

John Sawley

to the

Nova Scotia Historical
Society.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE First Volume of the ACADIAN MAGAZINE being completed, is now presented to its Patrons : the Proprietors have spared neither labour nor expense, to render the work respectable, and feel much encouraged by the extensive patronage it has, (notwithstanding its imperfections,) received. They also present their grateful acknowledgements to the numerous Correspondents, whose communications have contributed so largely to the respectability of the publication, and respectfully solicit a continuance of their assistance.

Many are the disadvantages they have laboured under, since the commencement of the present volume ; but they trust, as the work advances in age, they will progress in experience ; and as the subscribers increase, the publication will improve.

They take this opportunity to inform their patrons, that they have ordered, in addition to other publications, some of the most approved English Magazines, from which they will be enabled to lay before them, choice extracts from the newest works : these selections, together with the original communications of their valuable correspondents, cannot fail to render the next volume far superior to the present.

To those gentlemen, who have rendered their services as Agents, the proprietors return their warmest thanks, for the extensive circulation the work has already received.

Halifax, June 1, 1827.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

**Province House,
View of Windsor,
Portrait of the Duke of York.**

contains Vol. 1 & part of Vol. 2.

THE
ACADIAN MAGAZINE;

OR,

LITERARY MIRROR.

CONSISTING OF

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED MATTER,

ON

LITERARY AND OTHER SUBJECTS.

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JULY, 1826—JUNE, 1827.

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ERRATA.

Page 5—1st column,	line 33 from top,	for 'cheek blanch'd red,'	read 'red cheek blanch'd.'
7—2d column,	line 10 from bottom,	for 'Vans,'	read 'Vane.'
40	" 7 from top,	for ———	read 'J. Morton, Esq.'
	" 9	"	'Stephen,' read 'J.'
	" 21	"	'Norton,' read 'Morton.'
	" 23	"	'James,' read 'John.'
	" 39	"	———— read 'S. S. Poole, Esq.'
58	" 7	"	'stand,' read 'strand.'
113	" 2	"	'forebodery,' read 'foreboding.'
	" 19	"	'māze,' read 'image.'
	" 25	"	'beams,' read 'leaves.'
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	" 5	"	'busied,' read 'uried.'
226	" 10	"	'delighted,' read 'denominated.'
227	" 20 from top,	"	'breast,' read 'beast.'
232	" 16	"	'destructions,' read 'distinctions.'
256	" 43	"	'inginii,' read 'ingenii.'
257	" 5	"	'Scarnander,' read 'Scamander.'
	" 8	"	'Cassaudra,' read 'Cassandra.'
	" 9	"	'Ullon,' read 'Illion.'
	" 22 from bottom	"	'teir or tier,' read 'tier on tier.'
	" 20	"	'Donan,' read 'Dorian.'
	" 15	"	'palasters,' read 'pilasters.'
265	" 5	"	'denouncement,' r'd 'denouement.'
278	" 9 from top,	"	'Conus,' read 'Bonus.'
329	" 5 from bottom	"	'tense,' read 'terse.'
	" 6	"	'describes,' read 'describe.'

The folios from 296 to 305, having been misplaced, the reader is requested to correct them.

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PREFACE.

THE Proprietor of the ACADIAN MAGAZINE, is induced to hazard an undertaking, which, if successful, will advance the literary standing of the Country, and tend to efface the impression which has been far too prevalent abroad, and particularly in the mother Country, that we were comparatively ignorant and barbarous.

The public interest imperatively demands, that something of this nature should be attempted. The encouragement which schools and colleges have latterly received, the establishment of many public libraries, and the general spirit of improvement, now in full operation, supply the youth of the country with means, as well as inducements, to improve in all useful branches of literature.

The columns of a Magazine, will enable the public at large, to judge with more accuracy than they now can, of the extent and value of our literary resources.

A young country presents no field for the researches of the Antiquarian, it contains no vestiges of the glorious deeds of the days of Yore, on which the eye may rest with complacency, and the heart luxuriate in recalling to view. There is, however, from its peculiar situation more to hope for, more to dwell and expatiate on in perspective; and the ardor of the patriot and the exertion of the philosopher have ample scope in the investigation of its natural resources, and in tracing out the necessary plans for the future application of its energies.

While we rely on the assistance of literary men, for giving to this work an interest and keeping up its respectability, we must look to general patronage from the reading part of the community. A novel undertaking like the present is necessarily attended with much expense, and a degree of attention is required that few can have any idea of. We shall strive as far as we possess ability, to give to every succeeding number an interest, increasing with our progress rather than diminishing. The promises of assistance we have received enable us to make this pledge with confidence. We have issued this number earlier than we should have done

had it not been for the pressing entreaties of some of our most valued friends, and we have no doubt that in a little time we will be able to enrich our numbers with a much greater proportion of original matter than appears in the first.

The nature of a Magazine excludes of course all that warm and hurried controversy, which so often arises in the public journals. At the same time, all reasonable and cool discussion of questions possessing general and permanent interest, finds its proper place in such a work. If we can in any way promote the extension or diffusion of science, and the improvement of morals, or afford amusement to our readers without violating propriety and decorum, our labors will not be thrown away.

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VOL. I.

JULY, 1826.

No. I.

Selected.

IMILDA DE' LAMBERTAZZI.

AN ITALIAN TALE.

thou pervading power of love! Thou art to some sweet as the bubbling fountain of freshness to the burning brow of the desert-worn traveller; but to others, terrible as the fiery pestilence, or the breath of the unmerciful Simoom.

ITALY may, without impropriety, be entitled the Helen of nations. Her fatal dowry of beauty, like that of the erring wife of Menelaus, has been the sole cause of her ruin and degradation. Still, however, though overwhelmed with infamy—though the mark of disgrace be even now mantling on her cheek, is that cheek unsuffused with a single blush of shame; but proudly conscious of her charms, her eye still beams as brightly, and her Circæan loveliness is still as entralling as ever.

With the violent political feuds which agitated Italy during a great portion of the period which is usually denominated the "Middle Ages," every individual at all versed in the history of that unhappy country must be intimately acquainted. Principalities were then involved in eager and bloody contentions with each other; cities were arrayed against cities—and private families engaged in perpetual quarrels with their neighbours. Among the latter class the names of the Lambertazzi and the Gieremei of Bologna, like those of the Montagues and Capulets of Verona, will be long and bitterly remembered. In deep and pervading interest, their stories are by no means dissimilar. In both instances were the fates of young

lovely, and innocent beings connected in their awful and overwhelming catastrophes. The history of Romeo and Juliet has been narrated by an immortal pen;—of that of Imilda de' Lambertazzo and Ippolito Gieremeo, the following pages will be found a slight and imperfect record.

During the thirteenth century, when the Guelfs, and Ghibelins were mutually cherishing towards each other the most furious and deadly animosity, and contending for political pre-eminence throughout the states of Italy, the Gieremei and the Lambertazzi, two of the noblest families in Bologna, were the leaders of the rival factions. It was at a masked festival at the palace of her father, that Imilda, the beautiful daughter of Lord Orlando Lambertazzo, leaned for the first time upon the arm of a youthful stranger, who during the evening had poured into her ear all the "tongue's utterance of love."—The graceful pair had wandered almost unconsciously into a garden breathing with the freshness of the midnight air, and rendered still more enchanting by the odoriferous scents of innumerable flowers. All was silence and deep repose. The moon was climbing the blue depths of the starry heavens, and pouring down upon them a flood of mild and soul-subduing radiance. Every object—above—below, and around them, was calculated to awaken the most intense and rapturous enthusiasm. The hearts of the youthful pair yielded to

the melting influences of the hour. — Presently there came floating on the air the soft breathings of a lute ; and then followed a full but mellow voice uttering, in song, an avowal of passion couched in the honied tones of a first and soul-absorbing love. The stranger was fain to profit by so sweet, so auspicious an opportunity. He unmasked his face, and kneeling down, avowed his passion with all the fervour and enthusiasm of which a youthful heart is capable. Heavens ! how mournfully delicious were Imilda's sensations when she discovered in her suitor the long-treasured divinity in her bosom—one whose form had haunted her by day, and visited her pillow by night. It was Ippolito Gieremeo, the son of her father's deadliest enemy, who was then suing for pardon and pity at her feet. Manhood had scarcely darkened his cheek, yet had his prowess in the fight been frequently put to the test, and fame had already blazoned forth his name among the noblest of Italian chivalry. His form was finely proportioned, and his full dark eye could one moment flash forth the lightnings of its wrath, and the next melt with all the tender languishment of love.— It had been his fate to behold Imilda at one of those tournaments, or trials of arms so common during the Middle Ages, among the youthful nobility of warlike states. He had, indeed, frequently beheld her, but never had she appeared to him so surpassingly lovely. That moonlight hour was to him the fatal Rubicon of life ; his heart was irretrievably lost. He had often heard of her transcendent beauty, her wit and her gentleness, but had never before felt their united force upon himself. Nor was the blushing and trembling maiden insensible to the virtues and noble bearing of Ippolito. Their passion was reciprocal :—they loved—but their love was like the breezes that blow over the Persian flowers, redolent with poison and with death.

