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VOL. I.

FEBRUARY, 1827.

No. VIII.

Selected.

LOVE, JEALOUSY, AND REVENGE.

A GERMAN TALE.

“Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.”—SHAKSPEARE.

It was on a beautiful morning in the month of May, that a small party of dragoons, after advancing in a brisk trot along the road to Dresden, checked their horses as they gained the pine wood that clothes the ascent leading to that picturesque city, and rode gently to the summit of the hill. The sun shone in cloudless majesty; a gentle breeze from the south-west came loaded with spring's sweetest odors, and the glad birds were carolling joyously on the forest boughs.

Leopold Raigersfeldt, who commanded the troop, though in the service of the Elector, had never yet visited the capital of Saxony. Enchanted with the accounts he had received of its elegance and gaiety, he indulged in anticipations of pleasure, which were not a little heightened by the beauty of the scenery around him, and the exhilaration which a brilliant day in the most lovely season of the year, seldom fails to produce in the hearts of the young. On quitting the confines of the wood, he found himself on the brow of a hill, overlooking the narrow but most delightful valley through which the Elbe flows. On the opposite eminence, crowning the rocky ledge which bounds the fissure wherein the sparkling river has worn its passage, appeared the splendid city of Dresden, with its towers, palaces, and bridge; and, as he descended the

hill, the prospect, already so magnificent, was improved by the development of the verdant meadows which expand below the city, on the left bank of the stream. It was altogether the most charming combination of the works of nature and of art that he had ever witnessed. He paused for some minutes in unmixed admiration; then once more giving the spur to his horse, he cantered, at the head of his party, along the broad road, and over the bridge, into the city.

At his entrance, Leopold was struck by a strange expression on the countenance of the inhabitants. The shops were for the most part shut, and the people, assembled in small groups, stood silently gazing upon each other. Nothing of that animation was visible that usually characterizes a holiday, and even the glittering trappings and brilliant accoutrements of the troopers he commanded, failed to attract more than a vacant glance from the loungers, who are generally so much delighted with the pomp and pageantry displayed by mounted soldiers. The young dragoon felt depressed by the deep gloom which met his eye, contrasted by the clear blue sky and glorious sun above him, and by the calm felicity of the woods and valleys he had left behind. Advancing farther into the city, the dull heavy tones of a bell, slowly and solemnly tolled, smote upon his ear. It was

a funeral knell—but the more melancholy, as it rang for the living, not for the dead. Preparations for an approaching execution were now distinctly visible. Even the private soldiers, rough as they were, and accustomed to scenes of slaughter, could not behold these formal arrangements unmoved. They were restrained from asking any questions by the presence of their commander; and having received their billets at the gate of the Golden Hart, they dispersed silently to their respective quarters, and Leopold entered the inn with a pensive brow, and a heart saddened by the dismal images which presented themselves on every side.

If Captain Raigersfeldt had heard the fate of the once highly-honored Count Altdorf at a distance, he would probably have been but slightly affected. The struggles and intrigues, the rise and the fall of political combatants, are seldom interesting to men who pursue glory only on the field of battle, and never seek for victory except over the enemies of their country. Humanity might have wished the sentence changed to the milder doom of banishment; but the subject altogether would have soon faded from the mind of one who troubled himself very little with the affairs of state. Happening however, to arrive at Dresden on the very morning when an unfortunate and persecuted individual was to be sacrificed to the brutal revenge of an enraged faction, feelings of the deepest commiseration sprang up in Leopold's generous breast, the tide of his emotions was entirely changed, and he became at once absorbed in the fate of a man who was an entire stranger to him except by name.

Altdorf had made himself peculiarly offensive to the aristocracy, whilst he disdained to court the applause of the vulgar. A daring and ambitious spirit had given an advantage to his enemies, which they pursued with unrelenting hatred; and his most determined foe, the potent Baron Von Schwerenburg, having

subdued the scruples of his weak master, they hurried their victim to his trial, and condemned him to the block. The citizens of Dresden, who had at first united with the nobles, in their endeavor to remove an unpopular minister, were not prepared for the utter disgrace and ruin of the man whose measures they had disliked; yet, ashamed to confess their secret sentiments in his favor, they looked about with an astounded air, sorrowful, but not daring to object to a sentence which their enmity had so greatly contributed to produce. Altdorf was thus left entirely to his fate; and though the multitude who thronged the streets were deeply shocked by the melancholy and undeserved catastrophe which awaited him, not a voice was raised, not a hand exalted, to save him from an untimely and ignominious death.

Captain Raigersfeldt's apartments were situated in the front of the inn overlooking the street. He would have been better pleased with accommodations in the rear of the building, but he forbore to request an exchange, from an unwillingness to give way to his feelings, or to indulge the sensibility which he thought unbecoming to him as a man and as a soldier. A sickening sensation came over him as the tramp of footsteps announced the approach of the expected procession. The soft wind, which had been so delightful in the country, became hot and oppressive; and the golden beams of the cloudless sun were obscured by volumes of dust. Leopold had often seen men march to certain death, and had escaped himself by little less than a miracle. The sound of the battle-cry and the sight of danger, were gratifying excitements to the soul of a young and dauntless warrior. He had also been present at the summary executions of the Prevost Marshal, and had assisted in the condemnation of spies and traitors. Though little delighting in such scenes, he had borne them without shrinking.— Had he been called upon in his mili-

ary capacity to allay a tumult, and secure the just administration of the laws, he would not have flinched from the duty ; but he felt exceedingly reluctant to be an idle spectator of the short yet mournful pilgrimage of a nobleman to the scaffold.— He threw himself down upon the couch, but an inexplicable feeling impelled him to the window, and his eyes fell upon Count Altdorf's careworn form. Every nerve in his body thrilled, and he felt that he would have given worlds to save him. An infinity of suffering was imprinted upon the haggard countenance of the criminal. His adversaries, apprehensive of a re-action in his favor, had not allowed him time to be reconciled to the awful change about to take place. It was evident, however, that he struggled with his despair, and endeavored to abstract his soul from earthly things ; yet, ever and anon, wild glances shot forth from his flaming eyes, and his limbs quivering in convulsive agony. Still he preserved some degree of composure, until, just as they reached the Golden Hart, a trifling occurrence obliged the cavalcade to halt. Altdorf turned his head ; he found himself standing before the gates of his own palace, a magnificent pile of building which rose on the other side of the street. A cry of mortal anguish escaped his lips—" My child ! my child !" he exclaimed, in that fearful tone of desperate grief which thrills upon the soul. The sympathizing bystanders wept : " His daughter !" they repeated, " his beautiful and luckless daughter !"

The train moved on, and Raigersfeldt, who had clenched the bar of the window in the intensity of his feelings, sustained a new shock as the idea of the lovely and miserable creature who had wrung a sound of such deep sorrow from her father's heart, crossed his mind.

A few days, however, in so gay a city as Dresden, sufficed to obliterate the remembrance of Count Altdorf's tragical fate. The favor

which Von Schwesternberg enjoyed at court, rendered it impolitic to speak of his unfortunate rival ; and Raigersfeldt, upon his introduction to the polite circles, found the subject banished by common consent. Naturally of a lively disposition, the melancholy impressions which he had received were soon effaced, and he entered with spirit into the amusements of the place.

Though boasting a host of beautiful women, the charms of all the fair dames of fashion were eclipsed by those of the lovely Adelaide Wilmar ; and Leopold, according to the custom of dragoon officers, hastened to pay his devoirs at the brightest shrine. Our gay hussar was particularly handsome : he brought with him also a name distinguished for gallantry in the field—no small recommendation to woman's smile ; his manners were unaffected and elegant ; and, thus gifted, even the proud Adelaide received his attentions with evident gratification. Languid and listless, the efforts of the surrounding cavaliers were insufficient to disperse the cloud upon her brow. She denied the passionate attachment which she had formerly professed for dancing, and declined the waltz. At this moment an old general officer led Raigersfeldt into the circle, and presented him to the now-pensive coquette. Struck with his appearance, and delighted with novelty, she suddenly became all animation ; the crowd gave way to one so highly favored ; Leopold had the triumph of leading her to the centre of the floor, and they were soon whirled around to music's sweetest and most witching strain. It was no wonder that the young soldier lost his heart. For ever at her side on the promenade, in the drive, at the ball, he seemed to exist only in the sunshine of her bright blue eyes. Truly it was a most delicious dream—to touch that soft white hand, to gaze upon that fair face, those perfect features crowned with clusters of golden curls, and to hold this treasure in his arms,

whilst multitudes, sickening with envy, looked on! There were moments, however, in which the enamored youth did not feel perfectly satisfied. He never was allowed an opportunity of speaking to his beloved in private. Could he hope that one nursed in such gaiety and splendor, would share the limited fortune of a younger brother, and relinquish all her rich and noble suitors for his untitled name? He doubted it, and the feeling was painfully humiliating to a proud spirit.

Weeks rolled away. One morning, as he was riding at the head of his troop through a narrow street, the horse of a soldier in the rear became restive, and his movements alarmed a female closely enveloped in black. Leopold observed her terror, even through the thick veil which covered her from head to foot. He admired also the symmetry of a figure which no muffling could disguise. He anxiously desired to render her assistance, but ere he could dismount, she had fainted. A bystander caught her in his arms, and some compassionate people removed part of her sable drapery to give her air. Never had he gazed upon a countenance so touching. She was pale as death, but the dye of the rose could not have improved a skin so dazzlingly fair; and her finely arched brow and glossy raven tresses were beautifully contrasted with the ivory tint of her face and neck. As she was borne into a house, he inquired her name. "Miss Altdorf," replied the person whom he addressed; it is the first time that she has stirred out, poor thing, and unaccustomed as she has been to walk, no wonder that she is easily frightened." The cry of the unhappy father, which had so deeply affected him, returned upon Leopold's soul; he wondered that he ever should have forgotten it, and he sought his home full of sympathy for the fair creature who seemed so ill adapted to encounter the evils of life.

In the evening, he repaired to a

grand entertainment, given at the house of one of the cabinet ministers. Adelaide Wilmar was there, looking even more surpassingly beautiful than ever; and there also he met, for the first time, Count Ottocar, the son of the Baron Von Schwerenburg. His appearance seemed to produce a deep sensation, and Captain Raigersfeldt observed him with no common degree of interest. He was strikingly handsome; and though apparently following every mood of a proud and wayward mind, without the slightest regard to the forms and usages of society, a highly polished manner and an indescribable grace, won applause for conduct and actions which in another must have met with universal reprobation. Leopold was somewhat surprized by the coolness with which he saw his place beside the fair Adelaide unceremoniously taken by this presumptuous nobleman; and, though a little stirred with indignation by the tender glances which the lady transferred to her new partner, the rising ire was checked by a few sentences which fell from two gentlemen in his immediate vicinity. "So, Ottocar," said the first, "has rallied, and come amongst us again. I thought he had turned monk: he threatened his father, I remember, to bury the family honors in a cloister, when he refused the life of Altdorf to his eager solicitations."—"One might have guessed," said the second speaker, "that he would not hold the humor long. Victorine Altdorf, it seems, is forgotten for her gay rival: the times are changed since Adelaide Wilmar was fain to divide her admirers, ay, and follow in the train of that bewitching beauty."—"What has become of Victorine?" inquired the senior speaker.—"She lives somewhere in the city," returned the other, "in great obscurity. The property, you know, was seized, and her father, a mere nobody, raised by his talents, left not a single connexion in the world. Her summer friends have forsaken her, and I

question even if Adelaide, she who used to disguise her jealousy under the mask of affection for one who invariably bore away the palm of beauty, has ever spoken to her or inquired for her since her fall from greatness."—"Ottocar seems fairly in the toils of the enchantress," observed the elder gentleman; "what are the chances that he should be caught?"—"Those which promise cloudless weather on an April day, constancy to the wind, and steadiness to the gossamer that floats on every breeze," was the reponse. "If Ottocar have a heart, and that is a point I doubt, it is given to Victorine."

The music had not ceased, but Adelaide's capricious partner, already tired, abruptly disengaged himself, and left the lady alone in the dance. He retired to a remote corner, and, leaning against a pillar, seemed for a time wholly unconscious of the passing scene. Awakened from this lethargic reverie, he called for wine, and drank off successive

bumpers, as the obedient servants refilled the golden goblet. Exhilarated by the draught, he entered the crowd again; talked, and laughed, and sang, apostrophizing every pair of bright eyes and every dimpled cheek that met his view. Adelaide alone remained unnoticed. It was in vain that, by a thousand feminine arts, she sought to attract him. His brow became contracted, he flung scornfully from her, and signs of impatience, nay, even of anger, manifested themselves whenever she addressed him. Piqued at last, she turned away with a half-mortified, half-contemptuous air, and looked round in search of Raigersfeldt. He was on the point of retiring, and had nearly gained the door when he caught a smile, a second, an inviting glance, an imploring look. But they detained him not: he passed through the glittering vestibule, descended the marble staircase, and wandered at random through the city, thinking only of Victorine Altdorf.

(Concluded in our next.)

THE FATE OF LEOLINE.

TAKEN FROM A MONKISH MANUSCRIPT.

I.

The sun had set, the night did lower,
As Leoline couch'd in his den;
Couch'd in the strength of his boasted tow'r,
Rais'd (as they tell) by immortal pow'r,
'Mid the gloom of a mountain glen.

His vassals, cringing around him stood,
Awaiting the bend of his brow;
His bearing was proud as the oak of the wood,
When waving his boughs on the sapling brood,
That bred on the sward below!

Thrice wildly rung the magic sword,
That gleamed on his steel-clad thigh—
"Retire"—and sudden as issued the word,
They all, save one, fled the frown of their Lord,
One, who brav'd the dark scowl of his eye.

Leoline sprung from his lofty seat,
Unsheathing his belted brand—
"Begone, vile slave, nor dare to await
The wrath of him, whose will is fate,
Depart at my dread command!"

