than farm, or garden, or home, that was (like them) fast tending to ruin and destruction—it was the heart of this afflicted man.

There is no church in the village, and as the friends of I——— mentioning to him that his minister and relatives had noticed his prolonged absence from divine service, he consented on a delightful and fine morning, to attend his church in the neighboring town. He then poured out his humbled spirit, to Him who heareth not as man heareth; and in the afternoon he returned to his home, but not to her who should have been its chief attraction. She had then, so soon, fled from him when she had so lately sworn to love and obey; and he did not even inquire with whom she had departed. Since that day on which hopes that he had once with all his heart indulged, were blasted and riven, never again to beam on him, he has spoken to no human being. No transient smile—no gleam of joy or hope has since then irradiated his countenance. No—not since that day on which she, who had in the midst of attending witnesses, once "pledged her troth" to him, hastened to the guilty arms of a villainous seducer, who had once rivalled, and now *more* than rivalled her unhappy husband. Not contented with impoisoning her principles, he halted not in his hellish purpose until he had rendered that peace and happiness, which without his interference might have been realized. The chord of his love had been broken, and with it departed the reason of poor I———. His soul is now like a blasted desert—barren and desolate; subject in this world to no change; amenable to no vicissitude. He passes his time in the same manner as he, of whom Gray so sweetly sung:—

> "Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
> Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
> Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,
> Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love."

Lately I spoke to him, (I hope kindly,) but he returned no token of recognition, his countenance presenting one unvaried blank. He would

not tell his dismal tale "of pining discontent and black despair."

How true it is, that
"There are such false ones in the world,
'Twould fill the gentle soul with wild amazement
To hear their story told."

I turned from our unfortunate fellow-creature with a mental prayer that I might be endowed with resolution, never to repine at even the most afflicting dispensation of divine Providence, thankful that reason is not denied me.

The following lines were composed under the influence of those melancholy feelings, which the sight of a fellow-being in so distressed a state, is well calculated to excite :—

THE MANIAC'S SONG.

Hark ! who is it sings as he brushes the dew,
From the long dreary path which his footsteps pursue ?
'Tis the Maniac who sings in the wild hour of even—
"My loved one has fled to the fair realms of heav'n !
Return to me love—return my fair bride ;
And sit on this bank, your fond husband beside.
By priest we were married with Prayer-book and ring,
Oh ! where then's my bride ? come hasten and bring.
I would not have wed her, to be lonely cast,
To walk o'er this plain, to traverse this waste :
But still I will wander, but still I will walk
'Till I hear my lov'd bride again to me talk.
Be silent ye winds for I hear her come near,
As light as the roe, as swift as the deer.
Alas ! but she comes not, I fear—Oh ! I feel
Mad feelings of grief which I cannot reveal !
The sun—does it shine now ? No, not in my soul,
There nought but dun darkness and misery roll.
And must then, my sun in darkness set here ;
After years of misfortune, and frenzy and fear ?"

MANDEVILLE.

December, 1826.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

A BACHELOR IN LOVE.

Love rules the camp, the court, the grove,
And men below and saints above.

TWIST it or turn it which way you will, it is nevertheless a true motto. If love has found its way into the camp, the court, and the grove, you will not think it odd that it has visited the closet of an old Bachelor.—"Love," says a celebrated author, "makes a footman talk like Oroondates, and converts a brutal rustic into a gentle swain."

For the last twenty years I have lived quietly and soberly. Misfortune has scarce cast a frown upon me, or care indented a single wrinkle on my brow. My cheerful fireside and cushioned arm chair were luxuries beyond which I aspired not. Habit had so far rendered me indifferent to the sufferings of my fellow mortals, that I had nearly become a convert to the stoic philosophy. I considered myself well and ably fortified against the utmost effort of the playful little god, and deemed love the last of all passions that would take possession of one already arrived at the age of wisdom, (if experience be wisdom, and the wise ones say it is.) I traced its early history in the temple of the Pythian Apollo. I read of Sappho the Lesbian in love with Phaon, precipitating herself from the promontary of Leucate. But all in vain, one fatal glance of Lucretia's eye overthrew my philosophical fabric. Doubts, fears, hopes, sighs and

submissions have now taken possession of my head or heart, or which, or both I know not.