Days and weeks fled in rapid succession. In the frequency of their

delightful intercourse, the lives of the young lovers glided away in one uninterrupted dream of wild and rapturous bliss, but they were soon fated to be awakened to the sad realities of life. It happened that the attendant, who had countenanced and promoted the interviews of Imilda and Ippolito, was herself engaged in an intrigue with one of the followers of Lord Orlando Lambertazzo, to whom, in weakness of her heart, she divulged the secret intrusted to her fidelity. Her paramour, who was no friend to Ippolito, lost no time in communicating the intelligence he had thus acquired to the father and brother of Imilda, taking care at the same time, to make his story susceptible of the worst possible construction. The Lambertazzi already imbued with a rancorous hatred of the Gieremei, who had been represented to them as desirous of supplanting the supremacy of their family in Bologna, listened eagerly to the tale, and vowed to wash out the supposed stain upon the honor of their house with the blood of the offender ; nor were they long in redeeming the pledge. Meanwhile, in order the more effectually to conceal their revengeful purpose from the unsuspecting Imilda, they continued to lavish upon her the most endearing and affectionate attentions ; even while their spies were on the alert to procure the information necessary to enable them to perpetrate the crime they had it in contemplation to commit. At length, the fatal evening which was to furnish the long-anticipated opportunity arrived. Attended by a single domestic, whose fidelity on occasions of great danger and importance had been often proved, the unwary Ippolito was observed directing his courser's steps towards the palace of his family's hereditary enemies. The intelligence of his approach was quickly conveyed to the Lambertazzi, who, arming themselves in haste, repaired with several of their attendants to the garden, where, having concealed themselves among its trees, they wait-

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ed impatiently for the approach of the hapless lover, that they might slake their thirst for revenge in his blood. The servant of the young Knight was on this occasion left without the walls of the enclosure, to guard against interruption; meanwhile a private door, opened by the devoted Imilda, admitted her lover to her arms. Never had the scenery around them appeared so transcendently beautiful as at that moment;—never before had they felt so surpassingly dear to each other:—every object was clad in a garb of unwonted loveliness. They were as two happy spirits wandering through the groves of the Eastern Indistan, whose cities are radiant with jewels, and whose plains are blooming with everlasting flowers. Alas! that the votive altar, raised to happiness by the fairy wand of the enchantress, Hope, should in one wild moment have been crumbled into dust! Whilst the senses of the lovers were “lapt in the Elysium” of deep and passionate love—whilst they were even engaged in deprecating the unhappy feuds which separated their families, and vainly forming projects for their happy reconciliation, forth from their ambush rushed the murderous and unrelenting Lambertazzi, intending, if possible, to seize Ippolito before he should have time to prepare for resisting their attack.—Conceiving, that the threatening evil was directed against his beloved, the young Knight, notwithstanding the great inequality of the numbers against which he had to contend, placed himself immediately before Imilda, in an attitude of defiance, exhibiting a determination to protect her from the menaced danger, or perish in the attempt.

Thirsting for his blood, the elder Lambertazzo was rushing forward to plant his dagger in his breast, when the dastard menial by whom Gieremeo had been betrayed, hoping still further to secure his master's favour, endeavouring to anticipate him, and was stretched at the same moment a quivering and headless corse at the

feet of the undaunted Ippolito. He was now surrounded by an armed crowd. The father's insane revenge, however, made him an easy prey to the cool intrepidity of the young knight; the old man's sword was struck from his hand; that of his antagonist was directed towards his breast, and another moment would have decided his fate, when Ippolito discovered for the first time the features of Imilda's sire. He became rooted to the spot—the weapon fell from his nerveless grasp,—he lifted up his fallen enemy—when the treacherous villain suddenly drawing from his cloak a poisoned stiletto, stabbed him in the neck, whilst almost at the same moment the younger Lambertazzo approached from behind, and struck his dagger to his heart:—Ippolito Gieremeo fell lifeless and bleeding to the earth.

A loud and fiendish laugh was yelled forth, both by the father and son, at this horrid consummation.—“Here, thou abject-minded girl,” vociferated the old man, as he rudely grasped the arm of the transfixed and speechless Imilda—“Look where thy minion lies in the rigid embrace of death!” “Hence,” cried her brother, “foul stain upon the honor of a noble house!—hence, woman, to thy chamber, and bethink thee of the disgrace thou hast cast upon us.” “Or rather,” pursued the father, “to teach thee fitting obedience, remain here; gaze upon him—feed thine eyes upon his graceful form and glorious features, methinks they are somewhat pallid now:” and beckoning to his followers, he left his daughter by the body of her murdered lover. The appalling suddenness of this dreadful catastrophe appeared to have endowed her with a supernatural energy. Amid the depth of her anguish, a ray of hope shot across her fevered brain. It occurred to her as possible that life might not yet be altogether extinct; and that she might preserve it by immediately attempting to suck the poison from the yet bleeding wound of her

Ippolito. Undauntedly did she commence her pious work of love ; but the venom she imbibed quickly corroded the healthful blood in her own veins.

One struggle—and his pain is past
Her lover is no longer living !
One kiss the maiden gives, the last
Long kiss which she expires in giving !

A short hour from the period of her lover's assassination, Imilda de' Lambertazzi was discovered with her head reclining upon the bosom of her Ippolito, and her white arms twined round his neck, with a tenacity which death had only conduced to strengthen. They were buried together in the same grave, as united in their last embrace as they had been inseparable during their brief, but blissful sojourn upon earth.

Little remains to be told. The Gieremei were of course instigated to vengeance by this act of savage

barbarity. They formed alliance with the people of Modena, whilst the Lambertazzi united themselves to the army of Faensa and Forti. After several skirmishes, a desperate struggle took place in the streets of Bologna, which lasted forty days without intermission. Thousands were slain,—the city streamed with the blood of the noblest and bravest of its children ; and the banishment of the Lambertazzi was at length decided upon and carried into effect. A similar sentence was pronounced by the merciless victors upon 12,000 citizens, their adherents ; whose goods were confiscated, and whose habitations were levelled with the earth.

The fate of the Lambertazzi, their kindred, and their followers, was regarded, not unjustly, as the retributive penalty inflicted upon them by an offended Deity, for the murder of the hapless Ippolito.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

THE VICTIM OF JEALOUSY.

I saw her in the early prime
Of maiden bashfulness and beauty—
Oh ! then it was the glorious time,
When all belov'd her as a duty :
For then the cloud of care ne'er had
Obscur'd her brow of matchless brightness ;
And she was elegantly clad
In purity's unspotted whiteness.

She sat in life's green garden then,
And heav'n's blue canopy was o'er her ;
Ah ! many were th' enraptur'd men,
Who swore by Jove they did adore her.
They threw their fortunes at her feet,
Declar'd in marriage they would take
her,
And make her happiness complete,
As wedlock, wealth and love could
make her.

But long she spurn'd their offers all,
Nor seem'd to heed the tears shed for her,
Nor yet aware of half the gall
Of love despis'd and its keen sorrow :
Yet still she seem'd unlike the most
Of girls, who are thus highly rated ;—
For she of lovers would not boast,
Nor with her conquests seem elated.

A time roll'd on—a lover came,
That woo'd her with a lover's rapture—
Oh ! she return'd the holy flame,
And struck her flag—to love a capture !
Deliciously the lovers pass'd
Full many a bosom-thrilling hour
Ere the good man entwin'd them fast,
In Hymen's consecrated bower.

The wedding was—and she appear'd
Devoid of ev'ry thing like sadness—
To all the throng she was endear'd,
And all evinc'd a vein of gladness.
The music rang—the dancers rude
Were overjoyous, blithe and merry ;
And truth for once did not intrude
To tell their joys were momentary.

The honey-moon was fraught with joy,
And oft he call'd her " life's best treasure ;"
Each hour pass'd without alloy,
And life seem'd then a scene of pleasure—
Yes ;—life was then a paradise,
Bestrew'd with flow'rs without a briar :
It seem'd no art or new device
Could elevate their pleasures higher.

A year elaps'd—a boy was theirs—
 A link to bind them still more closely—
 And, ah ! a source of other cares ;
 For children bring new troubles mostly,
 And parents have anxieties,
 Which are but little known to others—
 Solicitude to all may rise,
 Still there can be none like a mother's.

It was a lovely sight to see
 These parents on a sofa seated :
 And there in love's fond revelry,
 Enjoy the moments as they fled—
 Oh ! they would kiss their infant child,
 And fondly call'd him " Heav'n's bless-
 ing :"
 Thus many an hour was beguil'd,
 In toying, kissing and caressing.

In time a wond'rous change came o'er
 This lover's, husband's father's feeling ;
 He seem'd not cheerful as before,
 And sullenness was slowly stealing
 Across his soul—as he would sit
 At ev'ning when his toil was finish'd,
 He'd many a silent, gloomy fit,
 And his affections seem'd diminish'd.

'Twas said that he at midnight would
 With accusations oft upbraid her ;
 And many a tearful hour ensued,
 When he for love with anger paid her.
 Ah ! oft she'd pass a sleepless night,
 While all around were calmly sleeping ;
 Poor thing ! she'd dread the morning light,
 Nor even then refrain from weeping.

I've seen her cheek blanch'd red with
 tears,
 When she'd endeavor to be cheerful,
 And strive to hide her secret fears—
 (For ah ! a husband's frowns are fearful)
 Yes—she would fain put on a smile,
 When her poor heart was almost break-
 ing—
 Alas ! her cheeks grew pale the while,
 Which show'd what havoc grief was mak-
 ing.

Meanwhile consumption's canker came,
 And like an early frost it seiz'd her,
 Destroying her poor, shatter'd frame,
 And no assistance yielded eas'd her :—
 For sorrow bore so heavily,
 That earthly aid was unavailing ;
 And though they strove unceasingly ;
 Her strength and energies kept failing.

She died—a victim to the curse
 Of jealousy and dark suspicion—
 What render'd her afflictions worse,
 Her fondness met from him derision.
 He said her motives were but base,
 That her affections were affected,
 That nothing ever could erase
 From his own mind what he suspected.

Such cruelties could not be borne—
 She died—a flower early blighted
 Beneath a husband's misplac'd scorn,
 Whose jealousy had been excited
 By " trifles light as" empty " air ;"
 For trifles oft give birth to trouble,
 And render life a scene of care,
 And real sorrows more than double.

The funeral day was one of tears,
 For scarce an eye was dry and tearless ;
 The funeral dirge rang in their ears
 With tones unwelcome, sad and cheer-
 less.
 E'en he whose cruelty had brought
 Down to the grave this guiltless victim,
 " Wept bitterly" and vainly sought
 To hide the griefs that did afflict him.

'Tis said that to her grave he'd hie,
 And on her grave-sod gently kneeling,
 Express the bitterest agony,
 With all the pangs of wounded feeling ;
 For stern remorse had seiz'd his soul,
 And many were his hours of sorrow,
 When tear-drops down his cheek would
 roll,
 Which he in deep regret shed for her.

ACADIAN BARD.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

FITZ AUBERT.

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

CHAPTER 1.

" When faith was banished from the fated land,
 " And Peace with all her angel train had fled,
 " When Power and Violence strove hand to hand,
 " Virtue abashed in darkness hid her head."

OLD MS.