"A word with my chief, (Juan proudly replies,
And his eye seem'd darken'd in thought)
Thy rage I scorn as the dust that flies,
In dusky volumes to yonder skies,
And dwindles at length into nought.

"The secret is mine would sink thee as low,
(If reveal'd to the ken of mankind)
As the spider that dwells on the blasted bough,
Or the adder that crawls on the mountain's brow,
Or the chaff twirled round by the wind!

"Have you forgot at that dead hour of night,
When you judged none living was nigh"—
"Hold! (cried Leoline) away from my sight,
Or, I swear by saint Bride, and the arm of my might
Thy life blood my weapon shall dye!"

Proudly he turn'd but the fire brand of thought
Rag'd fierce on his troubled mind,
And loudly he cursed that thrice fatal night,
Which rose like the spirit of death, on his sight,
And his bosom no requiem could find.

II.

In Leoline's tower there is a voice of wail,
And Aga's chief is pierc'd with secret woe,
His groans are borne upon the rising gale,
For that foul deed no mortal more shall know.

In foreign lands that slave had borne his shield,
And mark'd his haunts amid the dark wood glade,
Had trac'd his footsteps o'er the blood red field,—
But now lay stretch'd beneath his falchion's blade.

Pacing his chamber with that crusted blade,
That oft in foreign lands had spread his name,
(But now red dripping with that crimson tide,
That sav'd alike his secret and his fame.)

He call'd the spirits that obey'd his signs,
From the dread silence of the mountain caves;
And those conceal'd within their coral shrines,
Beneath the murmur of the deep blue waves.

Old Ocean heav'd his billows wreath'd with foam,
Loud roar'd the thunder in the middle air;
High rose their yelling laugh around the dome,
And 'mid the halls of Aga's fortress fair.

Then Aga's chief the dreadful silence broke—
"Spirits of darkness read to me my dream;
How long shall Aga's towers withstand the shock
Of warlike art, of lightning's piercing gleam?"

Loud rose the horrid din of demon mirth,
For Leoline's potent spells had lost their power—
While Arno spoke, demon of hellish birth,
That castle tumbled from its stoutest tow'r.

III.

"All warlike and bright was the knightly array,
That gather'd, the morn of yon fair summer's day,

And clear and unsullied the scimitars' shine,
That blaz'd on the fields of Palestine.
The bounding steeds neigh'd shrilly and wide,
The standards floated the folds of their pride,
And the war horn's thrilling echoes arose,
Lovely and loud o'er that forest of foes!
And there was amid that hostile band,
Who fought and bled on the Saracen strand,
Beneath Christ's banners, a gallant knight,
Whose blade was foremost ever in fight,
Whose iron armor was sable as gloom,
And lofty the wave of his eagle plume,
And white, snow white, was the barb that bore
This stately knight on the sainted shore;
Blood-red was the scarf of his lady fair,
And black, jet black was that tress of hair,
That once o'er her bosom in loveliness hung,
But now on his burganet proudly swung.
The battle was ours, and we guided the day,
For pleasing to us is the Saracen sway.
They bow not the knee at Jerusalem's shrine,
Nor reckon the Lord of the Gentiles, divine.
That day from your helmet we guarded the blow,
Thee, an instrument fit for the deeds that we do!
When the rage of the slaughter was silent, and fled,
The panoplied warriors all, save the dead,
Who silently slumber'd no longer to bleed,
We guided thy steps to the deep wood dell,
Where she, the lovely and fair Isabelle,
The daughter of Selim, all blooming and young,
Had sought a retreat while the wild war rung,
Far, far from the parent whose love could assuage
The cheerless gloom of the child of his age.

IV.

“Nay! start not chieftain, remember the hour,
When we guided thy steps to that lonely bow'r,
When the Palestine pride on thy garment hung,
And sainted the accents that fell from her tongue,
As thy blood-red hand was entwin'd in her hair,
Regardless of knighthood and beauty's pray'r,
And glutted thy rage on a helpless maid—
She call'd—but no father was near to aid—
No brother's wild step through the dark shade rush'd,
'Till that maid's life stream from her pure heart gush'd!
Your steel reach'd the hearts of your brethren three,
All manly and gallant as warriors might be.
Who ever were first in the strife of the brave,
In the tournament, battle field, or on the wave—
More horrible far, proud chief was the deed,
(And deadlier still the curse on thy head)
When bloody and cold by yon mountain rill
That flows through the wood glen so lonely and still,
The mother that bare thee, all trembling in age
Escap'd not the stroke of thy demon rage!
More fiendish far!” but the dark red grew,
On that chieftain's cheek to a death pale hue,
As burning with rage, he in secret felt,
For the poison'd steel was conceal'd in his belt,
Then gazing wildly around,
“At this, my last moment, your pow'r I defy,
As Leoline liv'd, so shall Leoline die!”
Then raising on high the pointed dart,
He plung'd it deep in his throbbing heart,
And senseless sank on the ground!

V.

But, hark! the mighty thunders roar,
That, echoing loudly, sweeps,
Round the vaulted roof of his mountain tower,
And soon involves his boasted pow'r
In rude tremendous heaps!

His castle was transform'd to rock,
That stood for many a day,
And braved the tempests' angry shock,
And the sheeted flames that round it broke,
But mouldered at last away.

A female was seen on the loftiest pile,
At times 'mid the light'ning's gleam,
And on a babe she seemed to smile,
As from her bosom pour'd the while,
Dark murder's crimson stream!

And still, at times, when the dungeon bell,
Chimes hoarse to the midnight hour,
Is heard the fierce and appalling yell,
And seen the forms of these spirits so fell
Rejoicing o'er Aga's tower!

Of that midnight deed in the lonely dell,
Tradition does nothing afford—
What secrets of horror there befell,
No living mortal e'er could tell,
For it died with the slave and his Lord!

JOHN TEMPLEDON.

Knoydart, Gulph Shore, Nov. 1826.

EXTRACTS RESPECTING THE TONQUINESE RELIGION.

"THE Religion of the Tonquinese is a mixture of the Chinese and other superstitions.—Some of them believe in the immortality of the soul; while others confine this to the souls of the just only. They worship spirits, with which they imagine the air to be filled, admit the doctrine of transmigration, believe the world to be eternal, and acknowledge one supreme being. The literati follow the doctrine of *Confucius*, and conform to the customs of the Chinese in their religious ceremonies. There are few cities which have not one temple, at least, raised to *Confucius*. The statue of this celebrated philosopher is always seen in the most honorable place, surrounded by those of his ancient disciples, placed around the altar, in attitudes which mark the respect and veneration they formerly had for their master. All the magistrates of the city assemble there on the days

of new and full moon, and perform a few ceremonies which consist in offering presents on the altar, burning perfumes, and making a number of genuflections.

"At both the equinoxes, they offer up solemn sacrifices, at which all the literati are obliged to assist. The priest, who is commonly one of those mandarins called literati, prepares himself for this ceremony by fasting and abstinence: the evening before the sacrifice is made, he provides the rice and fruits which are to be offered, and disposes in proper order on the tables of the temple every thing that is to be burnt in honor of *Confucius*, whose altar is ornamented with the richest silk stuffs, and his statue is placed on it, with several small tablets, on which his name is inscribed in characters of gold. He then pours warm wine into the ears of the animals intended for

sacrifice: if they shake their heads, they are judged proper, but if they make no motion, they are rejected. Before they are killed, the priest bends his body very low; after which he cuts their throats, reserving their blood and the hair of their ears till the next morning, when the priest again repairs to the temple, where he invites the spirit of Confucius to come and receive the homage and offerings of the literati, while the rest of the ministers light wax candles, and throw perfumes into fires prepared at the door of the temple. As soon as the priest approaches the altar, a master of ceremonies cries out with a loud voice, 'Let the blood and hair of the slaughtered beasts be presented.' The priest then raises with both hands the vessel containing the blood and hair, and the master of the ceremonies says, 'Let this blood and hair be buried.' At these words all the assistants rise up, and the priest, followed by his ministers, carries the vessel, with much gravity and respect, to a kind of court which is before the temple, where they inter the blood and hair of the animals. After this ceremony, the flesh of the victims is uncovered, and the master of the ceremonies cries out, 'Let the spirit of the great CONFUCIUS descend!' The priest immediately lifts up a vessel filled with spirituous liquor, some of which he sprinkles over a human figure made of straw, at the same time pronouncing these words:—
'Thy virtues, O Confucius! are great, admirable, and excellent. If kings govern their subjects with equity, it is only by the assistance of thy laws and incomparable doctrine. We offer up this sacrifice to thee, and our offering is pure. May thy spirit, then, come down among us, and rejoice us by its presence.' When this speech is ended, he then offers a piece of silk to the spirit of Confucius, and afterwards burns it in a brazen urn, saying, with a loud voice, 'Since the formation of men, until this day, who is he among them, who hath been able to surpass, or even equal the perfections of Confu-

cus? O, Confucius! all that we offer thee is unworthy of thee: the taste and smell of these meats have nothing exquisite; but we offer them to thee, that thy spirit may hear us.' This speech being finished, THE PRIEST DRINKS THE LIQUOR, while one of his ministers addresses this prayer to Confucius: 'We have made these offerings to thee with pleasure; and we are persuaded, that thou wilt grant us every kind of good favor, and honor.' The priest then distributes among the assistants the flesh of the sacrifices; and those who eat of it believe that Confucius will load them with blessings, and preserve them from every evil. The sacrifice is now terminated by re-conducting the spirit of the philosopher to the place from which it is supposed to have descended.

"On the first day of every new year, the Tonquinese celebrate a solemn feast in honor of those who during their lives performed illustrious actions, or distinguished themselves by their courage and bravery. On this occasion more than forty thousand soldiers are drawn up in a vast plain, to which all the princes and mandarins are ordered to repair, and where the king himself attends them. After sacrificing, incense is burnt before a number of altars, on which are inscribed the names of the generals and great men in commemoration of whom they are then assembled. The king, princes, and all the grandees of the court, afterwards incline themselves before each of the altars, excepting those which contain the names of rebellious generals, against which the king discharges five arrows. The whole ceremony concludes with the firing of cannon and musquetry, in order to put to flight all the souls.

"There are three particular idols to which the Tonquinese render the most superstitious homage—the Spirit of the Kitchen, the Master of Arts, and the Lord of the Place where they reside. The Spirit of the Kitchen takes its origin from the following tale,

preserved by tradition in the country: 'A woman having separated from her husband on account of some discontent, married a second time.— This action gave her former husband so much uneasiness, that he put an end to his days by throwing himself into a large fire. The unfaithful spouse, touched with repentance, went and expiated her fault by throwing herself likewise into the same fire. Her second husband being informed of it, hastened thither also; but finding his wife reduced to ashes, he was so much affected with grief, that he rushed into the middle of the same fire, and was destroyed in an instant.' This *spirit* is believed to animate three stones, of which the Tonquinese form their hearth; and these three stones they worship on the first day of every new year.

— "The idol called *Master of Arts* is the image of one of the literati, whom the people of Tong-king believe to have been the most ingenious, learned and wise, of mankind. Merchants invoke it before they traffic; fishermen, before they throw their nets; and artists, before they begin any work.

"The idol called *Lord of the Place where they reside* is as much revered as the preceding. When any one intends to build a house, he considers that the ground upon which he builds, though it is the property of the king, may have some other master, who, though dead, preserves the same right as he enjoyed during his life. He therefore sends for a magician, who by beat of drum invites the soul of the deceased master to come and take up its abode under a small hut prepared for it, and where it is presented with gilt paper, perfumes, and small tables covered with dainties. The object of this ceremony is so far to engage the friendship of the ancient proprietor as to suffer a new tenant to possess his field.

"Some of the Tonquinese are so superstitious, that when they are about to undertake any journey, they inspect the feet of a chicken: others,

after they have set out, because they have sneezed once will suddenly return; but if they sneeze twice, they think themselves obliged to double their pace, and return with the greatest haste possible.

"There are some who divide the earth into ten parts, and from time to time pay a degree of adoration to each: others divide it into five, one of which is supposed to be in the middle. They pay their homage to the north dressed in black, and use black utensils in their sacrifices; they clothe themselves in red when they adore the south; in green, when they sacrifice to the east; in white, when they invoke the west; and in yellow, when they pay their adorations to the middle part.

"When a Tonquinese is about to purchase a field, undertake a journey, or marry one of his children, he goes and consults a conjurer; before this conjurer or magician gives an answer, he takes a book, but he opens it only half, as if he was afraid of suffering profane eyes to see what it contains. After having asked the age of the person who comes to consult him, he throws into the air two small pieces of copper, on which are engraven, on one side only, certain cabalistical figures or characters. If they fall with the figures turned towards the earth, it presages misfortune; but if towards the heavens, the omen is happy.

"There are other magicians, who are only consulted for the cure of diseases. If he announces that the disease proceeds from spirits, they call them wicked genii, and pretend to shut them up in earthen vases; if it comes from the devil, they invite the old gentleman to a grand feast, assign to him the most honorable place, pray to him, and offer him presents; but if the disease does not abate, they load him with injuries, and fire muskets to drive him from the house. If it is the god of the sea who has occasioned the distemper, they repair to the banks of some river, where they offer up sacrifices to

appease him, and intreat him to quit the sick person's chamber and return to the waters. Whether the sick person finds himself better or not, the magician takes his leave, loaded with gold and presents.

“There are in the Country of Tong-king a number of mountaineers, who, having shaken off the yoke of every nation, and retired to inaccessible mountains, leading a life resembling those ferocious wild beasts which inhabit the same rocks with them, form a kind of republic, of which their priest is the head. This chief has devised a particular system of religion and rites, which have no similarity with those of the Tonquinese. In the houses of the priests their gods deliver oracles. A great noise announces their arrival; and these mountaineers, who, while waiting for them, pass the time in drinking and dancing, immediately send forth loud shouts of joy, which are more like howlings than acclamations: they cry out, ‘*Father! art thou already come?*’ A voice then answers, ‘*Be of good cheer, my children, eat, drink, and rejoice; it is I who procure all those advantages you enjoy.*’ After these words, to which they listen with silence, they again return to their drinking. The gods now become thirsty in their turn, and ask for something to drink; vases ornament-

ed with flowers are immediately prepared, which the priest receives to carry them to the gods; for he is the only person permitted to approach to, or converse with them.