In my dilemma, I took advice from my friend Joseph, what course to pursue in order to be possessed of Lucretia. Joseph's receipt was: "put yourself into the hands, first of your tailor, and then of your barber, and if their receipt is not sufficient, my dear fellow you must hang yourself."—I abhorred hanging, my great-grandfather being of Spanish descent, and besides its so vulgar.

So off I hurried to the tailor, Mr. Gallagasher fitted me to a nicety, set off my hump back and poke neck to much advantage, hinted at a pair of buckled stays, but feared the fatal consequences upon an antiquated corporation. After several satisfactory glances in the mirror, I found my way to the barber. Here I underwent a novel operation, particularly as I had never detected baldness on myself. In less than ten minutes he applied such a multiplicity of soap to the perecranium, that I looked more like a shipwrecked mariner in the frotk of the sea, perhaps like the god Neptune, particularly as Mr. Gallagasher told me I was a perfect deity. In ten minutes more I found myself hairless, and should certainly have been brainless, had not the scalp of my great aunt, who nearly died of a fever, and sold her crop to fill her pocket, been pounced upon my pate. "Now sir," says the barber, who fancied of course, that I had visited him for the purpose of procuring a disguise, "your best friends sir, will not know you."—"Not know me?" then how the devil, thinks I, will Lucretia know me? After procuring this equipment, I hastened back to friend Joseph, who heartily congratulated me upon my transmutation, and wished me success. It has been said that love is the king of the young and the tyrant of the old. My age is about middling; thinks I to myself I shall escape both monarchy and tyranny. But I now find that Cupid by his kingly power, drives me into the society of my Dulcinea, and she the artful puss exercises her tyrannical powers over me, with the art and perfection of an experienced coquette. She has driven me to despair, downcast looks, pensive thoughts, little eating and less talking are transporting me to a delirium. Oh thou lovely one! thou adored for whom alone I was born! for whom I have exchanged the solid track of dignity and sense, for the undiscoverable luxuries of love and dandyism! for whom I have clothed my person in gaudy habiliments, and suffered myself to be soaped and shorn by a filthy barber! restore me those locks yet unspotted with a silver hair, and I will no more worship at the shrine of thy untangible loveliness!

And where, Mr. Editor, shall I find a cure? Quench but the burning torch and you shall have the assistance of my pen to fill the pages of your useful and amusing publication. Rousseau says, "*Quand l' homme commence a raisonner, il cesse de sentir,*" out of which that celebrated poet Moore has formed a beautiful little fable, in which he describes Love expiring on Reason's breast.

"'Oh! take me to that bosom cold,'
In murmurs at her feet he said,
And reason op'd her garment's fold,
And flung it round his fevered head.

"He felt her bosom's icy touch,
And soon it lull'd his pulse to rest,
For at the chill was quite too much
And Love expired on Reason's breast."

I have endeavored to reason, but alas! no reason is left in my faculties. I find the contrary of Mr. Moore's fable to be the case with me, and if any of my readers will but take the trouble to fall in love, they will find by experience that reason is not the "pilot of the passions."

The likeliest remedy for love that I have yet found among ancient or modern authors, is described in Hudibras.

"For hard dry bastings us'd to prove
The readiest remedy for love,
Next a dry diet."

Again—

Love is a boy, by poets styl'd,
Then spare the rod and spoil the child.

A *Persian Emp'ror whipp'd his grannam
The sea, his mother Venus came on;
And hence some reverend men approve
Of rosemary in making love."

R. L.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

ON COMPOSITION AND STYLE.

NO. III.