ON a fine evening in the month of July 1642 a more than ordinary con- course of the beggars living in the outskirts of the city of Westminster

had congregated together at the door of a public house in the then suburbs of the Queen of cities. The exact geographical situation of the building I cannot take on me to define with all the certainty which history requires; but I have reason to think that it occupied a spot which is now the site of one of the new churches in one of the most new and fashionable squares in the west end. The uncommon mildness and serenity of the weather had brought out the landlord who was regaling himself with the strongest ale, mingling his potations with an occasional jest on the infirmity, or peculiarity of some one or other of his customers, to whom he addressed himself from time to time, between the frequent draughts of his favorite beverage. The party colored tribe of the sons and daughters of supposed affliction, but very often real merriment, were grouped in every variety of posture. It was a scene from which Wilkie or Rowlandson might have gathered valuable hints. The last rays of the setting sun gilded the roof and windows of the insulated tavern, and cast a strong light on the figures that decorated the foreground, while the distant hills clothed in verdure and beauty, formed the strongest possible contrast to this whimsical scene of human life and city manners. As the evening waxed later, and the calm light of the risen full moon supplied the absence of her brighter brother, the members of the fraternity collected round the door, had mounted up to hundreds. Many of them partook largely of strong ale and growing animated, threw aside the crutches and bandages that served to impose on the unwary, and strutted about in possession of robust health, and the use of their limbs.—The landlord had composed himself to sleep under the stoop or porch, projecting from which hung the sign containing on one side a green lion, on the other the head of St. John the Baptist on a charger, according to the strange fashion of those days.—Meanwhile a few of the beggars had collected round

one who was haranguing them on the public grievances of the times, and his audience gradually increased until all present were circled in deep attention to his discourse, save the worthy host of the green lion, whose time was better occupied in dreams of rich guests and flowing tankards.

The speaker was a slender youth attired in a buff jerkin much defaced, tight leggings of the same material, an old mantle once trimmed with gold lace but now retaining only a few shreds of its former finery. His hat was slouched so as to conceal the upper part of his face. He had been detailing a variety of the evils of the times and particularly dilated on the extravagance and misrule of their superiors to which he attributed all the wants and sufferings of the lower classes.—“What!” said he, “shall Lordlings and Bishops fatten on the earnings of the poor man, while he forsooth cannot get wherewithal to satisfy his hunger. Under many pretences do they strip us of all we are possessed of and tear from us our just and lawful rights. They riot in our spoils, and glory in that corruption on which they grow rich, even as the loathsome worm gathereth substance from the dunghill. But let them beware, for a day of account is at hand, when they will be punished for their misdeeds. The voice of the people of England has gone forth and hath proclaimed the approaching downfall of proud Peers and saucy Romanizing Prelates. They are even as the locust with many heads in the Revelations, which must be destroyed even by the angel of the Lord, by a messenger of wrath. What though the malignants have accused our brave and noble defenders in the Commons’ house, of treason, are they the less the traitors themselves? Is not the hard and iron hearted oppression of malignant Lords the true cause of the poverty of the land and the increase of the number of unfortunate persons like

“ourselves, who once, many of us,
“were worthy and responsible yeo-
“men, nay gentlemen, and now, what
“are we? Let us pray the House of
“Commons to put them down in the
“name of the Lord.

“What!” said he “shall Pym and
“Hambden and men of their noble
“and independent character be mal-
“treated and maligned, while the sy-
“cophants and flatterers of a worth-
“less court and the upholders of a
“mischievous and tyrannical govern-
“ment receive the incense of flat-
“tery from their adulatory depen-
“dents, and increase their estates by
“the taxes they levy contrary to the
“laws of the land on an oppressed
“and exhausted Commonwealth. No
“their misrule must have an end,
“and we though poor and contemp-
“ned will make them feel, that we,
“even we, the most abject and miser-
“able of those whose interests they
“have neglected and whose feelings
“they have trampled on, can be of
“service to our country, in helping
“to procure the removal of wicked
“counsellors from the bar of royalty
“and giving to those who know how
“to procure the public good, the
“means of accomplishing their praise-
“worthy end. The Lord who made
“the sun and moon stand still through
“the weak servant of his, Joshua, shall
“through feeble instruments like us,
“put a stop to the dominion of those
“tyrants. Let the word be, to your
“tents O! Israel, and let us all join
“in a petition to the right honorable
“members of the House of Lords, and
“the honorable patriots of the Low-
“er House, that those peers who
“have accorded with the votes of
“the Commons, in favor of English
“freedom, may henceforth form a se-
“parate and distinct body, and exer-
“cise all the lawful functions of a
“House of Lords, excluding from
“the power of making laws in future,
“those reprobate and malignant no-
“bles, who would willingly reduce
“all England into a state of abject
“Turkish vassalage, to aggrandize
“their own fortunes, or increase

“their power at Court.” The pro-
posal of the youth was adopted by
acclamation, and the air resounded
with cries of “The parliament for
ever.” and “Down with the malig-
nants.” He then produced a peti-
tion that he had brought with him;
to which most of those present signed
their names or set their marks.
Some could do neither, having dipped
rather too freely in the inebriating
bowl. Such however was the enthu-
siasm that existed among them on the
subject, that no obstacles arose to the
completion of the business. Their
Signatures having been affixed, they
appointed twenty select men to pre-
sent their petition at the bar of the
House of Commons, on the ensuing
morning at an early hour. After
they had thus dispatched this affair,
they gradually filed off to their
homes or places of nocturnal haunt-
ing, and none were left on the scene
of confusion except the drowsy land-
lord, still nodding under the influence
of his strong potations, and the juve-
nile orator, who had been so earnest
in forwarding the adoption of this
petition.

The latter drew his mantle still
more closely round him and casting his
eyes around with a suspicious glance
lest he should be watched, he cautious-
ly threaded his way through different
obscure streets and winding alleys, un-
til he found himself near a spacious ed-
ifice then occupied by the celebrated
Hambden, the evening had become
dark and gloomy before he had got thus
far, and he entered a postern gate of the
mansion without having been recog-
nized or observed by any passenger.

It was about the hour of eleven in
the evening while Hambden, Pym,
Strode, Vans and Cromwel were sit-
ting in cheerful guise around the sup-
per table in an apartment in the rear
part of Hambden's house, that a stran-
ger was announced by the footman in
waiting.

“His name” said Pym,—“Fitz
Aubert,”—“Let him enter.”—The
young man whom we have previously
described then made his appearance,

and was invited by Cromwel in a friendly manner to sit down with them. He produced the petition which the beggars of London had signed in their own names, and on the behalf of thousands of poor and destitute persons throughout the kingdom. The company appeared to be much pleased and congratulated each other on the fact, that petitions had been handed to them to present, from the apprentices of London with 5000 signatures, from the porters of London and Westminster, and now from the beggars of the metropolis.—“This spirit” said Cromwel “will accomplish mighty ends.”—“Nay” said Hambden “England shall be free.”

After a few moments conversation

on indifferent topics, Fitz Aubert (for so was the youth called,) retired from the Company and left Hambden's house in the same quiet, unobtrusive manner in which he had entered it. For his future course, we refer the gentle reader to the subsequent parts of this our eventful narrative. We consign to the next chapter the proceedings of the following morning, when the “Beggars' Petition” was presented in due form to the honorable House, then the supreme self constituted authority over what once had been merry England, now, alas! sad and disquieted with present troubles, and the anticipation of years of misery and civil discord.

CHAPTER 2.

“———— Furor impius intus
 “Saeva sedens super arma, et centum vinctus ahenis
 “Post tergum nodis, fremet horridus ore cruento.”

AEN. L 1. 1. 294.

At the period of which we are writing, the minds of all men had been wrought up to that pitch of excitement, and most persons had become so extravagantly enthusiastic, that great changes were confidently looked for.—The disputes between the Court and the Country parties had reached their crisis, and there remained little for the few cool and unbiassed spectators of the scene to expect, but civil strife in its utmost garb of horrors, attended by every circumstance that could render war more sanguinary and unsparing.—The religious fanaticism which the adroit politicians of the day had rendered subservient to their ultimate views, had been kindled into the utmost rage, and abhorrence against those noblemen and gentlemen whom they designated as papists, prelatists and malignants. The combustible

matter needed but a spark to set the country into a flame, which however easily raised, it would baffle the best statesmen to allay, with all the science and experience they might bring with them to the undertaking. It was at this conjuncture that emissaries were dispatched by the leading republicans to induce the people to take up arms and in addition they sent round the city and suburbs two or three confidential persons, to obtain Signatures to petitions which they had prepared.

In the morning after the meeting had taken place just described, the avenues of the parliament house were thronged at a very early hour, by thousands of both sexes, who had come to demand of the house of Commons the adoption of the most violent measures against the Royalists.

To be continued.

THOUGHTS ON A GARDEN.

To the Editor of the *Acadian Magazine*.

SIR,

Is there be any one occupation in the world for man that is superlatively happy, I think it is that of a gardener. At this season of the year the most careless observer will be struck by the beauties of a parterre well laid out, and at all times the student of nature finds objects to repay his light toils in the vegetable tribes.—Even the solitary flower that is nursed, or rather lives on sufferance, in a vase, confined to the air of a close room, gives some pleasure and amusement to its cultivator. How much greater then must be the satisfaction to be derived from a well stocked and well improved spot, which unites the plants of various seasons and of different climes? Where the honied and fairish flowrets attract countless beautiful insects to flutter on their petals,—where the Humming Bird arrayed in all the splendor and variety of beautiful tints, trembles in rapid whirring motion on the bosom of a flower, while the glowing sun-beam embellishes and enriches his appearance.—Where the children of song are attracted to build their little nests and seek their food. The robin, the pride of North America with his full and rich notes which no art can emulate, and no skill improve. The linnet, the grey bird, the yellow-hammer,—but why need I enumerate those little creatures who must be well known to most of your readers?—The rich flowers of the Tropæolum,*—the glowing Sunflower, the glittering Chrysanthemum, and the delicious Lathyrus† odoratus are best calculated to allure the lovely butterflies and the humming bird to visit your garden, while to tempt the larger birds to take up their abode with you, the strongest inducement will be found in the vicinity of fruit trees or fields of grain, on which they may feast

occasionally. The worms, snails, grubs and caterpillars that they are in the constant habit of devouring* in large quantities will supply them with their ordinary food, and your fields and gardens will by this be relieved from those destructive insects. If you are indulgent and kind enough in your disposition to reach forth a protecting hand to those little creatures, you will certainly feel yourself amply repaid, in hearing from the rising to the setting sun their songs of happiness and affection. Let them still be the unfettered denizens of air, and be content with listening to their native wild music, without cooping them up in a close and unhealthy cage. It may be well enough to hold Canary birds in safe keeping, as they are generally imprisoned from their being hatched, and besides they would not be able to subsist in our climate if let loose. But do not incarcerate your little winged fellow countrymen. Let them, poor creatures, feel some share of the blessings of living under a free constitution.