“They have one god who is represented with a bald head, and an unlucky countenance, which inspires horror. This deity never attends assemblies with the rest, to receive the homage of his worshippers, because he is continually employed in conducting the souls of the dead to the other world. Sometimes this god prevents a soul from quitting the country, especially if it be that of a young man; in such case he plunges it into a lake, where it remains until it is purified; but if this soul is not tractable, and resists the will of the god, he falls in a passion, tears it to pieces, and throws it into another lake, where it remains without hopes of ever being liberated.

“The common opinion of the Paradise of these mountaineers is, that a great quantity of large trees are found there, which distil a kind of gum, with which the souls are nourished; together with delicious honey, and fish of a prodigious size; and that apes are also placed there to amuse the dead; and an eagle sufficiently large to shelter all Paradise from the heat of the sun, by his extended wings.”

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

ON COMPOSITION AND STYLE.

NO. IV.

THERE is properly speaking, but one declension in the English language, and the genitive is the only case that admits of inflection. The distinctions of gender are made by changing the termination, or by adding a whole syllable, as prince, princess; man-servant, maid-servant. The comparison of Adjectives is effected by the syllables *er* and *est*, and sometimes by the words *more*, and *most*, or *very*. When the latter is added,

it does not seem to denote so high a degree of comparison as *most*: for example, “Burke was a very eloquent man in the Senate,” is a sentence that does not convey the same impression, as “Burke was the most eloquent man in the Senate.” Of the relative pronouns, *who*, and *which*, are declinable, but the pronoun, *that*, cannot be subject to declension, and always remains in the nominative.

In the conjugation of Verbs, the English language differs greatly from most others. The terminations change in almost every person : as I love, thou lovest, he loveth, &c. There are only two tenses properly distinctive of English verbs., the *present* and the *past*. The future is made up of the auxiliary verb, to be : as, I shall read. The auxiliary verbs are exceedingly complex, and their declensions vary in the most arbitrary manner : as I shall, I must, I should, I ought, &c.

It is by the aid of this class of verbs, that our tenses are distinguished by a nicety, clearness, and perfection, not inferior to those of the ancient languages.

In the English, and in most of the other European languages, the root of the verb is the infinitive. As in Arabic, and Hebrew, so in Syriac, Chaldaic, Samaritan, and Ethiopic, the root is the third person masculine singular of the preterite tense. In the Greek, both ancient and modern, as also in Latin and Islandic, the first person singular of the present, is, according to the practice of lexicographers, considered the root ; while in Hungarian and Lappish, it is the *third* person singular of the same tense,—so remarkable a want of uniformity is there in the verbal root of languages.

The following may be noticed as some of the peculiar advantages of the structure of the English language :

There are no distinctions of gender except what nature points out. There are no inflections of the adjectives but such as arise from comparison. The verb throughout all its conjugations and modifications, has a simplicity of arrangement, that makes it of easy attainment. The prepositions, with much elegance, are placed immediately before the cases which they govern. Foreigners complain that the language has too many monosyllables, but this peculiarity seems rather to be an advantage. Thus the monosyllabic sentence "of a man" is as concise as *Ανδρωπης*, in the Greek, which is thought to be the most perfect language. The *str* in words is conceived by foreigners to be difficult ; as *strong*, *strength*, *straight*, &c. The *thr* is more difficult ; as *throw*, *three*, *thrush*, &c. The *wr* is still more difficult ; as *wrangle*, *wright*, &c. and also, such words as *mangle*, *tingle*, &c.

In my next communication, I shall consider the Elements of English Composition.

ATTICUS.

St. John, N. B.

Selected.

THE HUMMING BIRD.

NATURE in every department of her work seems to delight in variety, and the *Humming Bird* is almost as singular for its minuteness, beauty, want of song, and manner of feeding, as the mocking bird is for unrivalled excellence of notes and plainness of plumage. Though this interesting and beautiful genus of birds, comprehends upwards of seventy species, all of which, with a few exceptions are natives of America and its adjacent islands, it is singular that only one species (the *Trochilus Colubris*)

ever visits the territory of the United States. It makes its first appearance in Georgia about the twenty third of March ; and as it passes on to the northward as far as the exterior of Canada, (M'Kenzie speaks of seeing "a beautiful humming bird" near the head of Ungigah or Peace River, in lat. 54 deg.) the wonder is excited how so feebly constructed a little creature can make its way over such extensive regions of lakes and forests, among so many enemies, all its superiors in strength and mag-

nitide. But its very minuteness and the rapidity of its flight, which almost eludes the eye, and that admirable instinct reason, or whatever else it may be called, and daring courage which Heaven has implanted in its bosom, are its guides and protectors. In them we may also see the reason why an all wise Providence has made this little hero an exception to a rule which prevails almost universally through nature, viz. that the smallest species of the tribe are most prolific. The Eagle lays one, sometimes two eggs; the Crow five; the Titmouse seven or eight; the small European Wren fifteen; the Humming Bird *two*; and yet this latter is evidently more numerous in America than the wren is in Europe.

About the twenty fifth of April the humming bird usually arrives in Pensylvania, and about the tenth of May begins to build its nest. This is generally fixed on the upper side of a horizontal branch, not among the twigs, but on the body of the branch itself. Sometimes it is fastened on a strong rank stalk, or weed in the garden. The nest is about an inch in diameter, and as much in depth. The outward coat is formed of small pieces of a species of a blueish grey lichen, that vegetates in old trees and fences, thickly glued with the saliva of the bird giving firmness and consistency to the whole as well as keeping out moisture. Within these are thick matted layers of the fine wings of certain flying seeds closely laid together; and lastly the downy substance from the great mullion, and from the stalks of the common pear, lines the whole. The base of the nest is combined round the stem of the branch, the whole is closely adhered; and when viewed from below, appears a massy knot or accidental protuberance. On a person approaching the nest, the little proprietors dart round with a hurrying noise, passing frequently within a few inches of one's head, and should the young be now hatched, the female will resume her place

on the nest even while you stand within a yard or two of the spot. The following is from Mr. Wilson's American Ornithology:—

The Humming Bird is extremely fond of tabular flowers, and I have often stopt with pleasure to observe his manœuvres among the blossoms of the trumpet flower. When arrived before a thicket of them that are full-blown, he poises, or suspends himself on wing for the space of two or three seconds, so steadily that his wings become invisible or only like a mist; and you can plainly distinguish the pupil of his eye looking round with great quickness and circumspection; the glossy golden green of his back, and the fire of his throat, dazzling in the sun; form altogether a most interesting appearance.

When he alights, which is frequently, he always presses the small dried twigs of a tree or bush, where he dresses and arranges his plumage with great dexterity. His only note is a single chirp, not louder than that of a small cricket or grass hopper, generally uttered when passing from flower to flower, or when engaged in flight with his fellows; for when two males meet at the same bush or flower, a battle instantly takes place, and the combatants ascend in the air chirping, darting and circling around each other, till the eye is no longer able to follow them. The conqueror, however, generally returns to the place, to reap the fruits of his victory. I have seen him attack and for a few moments tease the king bird, and have also seen him in his turn assaulted by an humble bee, which he soon puts to flight. He is one of those few birds that are universally beloved, and amidst the sweet dewy serenity of a summer's morning, his appearance among the arbors of honey suckles and beds of flowers is truly interesting.

When morning dawns, and the blest sun
again
Lifts his red glories from the eastern main,

Then through the woodbines, wet with
glittering dews,
The flower fed humming bird his round
pursues ;
Sips with inserted tube the honeyed
blooms,
And chirps his gratitude as round he roams ;
Shrink from the splendor of his gorgeous
breast.
What heavenly tints in mingling radiance
fly,
Each rapid movement gives a different
dye ;
Like scales of burnish'd gold they dazzling
show,
Now sink to shade—now like a furnace
glow !

The singularity of this little bird has induced many persons to attempt to raise them from their nest, and accustom them to the cage. Mr. Coffey of Fairfax county, Virginia, a gentleman who has paid great attention to the manners and peculiarity of our native birds, told me, that he raised and kept two for some months in a cage, supplying them with honey dissolved in water, on which they readily fed. As the sweetness of the liquid frequently brought small flies and gnats about the cage and cup, the birds amused themselves by snapping at them on wing, and swallowing them with eagerness, so that these insects formed no inconsiderable part of their food.

Mr. Charles Wilson Peale, proprietor of the museum, tells me that he had two young humming birds which he raised from the nest. They used to fly about the room, and would frequently perch on Mr. Peale's shoulder to be fed. When the sun shone strongly in the chamber, he had observed them darting after the motes that floated in the light, as fly catchers would after flies. In the summer of 1803 a nest of humming birds was brought me, that were nearly fit to fly. One of them actually flew out by the window the next evening, and falling against a wall was killed. The other refused food and the next morning I could but just perceive that it had life. A lady in the house undertook to be its nurse, placed it in her bosom and as it began

to revive, dissolved a little sugar in her mouth, into which she thrust its bill, and it sucked with great avidity. In this manner it was brought up until fit for the cage. I kept it upwards of three months, supplied it with loaf sugar dissolved in water, which it preferred to honey and water, gave it fresh flowers every morning sprinkled with liquid, and surrounded the space in which I kept it with gauze, that it might not injure itself. It appeared gay, active and full of spirits, hovering from flower to flower, as upon its native wilds, and always expressed by its motions and chirping, great pleasure at seeing fresh flowers introduced into its cage. Numbers of people visited it from motives of curiosity, and I took every precaution to preserve it, if possible, through the winter. Unfortunately however, by some means it got at large, and flying about the room, so injured itself, that it soon after died.

This little bird is extremely susceptible of cold, and if long deprived of the animating influence of the sun-beams, droops and soon dies. A very beautiful male was brought me this season, which I put into a wire cage, and placed it in a retired shaded part of the room. After fluttering about for some time, the weather being uncommonly cool, it clung by the wires, and hung in a seemingly torpid state for the whole forenoon. No motion whatever of the lungs could be perceived, on the closest inspection ; though at other times it is remarkably observable ; the eyes were shut, and when touched by the finger it gave no signs of life or motion. I carried it out to the open air, and placed it directly in the rays of the sun in a sheltered situation. In a few seconds respiration became very apparent, the bird breathed faster and faster, opened its eyes and began to look about with as much seeming vivacity as ever. After it had completely recovered, I restored it to liberty, and it flew off to the withered top of a pear tree,

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where it sat for some time dressing its disordered plumage, and then shot off like a meteor.

The flight of the humming bird from flower to flower, greatly resembles that of a bee ; but it is so much more rapid, that the latter appears a mere loiterer to him. He poises himself on wing, while he thrusts his long tabular tongue into the flowers

in search of food. He sometimes enters the room by the window, examines the banquets of flowers, and passes out by the opposite door or window. He has been known to take refuge in a hot house during the cool nights of autumn ; to go regularly out in the morning, and to return as regularly in the evening, for several days together.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

TRANSLATION OF AN ODE OF TYRTÆUS.

How long in slothful ease will ye remain ?
 When will ye wake your warlike souls to fame ?
 O noble youths ? Do you not blush to see,
 Still unassail'd your neighboring enemy ?
 Ah ! think ye to sit in peace ; while wars around
 Waste your rich land, and all the realm confound.
 Like lordly lions, rouse your slumb'ring rage,
 And spear to spear the vaunting foes engage !
 None ever yield, though in the pangs of death,
 But wave the threat'ning sword e'en to his latest breath !
 Glory and Fame the warlike Chief await,
 Who, in the fight, deals round the shafts of Fate ;
 Who, dire in purpose, stems the battle tide
 For children, country, and his youthful bride,
 Till Fate has cut the thin-spun thread of life.
 Death threats in vain ; rush boldly to the strife
 When first the battle joins ; then firmly wield
 The trusty blade ; extend the guardian shield.
 Death none can flee ; no, tho' from Heav'n above
 His race descend, tho' from immortal Jove,
 Ofttimes from battle and the clash of spears,
 The coward flying, urged by guilty fears,
 Escapes impending fate ; but Death will come,
 And strike th' inglorious dastard in his bloom.

St. John, N. B.

CECIL.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

TO THE SEA.

Ἰσθάρων ἀφάρ ἐξέτο' νοσφι λιασθεις,
 Θιν' ἐφ' ἄλος πολijs, ορωων ἐπι οἶνοπα ποντον.*—*Iliad Lib I. Verse 350.*

Vast Ocean ! ever moving, never tired,
 Rolling along in solitary pride,
 Now, rough as tho' to Heaven thy waves aspired,
 Now,—gently rolling low thy glassy tide ;—
 Mightiest of elements ! which like a robe
 Roll'st thy vast drapery round a peopled globe,
 Whose surface breathed on, by the gales from high
 Floats in rich folds, of bright variety.—
 Glorious element ! how grand to view
 Th' unclouded sun, rise o'er thy waters blue,
 His horizontal beams across thee thrown
 Gilding with light each wat'ry mountain's cone,

* We are compelled to print the Greek letters as above, having no type accented.

And, smiling on those waves which seem the while
As tho' contending for his earliest smile.—

Delightful element! oh who could be
Borne o'er thy billows' rushing majesty,—
And, looking round upon the vast expanse
See neither bound, nor limit in the glance,
And feel not raptures rushing o'er his brain,
Wild as thy very billows,—mighty main?