The next, in the order of composition, are Adjective Nouns. The difference between these, and abstract nouns is, that the former signify qualities connected with substances, as the high wall, the tall tree; and the latter signify qualities without substances, as whiteness. In all languages, adjective nouns must be numerous. As some substances have different degrees of qualities, there is a necessity for a comparison of nouns. No words admit of comparison which are not expressive of *more*, or *less*. Words, that are boundless, are incapable of comparison, as all, universal, &c. Cases are invented by grammarians, and can have no determinate number. The Greek language has five, and the Latin six. The nominative case is that which names the object. The genitive implies things which are intimately connected with, or belong to us. The dative has a less determinate reference, but generally denotes accession. The most material part of speech is that, which is called, by way of eminence, the verb, or word. The verb joins, or separates our ideas, no sentence can be complete without its assistance. In every verb affirmation and junction is declared, as Lego, I read, Doceo, I teach, &c. The Impersonal verb, expresses energy and action, in a very different manner from the substantive verb, as Pœnitet, it repenteth. The affirmation of a verb has a respect to time: the same thing may be true to day, which was false yesterday. We may easily suppose that a method would be devised by which to express the time referred to. This is accordingly affected by certain inflections of the verb: thus, amari is past time, and amabo future. There are some verbs used in the present tense, which imply long duration, as, I am building &c. In the Hebrew language there are only two tenses, while in the Greek a great variety are found. We are not, however, to conclude, that the Hebrews cannot express other times, besides those, for which they have tenses. Although the number of moods have been established by grammarians, they cannot properly be settled. The Greek language is the most perfect in them, the Latin less so. The English contains fewer moods than the former, but admits, notwithstanding, of many inflections. The remaining parts of Speech, are called indeclinable, as adverbs, prepositions, conjunctions and interjections; their office is to join and connect sentences together. In all languages, corresponding prepositions are found, and as the first relations which would be marked, would be local and sensible, there must be those invented: upon, under, within, to, after, before, &c. It is not easy to ascertain the different relations of prepositions. Inseparable prepositions tend to enrich language, as concipio, commit, omit, &c. Adverbs assist, or extend

*Xerxes who used to whip the seas and wind.

In Corum atque Eurum solitus sœvire flagellis. Iuv. Sat. 10

the signification of the verb; thus, for example, we say a person writes slowly, he acts deliberately. As it is the principal office of this class of words to modify the verb, so it can be brought in also, to modify the adjectives; thus, Cicero was extremely eloquent. It tends farther, to abridge discourses. The Conjunction joins or separates different parts of a sentence. In the latter office, it is not, however, properly applied, and should rather be called disjunctive. Interjections are accounted the most ancient parts of speech, and even a part of natural language. They are nearly the same in all languages, and express universally, *passion* or *suffering* of the mind.

The construction of language will now be briefly considered. In Latin the verb requires a nominative before it; and an adjective requires a substantive to agree with it. The English language is arranged more naturally, and more in the order of time, than the former. It is, perhaps, more philosophical and sentimental in its construction. The greatest inflection which it is capable of, is the following;—*with a sword he killed him*, instead of, *he killed him with a sword*. In Latin the genitive must be inflected differently from the nominative, when it is governed by another noun—as Amor Dei, Lex naturæ: it may be placed thus, Dei amor, naturæ lex, but still the genitive is governed by the nominative.

ATTICUS.

St. John, N. B.

To be continued.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

VERSES FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

"Alors l' Ange leur dit: N'ayez point de peur; car je vous annonce une grande joie qui sera pour tout le peuple."—S. Luc. 11. 10.

While quiet slumbering on Judea's plain,
The wearied Shepherd seeks refreshment kind,
No evil thoughts arise to cause a pain
Within his innocent, and harmless mind.

No dreams of grandeur, or ambition fling
Their fleeting forms before his vision'd eyes,
He sleeps with lighter heart than e'er did king,
As 'neath the palm-tree, on the sward he lies.

Around as each can find convenient rest,
His fellow Shepherds on the ground repose,
Save one, who keeps his watch that none molest,
And guard his fellows, and their flocks from foes.

About them lie in many a varied maze,
Their fleecy charge, some dozing thro' the night,
Whilst others ruminate, and upward gaze,
With wond'ring eye, upon the starry light.

But hark! soft music steals along the air,
The Shepherds start, and gaze upon the skies,
Whilst dimly through the gloom, now coming near,
Seraph, and Cherub, flit before their eyes.

And now what floods of glory shine around,
A dazzling Angel stands before their sight,
The Shepherds fall in terror on the ground,
Nor dare to lift their eyes to heavenly light.

But soon a voice, soft as the breath of spring,
(Happy if it had been my lot to hear,)
"Fear not," it said, "I come from Heav'ns high king,
His mercy, grace, and wisdom to declare.

"Behold I bring you tidings great and true,
To you is born in David's town this day,
A Saviour, everlasting Jesus, who
Will lead the sinner from his guilty way.

"And not to you alone, but all the world,
Are those glad tidings of salvation given,
Christ's glorious banner soon shall be unfurl'd
To shew repentant souls the way to Heaven.

"And this unto you all shall be the sign,
How your eternal Saviour you may know,
You will not find him robed in garments fine,
But with his mother in a stable low.

"No royal princes stand around his bed,
Or make the welkin, with their thunders ring,
But in the manger where the oxen fed,
Is laid earth's Saviour, Heaven's triumphant King."