I may be ridiculed for carrying the principle of humanity further than another world; but really it is necessary that all persons and especially those who are young and docile, should be impressed as early as possible with an aversion to ill-treating any thing that has life or sensation. The poor bird confined in a cage and torn from his wild freedom and little family, has not any consolation from reason, because reason is a blessing peculiar in a great measure to man; and nature has thought proper to deny it to inferior animals. He often beats himself to death against the wires of his cage, and even where

*“A single pair of sparrows, during the time they are feeding their young, will destroy about Four Thousand caterpillars weekly.”—BEWICK.

*Nasturtium.

† Sweet pea.

he does not, his situation is that of a poor solitary prisoner.

The feeling of kindness and attachment towards, animals and that which arises in the susceptible breast for certain places of abode or inanimate objects, are connected with and analogous to the higher and more elevated sentiment of love of country, and with that deep and grateful devotion, towards the Creator of all those objects from which we derive enjoyment,—a state of mind so essential to the happiness of individuals, and the good of Society at large.—I cannot bear a man who has not a spare corner in his heart, to stamp with the recollection of the gallant steed who carries him cheerfully and proudly over hill and dale, or who can

neglect or despise that truly faithful friend, companion and slave, the dog.

It has been remarked by some eminent medical authorities, that the return of sanity to a lunatic, is often displayed by his evincing affection for some animal that had been previously attached to him. In fact, I am often tempted to think that any cruelty of man towards his fellow men, or towards any living being, is a proof that he is not in a perfectly sound state of mind; and on that ground in some degree excusable, if the patient will acknowledge his fault, and plead, that hallucination of mind caused it. There is no defence for cruel conduct in any who pretend to be reasoning mortals.

FLORUS.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

STANZAS

On the Question—"What is Love?"

Oh! What is Love? An anxious feeling,
That we can hardly dare impart,
But still the lover's eyes revealing,
And sighs, relieve his breaking heart.—

Oh! What is Love? Let all delight
Be centered in one blest emotion,
And if I read man's soul aright,
Still sweeter is love's fond devotion.

Oh! What is love? A thrill of joy,
That oft precludes a life of sorrow,
To-day a playful harmless boy,—
A powerful, awful king to-morrow.

Oh! What is Love? A chain so slight
That it seems hardly worth the breaking,—
Soon binding the unlucky wight,
With force that keeps his heart an aching.

Oh! What is Love? A scene of bliss
An angel might behold with pleasure
Give me ye heavens! oh give me this,
And tear away all other treasure.

Oh! What is love? A mad'ning brain,
A fevered heart, a burning brow,
A restless, disappointed flame,—
Once, once how blest, but wretched now.—

Oh! What is love? A fond deceit
That gilds some worthless, trifling one
With graces that the lover cheat,
He wakes and finds himself undone.—

Oh! What is love? If thou'st an heart
'Twill tell thee better than my lay;
Oh cherish love, devoid of art,
'Twill bless thy longest, latest day.—

Selected.

WATER IN WARM WEATHER.

FOUNTAINS AND PUMPS.

By the process of boring, springs may be reached more expeditiously and economically than by the old method of well digging. The ex-

pense of boring from one to two hundred feet deep is little more than one-fourth of digging, seventy feet is less than a fourth, thirty feet is less

than a fifth, and from ten to twenty feet it is not so much as a sixth. In 1821, the water for the fountain at Tottenham High Cross, was obtained by boring to a depth of one hundred and five feet, at the expense of the parish, for public accommodation. The water rises six feet above the surface, and flowing over a vase at the top of a column into a basin, it pours from beneath. The boring for this spring and the fountain were suggested by Mr. Mathew, who first obtained water in Tottenham, by that method, and introduced the practice there. The pillar was designed by Messrs. Mathew and Chaplin, and executed by Mr. Turner of Dorset-street, Fleet-street, the well known manufacturer of the cast iron pumps; and not to withhold from him any of "his blushing honors," be it noted that he was till lately a common-councilman of the ward of Farringdon Without, where he still maintains his reputation as a "cunning workman in iron," and his good name as a good pump-maker, and as a worthy and respectable man. Public spirit should rise to the height of giving him, and others of the worshipful company of pump-makers, more orders. Many places are sadly deficient of pumps for raising spring-water where it is most wanted. Every body cries out for it in hot weather, but in cool weather they all forget their former want; and hot weather comes again and they call out for it again in vain, and again forget to put up a public pump. At Pentonville, a place abounding in springs, and formerly abounding in conduits, all the conduits are destroyed, and the pumps there, in the midst of that healthy and largely growing suburb, during the hot days of July, 1825, were not equal to supply a tenth of the demand for water; they were mostly dry and chained up during the half of each day without notice, and persons who came perhaps a mile, went back with empty vessels. So it was in other neighbourhoods. Well may we account for ill. Mischievous liquors

sold, in large quantities, at some places, for soda water and ginger beer were drunk to the great comfort of the unprincipled manufacturers, the great discomfort of the consumers' bowels, and the great gain of the apothecary.

Were the doings in the New River during summer, or one half of the wholesale nuisances permitted in the Thames described, the inhabitants of London would give up their tea-kettles. Health requires that these practices should be abated, and above all, a good supply of spring-water. The water from pumps and fountains would not only adorn our public streets and squares, but cool the heated atmosphere, by the surplus water being diverted into the gutters and open channels. Besides, if we are to have dogs, and a beast-market in the heart of the metropolis, the poor overheated animals might by such means slake their thirst from pure and refreshing streams. The condition wherein sheep and cattle are driven for many miles before they reach the metropolis, is a disgrace to the appellation assumed by men who see the cruelty, and have power to remedy it; "a merciful man is merciful to his beast," and he is not a really merciful man who is not merciful to his neighbors' beasts.

May these wants be quickly supplied. Give us spring-water in summer; and no more let

"Maids with bottles cry aloud for Pumps."

London has but one fountain; it is in the Temple: you pass it on the way from Essex-street, or the "Grecian" to "Garden-court." It is in the space at the bottom of the first flight of stone steps, within the railings enclosing a small, and sometimes "smooth shaven green," the middle whereof it adorns, surrounded, not too thickly, by goodly trees and pleasant shrubs. The jet proceeds from a copper pipe in the middle of a stone edged basin, and rises to its full height of at least nine feet, if water from the cock by the hall with

which it communicates is not drawing; when that process is going on the jet droops, and seems dying away till the drawing ceases, and then the "Temple Fountain" goes up again "famously."

There was a fountain in the great square of Lincolns Inn, but it had ceased to play "in my time." I only remember the column itself standing there

For ornament, not use,"

with its four boys blowing through shells.

In the Kent-road, on the left hand from the Elephant and Castle towards the Bricklayers Arms, there is a fountain in a piece of water opposite a recently built terrace. A kneeling figure, the size of life, blows water through a shell; it is well conceived, and would be a good ornament were it kept clean and relieved by trees.

A "professional" gentleman who to the "delightful task" of improving country residences by laying out grounds in beautiful forms, has added the less "cheerful labor" of embodying others' theories and practice in an "Encyclopædia of Gardening," views a fountain as an essential decoration where the "ancient" style of landscape is introduced in any degree of perfection.* As the first requisite, he directs attention to the obtaining a sufficiently elevated source or reservoir of supply for the jets, or projected spouts, or threads of water. Some are contrived to throw the water in the form of sheaves, fans, and showers, or to support balls; others to throw it horizontally or in curved lines, but the most usual form is a simple opening to throw the jet or spout upright. Mr. L. judiciously rejects a jet from a naked tube falling from the middle of a basin or canal

*Mr. London's "Encyclopædia of Gardening," a book of practical and curious facts, with hundreds of interesting engravings, is a most useful volume to any one who has a garden, or wishes to form one.

on a smooth surface as unnatural, without being artificially grand.—Grandeur was the aim of the "ancient" gardener, and hence he made a garden "after nature," look as a garden of nature never did look. Mr. L. suggests that "the grandest jet of any is a perpendicular column, issuing from a rocky base on which the water falling produces a double effect both of sound and visual display.

In the "Century of Inventions of the Marquis of Worcester," explained and illustrated by Mr. Partington, there is mention by the marquis of "an artificial fountain, to be turned like an hour glass by a child, in the twinkling of an eye, it yet holding great quantities of water, and of force sufficient to make snow, ice, and thunder, with the chirping and singing of birds, and showing of several shapes and effects usual to fountains of pleasure." Mr. Partington observes on this, that "how a fountain of water can produce snow, ice, thunder, and the singing of birds, is not easy to comprehend."

Sir Henry Wotton discoursing on architecture remarks thus:—"Fountains are figured, or only plain watered works; of either of which I will describe a matchless pattern. The first, done by the famous hand of Michael Angelo da Buonaroti, is the figure of a sturdy woman, washing and winding linen clothes; in which act she wrings out the water that made the fountain; which was a graceful and natural conceit in the artificer, implying this rule, that all designs of this kind should be proper. The other doth merit some larger expression: there went a long, straight, mossie walk of competent breadth, green and soft under foot, listed on both sides with an aqueduct of white stone, breast high, which had a hollow channel on the top, where ran a pretty trickling stream; on the edge whereof were couched very thick, all along, certain small pipes of lead, in little holes; so neatly, that they could not be well perceived, till by the turning of a cock, they did spout

over interchangeably, from side to side, above man's height, in forms of arches, without any intersection or meeting aloft, because the pipes were not exactly opposite; so as the beholder, besides that which was fluent in the aqueduct on both hands in his view, did walk as it were under a continual bower and hemisphere of water, without any drop falling on him; an invention for refreshment, surely

far excelling all the Alexandrian delicacies, and pneumatics of Hero."* An invention of greater solace could not have been desired in the canicular days, by those who sought shelter from the heat; nor more coveted by any than by him, who is constrained to supply the "every day" demand of "warm" friends for this little work—no "cool" task!

Selected.

THE WILLOW (SALIX.)

IN *Sylvan Sketches*, to an account of the willow, elegant poetical illustrations are attached, from whence are extracted the subjoined agreeable notices.