Wonderful element! Thy ancient wave
Caught the first ray, yon glowing day-star gave,
And thou art rolling now, as fair, as bright,
As green, as beautiful, as when that light
First broke upon thee; when th' Almighty word
Which called him forth from Chaos, first was heard.

Merciless element! thy waters dark
Engulph the costly freight of many a barque,
In vain, in vain th' expectant merchant eyes
The far horizon for his argosies,
Their freights are whelmed beneath thy greedy tide,
Their wrecks are floating o'er thy waters wide,
And friends have parted, 'mid thy wildest roar
And bid adieu, to meet on earth—no more!

Devouring element! beneath thy waves
What riches lie! in thy dark oozy caves
'The rich gold glitters, and the silver gleams,
And many a high-prized jewel sheds its beams
'Neath thy vast waste of waters;—ne'er again
To sparkle on the breast of Beauty, when
Through the gay dance with graceful step she moves,
Or blesses at the shrine, the man she loves.

Insatiate element! thy waves have gone
O'er manhood's breast, and Beauty's opening dawn,
O'er tyrants' chains, and o'er the slaves who wore,
O'er childhood pure, and Age's tresses hoar;—
Ever devouring, ever greedy tide,
When shall thy cravings e'er be satisfied?
Cannot a father's prayer, a mother's grief
Calm thy loud roar, and yield the son relief?
Prayer, vow, and promise, all are lost on thee
Untamed, untamable, fierce, wild, and free!

King's College, 12th Jan. 1827.

C.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

CURSORY THOUGHTS AND LITERARY REMINISCENCES.

NO. II.

AMID the immense variety of characters which the genius of our great dramatist has developed, that of the mother, as the mother only, has never engaged his attention. Yet on a superficial view, we might imagine that no character is calculated to awaken more general interest, for who of mankind has not, at some period, conceived what maternal affection must be, and must endure? nor one that can be placed in a greater variety of situations, and in all be equally striking and effective, for in

what situation can a mother be placed that will not call forth a sympathetic feeling in every human bosom? And yet the greatest master of the human heart the world ever produced, has never in one instance made the display of the mother and the mother's feelings the prominent object of his genius. The play of King John, it may be said disproves this; for it is evidently intended that the Lady Constance should engross the principal attention, and so much so is this the case, that

when she disappears from the stage, and this is in the third act, the whole interest of the play as a play ceases. But any one who studies the character of Lady Constance cannot fail, I should think, to perceive that maternal affection is not by any means the predominant passion in her mind, but only a superinduction. "To be a Queen and check the world," as she is told by Queen Elinor, on her first appearance, is plainly her whole object, and her son Arthur regarded with affection almost only as furthering her ambition. What does she herself on the news of the sudden peace struck up by King John with Philip of France first think of? Not of her son but "shall Lewis have Blanch and Blanch these Provinces." And again when convinced of the truth of this death's-blow to her hopes the burst of her agony shows plainly its origin. - -

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud ;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner
stout.

To me and to the state of my great grief
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I in sorrow sit,
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow
to it.

It is not till Arthur is actually torn from her—Arthur, till then only the stepping stone of her ambition, but now her son in reality, that true maternal tenderness stirs within her, and gives rise to one of the most pathetic and most poetical ideas in our language.

— father Cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in
heaven:

If that be true, I shall see my boy again ;
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male
child,

To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature
born.

But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his
cheek,

And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit ;
And so he'll die ; and rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of
heaven,

Vol. I.

I shall not know him ; therefore, never,
never,
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

"The Lady Constance in a frenzy died," as we are afterwards told, evidently points out to us how the poet wished her character to be understood: not that the grief of a mother, but the disappointment of an ambitious woman had driven her to distraction: that her disposition had in no ways changed by becoming a mother, but that the same passions good or bad, and in no degree altered, maintained their way in her bosom; and that her child was loved or hated merely in proportion as aiding or thwarting these passions. Nay she plainly tells her son so. He addresses her with "I do beseech you madam be content," and what is her reply?

If thou that bid'st me be content, wert
grim,
Ugly and slanderous to thy mother's
womb,
Full of unpleasing blots, and sightless
stains,

Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patched with foul moles, and eye-offend-
ing marks

I would not care, I then would be content ;
For then I should not love thee ;—

If other proofs were wanting of the truth of this view of the character of Lady Constance, the conception of it by the late Mrs. Siddons will surely be allowed to have weight. It was in the year 1825 or 26, that this great actress, in her old age, re-appeared on the Edinburgh boards for the benefit of her grand-children. The young generation had thus an opportunity of beholding if not the splendid physical powers of that extraordinary woman, in their full vigor, at least her wonderful conception and personation of character, and perhaps, for her fame, her appearance there was of greater advantage than it had ever been before. She left on the minds of the rising race, impressions and ideas which no future actress can ever efface, and which in the possession and exertion of her full powers of countenance and

figure she could never have awakened. It was the ideas that she called up for the after-employment of the imagination—the ideas that she embodied and brought before you, beautified, and almost realized, by innumerable conceptions in your own mind, which were never in existence before, that formed then the never to be forgotten charm of her acting. — The reflection of what must she have been, when she is now, what she is, pressed upon the mind, and fixed the remembrance of her indelibly there, as a master piece never to be seen again. — Among the characters which she then personated was the Lady Constance, and although I saw her in characters of commonly esteemed mightier power, such as Lady Macbeth, in none of them did she display more discriminating or more exquisite acting. Maternal feeling shot across her glorious countenance only like a gleam of sunshine through the determined storm of ambitious passion, illumining but not softening it, and she was Lady Constance. In look, voice and gesture, she concentrated and unfolded her whole character in these lines, tremendously powerful from her lips.

You have beguiled me with a counterfeit,
Resembling majesty ; which, being touch-
ed and tried,
Proves valueless: You are forsworn, for-
sworn :

You came in arms to spill my enemies'
blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with
yours :

The grappling vigor and rough frown of
war

Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this
league :

Arm, arm, you heavens, against these per-
jured kings !

A widow cries ; be husband to me, hea-
vens !

Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace ; but, ere sun-
set,

Let armed discord 'twixt these perjured
kings !

Hear me, O, hear me !

AUSTRIA.—Lady Constance, peace.

CON.—War ! war ! no peace ! peace is
to me a war.

O Lymoges ! O Austria ! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil :* Thou slave, thou
wretch, thou coward ;

Thou little valiant, great in villainy !
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side !
Thou fortune's champion, that dost never
fight !

But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety ! thou art perjured
too,

And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool
art thou,

A ramping fool ; to brag, and stamp, and
swear,

Upon my party ! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my
side ?

Been sworn my soldier ? bidding me de-
pend

Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy
strength ?

And dost thou now turn over to my foes ?
Thou wear a lion's hide ! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant
limbs.

Shakespeare therefore to whom the human heart seems to have been any thing but a mystery, had a very different idea of the mother from what the metaphysicians of Germany and the Lakes would persuade us she is. There is scarcely an influential passion that he has not depicted, and traced to its most minute ramifications, as it operates upon the life, and conduct, and ideas of its possessor ; and yet maternal affection, said to have such an influence over the mind of woman, and which, more especially as he himself was a father, must have oftener been submitted to his investigation than any other, not immediately in his own bosom, he has in none of his numerous plays introduced either as a spring of action or a principle of conduct. The truth is, it is neither, and never is a predominant passion, when there is a possibility for any other to gain access to the mind, or find room for exertion. In a state of existence, if there be any such, where the flow of life knows neither agitation nor storm, is subject to neither high hopes nor deep fears, is neither strongly excit-

*A lion's hide worn by him, and formerly belonging to Richard First, whom Austria betrayed.

ed from without nor depressed within, maternal affection may become a solitary, a predominating passion in woman's bosom. Wordsworth, who has studied woman as a mother more than any other poet, and who would ascribe so much power to her affection, has portrayed her in three views, but in these three, as conscious it could exist as predominant in no other state, his mother is lonely, with nothing else to occupy her mind. - - - The first and most powerful picture is that of an Indian left alone in the woods, and utterly helpless and hopeless. The second is as Lord Byron has said, "The idiot mother of an idiot boy;" and the third as far as I understand the poem is a lonely widow. Though not exactly connected with this subject, I cannot forbear remarking that the latter poem contains a thought evincing the most profound knowledge of the human heart in a peculiar state, and which, so far as I know, has escaped the notice of all the critics of

that poet. The mother is meditating on the uncertainty of her son's fate, and would soothe herself into a belief that at least he is not dead—

They talk of ghosts ; but none will force
 Their way to me :—'tis falsely said,
 That there was ever intercourse
 Betwixt the living and the dead :
 For then I surely should have sight
 Of him I look for day and night
 With love and longings infinite.

Upon the whole however we must conclude that maternal affection of itself can never form a subject for the drama, because when an undivided passion, if it ever is, it is inactive and solitary, and fit only to exercise the powers of a meditative poet like the above. All the great passions that influence woman either in thought or conduct, are formed and firmly rooted long before she becomes a mother, and this new one if it influences her at all, it is in subservience only to others, and it is with them good or bad. I.

Colchester.

THE SPEECH OF A FOREIGN NOBLEMAN,

ON RECEIVING HIS OWN SON INTO MASONRY.

Dear Son,

I CONGRATULATE you on your admission into the most ancient and perhaps the most respectable society in the universe. To you the mysteries of masonry are about to be revealed, and so bright a sun never shed its lustre on your eyes. In this awful moment when prostrate at this holy altar, do you not shudder at every crime and have you not confidence in every virtue? May this reflection inspire you with noble sentiments; may you be penetrated with a religious abhorrence of every vice that degrades the dignity of human nature, and may you feel that elevation of soul which scorns a dishonorable action, and ever invites to the practice of piety and virtue! These are the wishes of a father and a brother conjoined. Of you the greatest hopes are raised; let not our expectations

be deceived. You are the son of a mason who glories in the profession, and for your zeal and attachment, your silence and good conduct your father has already pledged his honor. You are now as a member of this illustrious order introduced a subject of a new country, whose extent is boundless. Pictures are open to your view, where true patriotism is exemplified by living colors and a series of transactions recorded, which the rude hand of time can never erase. The obligations which influenced the first Brutus and Manlius to sacrifice their children to their love of their country, are not more sacred than those which bind me to support the honor and reputation of this venerable order. This moment, my son you owe to me a second birth, should your conduct in life correspond with the principles of masonry,

my remaining years will pass away with pleasure and satisfaction. Observe the great example of our ancient masters, peruse our history and constitution. The best, the most humane, the bravest and most civilized of men have been our patrons.— Though the vulgar are strangers to our works the greatest geniuses have sprung from our order. The most illustrious characters on earth have laid the foundation of their most amiable qualities in masonry. The wisest of princes planned our institution as raising a temple to the Eternal and Supreme Ruler of the Universe. Resolve my son, that you will be a true and faithful mason. Know from this moment that I centre the affection of a parent in the name of a brother and a friend. May your heart be susceptible of love and esteem, and may you burn with the same zeal your father possesses. Convince the world by your new alliance that you are deserving our favors, and never forget the ties which bind you to honor and to justice. View not with indifference the extensive connections you have formed, but let universal benevolence regulate your conduct. Exert your abilities in the service of your

king and your country, and deem the knowledge you have this day attained the happiest acquisition of your life. Recall to memory the ceremony of your initiation, learn to bridle your tongue and to govern your passions, and ere long you will have occasion to say "In becoming a mason I truly became the man, and while I breathe will never disgrace a jewel that kings may prize." If I live my son to reap the fruits of this day's labor, my happiness will be complete. I will meet death without terror, close my eyes in peace, and expire without a groan in the arms of a virtuous and worthy Freemason.

There stands the messenger of truth : there
stands
The legate of the skies. His theme di-
vine,
His office sacred, his credential clear,
In doctrine incorrupted; in language plain,
Unpractis'd ; he to fawn, or seek for favor
By diction fashioned to the varying hour.
For other alms his heart had learned to
prize
More skilled to raise the wretched than to
rise.
To them his heart, his love, his gifts were
given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in
Heaven.

From the Boston Atheneum.

ORIGINAL LETTER OF BUONAPARTE.

The following letter from Napoleon to M. Champagny, the minister of the interior, displays in a strong light the character of the man, and his custom of not listening implicitly to the decisions of others.

Finkemstein, 30th May, 1807.