And suddenly there burst upon their sight,
An endless number of th' eternal throng,
Who sang th' immortal praises of his might,
And this was still their holy heavenly song.

"Glory, all glory, be to God Most High,
Who of his boundless mercy hath sent down
His Son, the King of Glory, from the sky,
Justice to soften, and this love to crown."

"Glory to God," shall still be all our song,
An endless Hallelujah will we raise,
And we, with all the Heav'ns angelic throng,
Will fill thy spacious courts with sounding praise.

E. O.

Halifax, 16th December, 1826.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

THE BANDIT.

A TALE FROM THE GERMAN.

I VISITED my uncle's residence in the egions of Bohemia. His house was tuate in a lonely spot, where at vening my amusement was to peram-ulate in the adjacent woods. In ese walks my imagination wander-d on my native land, and the dear bjects I had left behind me. There as a calmness in the whole scenery round. This dwelling seemed more ted for the residence of a misan-ropic, than for the gay and cheer-l inhabitant that occupied it, during my stay. Twilight in this country is of short duration. One evening in midsummer, wrapped in thought, I wandered more than my usual distance from the house, twilight imperceptibly crept upon me, and before I waked from my reverie, sable night closed in, and the path became hidden from my sight. The rustling of the leaves, the whoop of the owl, the ripling of the adjacent brook over the stones, wrought wonders on my imagination, and bewildered my very

reason. Reality at last called forth my firmness. A sudden voice burst upon my senses, and in an instant, there stood before me a man, whose disguised appearance filled me with awe. "Hold!" said the ruffian, "nor dare to lift your hand or raise your voice in contradiction to my commands! No harm is meant you—follow me." The authoritative tone in which he expressed his orders, the firm manner of his approach, and the composure with which he addressed me, unarmed resistance; and without uttering a word, I was compelled to follow my unknown companion. He walked for some distance in profound silence, and appeared absorbed in thought. At length suddenly turning round, he said "Young man, you have not been long in this kingdom! perhaps you have not heard that this wood has been long frequented by robbers; but fear not, no murder has ever here been committed, and you have no wealth to tempt the perpetrators of such deeds. As I lay in wait in yonder wood, I saw you had lost the path. It is now late, will you partake of the hospitality I have to offer, or shall a guide direct you to your residence." Curiosity prompted me, I consented to become his lodger. At the conclusion of our conversation, my companion entered a deep recess of the wood, where was concealed the entrance of his habitation. He knocked three times, and a rough voice cried from within, "who is there?" "A son of night," was the reply of my conductor. The door suddenly opened. We entered a spacious apartment, in the centre of which hung a lamp, no ornaments decorated the room. On a table in the centre of the room lay a human skull. "Jacob," said my companion, to a frightful looking figure, standing at the far end of the hall, "see the fire made, and get provisions for the guest." In a few moments a sparkling fire blazed on the hearth, and we seated ourselves before it.

I had now for the first time an opportunity of examining this extraordinary man. His figure was tall and athletic, and his features were a perfect model of manly beauty. But the marks of profound sorrow and affliction were legibly inscribed on his brow. No sooner did our conversation commence, than astonishment took possession of my soul, and I was lost in comtemplating how so noble a creature could have abandoned himself to the pursuit of a plunderer. His address was pleasing, and he passed from one subject to another, and appeared to have devoted a great share of his time to the pursuits of literature. Shortly the clock struck twelve, and at the same instant I heard the report of a gun.—I shrunk back with fright. "This," said my host "is the signal for dinner. Whilst most of the world are at rest, we are feasting and revelling. We turn night into day and day into night. You will now be seated amongst the refuse of mankind, with a band of robbers, but fear not, the laws of hospitality shall be your safeguard, and with us they are inviolable." I followed to an adjoining room, and seated myself by my host, eighteen other persons partook of the repast. It was a scene of mirth and joviality. No breach of decorum appeared, but the conversation was polished and agreeable. All listened attentively to the narratives of the leader, whose depth of knowledge afforded a constant fund of amusement. After the feast was at an end, we two returned to the apartment we had quitted, our conversation was renewed, but not with the same cheerfulness, on the part of my host. He now appeared sullen and misanthropic. I was struck with the appearance of the room, and at length asked "why did you decorate your room in such gloomy colors, the very sight of which throws a damp over the spirits, and is it not our duty to be cheerful?" "You are right," replied he, "if you speak of yourself; but I know nought but the *name* of joy; to me happiness has long been a stranger. The gloom by which I am surrounded, best suits