According to some botanists, there are more than fifty British willows only. The sweet, or bay-leaved willow, *salix pentandria*, is much used in Yorkshire for making baskets; its leaves afford a yellow dye. Baskets are also made from the osier, which belongs to this genus; but of the willows, the bitter purple willow, *salix purpurea*, is the best adapted for the finest basket-work. The common, white willow, *salix alba*, takes its specific name from the white silken surface of the leaves on the under side. The bark is used to tan leather, and to dye yarn of a cinnamon colour. It is one of the trees to which the necessitous Kamschatdales are often obliged to recur for their daily bread, which they make of the inner bark, ground into flour. The bark of this willow has in some cases been found a good substitute for the Peruvian bark. The grey willow, or sallow, *salix cinerea*, grows from six to twelve feet high. In many parts of England, children gather the flowering branches of this tree on Palm Sunday, and call them palms. With the bark, the inhabitants of the Highlands and the Hebrides tan leather. The wood, which is soft, white, and flexible, is made into handles for hatchets, spades, &c. It also furnishes shoemakers with their cutting-boards, and

whetting-boards to smooth the edges of their knives upon.

The weeping willow, *salix Babylonica*, a native of the Levant, was not cultivated in this country till 1730.—This tree, with its long, slender, pendulous branches, is one of the most elegant ornaments of English scenery. The situation which it affects, also, on the margins of brooks or rivers, increases its beauty; like Narcissus, it often seems to bend over the water for the purpose of admiring the reflection:—

———"Shadowy trees, that lean
So elegantly o'er the water's brim."

There is a fine weeping willow in a garden near the Paddington end of the New Road, and a most magnificent one, also, in a garden on the banks of the Thames, just before Richmond-bridge, on the Richmond side of the river. Several of the arms of this tree are so large, that one of them would in itself form a fine tree. They are propped by a number of stout poles; and the tree appears in a flourishing condition. If that tree be, as it is said, no more than ninety-five years old, the quickness of its growth is indeed astonishing.

Martyn relates an interesting anecdote, which he gives on the authority of the *St. James's Chronicle*, for August, 1801:—

"The famous and admired weeping willow planted by Pope, which

* Reliq. Wotton.

has lately been felled to the ground, came from Spain, enclosing a present for lady Suffolk. Mr. Pope was in company when the covering was taken off; he observed that the pieces of stick appeared as if they had some vegetation; and added, 'Perhaps they may produce something we have not in England.' Under this idea, he planted it in his garden, and it produced the willow-tree that has given birth to so many others." It is said, that the destruction of this tree was caused by the eager curiosity of the admirers of the poet, who, by their numbers, so disturbed the quiet and fatigued the patience of the possessor, with applications to be permitted to see this precious relic, that to put an end to the trouble at once and for ever, she gave orders that it should be felled to the ground.

The weeping willow, in addition to the pensive, drooping appearance of its branches, weeps little drops of water, which stand like fallen tears upon the leaves. It will grow in any but a dry soil, but most delights, and best thrives, in the immediate neighbourhood of water. The willow, in poetical language, commonly introduces a stream, or a forsaken lover:—

"We pass a gulph, in which the willows dip
Their pendant boughs, stooping as if to drink."
COWPER.

Chatterton describes

"The willow, shadowing the bubbling brook."

Churchill mentions, among other trees,

"The willow weeping o'er the fatal wave,
Where many a lover finds a watery grave;
The cypress, sacred held when lovers mourn
Their true love snatched away."

Besides Shakspeare's beautiful mention of the willow on the death of Ophelia, and notices of it by various other poets, there are several songs in which despairing lovers call upon the willow-tree:—

"Ah, willow! willow!
The willow shall be
A garland for me,
Ah, willow! willow!"

Chatterton has one, of which the burthen runs—

"Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree."

In the "Two Noble Kinsmen," said to have been written by Shakspeare and Fletcher, a young girl, who loses her wit with hopeless love for Palamon—

———"Sung
Nothing but 'willow! willow! willow!'
and between
Ever was 'Palamon, fair Palamon!'"

Herrick thus addresses the willow-tree:—

"Thou art to all lost love the best,
The only true plant found;
Wherewith young men and maids distrest,
And left of love, are crowned.

"When once the lover's rose is dead,
Or laid aside forlorn,
Then willow garlands 'bout the head,
Bedewed with tears, are worn.

"When with neglect, the lover's bane,
Poor maids rewarded be
For their love lost, their only gain
Is but a wreath from thee.

"And underneath thy cooling shade,
When weary of the light,
The love-spent youth and love-sick maid
Come to weep out the night."

This poet has some lines addressed to a willow garland also:—

"A willow garland thou didst send
Perfumed, last day, to me;
Which did but only this portend,
I was forsook by thee.

"Since it is so, I'll tell thee what;
To-morrow thou shalt see
Me wear the willow, after that
To die upon the tree.

"As beasts into the altars go
With garlands dressed, so I
Will with my willow-wreath also
Come forth, and sweetly die."

The willow seems, from the oldest times, to have been dedicated to grief; under them the children of Israel lamented their captivity:—"By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion: we hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof."*

The wicker-baskets made by our forefathers are the subject of an epigram by Martial:—

"From Britain's painted sons I came,
And basket is my barbarous name;
Yet now I am so modish grown,
That Rome would claim me for her own."

It is worthy to be recollected, that some of the *smallest* trees known are willows; nay, the smallest tree known, without any exception. The herbaceous willow, *salix herbacea*, is seldom higher than three inches, sometimes not more than two, and yet it is in every respect a tree, notwithstanding the name herbaceous, which, as it has been observed, is inappropriate. Dr. Clarke says, in his "Travels in Norway" "We soon recognised some of our old Lapland acquaintances, such as *Betula nana*, with its minute leaves, like silver pennies; mountain-birch; and the dwarf alpine species of willow: of which half a dozen trees, with all their branches, leaves, flowers, and roots, might be compressed within two of the pages of a lady's pocket-book, without coming into contact with each other. After our return

to England, specimens of the *salix herbacea* were given to our friends, which, when framed and glazed, had the appearance of miniature drawings. The author, in collecting them for his herbiary, has frequently compressed twenty of these trees between two of the pages of a duodecimo volume." Yet in the great northern forests, Dr. Clarke found a species of willow "that would make a splendid ornament in our English shrubberies, owing to its quick growth, and beautiful appearance. It had much more the appearance of an orange than of a willow-tree, its large luxuriant leaves being of the most vivid green colour, splendidly shining. We believed it to be a variety of *salix amygdalina*, but it may be a distinct species: it principally flourishes in Westro Bothnia, and we never saw it elsewhere."

So much, and more than is here quoted, respecting the willow, has been gathered by the fair authoress of *Sylvan Sketches*.

In conclusion, be it observed, that the common willow is in common language sometimes called the sallow, and under that name it is mentioned by Chaucer:—

"Whoso buildeth his hous all of sallowes,
And pricketh his blind hors over the
falowes,
And suffreth his wife for to seche hal-
lowes,
He is worthy to be langed on the
gallowes." CHAUCER.

BREUGHEL'S CONCERT OF CATS.

Ye rats, in triumph elevate your ears!
Exult, ye mice! for fate's abhorred shears
Of Dick's nine lives have slit the cat-guts nine;
Henceforth he mews midst choirs of cats divine!

So sings Mr. Huddesford, in a "Mopody on the Death of Dick, an Academical Cat," with this motto,—

"MI-CAT inter omnes."
Hor. Carm. Lib. i. Ode 12.

He brings his cat Dick from the Flood, and consequently through Rutterkin a cat who was "cater-cousin to the great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-grandmother of Grimalkin, and first cat in the caterie of an old woman, who

? * The Psalms.

was tried for bewitching a daughter of the countess of Rutland in the beginning of the sixteenth century." The monodist connects him with cats of great renown in the annals of witchcraft; a science whereto they have been allied as closely as poor old women, one of whom, it appears, on the authority of an old pamphlet entitled "Newes from Scotland," &c. printed in the year 1591, "confessed that she took a cat and christened it, &c. and that in the night following, the said cat was conveyed into the midst of the sea by all these witches sayling in their RIDDLES, or CIVES, and so left the said cat right before the towne of Leith in Scotland. This done, there did arise such a

tempest at sea as a greater hath not been seen, &c. Againe it is confessed, that the said christened cat was the cause of the kinges majestie's shippe, at his coming forthe of Denmarke, had a contrarie winde to the rest of the shippes then being in his companie, which thing was most straunge and true, as the kinges majestie acknowledgeth, for when the rest of the shippes had a fair and good winde, then was the winde contrarie, and altogether against his majestie," &c.

All sorts of cats, according to Hud-desford, lamented the death of his favorite whom he calls "premier cat upon the catalogue," and who, preferring sprats to all other fish,—

"Had swallowed down a score without remorse,
And three fat mice slew for a second course,
But, while the third his grinders dyed with gore,
Sudden those grinders clos'd—to grind no more!
And dire to tell! commission'd by Old Nick,
A catalepsy made an end of DICK."

"Calumnious cats who circulate faux pas,
And reputations maul with murd'rous claws;
Shrill cats whom fierce domestic brawls delight,
Cross cats who nothing want but teeth to bite,
Starch cats of puritanic aspect sad,
And learned cats who talk their husbands mad;
Confounded cats who cough, and croak, and cry,
And maudlin cats who drink eternally;
Fastidious cats who pine for costly cates,
And jealous cats who catechise their mates;
Cat-prudes who, when they're ask'd the question, squall,
And ne'er give answer categorical;
Uncleanly cats, who never pare their nails,
Cat-gossips full of Canterbury tales,
Cat grandams vex'd with asthmas and catarrhs,
And superstitious cats who curse their stars;
Cats of each class, craft, calling, and degree
Mourn DICK's calamitous catastrophe!"

"Yet, while I chant the cause of RICHARD'S end,
Ye sympathizing cats, your tears suspend!
Then shed enough to float a dozen whales,
And use, for pocket-handkerchiefs, your tails!—

"Ah! tho' thy bust adorn no sculptur'd shrine,
No vase thy relics rare to fame consign,
No rev'rend characters thy rank express,
Nor hail thee, Dick, D.D. nor F.R.S.
Tho' no funereal cypress shade thy tomb
For thee the wreaths of Paradise shall bloom.
There, while Grimalkin's mew her Richard greets,
A thousand cats shall purr on purple seats:
E'en now I see, descending from his throne,
Thy venerable cat, O Whittington!"