Monsieur de Champagny,

AFTER having attentively examined the different plans of the monument dedicated to the grand army, I have not been one moment in doubt; that of M. Vignon is the only one which fulfils my intentions. It is a temple that I demanded, and not a church. What could be done in the style of churches to surpass St. Genevieve, or even Notre Dame; and above all, St. Peter's at Rome? The project of M. Vignon unites with many ad-

vantages that of agreeing much better in style with the palace of the legislative body, and of not humiliating the Thuilleries. When I fixed the expense at three millions (£120,000) I wished it to be understood that this temple ought not to cost more than that of Athens, the construction of which did not cost half that sum. It appears to me, that the court entrance ought to be by the staircase opposite to the throne. In the definitive plan, M. Vignon will manage so that we may descend under cover. The a-

partment, also, must be as handsome as possible; M. Vignon might, perhaps, make it double; for the hall is at present too long. It will be equally easy to add a few tribunes. I will have nothing in wood. The spectators ought to be placed, as I said, on marble steps, forming amphitheatres destined for the public. The persons necessary for the ceremony will be placed on benches, so that the distinction between the two classes of spectators may be very sensible.—The amphitheatres, filled with ladies, will form a contrast with the grave costume of the personages necessary for the ceremony. The tribune of the orator ought to be permanent, and of beautiful workmanship. In this temple nothing ought to be moveable or changing; every thing, on the contrary, ought to be stable and fixed in its place. If it were possible to place at the entrance of the temple the Nile and the Tiber which were brought from Rome, it would have a good effect: M. Vignon must endeavor to introduce them in his ultimate plan. The place must also be selected for the armor of Francis I. and the *quadriga* (triumphal car with four horses) of Berlin. There must be no wood in the construction of this temple. Why may not we employ for the dome, which has been an object of discussion, iron, or even earthen pots? Would not these materials be preferable to wood? In a temple destined to subsist several thousands of years, the greatest solidity possible must be studied, and every thing avoided that may be subject to criticism; and the greatest attention paid to the choice of materials. Granite or iron, such ought to be those of this monument. It may be objected that the present columns are not of granite; but this objection is not a good one, because in time they may be changed, without injury to the monument. Yet, if it were proved that to use granite would cost too much, and be too long in obtaining, we must renounce it; for the principal condition of the project is, that

it shall be executed in three or four years, or at the most five. This monument has a political object; it therefore should be terminated quickly. It will be well, however, to seek for granite for other works which I shall order, and which, from their nature, may occupy thirty, forty, or fifty years in finishing. I intend all sculptures in the interior to be of marble. Do not propose to me any sculptures fit for the drawing and dining-rooms of the wives of Paris bankers. Whatever is futile is not simple, noble; whatever is not of a long duration is unfit for this monument. I repeat, that there must be no kind of furniture in it, not even curtains. As to the plan which has gained the prize, it does not reach my ideas; it was the first that I rejected. It is true I gave for a basis, to preserve part of the monument of the Magdalen as it exists; but this expression is an ellipsis,—it was to be understood that the most possible of it should be preserved, otherwise there would have been no need of a programme; it was only necessary to execute the original plan. My intention is not to have a church, but a temple; and I neither wished that all should be pulled down nor preserved. If the two propositions were incompatible, viz. that of having a temple, or preserving the church of the Magdalen, it was right to attend to the definition a temple.—By temple, I mean a monument, such as there was at Athens, and as there is not at Paris. There are many churches at Paris; these are in every village. I should not have taken it ill if the contradiction had been pointed out between having a temple, and preserving what was intended for a church. The first was the principal idea, the second only accessory: M. Vignon, therefore, divined what I meant. As to the expense fixed at three millions, I do not make it an absolute condition; I wished to be understood, that I would not have another Pantheon,—that of St. Genevieve has already cost above fif-

teen millions. But in saying three millions, I did not mean that a million or two more should enter into the comparison with having a more or less beautiful monument. I might, if necessary, order five, or even six millions; the definite plan will regulate this.

You will not fail to tell the fourth class of the Institute, that it was in its own report that I discovered the motives that have determined me. On which I pray God to have you in his holy keeping.

NAPOLEON.

CHARACTER OF NERO CÆSAR.

(From a work printed in 1635.)

NERO CÆSAR began his raigne with a glorious shew of piety and kindnesse. Those tributes and taxes which were any thing heavy, hee either quite abolished, or abated. Whensoeuer hee was put in mind to subscribe and set his hands to a warrant for the execution of any person condemned to die, hee would say, "Quam vellem nescire literas," (oh that I knew not one letter of the booke.) Seneca, his tutour, did much extoll that speech of his, as if it had proceeded from a pittiful heart.

Hee was framed by nature, and practised by custome, (saith Tacitus,) to cloake hatred with false flattering speeches.

Many times hee saluted all the degrees of the city, one after another, by rote, and without booke. When the senate upon a time gaue him thanks, he answered, "Do so—cum meruero," (when I shall deserve.)

Yet the tyrannous rage of this emperour was so fierce against the Christians, insomuch that a man might then see cities lye full of men's bodyes, the old lying there with the young, and the dead bodyes of women cast out naked, without all reuerence of that sexe, in the open streets.

In this persecution, James the greater and the lesse, Philip, Bartholomew, Barnabas, Mark suffered.

Christians were coured in wild beasts' skinnes, and torne in pieces with dogges, or fastened on crosses, or burnt in fire, and when the day failed, they were burnt in the night, to make them serue as torches to

giue light. They put a pitched coate upon the Christians, to make them burn the better, called tunica molesta (a troublesome coate.)

He caused Rome to be set on fire in twelve places together, that hee might the better conceiue the flames of Troy, singing unto it Homer's verses, and being a pleasant spectator thereof, as at a feu-de-joy. Adleuandam sceleris atrocitatem, (saith Polyd. Virgil—to avoid the infamy thereof,) hee layd the fault on the innocent, and suborned some falsely to accuse the Christians as authors of that fire; whereupon hee put many of them to death.

Under Nero, to doe ill was not alwayes safe; alwayes vnsafe to doe well. Hee was so hateful an adversary to all righteousness, that Eusebius, following the example and words of Tertullian, affirmeth, that if the gospel had not been an excellent thing, it had not been condemned by Nero: hee was (as Augustine witnesseth) commonly reputed Antichrist. He came into the world an Agrippa, or borne with his feet forward, and turned the world vpside downe before he wente out of it. In him alone, all the corruptions which had been engendred in Rome, from the birth of Rome till his own dayes, seemed drawne together into one impostume, or boyle.

At last, after many other cruelties, the senate proclaimed him a public enemy vnto mankind, condemned him to be drawne through the city, and to be whipped to death; which sentence when he heard of, finding no

man to strike him, and exclaiming against them all, "What! have I neither friend nor foe? (said he;) I have lived dishonourably, let mee dye shamefully;" and then hee strake himselfe through with his owne sworde, and was a horrible spectacle to all beholders.

Hee died in the thirty-second yeere of his age, (saith Suetonius,) and fourteenth yeere of his raigne, (say Tacitus, Clem. Alexan., Eusebius, and Eutropius,) the very day of the yeere on which he had murdered his wife Octavia, and by his death brought so great joy vnto the people

generally, that the commons wore caps, to testify freedome recouered, and ran sporting vp and down throughout the city.

Some say that Nero is yet aliue, altho hee did thrust himselfe through with a sworde; yet some thinke that his wounds were healed, and that hee suruiued, according to that in the Rev. xiii. 3,; and that hee shall bee Antichrist. But Bellarmine himselfe saith, it is a presumptuous folly to say that Nero shall bee reuiued, and receiued as Antichrist; and Suarez calls it anilem fabulam, (a foolish fable.)

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

THE ACCEPTED SIGH.—A TALE.

"Devotion wafts the mind above,
But Heaven itself descends in love;
A feeling from the Godhead caught,
To wean from self each sordid thought,
A ray of him who form'd the whole;
A glory circling round the soul!"

Lord Byron.

"The most belov'd on earth,
Not long survives to-day—
So music past is obsolete,
And yet 'twas sweet—'twas passing sweet,
But now 'tis gone away."

Henry Kirke White.

"When midnight's gloom its sable mantle throws
O'er the drear regions of Death's calm repose,
At that lone hour, when sweet and peaceful rest
Excludes all sorrow from the human breast;
I ask my soul from whence 'twill take its flight,
And soar to Heaven thro' the shades of night,
Go to the still, the silent grave, there find
Ease to the workings of a wounded mind:
There let thine heart with grief for sin be riven,
And we from thence may wing our flight to heaven.
'Tis thus it bids me, and I glad obey,
Spring from my sleepless couch and haste away—
Haste to the mansions of the silent dead,
Soft, lest I wake them, glide around their bed;
Mark how the noble with th' ignoble lie—
Kings beside peasants, for they both must die!
I've reach'd my Anna's grave, but oh I fear
To tread where lies my more than sister dear!
Yet I will whisper to the evening gale
That she is gone—a brief—but mournful tale—
I've sorrows to the world unknown,
I've sorrows which are all my own,
Griefs in which none a part may bear,
To ease my bosom of its care:
For there are moments when reflection brings
To memory's mirror views of former things;

Then, as I view the long past happy scene,
 And sigh to think that it has only been—
 And now is not, and will be ne'er again—
 Then do I feel the agony and pain
 Of blasted hope—and then my troubled mind,
 I thoughtless open to the passing wind,
 Or, fearing we no more shall meet—a tear
 Tells to the reckless ocean—that I fear.
 O she was loveliest of the lovely kind !
 Her form—a faint resemblance of her mind
 To my weak eye seem'd elegant, no charm
 It bare could do the soul an harm :
 And though the world no loveliness could trace
 In the fair features of that form or face !
 Yet her soul's features were divinely fair,
 For ah she bore her Saviour's image there !
 But why lament the past—for it is gone
 Ne'er to return again, then wherefore mourn ?
 Why ?—ah that sword was sharp which pierc'd my soul !
 And I have felt—still deeply feel the blow ;
 For oh ! that wounded part will ne'er be whole—
 My soul once rest is ever ope to woe.
 But it avails not, that dear spirit's flown,
 And I am left to weep and sigh alone !”

Such were the heartfelt words which broke
 From Henry's lips, he thought—he spoke
 Of Anna, that he'd lov'd her well,
 The few who knew his grief could tell :
 He'd sometimes stand—and silent gaze,
 Then sudden start with wild amaze.
 And seek the gloom of the drooping willow,
 Whose branches shaded the silent dead ;
 The cold marble stone was his only pillow,
 The turf-clad grave was his lonely bed !
 And oft while seated there he wept,
 To think how calmly Anna slept ;
 Whilst he upon her tomb reclined
 Lay listening to the hollow wind ;
 And when he ask'd “ where's Anna where ?”
 An echo seem'd to answer—“ there,”
 Or fancied beings seem'd to say
 “ Come, Henry, come, make haste away
 And leave thine Anna—thy lov'd,
 For she hath thine affection prov'd”—
 Thus he disordered in his mind
 By sorrow, hoped in Heaven to find
 A place of happiness and rest,
 For well he knew that he is blest,
 Who will his trust in God repose,
 For He our every sorrow knows,
 And He alone can soothe our woes !

'Twas midnight, and the bright moon shone
 With double brightness o'er the Parian stone.
 As through the skies her steady course she steers,
 A placid countenance all nature wears,
 And all around lie hushed in balmy sleep,
 Save he who o'er yon hallowed tomb doth weep ;
 He—only he, had shun'd inviting rest,
 And fled to calm the tumults of his breast.
 Who ever rais'd his eye to that abode—
 The home of angels and the court of God ?
 Who ever there his eye at midnight rais'd—
 And at its spangled dome with wonder gaz'd,

Then turn'd toward earth at the approach of day
And did not vainly wish to fly away,
And on expanded pinions cleave the sky,
To reach the mansions of the blest on high?
Yes it is midnight! all around
Is hush'd in silence, not a sound
Falls on the list'ning ear—that death-like hour,
Bids all be silent, all confess its pow'r.

Did'st thou not see from yonder shade emerging,
A form which glided thence, and now is verging
Upon the confines of that spot where lies,
What earth contains most precious, or the skies
Receive—a saint's blest ashes, for her soul above
Is gone, to sing with kindred souls redeeming love!
Did'st thou not see it? 'twas the form of one,
Who lov'd her more than aught beneath the sun:
For she in early life had been allied
To Him whom once possessing, all beside
That can be worthy an immortal's thought,
With Him we too possess, for there is nought
Heaven has to give, but he has freely bought!

List! 'tis the voice of prayer I hear ascend
To Him who only is the sinner's friend,
The only mediator between God and man,
The angel of the covenant, who only can
Make meet the prayers imperfect of the contrite soul
For God's acceptance, can the broken heart make whole,
Repentance to the suppliant sinner give,
Raise him from sin's dark tomb and bid him live.
'Twas Henry pray'd—his words express'd
The hidden feelings of his breast:
He saw his lost estate and sought
That pardon which can ne'er be bought,
E'en by a sigh—a tear—a groan—
Nor anything that is our own.
'Tis all of grace, for faith is given,
Repentance is a gift of heaven
Which follows faith, for until man
The evils of his heart do scan,
He will not—cannot mourn that sin,
Hath brought him to the state he's in;
And without faith he cannot see
How full his state of misery!

I do not know all Henry said,
But this I know he prayed—he prayed
With feelings very few have felt,
He rais'd himself from where he knelt,
To bid a sad farewell forever,
To her whom he will meet here—never—
Tho' gone—her image held him as a spell
And he resolv'd to break it by—farewell!

“ Bend from thy throne of light, blest spirit bend,
And take one last, long farewell from a friend!
Though in this parting gift I aught bestow
Not on what's left of thy dear form below;
For it were wrong, to memory's tribute pay
To what, though fair once, now is mouldering clay—
But to that part which lives—shall ever live—
These humble breathings of my soul I give,
But it dear Anna now avails thee not,
Whether thou be'st remember'd or forgot;

Few were thy days—but full of sin and woe,
 They're past—thou'rt gone where sorrow cannot go.
 Yes child of light ! thy home was fixed—not here,
 But in a brighter, purer, lovelier sphere—
 For thou art gone to reign with saints above,
 Thou'rt gone to dwell with God—and God is love.
 Farewell then sister ! for awhile farewell !
 I lov'd thee as the coming tear might tell ;
 Farewell ! we shortly meet no more to part,
 But dwell with Jesus—with the pure in heart.
 Yes ! we meet in happier scene,
 Where no clouds shall intervene,
 Where no dread of coming woes
 To mar our bliss shall interpose :
 And we'll sweetly pass away
 Eternity's ne'er ending day !
 Amid such joys as none can tell—
 Farewell ! till then, oh fare thee well !