inexpressible wretchedness.—hat skull is my all.—When in my nely hours of meditation I look up- it, the hope that I shall cease to ist, crosses my mind, then alone m I rich, richer than princes, rich- r than the chief of fortune's fa- orites. To them death will be a oss, but to me an inevitable blessing. Oh! there are moments in which it would be happiness to be deprived of reason. Sorrow and anguish im- press deep wrinkles on the brow; but they are not mortal. But the hour slips fast away—pardon me stranger for so long depriving you of rest, in that room is your bed, sleep and be not fearful." "You have told me sufficient," said I, "to excite my curiosity; I entreat you to relate to me your history?" "My history," replied he, "would disturb your rest with fearful visions, it would chill your very blood! No. stranger, I can- not so far break the rules of hospital- ity; rest quietly to night, and on the morrow you shall hear my tale." I retired and threw myself on my bed, there was a dead and awful silence, which at times was disturbed by a footstep. In this solemn quietude, I passed a few more hours, the clock struck five, when I sprang upon my feet, and returned to the room where again I beheld the fearful figure stir- ring the embers of the fire; horror still was impressed on his fearful vis- age, and paleness added to his gastli- ness. "Young man," said he, "you have not slept, is this dwelling doom- ed to haunt the dreams even of the weary stranger? I have promised to relate to you my history, the work of the night is done, my comrades are now wrapped in sleep, I will or- der two horses saddled, your friends are no doubt apprehensive of your safety, for they are aware that this wood is infested with robbers."— After ordering Jacob to make all pre- parations for our departure, my host thus began: "My father was a man of an exalted situation in life, of whom I am the only son. He was wrap- ped up in my welfare and future prosperity, every pain I suffered sunk to his aged heart, every folly of my youth harrowed his extreme anxi- ety for my conduct. I need not re- late to you the whole progress of my early years, which can be of little interest to you. He expended large sums on my education, and in a few years I made rapid progress in learn- ing. My society and friendship were courted by the young, and I was ca- ressed and beloved by the old. My father's interest was powerful at court, and it was not many years before I made rapid strides in promo- tion, and had every brightening pros- pect of becoming one of the principal managers of the home government. Such were my expectations, when a passion took possession of my breast, which has led many a more exalted character rapidly to the grave, and plunged many a promising hero into the wilds of dissipation. I became enamoured of a beautiful female, be- longing to the lower class of society, and I, heedless boy, indulged the dreadful poison—I looked but to the gratification of my idle passion. At times I endeavored to struggle with it, but I found that when I avoided her sight, gloomy reflections took possession of me, and I firmly believe, that had I have persevered in my struggles, despair would have driven me to desperation, I should have lost my reason, or have been the cause of my own destruction. I at last re- vealed to my father, the secret cause of my melancholy.—Instead of meet- ing the kindness and affection that he had ever shown me, pride filled his breast with anger—he raved and spurned me from him, with detestable exclamations, with threats of unfor- giveness, with horrific curses on the object I so long and so fondly doat- ed upon. He again calmed down and endeavored to reason me out of my re- solutions. But what can cold reason do opposed to the fervency of a lover, and particularly where numerous ob- stacles tended to heighten and in- crease the passion? I threw myself at his feet, and implored him to have

Now at ricket with hurlies some dozens of boys
Chase the ball o'er the ice, with a deafening noise.
Now some play at curling, and some with great ease
Cut circles or figures whichever you please
On their skates, or else letters—the true lover's knot,
And a dozen such things which I've really forgot.
Now weary with pastime, with appetite keen,
We wind our way home at the dusk of the e'en.
What a dinner awaits us! fowls, turkies and pork,
Geese, mutton, and turnips—what work for the fork
And the knife! Oh the puddings and rich minc'd meat pies!
To one pinched with hunger what sights for the eyes?
Now the bottle goes freely, we make ourselves warm,
Nor heed the loud gusts of the rattling storm.
Now old codgers talk politics, settle the fate
Of Turk, Spaniard, Russ, Greek, in learned debate.
Now the little chaps circle around the bright blaze,
And gape at Ghost Stories in frightful amaze.
Now at nine of the night we commence the quadrille,
And the waltz and the country dance help time to kill.
Now supper's at two—now dancing again,
'Till the excess of pleasure is followed by pain.
Now a thundering rap or a ring at the door,
Informs you the party has broke up at four.
Now the nights being lengthy, the newspaper throng
Indite you a sonnet, or letter, or song;
And I being troubled with CACOETHES SCRIBEND'—
To the Magazine, thought a few verses I'd send.
Now I've sat up till two these metres to handle,
And find I have got to the end of my candle.
I feel rather cool, my fire's all black,
So I'll whip off my clothes and to bed in a crack!
Besides I am sleepy—perhaps so are you
From reading my verse—then I bid you adieu!
But first, if you please, just one word in your ear,
I wish all Subscribers a Happy New Year.