The kindred excellence of Richard hail,
 And wave with joy his gratulating tail !
 There shall the worthies of the whisker'd race
 Elisian mice o'er floors of sapphire chase,
 'Midst beds of aromatic morum stray,
 Or raptur'd rove beside the milky way.
 Kittens, than eastern houris fairer scene,
 Whose bright eyes glisten with immortal green,
 Shall smooth for tabby swains their yielding fur,
 And to their amorous mew's assenting purr.—
 There, like Alcmena's, shall GRIMALKIN'S SON
 In bliss repose,—his mousing labours done,
 Fate, envy, curs, time, tide, and traps defy,
 And caterwaul to all eternity."

Huddesford.

THE RISING VILLAGE.

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

WE felt highly gratified from the perusal of this poem, and hope the opinion we have formed of its merit, is general. Nova-Scotia is now struggling for a proportion of literary fame, and we place this work before the public, both as a testimony of her promise of future success, and as a mark of the respect, and esteem, we feel for our countryman, the author.

It is highly meritorious in a young man, to select for the exertion of his talent, a subject, connected with the local history of his native country. The author's knowledge of the progress of our first settlers, is evinced in many parts of this poem. It is difficult to illustrate this observation by extracts, because the descriptive passages are so scattered throughout the whole work.—With regard to the taste of our author, we think he possesses a simplicity of thought, and a true sensibility of the beauties of nature, which appear to us to have been cultivated, and in some measure acquired, by close attention and application, to the beauties of the great Goldsmith, from whom he claims descent. We wish not to be thought to detract from his genius. Few draw the admiration of mankind and the wonder of posterity upon their productions, without long and persevering study, with much natural genius. This poem is prefaced by the Bishop of Nova-Scotia, and we cannot but be pleased, at the interest he appears to take in its success, and in the welfare of so deserving a person as Mr. Goldsmith.

Had our limits allowed we should have gladly given to our readers the poem at length, as we fear that extracts however well selected, may detract from that favorable impression which a perusal of the whole work would decidedly ensure.

We introduce our author after the clearing of the forest, and at the formation of his village.

Those of our readers who are acquainted with the progress of our earliest settlements, from the felling of the trees, until they aspire to the title of village; must be amused with the pedlar's rapid advance into the more dignified station of a merchant.

"While now the rising village claims a name,
 Its limits still increase, and still its fame,
 The wand'ring Pedlar, who undaunted trac'd
 His lonely footsteps o'er the silent waste;
 Who travers'd once the cold and snow-clad plain,
 Reckless of danger, trouble, or of pain,

To find a market for his little wares,
The source of all his hopes, and all his cares,
Establish'd here, his settled home maintains,
And soon a merchant's higher title gains.

" Around his store on spacious shelves array'd,
Behold his great and various stock in trade.
Here, nails and blankets, side by side, are seen,
There, horses' collars, and a large tureen ;
Buttons and tumblers, codhooks, spoons and knives,
Shawls for young damsels, flannels for old wives ;
Woolcards and stockings, hats for men and boys,
Mill-saws and fenders, silks and infants' toys ;
All useful things, and join'd with many more,
Compose the well assorted country store."

Next comes the quack doctor who we are happy to say at this present period of improvement, is giving place to his more learned and skilful competitors.

" The half-bred Doctor next here settles down,
And hopes the village soon will prove a town.
No rival here disputes his doubtful skill,
He cures, by chance, or ends each human ill ;
By turns he physics, or his patient bleeds,
Uncertain in what case each best succeeds.
And if, from friends untimely snatch'd away,
Some beauty fall a victim to decay ;
If some fine youth his parents' fond delight,
Be early hurried to the shades of night,
Death bears the blame, 'tis his envenom'd dart
That strikes the suff'ring mortal to the heart."

We cannot pass on without noticing a description of persons who have come within our own remembrance, the village schoolmaster,

" Whose greatest source of knowledge or of skill
Consists in reading or in writing ill :
Whose efforts can no higher merit claim,
Than spreading Dilworth's great scholastic fame.
No modest youths surround his awful chair,
His frowns to deprecate, or smiles to share,
But all the terrors of his lawful sway
The proud despise, the fearless disobey ;
The rugged urchins spurn at all control,
Which cramps the movements of the freeborn soul,
'Till, in their own conceit so wise they've grown,
They think their knowledge far exceeds his own."

We now trace our author to the Hero and Heroine of his tale.

" Of all the youths that grac'd their native plain,
Albert was foremost of the village train ;
The hand of nature had profusely shed
Her choicest blessings on his youthful head ;
His heart SEEM'D generous, noble, kind, and free,
Just bursting into manhood's energy.
Flora was fair, and blooming as that flow'r
Which spreads its blossoms to the April show'r
Her gentle manners and unstudied grace
Still added lustre to her beaming face ;
While every look by purity refin'd,
Display'd the lovelier beauties of her mind.

" Sweet was the hour, and peaceful was the scene
When Albert first met Flora on the green ;

Her modest looks, in youthful bloom display'd,
Then touch'd his heart, and there a conquest made.
Nor long he sigh'd, by love and rapture fired,
He soon declar'd the passion she inspir'd.
In silence, blushing sweetly, Flora heard
His vows of love and constancy preferr'd ;
And, as his soft and tender suit he press'd,
The maid, at length, a mutual flame confess'd.

“ Love now had shed, with visions light as air,
His golden prospects on this happy pair :
Those moments now roll'd rapidly away,
Those hours of joy and bliss that gently play
Round youthful hearts ere yet they've learn'd to know
Life's care and trouble, or have felt its woe.
The ring was bought, the bridal dress was made,
The day was fix'd, and time alone delay'd
The anxious moment that (in joy begun)
Would join their fond and faithful hearts in one.
'Twas now at evening's hour ; about the time
When in Acadia's cold and northern clime
The setting sun, with pale and cheerless glow,
Extends his beams o'er trackless fields of snow,
That Flora felt her throbbing heart oppress'd
By thoughts, till then, a stranger to her breast,
Albert had promised that his bosom's pride
That very morning should become his bride :
But morn had come, and pass'd ; and not one vow
Of his had e'er been broken until now.
Yet, hark ! a hurried step advances near,
'Tis Albert's breaks upon her list'ning ear ;
Albert's, ah, no ! a step so harsh and drear
Ne'er bounded Albert to his Flora dear.
It was the postman's rude approach that bore,
With eager haste, a letter to the door ;
Flora received it, and could scarce conceal
Her rapture, when she kiss'd her lover's seal.
Yet, anxious tears were gather'd in her eye,
As on the note it rested wistfully ;
Her trembling hands unclos'd the folded page,
That soon she hoped would ev'ry fear assuage,
And while intently o'er the lines she ran,
In broken half-breathed tones she thus began :

“ ‘ Dear Flora, I have left my native plain,
And fate forbids that we shall meet again :
'Twere vain to tell, nor can I now impart
The sudden motive to this change of heart.
The vows so oft repeated to thine ear
As tales of cruel falsehood must appear.
Forgive the hand that deals this treach'rous blow,
Forget the heart that can inflict this woe :
Farewell for ever ! think not of Albert's name,
His weakness pity, now involv'd in shame.’

“ Ah ! who can paint her features, as, amazed,
In breathless agony, she stood and gaz'd ?
' Oh ; Albert, cruel Albert ! ’ she exclaim'd,
Albert was all her fault'ring accents nam'd.
A deadly feeling seized upon her frame,
Her pulse throbb'd quick, her colour went and came ;
A darting pain shot through her frenzied head,
And from that fatal hour her reason fled ! ”

To be continued in our next.

present
skilful

have

RETROSPECTIVE.

To the Editor of the Acadian Magazine.

I BELIEVED my Grandfather to have been a prejudiced man, but never thought he would have carried his spleen to so great lengths, until searching among the remnants of his papers, my eye fixed upon a manuscript apparently of his own writing. From the sentiments it contains, I am lead to fix it upon his head, and feel proud that his posterity can now smile at his errors. In the early settlement of the North American colonies, the pioneers of civilization, (for so they may be called) had extreme hardships to endure, and many sunk under the weight of them; but whether the opinion of my grandfather arose from the circumstance of his being one, who felt the burthen of those misfortunes; or whether he looked forward with a jealous eye upon the future promises of the fertile colonies, in which he had, as he deemed it, the misfortune to be a sojourner, it is impossible to form a correct opinion. He was one of those gruff old Englishmen who feel severely every fluctuation of the weather, and sat in his easy chair with a dignity which put at defiance the familiarity of a youth, such I then was. Ha! ha! thought I, my old boy, it will not be many years before you and I have a dust. This quaintness will never suit my genial soul. You must give way, or I must leave your roof: for I had the ill luck, considering the difference of our ideas, to be pawned off by my relatives upon his hospitality. "Ingratitude" say my readers; but no. What smattering of education I was enabled from my own observation and reading to collect, (for the abilities of my pedagogues were not precisely on a par with those of Seneca,) taught me that the world had now grown more liberal in its opinions, and knowledge was not to be obtained by too strict an observance of the old maxim "Boys should be seen and not heard." Had

my grandfather ever revealed to me the substance of this manuscript, I should have been sufficiently irritated to have carried my bundle over my shoulder, and pedlar-like, have sought a subsistence by travelling through the dreary and trackless woods of my native country.

But notwithstanding my grandfather's stiffness, I some times ventured to put in an opinion when he and neighbour Oldface were discussing their favourite topics. It was done however in a proper season, for I watched my opportunity when they both put their pipes into their mouths, and whilst it required a little exertion of the lungs to keep them lighted, would say in a soft persuasive manner, a habit which I still retain, (thanks be to the old gentleman,) "My dear sir allow me to say," this immediately caused a cessation of smoking, and if the old gentleman was in a particular good humour he would nod assent or answer in a coarse voice, "Well boy." But if from what I prefaced my argument with, Oldface could collect a glimmering of the slightest difference of opinion from my hearers, he would throw up his ugly eye-brows and stare my grandfather full in the face, when instantly I was put down by "pooh, pooh, boys should be seen and not heard."

The tenderness and affection of my grandmother in some measure made amends for the treatment of her husband, for she was one of those women of the old school, who took delight in promoting the enjoyments of her young friends by whom she was continually surrounded. They had no children under their roof but a maiden daughter, who partook too much of the austerity of her father to be a pleasing companion of a young man of twenty, for at this age had I now arrived. Her constant occupation was a secret correspondence with a lady

of the same age and pursuits with herself, who had refused all the offers already made in order to secure wealth, beauty, and dignity, at one fatal glance of her eye, if such could be found among the visitants in the country, for they had previously settled that none of the youth by whom they were surrounded, were of a family sufficiently exalted in their stations in life, to lead to the altar, the daughter of a true born Englishman. This correspondence kept me constantly on the trot, and as my pride abhorred the occupation of a runner of errands, it instilled into me an improper prejudice against the two old ladies. These circumstances made my situation so uneasy, that I resolved on my arrival at the age of manhood, to leave his roof, and had not afterwards the happiness to converse with him, and ask his pardon for my rashness.