It is not that I love to gaze
 On the past scenes of happier days,
 That on them now I fondly dwell,
 And tales of other seasons tell ;
 I love it not—I even sigh
 To think on things long since gone by,
 And wonder that I yet should be
 Spar'd to behold the misery,
 And sin and sorrow and the woe,
 Which those who've gone can never know.
 But to my subject—for my mind,
 Has feelings strange and undefin'd ;
 Which thus indulged may lead astray
 My fancy through a dreaded way—

* * * *

Deep sunk in thought, upon her tomb he lay,
 When lo ! unto him a voice seem'd to say—
 " Attend, vain man, attend while I declare
 Plain truths with which the world's at constant war ;
 Things to the learned of this world unknown,
 Save when they're taught him by the Lord alone ;
 For once I saw in death an infant sleeping,
 At least in nature living but in grace unborn,
 The Spirit woke her—I beheld her weeping ;
 She felt her sins, and did what man does seldom--mourn !
 Oh for a little moment then attend
 To the dear counsel of your dearest friend.
 Dost thou not know—can'st thou not understand
 God's simple word—his holy, high command ?
 Hast thou not heard it, know'st thou not it says
 ' Believe in me, turn from your evil ways,
 Repent and live, for then thy wounded soul,
 Whole once, now broken, shall again be whole.'
 Thon know'st it well—attend while I impart
 The fall of virtue from the human heart,
 And sway of passion o'er the human mind,
 (The bane, the curse, the ruin of mankind.)
 First God the world created and did place
 On it the father of the human race,
 Next He of man, for man an helpmate made,
 And gave him her beneath th' unsullied shade
 Of nature's innocence—they, join'd by Heav'n above,
 Basked in the sunshine of approving love ;
 This fair, this holy, unpolluted pair,
 Free from the sting of guilt, and every care

Which now pervades man's ever anxious breast,
Were truly happy—were supremely blest,
'Twas there that o'er the soul true virtue reign'd,
And held each vice in captive darkness chain'd,
(If vice there were) and did preserve the mind,
Free from those taints which now infect mankind,
Man then dwelt happily—God—angels—all
Commun'd with him on this terrestrial ball,
And 'twas decreed that he should so remain,
Would he from tasting of one fruit refrain ;
Had he so acted thou would'st happy be,
And so continue through Eternity,
But ah ! deluded man—he, led astray
By beauteous woman whom love bid obey,
Tasted the fruit forbidden, thus transgress'd
The law of Him whose name be ever bless'd ;
He broke God's high command, and tho' he fell
Not straight from heaven to the depths of hell,
'Twas 'cause that God whose name, whose nature's love,
Look'd down in mercy on him from above :
Beheld his fallen, miserable state,
Bid him repent and live, now not too late.
He, ever gracious, pitying man's disgrace,
Brought forth new means to save the fallen race,
Which should from Adam spring, and should be curst,
With the vile serpent which shall live in dust
Forever, and forever groveling crawl,
Plac'd 'neath all animals, despised by all,
Whose head the woman's seed should ever bruize,
And it its venom in man's heel infuse.

“ See, see, Jehovah rends the yielding skies,
The Heavens proclaim it---lo ! the echo flies,
' The Lord hath found a ransom !' let the earth
Shout joyfully,--- the morning stars give birth
To songs of acclamation ; let all worlds
Join, the Redeemer's coming, God unfurls
The banner of his love ; He comes to save
His chosen people from hell and the grave !
But who is he ? the being of a day,
Form'd but of dust---of perishable clay ?
Can worms relieve their fellow worms from woe,
Or sinful man redeem his brother ? no !
Is he an angel from the court of Heaven,
To whom is power more than mortals given ?
Can a created being for lost man regain
A heaven ? no ! tho' he strive forever, he in vain
May strive ! This Great Redeemer is the only Son
Of God, and of the Holy Trinity is one.
See, in the realms of everlasting day,
He, with his Father holds eternal sway :
He who on earth was in a manger born,
By princes hated and of kings the scorn,
Chas'd like the wandering Arab of a day,
No home he has, not where his head to lay.
But from the earth avert thy wond'ring eyes,
Turn to the cross whereon he bleeds and dies !
I see thou shudderest and would'st fain retire
From such a scene, but ah ! ere he expire,
Fly to his arms---receive his last caress,
And to thy heart his bleeding bosom press ;
For thee he dies, oh share in his distress,
And take him as thy best---thine only righteousness.”

Mute was the voice which thus had spoken,
By nought was the stillness of midnight broken,

Save by an heartfelt sigh,
 Which, like the parting breath
 Of the good at the hour of death
 By a spirit was borne on high ;
 Where 'twas received with pleasure,
 By angels who bare the treasure,
 To the throne of the holy one !
 They told of the penitent's grief,
 He heard it and granted relief,
 Through the merits of Christ his son !
 And as this child of sorrow knelt
 Before the throne of grace he felt,
 Joy that his sins were forgiven,
 His spirit with Anna's above,
 Joins the song of redeeming love,
 For his name was written in Heaven !

R—y.

Cape Breton, Dec. 1826.

Selected.

LADY MARGARET LEVISTON.

THE castle in which dwelt the father of Lady Margaret Leviston stood on the brow of a dark hill, and looked proudly down on the glen in which the parents of William Graham resided ; and though that cottage was an humble spot, it was sweet in its simple beauty. William Graham had a countenance that was pleasant to look upon, it was so serene and gentle in its serious and almost melancholy expression, and his young brow had a cast of thought beyond his years. On many a summer morning did he and Margaret Leviston meet together in their childish pastimes, and seek no other amusement than to wander along the banks of the Carron, or in the green fields, or in the birken glens. It may have been partly owing to the mountain scenery around them that the boy and girl imbibed a taste for pleasures which seldom contribute to the happiness of childhood. Of this I know not ; but often did they seat themselves on some green hill, and spend the whole summer day in watching the rainbows formed by the spray of the mountain linn, as the waters danced sparkled in the sun-beams, or in listening to the cushat dove pouring forth her melancholy wailings. They afforded a singular and striking contrast, those happy children, as they wandered along the dim and shadowy footpaths of Glencarron. It was indeed a most pleasing sight to look upon the boy's dark and fearless countenance, and his muscular and somewhat ungraceful limbs, and then to mark the tenderness with which he guided the steps of that gentle and blooming girl. But year after year wore on, and the heart of the boy began to throb with wild and troubled thoughts when he looked on the fair face of Margaret Leviston ; and the bearing of that innocent maiden was losing its wild frankness, and was unconsciously assuming somewhat of womanly reserve. Summer, however, came, and with summer William Graham was to become a sailor ; and often in those balmy evenings did Margaret Leviston wander along the sea-shore and weep, when her young heart scarcely knew the cause of its own sadness ; but when William Graham on the eve of his departure exclaimed, "I love thee, Margaret Leviston, even from our childhood I have loved thee ; and many a time, from the door of my father's cottage, I have stood and watched the lights as they gleamed along the casements of Glencarron, that I might but once more behold thy shadow ere I slept. When I tell you this, Margaret, will you let me leave you without once saying you are grieved for the mis-

ry you have made?" It was then that Margaret Leviston threw herself on the bosom of the impassioned boy, and vowed, in the sight of heaven, that she would become his wife; and when William looked upon her pale sweet face, and felt the pressure of her slender arm, he swore to his own soul that he would protect and cherish the loving creature as long as his days were spared to him upon the earth. And when he returned from a stormy and unprosperous voyage, Lady Margaret Leviston, became his wife: from that hour Lord Glencarron never looked upon his disobedient child.

It was one evening in the summer twilight that I first met with Lady Margaret. So soft and shadowy were the lingering remains of light, that I could but just trace the fine outline of her figure, without being able to distinguish one feature in her countenance; but when she spoke—when I but once listened to that voice of music, I knew that she must be beautiful;—and she was indeed beautiful—most beautiful! Can I ever forget those cloudless eyes, so sweet in their calm serenity—that long golden hair, and that full rich voice issuing from those cherub lips! Never but once have I seen a face of such innocent and childlike beauty. And yet there was an air of majesty in the bearing of Margaret Leviston, and a something of matron-like dignity. But every look was that of purity; and many a time, when I have heard her sing, I could almost have fancied she was not a creature of this world. Her four fair children, too, had all the soft and feminine loveliness of their mother—the same calm and majestic brow—the blue eyes—the yellow hair. And her husband—how he idolized her! Yet, when I have seen her hanging on his arm, in all her womanly and confiding love, I have thought that he scarcely deserved his noble and high-born wife. But he was the choice of her young heart, and she worshipped him with all the tenderness of woman. We

met in summer, and we parted while the woods were yet clothed in their most luxuriant foliage. It was a sweet picture as I stood that evening at the cottage door, and saw the fair mother seated under the shade of the embowering rose-trees, with her four sweet babies climbing on her lap, and striving for the parting kiss: and then they knelt down, and raised their little hands in prayer. I saw that Lady Margaret's eyes were full: neither were my own quite tearless. At a little distance stood the happy father, and his dark eyes were turned upon his wife with such looks of tenderness and love, that I no longer wondered that he had been the choice even of the high-born Margaret Leviston.

Such was the sweet picture on which my eyes rested when I left the cottage of Dellnyliate in the spring of 17—. I was at that time on the eve of visiting Germany, where I remained for little more than a year. On returning to my native country, the first place to which I went was the dwelling of my friends. Alas! what a change I found! In that brief period how many sad events had taken place! Lady Margaret had left the sweet cottage in the glen, and with a rich paramour had fled to France—her four fair babies lay in the churchyard of Dellnyliate—and her husband, that kind and loving husband, when he had seen his children laid in their young beauty in the grave, fled, in loneliness and misery, from his native land. None ever knew his fate; but he never was again seen by any inhabitant of the glen.

It matters not how, some little time after I had heard this melancholy tale I met with Margaret Leviston. I found her a penitent and dying woman; and miserable, very miserable is the death-bed of the guilty. When I have seen that misguided one raising to heaven her still sweet eyes, with looks of fervent yet almost hopeless entreaty—when I have seen the Bible blister-

ed with her tears, and have heard her voice of melancholy music uttering those earnest, yet scarcely trusting prayers—for fully sensible was she of the weight of her own iniquity—how have I then implored that my death may be that of the righteous! Without pain, and very, very gradual was her decay; but I resolved to remain with her while she yet lived, and to do my utmost to sooth her in her departing hour. It was towards the middle of spring that a visible and rapid change took place in her. All her little strength was gone; and it was painful to look on the feverish beauty of her face, and to witness her oppressed and labored breathing. I had left her one evening in even an unusual state of hopelessness and langor; and early on the following morning I went to visit her. Bright and balmy was every thing around me at that sweet hour, and the birds were singing their gayest songs among the young green leaves; and I often paused to adore that gracious One who had given to his creatures so fair a world. What a contrast to all this breathing beauty awaited me in Lady Margaret's dwelling! As I opened the door of her

chamber she was singing—but what a song—what wild unearthly melody! She was sitting up in bed, and, by the ceaseless movement of her thin white fingers, she seemed to fancy she was weaving flowers.—The comb had fallen from her long hair, which was scattered over the pillows like a golden veil; and very terribly did her blue eyes flash on me in the fearful brightness of insanity. For one moment she looked on me, and then, with a shriek, which yet rings in my ears, so wild, so little earthly was that sound of agony, she screamed—"it is him, it is my husband!" and, springing from the couch, she lay at my feet in the terrifying writhings of convulsion.—Very sad it was to see those fair arms twined around my knees, and that sweet face changed into a sight of horror; and I hastily unclasped her hands, and raised her from the ground; but the form that lay upon my bosom was stiff and cold, and when I looked upon her face the damps of death were on her brow. And I saw her laid under the green sod, and mine were the only tears that fell upon her grave.—*Athenæum*.

THE LAWYER'S VIEW OF THE INFERNAL REGIONS.

I AM a lawyer, enjoying a practice sufficiently extensive to indulge myself in that most innocent, if not delicious of all luxuries, a nap after dinner, in conformity to the good old specific for digestion laid down in the "*Nursery Companion*,"—"after dinner sit a while," I was sitting a few days ago in my great arm chair, relaxing into indolence of mind and body, when my thoughts happened to turn in their drowsy mood upon the non-performance of duties which we incur as members of the same great family, and beings who should be subject to the golden rule of "doing unto others, as we would have others do unto us." Following these thoughts I sunk into sleep so gradually and quietly, that the train of my

reflections, instead of being broken, was changed into a dream, of which I shall endeavor to sketch an outline.

I thought the Genius of Litigation stood before me. He was, however, a personage of so extraordinary an appearance, that I shall make no attempt at a particular description of him. He certainly was not of human aspect, and it is equally certain, that he did not resemble any individual in the Elfen Mythology, of which we have any record, or

"Of airy elves, by moon-light shadows seen,
The silver token, and the circled green"
so numerous in popular tradition, superstition, and dreams. Assured of this, I have since read with attention

King James' Demonology, in order if possible to procure some insight with regard to this mysterious being, but all in vain. Even the sapient monarch himself could afford no clue to my inquiries. It was not the "dusk and awful figure." of Byron's Manfred; nor yet the ghost of "Thomas Gardener." He did not come in big wig and standing collar. There was, it is true, a rustling heard when he moved; but it was not the rustling of a silk gown. He was an original—an unique, or, *vulgo vocato*, an "odd fish." In short, for some picture must be drawn of this *non-descript*—he was to all appearance, a huge vivified bundle of papers—a locomotive declaration—an ambulatory *Bill of costs*. The last material in his appearance, however, though constituting those parts of him which in a mortal would be called the Ventricle and Abdomen, could only be discerned by an experienced eye, and was merely betrayed by a furtive 6s. 8d. which occasionally glimmered across this part of his body. As to his phiz, there was little to notice in it, save a mouth, which, in fact, seemed most illegally to have trespassed upon the rights and privileges of the other features. Into this capacious crater, a meagre looking, half-starved wretch, who suddenly started up beside the genius, was continually thrusting bank-notes and money-bags, which were devoured with a truly legal voracity.