TIM FASHION.

To the Editor of the Acadian Magazine.

SIR,

IF you think the following hasty remarks worth a place in your Magazine, they are at your service.

EDUCATION.

COLLEGES.

In the higher departments of learning, the youth of the country have not an opportunity to become qualified. They cannot become so far instructed in the sciences as to fill the eminent situations in civil life, unless we have a college in operation on liberal principles; because the greater part of the people will not, from religious feelings, from distance, &c. send their sons to Windsor or Pictou. We should not depend on accidental emigration of men of learning and talents, but should have a nursery of learning among ourselves to supply talented natives, for the many purposes that will gradually arise in a prosperous and increasing country. We want divines, medical men,—we want architects, scientific merchants and farmers—we will want well educated and scientific manufacturers, mineralogists and civil engineers. We want a supply of men of education for civil offices of all kinds.

Dalhousie College at Halifax would supply this grand desideratum, if once it were set agoing, the expence to the country would be only the pay of two or three professors, at mode-

rate salaries, as the pupils would contribute largely ; it is especially the interest of the capital to forward this measure, and it surprises me to find how lethargic its inhabitants seem about it. If they would offer pecuniary aid, and petition for legislative support, they would not be behind Pictou and Windsor in this respect. The town would receive the most important benefits.

SCHOOLS.

The legislative aid should be sought for those settlements where the people cannot afford to maintain schools. Where they can, the legislature had better not interfere, because there are many people who would take improper advantage of such misplaced liberality. Grammar schools are an exception, they should be encouraged in situations where they are likely to thrive, because if the people were left to themselves, most of them would be apt to undervalue those institutions.

ROADS.

It would be highly beneficial if a competent board were appointed to regulate the expenditure of the road service money. It would have the good effects of reducing the whole into something like a system. If men of sufficient talent and information, were paid handsome salaries for inspecting and superintending the roads and controlling the overseers or commissioners, a degree of science and skill, as well as economy, would be introduced into this department. It takes up more public money than any other public object, and naturally where so much money is expended, the employment of men of genius and science would be the means of saving to the public ten times the salaries necessary to obtain their services. Such a measure might be adverse to some local and narrow interests, but would be of more benefit to Nova-Scotia than any one unacquainted with our inland communications could believe.

The chief attention has hitherto been devoted to the two great roads which lead from Halifax to Annapolis, and from Halifax to Pictou. The communication by roads along the Atlantic shore is very defective, and has received very little of the public aid, as compared with the inland counties, although the population of the shore counties is by no means despicable in point of numbers, and contribute far greater sums to that revenue from which the road money is taken, than their more favored and more fortunate countrymen in the interior. From Halifax to Chester the post road is in many places sadly out of repair, and for several miles has never been passable for any kind of wheel carriage, and indeed, a man on horseback can hardly make his way through it. In some parts of the coast there has never been the vestige of a road, and the only communication is by water. Much valuable land is thus locked up from settlers who have not the means of getting at them. The want of easy communication with each other, and with the capital, is a principal cause of the barbarity so much complained of, in some of the straggling and isolated settlements, that are in a manner cut off from intercourse with the rest of the human race. I have often thought that very important roads might be readily opened into those parts of the interior that are yet unsettled, particularly the rear of Shelburne, Queens, and Lunenburgh counties, with the parts of Annapolis county on which they border, if a joint stock company with capital could be formed for the purpose. It would be well worth the while of the Province to grant a sum of money in aid, as they have done by the Canal Company, and to allow them to receive a toll from the road they cut, or to give them large tracts of land on its line, by the sale of which they might be reimbursed their outlay with interest, and profit. Were a road cut from the Half-way House in a direct line to Yarmouth, or as near a direct line as the nature of the country would admit, it would