I gazed methought in wonder upon his singular apparition, and waited in anxious silence to hear the tones of his voice and listen to the errand which had drawn him from his abode. At length a noise like that produced by the rustling of papers broke forth, and the Genius began to address me. "Mortal," said he, "I am the evil Genius of thy profession. I am he who lures the miserable sons of men to cast their wealth and enjoyments into the Bathos of useless litigation, in the vain hope that they will rise from its fathomless abyss to meet their greedy grasp increased in value

and sweetened by revenge. Behold," added he, turning to the figure beside him, "the fatal consequences!" It was, indeed, the most hideous countenance I ever looked upon. The long agony of suspense had deeply furrowed it with the lines of the worst passions of the human heart. Fear, rage, revenge and avarice had set their seal upon it, and stamped it with the impress of furious despair. He was clad in the filthy garments of extreme poverty, yet continued incessantly to ply his companion with money. I was gazing in stupid horror upon this picture of misery, when the Genius, in the same rustling tone commanded me to follow him. I thought I did so through devious and trackless paths, until we stood upon a boundless plain so barren as to be incapable of producing aught to gratify the appetite or delight the eye; all the herbage seemed to spring in a blighted state out of the ground, and, as far as the eye could reach, nothing remained to cherish or revive it—a death-like desolation pervading the whole scene. I turned to my conductor with an enquiring air. "This," said he, "is a part of the infernal regions." "The infernal regions!" exclaimed I—" 'tis impossible; here are no burning lakes—no sulphurous odour—no tormenting fiends. You deceive me, Sir; we have seen no Charon, passed no Styx; would you make Homer and Virgil liars? Would you accuse the *soi-disant* 'pius Æneas' of falsehood?" "Silence," said the Genius, in the tremendous tone of a sheet of parchment,—“I tell thee this is that portion of the infernal regions appropriated for the punishment of those whose vices on earth have been rather negative than positive; who are punished rather for neglect of duty than commission of crime, though both are sometimes so connected as to be incapable of separation. They wander over this comfortless region, groaning alternately under a morbid melancholy, and mad despair, caused

by the continual consciousness of a misspent life ; proceed and you shall witness their torments." I did so and I suddenly found myself in the midst of an immense number of people who were scattered in groups over this boundless plain. I was somewhat puzzled, however, to find, that most of those whom I saw are now living and in good health ; but I soon forgot this perplexity in the intense interest with which I observed them. I thought that as in this upper world the duties of those individuals who are engaged in the same occupation and move in the same circle bear a strong relation to each other, so in those lower regions the spirits were distributed into classes according to their rank and employment during their existence here.

Thus I saw groups of Nobles strolling wan and squalid, followed by the ghosts of domestic and public duties ; members of parliament dogged by inconsiderate votes, among which I thought I discerned some upon the UNION, and some upon the Judicature Bills, though I cannot be positive as to this. There were magistrates haunted by violated rules of police, dirty-streets, sleeping watchmen, lightless lamps, with the ghosts of sturdy beggars and intolerable stenches. I saw merchants accompanied by cheated creditors, and ruined debtors, who had been left to rot in prison ; tradesmen, with all the petty lies of which they had been guilty, dancing around them in grim array. I thought I also met females of all ranks, from the lady of *haut ton* to the priestess of the tub. The former were haunted by the shadows of murdered time, neglected education, and ungoverned passions, a great part of which, I understood from the Genius, were those of their children who had been sacrificed at the shrine of dissipation. In the train of the middle class of females were found idleness, extravagant dress, family wrangling, scandal, gadding, &c. &c. The tormentors that surrounded the women, were, in fact, as various as

their characters and circumstances. There were milliners, accompanied by extravagant fashions, and false taste ; washerwomen struck aghast by yellow linen and torn shirt-ruffles ; --in a word, there was no rank in life absent from this scene of wretchedness and its appropriate attendants were allotted to each ; and thus, I thought, they wandered on without cessation, sometimes driven to desperation by the continual mementos of an unimproved existence, and anon relapsing into their former moping depression. I turned away disgusted from the sight of so much misery, and was about to desire the Genius to conduct me back to the earth, when I was suddenly borne along by him to a more distant part of the plain, where there was greater bustle and noise than among any of the other groups. Upon a nearer approach I perceived that this new throng was composed of the souls of lawyers, surrounded, as they frequently are on earth, by innumerable unmeaning words and idle quibbles. The space above their heads was filled by every kind of law instrument mentioned in the *procedure du Chatelet*, though bills of costs seemed to hold precedence over them all, and were flying about in every direction, causing such confusion as to banish the possibility of thought. These spirits, however, were not sunk into that stupor for which most of the others were distinguished ; but were continually bellowing out and chattering in the most furious manner imaginable. Having observed them a few minutes in silence, I cast my eyes a little farther on, and discovered comparatively a very small number standing aloof from the rest, apparently suffering more than any I had hitherto seen. I immediately perceived that this increase of misery arose from a paper borne by each, which appeared to be of an enormous weight, and which they in vain endeavored to get rid of. Every time they felt its weight increased by their struggles, they

would utter the most horrid cries, and were driven to the utmost desperation. I once involuntarily started forward to relieve the one nearest me of his painful load, when to my utter astonishment and grief, I beheld in the wretch before me, one of my most intimate and particular friends.

I gazed wildly about and soon ascertained, that the spirits of whom he was one, were those of the gentlemen of the Bar, many of whom I knew to possess a high reputation for moral principles and conduct.— Having eagerly demanded the cause of this aggravation of punishment, and what this singular document could be which weighed so heavily upon them, my conductor, in his usual voice, but rather more abruptly, replied, “Those are the Indentures of those youths who have paid fees to these careless mortals for instructing them in the science of the law: they have neglected to do so, and these indentures loaded with the fees paid, now continually haunt them for negligence which has been the ruin of many placed under their charge.” The terrific frowns of the Genius at this time, and the upbraidings of conscience, which now arose in my own bosom for a similar neglect of duty, caused me to start so suddenly, that I awoke, and was beyond measure delighted to find myself comfortably seated in my easy chair, surrounded by my books and papers. I almost unconsciously thanked heaven, that there was no copy of my students' indentures nearer than the Prothonotary's Office. This dream, however, left so strong an impression upon my imagination, that, before leaving my chair, I made a very solid determination to reform my conduct towards my students, and endeavor, by all possible means, to make up to them the loss of time they had already suffered from my negligence.

I immediately commenced a system of inquiry into their studies, and devoted a portion of my labor to conveying to them information upon the

most important branches of their profession—to pointing out those parts of it to which they ought particularly to apply themselves—and giving them also some advice with regard to the distribution of their attention to miscellaneous studies. I have in short taken means, which will, I hope, prevent the waste of time and labor which the studious undergo, and which may at the same time serve to reclaim those of less industrious habits, and which might otherwise pave the way to idleness and dissipation. I can now conscientiously say, that the hours which I have devoted to these purposes, have been amply repaid by the increased interest which my clerks have taken in my concerns, and the alacrity they display in executing any piece of business that is entrusted to them. Instead of strolling about the streets, engaging in idle and perhaps vicious conversation, they are always at hand to perform with cheerfulness and despatch whatever is necessary. As often as possible they are employed in the attainment of professional or other useful information; and promise, by their assiduity, to become ornaments of their profession, and valuable members of society.

Such being the case, I have thought it a duty incumbent upon me, to publish the beneficial effects arising from the conduct I have so lately adopted, as well as the cause of its adoption; and should any gentleman of the bar think proper to follow my example, I shall feel that I have not only improved myself upon the lesson taught me by my dream, but have saved others from the pain of being haunted by the shadows of a duty, the neglect of which must be productive of many evils and vices, of which the effect is not confined to one or more individuals, or the present period of time; but which deeply interests the reputation of the country and the respectability of the rising generation.

From the Quebec Mercury.

GASPE', CAPE DESPAIR, &c.

CANADA is I believe, acknowledged by all strangers who have travelled over any considerable extent of this continent, to be, for its many and great lakes, its large and copious rivers, the grandeur and magnificence of its scenery, and above all the intrinsic excellence of its soil, the most interesting part of North America. The traveller from the south, who enters this Province by Lake Champlain, finds a rich, level and healthful country, well cultivated, and covered with an affluent peasantry, remarkable for good humor and politeness. In the humblest cottage, he will be surprised to find the politeness and unaffected courtesy of the palace; and this he will also find throughout the Province, to be the prevailing characteristic of the Canadian population. But the face of the country here has none of the diversity which so peculiarly distinguishes the lower parts of the Province. Embarking at Montreal, in one of those large and commodious steam vessels, for the establishment of which, on those waters, we are indebted to the public spirit and patriotism of a wealthy citizen of that place, he descends the noblest stream of fresh water in the world, towards this, the Capital of British North America, superb from the recollection of times that are gone. Every mile of his way presents a variety of landscape, which it would be in vain to delineate in language. The reality is *unique*, and defies description. In approaching Quebec, his expectation rises; nor can he but behold with emotion, that ground he has from infancy been taught to contemplate as hallowed by deeds of arms and of heroism, consecrated by history to the admiration of after ages. The first objects of military interest that meet his view, are two solitary towers, on the heights of Abraham,

in advance of the city, which as yet the intervening land intercepts from his sight; and beyond them the fortress itself looking from the cape over the city and surrounding country, like a faithful old sentinel from his post. Here the St. Lawrence contracting itself, glides through an immense gully or chasm, three leagues in length, between two highlands of frowning and rugged aspect. A momentary disappointment at the unpromising appearance of the approaches to Quebec on this side prepares him the better for the magnificent prospect which rapidly unfolds itself, as he enters the broad and capacious basin at the foot of the promontory on which the city stands. The grand amphitheatre into which he is ushered, and the sudden development, to a stranger arriving on this side, at Quebec, in propitious weather, has something of magic or enchantment, and accordingly, all sentimental tourists, who have favored the world with itinerary notices relating to Lower-Canada, dwell upon this circumstance with much pleasure. The bold slope of land on the north of the basin, overspread with habitations, relieved upon the verdure by the whitewash with which they are coated, has the appearance of an immense garden or pleasure ground. The hills which rise behind it in the distance, crowned to their very summits with the native forest, have none of that bold and bleak appearance very often accompanying the mountain scenery in Europe. On the contrary, every thing in appearance excites comfortable sensations. They cause no waste of room, being all over fit for the purposes of agriculture. To the present generation they afford fuel, an indispensable necessary of life in this rigorous climate; and future generations, will, no doubt, convert

them into corn fields ; possibly into vineyards. To us they are of essential use, in one way, and to our posterity they will prove, in another way, an invaluable patrimony, which Dame Nature has reserved for them, and to whom we cannot be too thankful for the Providence with which she has laid it by.

But the philosophic traveller ought not to stop here. The further he descends the more he will have to admire ; and his perseverance will be largely recompensed by the increasing grandeur of the prospect which develops itself on either hand for near a hundred leagues from Quebec, until at Point Demon, on the North Shore, the land diverges away so suddenly, as to be no longer visible in pursuing the usual route along the South Shore to the Gulf. From the River Saguenay downwards, the bleak and barren mountains of the North are contrasted with the wood covered and promising hills of the South Shore, and which to the very gulf, where they abruptly terminate in frightful precipices are, with some exception to be sure, susceptible of cultivation.

To return for a moment to Quebec, can there be any thing more beautiful than the range of hills, which, from almost every street in the city is to be seen extending from the North-West to the North-East of us ; the waving outline of which, at all seasons, not excepting the severe months of winter, our pure and brilliant atmosphere shows to so great advantage ? The beauties of that tract of country, are, however, not merely visionary, but substantial, as any one may easily ascertain who will take the trouble of looking into the elaborate land-enquiry, which, for the last four years has, in consequence of the first speech of the Governor in Chief on meeting the Legislature of the Province, been indefatigably pursued by a committee of the Assembly, with a view to the general improvement of the country. A mass of facts and of information on

this subject has there been embodied from various sources, which hereafter will be of use, and by means whereof any person desirous of ascertaining the state and capabilities of the country at large, or of any particular sections of it, may get pretty nearly at the truth.

The whole inland and immense country to the north of us, which pour so many fine streams into the main channel, from our inland seas to the ocean, has since the time of *Charlevoix* and the French Missionaries who preceded him been little attended to, except by the *Traiteurs* who go in quest of the Indians on the sole purposes of traffic, and who, therefore, pay no great regard to matters not immediately the object of their pursuit. The British merchant cares nothing about the lands, nor is it to be expected that he should ; his remittances and a good understanding with his correspondent at home being with him paramount to every other consideration. The Imperial Government which alone is the great Storekeeper and Trustee of this invaluable and exhaustless treasure, seems indifferent or unconscious of its real value, and slumbers over it with a John Bullish indifference truly lamentable. The received notion, that the rigor of the climate throughout the country between the St. Lawrence and Hudson's Bay, precludes all hopes of ever being able to colonize it, is erroneous in the extreme. There are certainly many tracts or regions within that space where the winters are much milder though in much higher latitudes than Quebec, and the spring even earlier. The reason I neither can, nor will pretend to explain ; but the fact being well attested by persons of character and observation, may be relied upon. A reference to Bouchette's geographical chart will shew the country alluded to, to be accessible on all sides by various large rivers intersecting it in various directions, and serving as so many doors of admission to rich

and uncultivated lands in the interior.

The French, to their credit, be it said, were particularly attentive and indefatigable in exploring the country we occupy, in order to ascertain its capabilities and resources. They took a comprehensive and scientific view of it, for great purposes, which our countrymen seem to overlook or disregard. The old charts of the French, with respect to the lands north of us, are still the most accurate we possess, nor indeed, has any thing at all been added to what geographical knowledge they left us, with respect to the country between the St. Lawrence and Hudson's Bay. The military positions selected by their Engineers are universally acknowledged by competent judges to have been judiciously chosen, whether with reference to the period when originally occupied, and their relation with the savage nations surrounding them, or to the remote, yet certain prospect of the future greatness in population and in power of the territory they possessed in this hemisphere. The scale upon which the French government of that day proceeded, was large, and shews them to have been men of comprehensive and correct views: they contemplated a transatlantic Empire, and accordingly traced the outlines, and laid the foundations of it with a perception and on a basis which will do them honor while there is a mind large and liberal enough to comprehend and appreciate them. Their public buildings in the cities and towns throughout the Province, particularly in Quebec and Montreal where some of them will probably remain for ages; their old fortresses along the great rivers and the lakes, their literary and graphic works are so many testimonials of the genius and enterprise of that age and nation which no person can see without admiration and respect. The *Bureau des Colonies* at Paris, I dare to say contains more information tending to throw light upon the capabilities and

resources of the interior of the Canadas, than is elsewhere to be found collected in a body, and it might possibly be of public use to this province, that some person of literary attainments should be allowed access to the archives in that office relating to New France or Canada, which, in the present happy understanding between the two nations might possibly be permitted at the instance of our government.