open a vast space of ground for inland settlement, besides connecting more closely many of the older settlements. Such an undertaking would give value to vast tracts of land which are no use now for want of roads. If the reader will refer to any map of the Province upon a large scale, he will see the great tracts to be gained to cultivation by such a measure. I feel satisfied that it would be far more advantageous to this Province than any Canal that can be carried on, and would give a handsome remuneration to capitalists. The government of England constantly encourages the laying out of extensive roads by companies of private persons, by giving them the right to tolls and other facilities. It would be too much for the means of the public, burthened as it is already, to enter at present into such an expense, but a part might easily be defrayed out of the public chest as a Conus or gift to the undertaking. The capital required would not be great. Less than £15,000, I think, would be quite sufficient, and if such a company were allowed to issue their notes to that amount, there would be little difficulty in carrying it rapidly into effect.

OCCIDENTALIS.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

BEAUTY AND PRIDE.

Beauty and Pride and Virtue met
To settle their affairs;
And when in full debate they sat,
Each spoke of several cares.

Beauty said all her daughters were
By Virtue's hand improved,
And begged that Pride would keep herself
From their loved haunts removed.

She said that when withPride their breasts,
Or Vanity, o'erflowed,
The dangerous and unwelcome guests
In wildest throbbings glowed.

That soon their form and face divine
In dire contortions burned,
While at the shrine of lofty Pride
Their beauties were inurned.

Go seek, oh! Pride, the hero's heart,
Who for his country's right
In manly and devoted part,
'Gainst proud usurpers, fight.

Go see kthebrave, by wrongs oppress'd,
And give them firmness still,
And buoy them up in courage, best
To conquer every ill.

It was agreed among the three,
That thus they should divide
Beauty and Pride quite separate,
Virtue o'er both preside.

But Pride a most unruly dame
The truce oft wildly broke,
And Beauty oft hath had the shame
To sicken in her yoke.

Mu.

ADDRESS.

At the opening of a new year it is usual for the managers of periodical publications to address their readers, with compliments and thanks. We have now proceeded in our undertaking as far as the seventh number; and having received a very generous support from the public, it would be ungrateful in us to overlook an occasion of the kind.

When we commenced the Magazine, it was not under the most favorable auspices. A Magazine has been tried in an earlier period of our provincial history. It was a compilation of extracted matter from English works. Although the selections it contained were very judicious, yet the period had not then arrived for the establishment of such a work: and it was after a fair trial, reluctantly abandoned. We were told that it was still a premature and rash speculation, that the country still depended on casual foreign sup-

plies for its men of talent and genius, and that it could not afford such contributions of original writings as would insure success, or even a lasting existence to a Magazine. Under this cloud of discouragement we ventured on our perilous flight; and though we may not have soared to the empyrian heights of literature on newly fledged pinions, we trust we have not yet sunk to the earth, or approached the bathos. Our progress in gaining subscriptions and communications to the work, has not fallen short of the expectations we formed at the outset; and we find the number of friends progressively increasing. While this continues to be our situation, we shall not flinch from our post. We are decidedly of opinion, that the character, wealth, and happiness of Nova-Scotia, will receive material improvement by the growth and extention of her literature. It is not to be concealed, that an opinion is disseminated by some, that we can hope but little from the exertions of the pen; but it is the duty of every Nova-Scotian to join with ardor in wiping off the reproach that attaches to us.

We return our warmest thanks to our many valuable correspondents, both in this province and the sister colony, New Brunswick. We shall endeavor to make our work generally interesting to readers residing in New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, as well as in this province.

We have the greater pleasure in giving the present number to the press, because we have not found it necessary to make any selections, the original communications admitted having entirely filled it. We will endeavor to add still further to the interest of the work, in the course of a month or two, as we have the promise of additional assistance from literary friends.

Wishing the reader a happy new year, we take our leave for the present.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

The new Parliament met on the 14th November. The House of Commons have again chosen the Rt. Honorable Charles Manners Sutton, speaker. It was the intention of his Majesty, to deliver his speech in person, from the throne.