In the pursuit of situations, for new settlements, a rich and invaluable tract of Country at our very threshold is entirely overlooked. The Emigrant runs past the District of Gaspé, eager to reach Quebec or Montreal, from whence he pushes onwards in pursuit of imaginary Elysian fields, until his means are exhausted, and then he sits down in some part of the forest far inferior to places he has left behind him some hundreds of miles, and upon which he might have settled with the advantage of a little in his purse. There is no part in the Canadas, where the poor emigrant can settle to such decided advantage as in that district; a country teeming with immediate resources of subsistence, rich in soil, and of a favorable climate, particularly in the Bay *des Chaleurs* where the seasons are as early and every way equal to those of Montreal. It is well wooded, and watered by several fine rivers, along which are some lands of a very superior quality. Washed on one side by the Bay *des Chaleurs*, on the other by the river St. Lawrence, and in front (as I should perhaps improperly call it,) by the Gulf, it is equally adapted for the fisheries and for agriculture.

This tongue of Country, is comparatively speaking, but thinly settled along the coast; and it is indeed astonishing, that at this time of day it is so far backward. The last and present administrations have however, liberally patronized it, and the languishment which has so long prevailed in that district, is now changing into activity. The hopes of the peo-

le, consisting of two races, whose histories are equally interesting, the unfortunate Arcadians, and the exiled Loyalists from the revolted colonies, are excited; and a continuance of that friendly disposition towards them,

of which with reason they are not a little proud, will animate their labors, and rouse a spirit of improvement, which the slightest encouragement will keep alive and invigorate.

To be Continued.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

London, December 11.—Earl Bathurst, brought down a Message from his Majesty, on the subject of aggressions committed by the Government of Spain on Portugal, which was read, and is as follows :

MESSAGE FROM THE KING.

S. GEORGE IV.

“ His Majesty acquaints the House of Commons that his Majesty has received an earnest application from the Princess Regent of Portugal, claiming, in virtue of the ancient obligations of Alliance and Amity between his Majesty and the Crown of Portugal, his Majesty's aid against an hostile aggression from Spain.

“ His Majesty has exerted himself for some time past in conjunction with his Majesty's Ally the King of France, to prevent such an aggression, and repeated assurances have been given by the Court of Madrid of the determination of his Catholic Majesty neither to commit, nor to allow to be committed from his Catholic Majesty's territory, any aggression against Portugal; but his Majesty has learned with deep concern, that notwithstanding these assurances, hostile inroads into the territory of Portugal have been concerted in Spain, and have been executed under the eyes of the Spanish authorities, by Portuguese regiments which had deserted into Spain, and which the Spanish Government had repeatedly and solemnly engaged to disarm and disperse.

“ His Majesty leaves no effort unexhausted to awaken the Spanish government to the dangerous consequences of this apparent connivance.

“ His Majesty makes this communication to the House of Commons with the full and entire confidence, that his faithful Commons will afford to his Majesty their cordial concurrence and support in maintaining the faith of Treaties, and in securing against foreign hostility the safety and independence of the kingdom of Portugal, the oldest Ally of Great Britain.

“ G. R.”

Earl Bathurst, after the royal message had been read, gave notice that to-morrow he should move that an humble Address be presented to his Majesty in answer to his most gracious communication. The Noble Earl moved—“ That their Lordships be summoned To-morrow.”—Ordered.

A similar message was presented to the House of Commons by Mr. Canning, who said that he should to-morrow move that an humble address be presented to his Majesty assuring him of the zealous support of that House in whatever measure might be necessary to maintain the honor of his Crown, and the rights and interests of his Allies.

London, Dec. 14.

Prorogation of Parliament.—Both Houses of Parliament adjourned last night, to the 8th of February. Mr. Secretary Peel moved the adjournment, in consequence, we regret to say, of the indisposition of Mr. Canning, caused by the great exertions of the Right Honorable Secretary, on the preceding evening. It was stated by Mr. Peel, that the professional persons, who attended Mr. Canning, were of opinion, that in his present state of health, every unnecessary effort or excitement should be

avoided; but, added that his right hon. friend, anxious to state to the House the grounds upon which his Majesty's Government had felt it their duty to adopt the line of policy respecting Portugal, of which the House had already been informed, forgot, for the moment his indisposition, and the consequence was, that his Right Hon. friend could not with safety attend in his place that evening. There will be but one feeling throughout the country upon this circumstance; a feeling of unaffected regret that the discharge of a great public duty should have been attended with such consequences.

Mr. Peel, before he sat down, gave notice, that on Monday, the 12th February, Mr. Huskisson would call the attention of the House to the consideration of the Foreign Corn question, and detail the views of his Majesty's Government upon that subject.

The King of France has issued an Ordinance calling into service 45,000 conscripts of the class of 1825.

The troops at Constantinople, trained *a l'Europienne* are computed at 45,000 men.

A private letter at Port Royal says—"Panama has declared in favor of the measure adopted by Carthage, declaring Bolivar as Dictator."

Accounts to 13th November, state the health of his Royal Highness the Duke of York to have been improving.

Gen. Lord Combermere has been appointed a Viscount.

Mr. Flaxman, the celebrated sculptor, has lately died in London.

No less than 26,533 slaves were shipped in Brazilian yessels on the

African coast, between the 1st July, 1825, and 1st July, 1826; of whom 1,540 are stated to have died on their passage to Rio de Janeiro.

The author of "Waverly" has two novels in a very forward state: in one of them the scene lies in Ireland, the other further illustrative of the manners of Scotland, and entitled "The Chronicles of the Cannon-gate."

The following were the tributes formerly paid to the Dey of Algiers, by the different European powers—England, 900,000f.; Denmark, 1,100,000f.; Spain, 1,200,000f.; France, 1,175,000f.; Holland, 625,000f.; Portugal, 3,470,000f. Now the Barbary States receive nothing from Denmark, Sweden and Portugal, but presents merely. Great Britain, the Netherlands, the United States, Naples and France, have special treaties with them; and Russia, Austria, Tuscany and Prussia, have letters of protection from the Porte.

French Statistics.—In 1823, the number of births in Paris amounted to 26,880; 13,462 males, 13,318 females; 17,129 of those were born in wedlock, 9,751 are natural children; 1,423 still-born children; 7,173 marriages took place; 23,282 deaths, 52 died in prison; 257 were deposited in the Morgue; 317 persons committed suicide; of these were 206 males 111 females; 21 destroyed in the Morgue; 128 from disgust of life, mental derangement, or domestic misfortune; 30 from bad conduct gaming, the lottery, and debauchery; 59 from poverty, the loss of their situations, or deranged affairs; 8 from fear of reproach or punishment; 71 from unknown motives.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

GOVERNOR'S SPEECH.

The first of February being the day on which the Provincial Parliament were convened, his Excellency the Lieutenant Governor took his seat in the Council Chamber, and com-

manded the attendance of the House of Assembly. The members accordingly headed by S. S. Poole, Esq. the Father of the House proceeded to the Council Chamber, when the Chief Justice, by the desire of his

excellency, directed the gentlemen of the Assembly to retire to their room, and there make choice of some proper person as Speaker.

The members having returned to their own chamber, S. G. W. Archibald, Esq. was unanimously chosen. The members having again returned to the Council Chamber, S. S. Poole, Esq. presented to his Excellency S. G. Archibald, Esq. for his approval. His Excellency having signified his assent to their choice, the speaker demanded the usual privileges of the house, which his Excellency granted, and delivered the following speech :

Mr. President and Gentlemen of his Majesty's Council.

Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House of Assembly.

It affords me sincere pleasure to have in my power, at the opening of this session of a new Assembly, to use the same language of congratulation, as respects the peace and prosperity of the province, in which I addressed the legislature at its last meeting.

Although the last harvest has been less productive than usual, and the season proved rather unfavorable to our fisheries ; yet, I have reason to believe, that a steady and progressive improvement has taken place in almost every branch of our domestic industry.

Several circumstances have, I think, contributed to effect a prosperous change in the general state of the province within the last two years.

The people, I am led to believe, have become more provident and prudent in the management of their affairs—They seldom engage in speculations beyond their means, and they already feel in a sensible degree the good effects of the liberal policy of the mother country in extending to the colonies the blessings of commercial freedom, and affording new facilities to their trade and navigation.

I expressed a confident expectation, at the opening of the last session of the Legislature, that these enlightened measures of his Majesty's Go-

vernment would be productive of many advantages to this Province, and I have great satisfaction in being able to inform you that the hope, I then entertained, has not been disappointed.

The revenue is already considerably increased—commerce has assumed more activity and enterprise—the coasting trade is in a thriving state, and the condition of almost all classes of people has materially improved.

Our prospects probably were never more encouraging than at the present time, and, under the blessing of Divine Providence, Nova-Scotia cannot fail to attain a high state of commercial and agricultural prosperity, if due advantage is taken of her local situation and her manifold resources.

Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House of Assembly.

I shall direct the public accounts for the last year to be laid before you, for your inspection, and I trust you will find that the supplies granted to his Majesty in the last session have been faithfully applied.

The revenue has been collected with great regularity, and it is highly creditable to the mercantile community, and gratifying to me, to state, that it has not been found necessary to put a single bond for duties in suit during the year.

I shall also direct the usual estimates to be submitted to you, and I confidently rely on your making the necessary provision for the services of the current year.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of his Majesty's Council.

Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House of Assembly.

As every important political event, which affects the Parent State, must be deeply interesting to her colonies, I think it proper to inform you, that his Majesty has found it necessary to send a British force to Portugal (in conformity to the terms of a solemn treaty) to aid his Majesty's ancient Ally, the Sovereign of that country, against a hostile aggression.

The prompt and vigorous measures

which his Majesty's Government have taken on this occasion, to uphold the national faith, and in support of constitutional liberty have been most cordially approved of by Parliament and by all classes of his Majesty's subjects in Great Britain, and sanguine hopes are entertained that peace may be still preserved.

But far removed from the scenes that are now passing in Europe—living under the paternal protection of a powerful Empire, and in a country where party or faction of any kind is happily unknown; our own domestic concerns, the various interests of the province upon which its prosperity depends; and the measures most conducive to the general welfare and happiness of its inhabitants, are the objects which call for your deliberations, and to them I feel persuaded that you will give all the consideration which their importance requires.

It will be my duty to make an early communication to you by message, of some matters of public interest, which have occurred since the last meeting of the Legislature, and to lay before you a detailed report of the proceedings which have taken place, under the law passed in the last Session, for establishing schools in the different districts of the Province, in order that you may see how far it has been carried into operation, and be enabled to form a judgment of such farther facilities as may be requisite, to render the very important objects of that act more generally beneficial.

Other subjects may present themselves, in the course of the Session, which I may feel it my duty to submit to your consideration, and I confidently rely on a continuance of that harmony between the different branches of the Legislature, which has so long distinguished the Legislative proceedings of this Province.

My ardent desire to promote the public good is unabated, and you will ever find me disposed to con-

cur with you in every measure tending to that end.

The Rev. Dr. M'Colloch of Pictou is delivering lectures upon natural philosophy, illustrated by experiments, to the ladies and gentlemen of Pictou.

Supreme Court, Hilary Term,
January 2. 1827.

George Henry Emerson Esq. having taken the usual oaths, was duly admitted and enrolled an attorney of this court.

Charles W. H. Harris, Esq. A. B. having this day taken the usual oath, was duly admitted and enrolled an attorney and barrister of his Majesty's Supreme Court.

Charles William Weeks, Esq. one of the attorneys of the said court, was also admitted a barrister of the same.

Charles W. Owen, of Lunenburg, Esq. one of the attorneys of his Majesty's court, was this day duly admitted a barrister of the same.

Court of Chancery, Jan. 15.—James Stewart, of Amherst, Esq. having taken and subscribed the usual oaths, was this day duly admitted a solicitor of his Majesty's Court of Chancery for this province.

MARRIAGES.

At Halifax.—Mr. James Dunn, to Miss M'Donald; Mr. Charles Sheffer, to Miss Abigail Waite; Mr. Robert D. Clarke, to Miss Wilhelmina Davis; Mr. John Davis, jun. to Miss Margaret Foley.

At Dartmouth.—Mr. Richard Allan, to Miss Rebecca Allan.

At Lunenburg.—Mr. Charles J. T. Rudolf, to Miss Sophia Ernst; Mr. William Brown, to Miss Barbara Sely; Mr. John Heyson, to Miss Susannah Hiltz.

At Liverpool.—Mr. Joseph Gardiner, to Miss Mary Ann Hammet; Mr. Abraham Geanes, to Miss Abigail Peach.—At Liverpool Falls, Mr. Andrew Geanes, to Miss Elizabeth Freeman.—At Port Medway, Mr. John M'Coombe, to Miss Catharine Parnell.—At Port Jolie, Mr. John M'Donald, to Miss Margaret Robertson.

At Portapique.—Mr. W. O'Brien, to Miss Margaret Davison.

At Petite.—Mr. Thomas Faulkner, Jun. to Miss Maria Church.

At Antigonishe.—Mr. William Kell, to Miss Elizabeth Fraser.

At Guysborough.—Mr. Donald Sellars, to Mrs. Isabella Bears; Mr. William Moir, to Miss Mary M'Cough; Mr. Leuel Scott, to Miss Susan Jones; Mr. John David, to Miss Margaret Ehlar; Mr. William Cook, to Miss Margaret Whitman; Mr. John Godfrey, to Miss Scott.