Sanguinary battle and defeat of the Ashantees.—Important advices have been received of a most tremendous and sanguinary battle fought by the few British at Cape Coast Castle and their Allies, with the Ashantees, on the 7th last August, by which that part of Africa has once more been rescued from the grasp of ruthless but intrepid Savages. Col. Purdon, who commanded the allied force, seems to have displayed the greatest skill in his dispositions, and in a moment of trying peril, the most perfect presence of mind. To these, as well as to the enthusiastic gallantry with which he charged with the few Europeans, and the brave support and intelligent obedience of the King of Aquimboo, may be attributed this signal victory, which destroyed between 5 and 6000 of the enemy, most of the Generals threw their camp equipage and all the treasures of the King into the hands of the conquerors, and not least though last, recovered the head of the unfortunate Sir Charles M'Carthy, which the Ashantees had brought as their most powerful charm of Fetish. An idea of the desperate valor with which the battle was fought will be formed, when it is known that the loss on our side was 800 killed, and 2,000 wounded.

It should be mentioned that the merchants of the colony volunteered their services in the field, and gave to the gallant commandant of the troops all the assistance it was in their power to bestow.

Number of the allied forces:

Royal African Corps	60 men
British, Dutch, Danish, Accras and Cape Coast Militia,	500
Native troops with their tribes,	10,820
Total,	11,380

Number of the enemy, 25,000

A change in the present ministry is anticipated at Paris, from the fact of Monsieur le Montier having been recalled from Spain.

The Swedish Greek Committee has sent an additional remittance of 10,000 francs, to the committee at Paris.

The differences subsisting between Russia and Turkey are finally determined. Ministers from the Grand Porte, are nominated to reside at all the European Courts.

Within the last few years upwards of 250,000 workmen belonging to the manufacturing districts in Germany, have emigrated into Poland.

The President's message was delivered at Washington on the 5th December.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The weather during the last month has been uncommonly mild, but rainy. In those parts of the Province possessing a dry and friable soil, the operations of the plough have been uninterrupted until late in December. The open weather is so favorable to the feeding of stock, that we apprehend no difficulty from the scarcity of Hay.

His Excellency Governor Ready arrived at Charlotte Town, P. E. I. on the 10th December. He has imported for the improvement of the breed of stock in the Island, a number of cattle, sheep and swine.

The Legislature of New Brunswick meet for the despatch of business on Thursday 25th January, that of Lower Canada on the 23d.

A large proportion of the Wellington Dyke in Cornwallis, has been brought under the operation of the plough, and from the superior quality of the soil is like to afford an abundant yield.

The Legislature of Nova-Scotia meet on the 1st February next, for the despatch of business.

The ice in the river St. John, N. B. has been broken up by the pressure of water underneath, and vessels were navigating it in the third week in December.

MILITIA GENERAL ORDERS.

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

1st Battalion Lunenburgh Regt. Captain Garret Miller, from the Militia Artillery, to be Major.

1st Lieut. Philip Arnberg to be Captain ; Garret Miller Jun. Joseph Miller and John Herley, gents. to be 2d Lieuts.

2d Battalion Lunenburgh Regt. Captain John Creighton, from the 1st Battalion to be Major.

3d Halifax, Regt. George Taylor, gent. to be 2d Lieut. ; Clement H. Belcher, gent. to be Quarter Master.

Parrsborough Corps, Edw. Morrison, gent. to be 2d Lieut.

MARRIAGES.

At Parrsborough.—Mr. Edward Morrison, to Miss Ann Corbit ; Mr. William Henderson, to Miss Ann Coffield.

At Antigonishe.—Capt. Joseph Smith, to Miss Ruth E. Irish ; Mr. Foster Whitford, to Mrs. Mary Bradshaw.

At Port Hood.—J. B. Giles, Esq. to Miss Margaret Watts.

At Liverpool.—Rev. James Cochrane, to Miss Matilda Power ; Mr. Hicks, to Miss Margaret Barry.

DEATHS.

At Halifax.—Capt. George Le Rossignol, aged 32 ; Mr. John Henderson, Junr. 46 ; Mr. John Davis ; Mr. W. Goodfellow, 36 ; Mr. William Kandich, 31 ; Mrs. Elizabeth Mackie, 34 ; Mr. Andrew Crawford, 24.

On Sunday the 17th December, the body of the late Mr. Robert M'Phail, who for some time previous had been missing, was found under an addition making to Mr. Fairbanks's wharf. An inquest was held on the body by James F. Gray, Esq. coroner. The Jury returned a verdict of "Accidental Death." No marks of violence were discovered on his person.

At Windsor.—John Mackay, Esquire, M. P. aged 45.

At Liverpool.—Mr. Samuel Vance, aged 28.

At Five Islands, Parrsborough.—Mr. S. Allen, aged 89.