I now submit to the public his pamphlet, not to expose the follies of my ancestor, but to convince those, who, from want of information, may be lead into the same error.

I shall only remark that it contains much truth, mingled with numbers of prejudices, and leave it to be judged of by its merits.—Whether it be really his own, whether it be extracted from a more able writer than I believed him to be, I am not confident. But it contains his opinions and such as were cherished by his party at the period it was written, which appear to be about five years after the settlement of the British in Cape Breton.

“Colonization is a fatal error, and contrary to the real interest of England, which cannot be too compact; but is at present like a bird with wings too far extended to receive any vital energy from the heart. If they were only dead parts, the smaller would be the loss—a settled country advantageous for its produce and reduced by conquest may be secured and rendered beneficial, but to attempt at an enormous waste of public money to settle dreary and inhospitable

woods and deserts, fit only for the habitations of wild beasts and savages, in so unfavorable a climate, and at such a distance, is the height of madness. Sorely do the emigrants from Great Britain repent their treading so unfriendly regions. Their error however they discover too late, ever to have it in their power to return, few become possessed of money enough to carry them back, shame prevents many from returning or giving their relations or acquaintances an account of their woe-ful disappointments. Their silence operates as an incentive to others to follow their example. The unsettled part which forms the majority of all emigrants, wander from place to place in the States, and from one British settlement to another, in hopes of finding a place of rest. The sober thoughtful people perceiving the dye cast, submit to their fate, and yield their backs to the burthen.

When a man sits down upon a lot of land, he must cut down the heavy timber, trim, and burn it. The underwood piled up and the leaves and rotten wood collected into piles, must be set on fire. Three or four burnings which can only be done in the five summer months, are necessary, before a few turnips and potatoes can be put into the ground; after the burning operation is finished the smaller roots and fibres are to be cut, that the larger may die in the ground. Next summer it will be necessary to cut down the suckers, otherwise the same ground will put on the appearance of a new wood. While the planter is going through this tedious and laborious operation, and there are only seven months in the year in which his work can be said to be of any value—he must have a place of shelter, with food and cloaths, for which he gives an enormous price, if sickness or any accident befalls him, he is then in a most deplorable state. No poor-house to fly to! no rich neighbour to spare some crumbs from his table! all alike poor—all alike distressed—with so

many and great difficulties to encounter, a person setting himself down upon a lot of land, can make but small progress in clearing it. Five years and upwards are elapsed, since the settlement of the Island of Cape Breton was begun, yet there are not at this time 50 additional families in the whole Island. In Sydney, where the body of the new settlers are most brought from England by Governor Des Barres, the sheriff has difficulty to make out a jury, which will soon become unnecessary, if the people continue to take themselves away as fast as they have done lately. A few very sober and industrious people made their appearance with an intention of becoming settlers—they were ready to undertake any thing however laborious, to acquire a little property and to forward the settlement—of that description of people some were checked by Yankee hauteur, neglect, injustice and oppression; others were alarmed, least by the violent division and cabals, they should be stript of the fruits of their labour.—These scourges at first threw a damp upon industry, and the gradually suspending the hand of honest and industrious, at last convinced them of the necessity of looking out for some other settlement, where Yankee manners are not so fashionable. They insensibly dropt off till there remained only a handful, who soon against their wills, were forced on account of their numerous families to stay and be witnesses of the plans of government, in proposing to form a settlement rendered abortive by Yankee cabals, intrigues, and party violence. Let my countrymen therefore, both artificers and labourers, seriously consider whether they can have any well grounded hope or reasonable expectation of benefit to themselves, by emigration to America, where nine tenths of the people do not live in so comfortable a manner as the English do in their poor houses. The blessings arising from the poor house in England, cannot be held in too high estimation; happy would the

wretched inhabitants of the Continent of America be to have such retreats, when accidents, sickness, or old age overtakes them. The pleasing thought would make their toils easier and their burthens lighter; let me therefore conjure the poor to set a proper value on so great a blessing, while I implore the rich, the great and the good, to attend to them and remove every abuse and grievance from so valuable an establishment. To see those upon whom providence has bestowed riches and power, attending to the wants and situation of their fellow creatures, is a God-like work peculiarly pleasing to the Almighty.—The zeal of Mr. Gilbert will procure to him everlasting fame, his pious endeavours should be kept in remembrance by erecting a statue to his memory, in every poor house in England. In the human breast providence has implanted a desire to see and know what we have never seen or known. That impulse leads the learned to the laborious employment of hard study, and painful researches after knowledge; hence arise many useful discoveries and improvements, the same impulse creates in the common people, a desire to see foreign countries, partly from the hope of gain. It is a generally received opinion, that every person going abroad, makes a fortune, and if one from among many thousands who go abroad proves fortunate, that circumstance serves as full confirmation of the opinion, as the unfortunate never return; and the shame of disabusing their relations and friends, and disclosing to their acquaintances their poverty and distress, having perhaps in vain applied for aid, before their departure, continue the error and delusion which many for the remainder of their lives sorely lament.—If his Majesty was to fit out twenty sail of the line with accommodations for passengers to the American States and British settlements, then, and in 5 years after, send thirty sail of the line to carry all home who chose to return, I would hazard being hanged at the

mast-head as soon as they made the first port, if the last fleet had not more passengers on board than the first.—Emigrants are like sailors, folly at first sent the one abroad and put the other on ship board, and necessity keeps them there. The false pictures drawn in newspapers and advertisements, hand-bills and other publications, by designing men, of the high wages, riches and beauty of America, the delightfulness of the climate, and richness of the soil, feed that propensity to travel. They see the value of lands at home and the rank and consequence its proprietors enjoy in Great Britain and Ireland, and are told they may have richer lands and in as large quantities as they please.—Land is the great temptation to emigration, they fill their mind with the idea of becoming possessed of that which is far from proving advantageous to a poor man. He is in danger of perishing from cold and hunger for 3 or 4 years; at the end of that time, indeed, he may derive some trifling advantage from it—yet at the termination of ten years he will not by hard labour accompanied by a variety of difficulties, find himself in a situation so comfortable as a hedger and ditcher enjoys in England. Fifty acres of land in England are of more intrinsic value to a poor man, than fifty thousand acres of unclear-land in America. Every acre of which does not cost less than between five and six pounds to bring it into a proper state of cultivation, besides the fees of office, which amount to eight pounds.

“ A CAVEAT AGAINST EMIGRATION TO
CAPE BRETON.

“ The Continent of America contains an immense tract of land, the extent whereof is unknown to us. The skirts only of some of the navigable rivers near the sea coast are yet inhabited.—It has therefore a variety of soil and climate neither of them so good as in Europe. In the northern parts their winters are long, severe and intensely cold. In the south the

winter is very hot, sultry and unhealthy. From November to the middle of May, the inhabitants of the northern parts have not a sight of the face of the earth, which is covered with snow, in many parts from six to ten feet deep. The frost is so intense that I have seen a river or rather an arm of the sea, with rapid tides, above a mile in breadth, and fit to moor all the English navy, frozen in one night strong enough for people to pass and repass. I have walked eight or nine miles upon the sea where a waggon with twelve horses might have gone with safety, and have been informed that people have travelled upon the sea from Cape North to Newfoundland, a distance of eighteen leagues. The truth however of that report, I much question, as the currents, are so strong that the ice cannot be depended on, which would render the experiment hazardous.—The frost at times is so great, as to freeze the snow and hoar-frost in their descent to the earth; the woods and under-brush, grass, and every thing exposed to the air, appear like pillars and tubes of glass, and bodies of chrysal. In Canada their milk is cast in moulds like butter, and brought to market in sacks on horses—they find some difficulty to saw or cut their meal with a hatchet.—In such weather the servants, labourers, and poor people are obliged to work in the woods from morning to night, often at the hazard of losing their ears, nose, fingers, or toes, by being frost-bit ten.—They frequently remain many days and nights in wigwams, a kind of shed made by placing the branches of pine trees in a position somewhat resembling hop-poles piled up in autumn. Equipt with a pocket compass, tomahawk, musket, mokasons, snow-shoes, a little biscuit, and Yankee rum, they will travel some hundred miles over the snow through the woods, without the sight of a human face. The tomahawk is a small hatchet, mokasons resemble the brogues worn in the Highlands of Scotland, they are made of the un-

tanned skins of the moose, a kind of deer about the size of an ass, with long legs and very large horns resembling those of a deer, though the body, ears, and tail, are not unlike an ass. They are of a moose colour. The Indians kill them, and sell to the inhabitants the meat, which is a coarse-grained, poor, tasteless morsel, often kept five or six weeks under the snow, or buried in the earth in summer. The Indians have no idea of bleeding it, therefore the sight is not very tempting when they drag it through the snow to market. A dead horse brought to town for dogs' meat, has a more comely appearance, yet the inhabitants living so much upon salt provisions, especially in the new settlements, are glad to become purchasers at 2d. sometimes 3d, per lb. The snow shoes are oblong, about 1½ feet broad and 3½ long, terminating in a point at each end, with a wooden rim, resembling the hoop of a barrel, fastened together with the dried intrails of beasts formed into a kind of

chequered work: the foot is tied to this machine by means of thongs.— The winter, when both land and water form but one solid mass, the winds are frequently very blowing, and the drifting snow which insinuates itself into the minutest crevices, flies so forcibly that it is difficult, nay, frequently impossible, to face it, or to see at the distance of three yards; it even takes away a person's breath and injures the eyes like sand; yet in such weather when a judge in England would not pass sentence on a felon to walk a mile, are servants and labourers obliged to go into the woods. Their work indeed in winter, turns out to so little account, that they think themselves fortunate to get into a family to work from the beginning of November to the middle of May for provisions and lodging—frequently in winter from the intensesness of the frost, the timber is so hard, and the metal so brittle, that the expense of mending axes is much greater than the value of their labour in the woods."

To be continued.

From the Every Day Book.

THE EDITOR'S VISITS TO CLAUDE AMBROISE SEURAT,

EXHIBITED IN PALL MALL—UNDER THE APPELLATION OF THE ANATOMIE VIVANTE; OR, LIVING SKELETON!

Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee.

SHAKESPEARE.

I HAVE visited CLAUDE AMBROISE SEURAT. Some would call him an unhappy or a miserable creature; he is neither unhappy nor miserable. "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

How little do they see what is, who frame—
Their hasty judgment upon that which
SEEMS. SOUTHEY

If Seurat had not seen men of firmer make, he would not know that the infirmity peculiar to himself is unnatural. Were he dressed like other persons, there is nothing in his countenance or speech to denote him different from themselves; and yet the

difference is so great, that it is wonderful that he should "live, and move and have his being."

The "Interesting Account and Anatomical description" of this extraordinary individual, sold at the Chinese Saloon, where he is exhibited, is to the following effect:—

Claude Ambroise Seurat was born at Troyes, in the department of Champagne, on the 10th of April, 1797, and is now therefore twenty-eight years of age. His parents were respectable, but poor, and neither of them presented any deformity, or uncommon appearance; on the contrary, they are stated to have enjoyed robust health. The child on com-

ing into the world, presented the customary baby form, but in proportion as the infant grew, the frame gradually wasted away, and so continued to decrease until the attainment of its full stature, which occurred at the usual term of life, at which period Claude had attained his present height while his frame had dwindled to the skeleton form which it now so decidedly presents.

In France, where he ate very little of any animal food, a penny French roll was enough for a day's sustenance; but as he now partakes of a small quantity of animal diet, his bread is reduced accordingly.

As regards his feeding, those dishes which afford most nourishment satisfy him the quickest; and two or three ounces a day are quite sufficient.

In France he was accustomed to drink the wine of his country; but in England he partakes of wines greatly diluted with water, finding the liquors there so much stronger, as the Champagne he usually drank was what is denominated *vin de pays*, or small wine, of which there is none in this country. In eating, he masticates his victuals very much, taking small pieces as the passage to the stomach would not admit of any great repletion, and in drinking the same precaution is required, otherwise suffocation would ensue. His digestion is extremely good, and the consequent functions of nature are regularly performed.

It is a singular fact, that such is the extreme sensitiveness of this almost nondescript, or sport of nature, that when touched on the left side with the finger, the surface of the body, to a certain extent, is observed to manifest its sympathy, by an involuntary chill, which contracts the pores, and produces that roughness of surface vulgarly known by the denomination of goose's skin. In raising either of his feet from the floor, the limb appears to be distended uselessly from the knee, and we cannot better illustrate the idea than by

that sensation we commonly experience upon allowing a limb to remain too long in one position, thereby causing a temporary strangulation of the vessels, known by the common term of the foot being asleep.

Previous to the arrival of Seurat in England, the French physicians who had inspected him, gave it as their opinion, that his lungs were placed in a different position to that usually occupied in the human frame.

Since his arrival, Sir Astley Cooper, by whom he has been visited, finds that his heart is placed so much out of the common region allotted to it, that it is precisely its own length lower than if properly placed.

Many attempts were made to have Claude Ambroise Seurat presented to the French king; but the father conceiving that he might be consigned to some wretched asylum, there to subsist upon a miserable pension, uniformly objected to it. From the statements made by the father, it appears that the French gentlemen of the faculty, who visited his son, handling him roughly, and pinching him in every direction, the son refused to see them at all afterwards, and thus imbibed such a distaste for his professional countrymen, that he determined not to show himself to them any more. In consequence, the Parisian *Ecole de Medicine* has never been made acquainted with his existence.

Many proposals made to the father for the purchase of the body of his son, Claude Ambroise Seurat, in the event of his demise, were uniformly rejected. A medical gentleman particularly in Burgundy, offered a *carte blanche*, which the parent, with feelings highly honourable to himself, refused, stating his determination, that in the event of his son's demise he should be peaceably consigned to the cemetery of his native city. While at Rouen, no less than one thousand five hundred persons flocked in one day to see Seurat on his road to England.

The health of this singular being

has been very good. His respiration is somewhat confined, being the necessary result of a contraction of the lungs ; yet, upon the whole, he does not appear to be much inconvenienced on that account, in consequence of the little exercise he takes, and the quiescent state of the animal system.

The texture of the skin is of a dry parchment-like appearance, which, covering any other human form, would not answer the purposes of its functions, but seems calculated alone to cover the slender, juiceless body of the being arrayed with it.

The ribs are not only capable of being distinguished, but may be clearly separated and counted one by one, and handled like so many pieces of cane ; and together with the skin which covers them, resemble more the hoops and outer covering of a small balloon, than any thing in the ordinary course of nature.

If any thing can exceed the unearthly appearance displayed by this wonderful phenomenon, it is that taken by profile ; which from the projection of the shoulder, pursuing the same down through the extreme hollow of the back, and then following the line to the front of the hip, nearly forms a figure of 3. In the front appears the unnatural projection of the chest, from the falling in of the abdomen ; the prominence of the left side of the body, in consequence of the position of the heart ; and the sudden protusion of the posteriors.

The action produced by the effort of the lungs does not proceed from the chest, as in ordinary cases, but from the lower extremity of the abdomen, as though the organs of respiration, from excessive laxity, had absolutely descended from their proper sphere, and that by a tenacious effort of nature, unwilling to yield possession of her functions, they had accommodated themselves, by time, to such an unnatural and incredible position.

Seurat is presented to view in a state of nudity, save a mere covering

of several inches deep round the loins, through which are cut large holes to admit the hip bones to pass through, for the purpose of keeping it in its place. His general appearance is that of a person almost entirely devoid of muscular substance, and conveys to the mind the idea of a being composed of bones, cellular substance and skin only on. It is true, the appearances of the face, neck, fore-arm, and calves of the legs, may, in some measure, form exceptions to this general assertion, since in these situations there is something like flesh.

His height is about five feet seven inches and a half. The length of his extremities proportionate to the height of his body. His head is small rather than otherwise. The *cranium*, (or skull,) at the back part, over the *occipital* protuberance above the neck is much flattened ; the cervical organs in this situation being very sparsely developed. In other respects the skull is tolerably well formed. Seurat's countenance is by no means displeasing ; for though the cheek bones are prominent, the cheeks themselves sunk, and the other features of the face plain, still there is a placid and contemplative expression, which indicates the presence of a serene and thoughtful mind, claiming for itself from the spectators, feelings of pity and regret.

The neck, on being examined from before, appears short, flat and broad. The shortness is principally owing to his inability to hold the face properly elevated, in consequence of which the chin drops down, and conceals the upper part of the neck. The flatness depends on the little muscular and cellular substance present, and on the great breadth of the neck, which takes from its natural rotundity. This great breadth is caused by the peculiar form and situation of the *scapulae* (or shoulder blade,) the upper angles of which, instead of laying on the posterior portions of the uppermost ribs, are turned over the

shoulder, and pass so far forward as nearly to reach the middle of the *clavicles*, (the collar-bones,) where their situation may be easily seen from before. Of course, the muscles called *levator scapulae*, which arise from the upper vertebræ of the neck, and usually pass downwards, and a very little outwards, in this case, pass very much outwards, in a direction towards the shoulder-joint, and extend the neck considerably in a lateral direction. These muscles, from their size and turgidity, have the appearance of bones in Seurat.

The *larynx*, as far as can be judged of from an external examination, is well formed, and that protuberance of the *thyroid cartilage* called *pomum adami* or the apple of the throat, is prominent.

The formation of the upper extremities and chest, is one of the most remarkable features of this man. The left *scapula* is higher than the right; both are remarkably prominent; so much so that when viewed sideways, there appears to be a large tumour underneath the skin, over the lower angle: this arises from the great projection of the lower angle itself from the ribs. It has been already stated, that the upper angle is placed unusually forwards, and at the bottom of the neck, from this point, the *scapula* proceeds backwards, and, to permit its closer application to the upper and back part of the chest, its concave surface is remarkably curved, but still not sufficiently so to prevent the lower angle from projecting in an unseemly manner. This arrangement of the component parts of the *scapula* and its muscles, interferes very much with the freedom of its movements, particularly the rotatory ones, which in other subjects are so varied.

Seurat can raise his hands and arms from his side, in a lateral direction, to a position nearly horizontal. He cannot, however, pass them far forwards, when thus elevated. He can throw the *scapula* backwards, so as to make them almost meet at their

lower ends; nevertheless, he is unable to lift his hands to his mouth, so as to feed himself in the ordinary way. When eating, he places his elbow on the table before him, then, by raising his hand, thus supported, and passing his head downwards, so as to meet it half way as it were, he is able to put his food into his mouth.

The *humerus*, or bone of the arm, from the elbow to the shoulder, appears quite destitute of muscle, and as if it consisted of bone, skin, vessels and cellular membrane only. It may be remarked, however, that at that part where the *biceps* muscle is generally, there is a trifling fulness, probably caused by a few fibres of that muscle.

The *pinæ*, the bone of the arm from the elbow to the wrist, seems at the elbow joint considerably enlarged, but, in fact, it is only of its natural dimensions. The muscles of the fore-arm, though small, may nevertheless, be distinctly traced.

The hands are perfect in appearance. Seurat, however, cannot straighten his fingers, but keeps them in a semi-bent position; with this exception, he can use them freely.

The trunk is singularly shaped. Viewed from the front, the chest is not particularly narrow; it measures, from one shoulder to the other across the *sternum*, or breast-bone, sixteen inches. The *sternum* is much flattened, as though it had been driven inwards towards the *dorsal vertebra*, or back-bone. In well-formed people, the *sternum* is a little convex, externally, and concave, internally, permitting all possible room for the *thoracic viscera*. In Seurat, however, this order of things is changed, the outer surface of the breast-bone being concave, and the internal convex. It is pushed so far inwards, as scarcely to leave more than one and a half inches, or two inches between itself and the opposite *vertebræ*.

This position of the *sternum*, and of the ribs, may probably afford an explanation of the causes which pro-

duce a slight impediment to his swallowing with despatch, or such morsels as are not cut very small; and of the unnatural situation of the heart, which, instead of being placed behind the 3d, 4th, and 5th ribs, is observed pulsating very low down behind the 7th, 8th, and 9th ribs, in the situation of the left *hypochondrium*. The five or six lower ribs, called false or floating ribs, are rounder, and approach nearer to nature in their form, thereby affording sufficient space for the heart, stomach, and liver, and some other of the abdominal *viscera*. It is conceived, that without this freer sweep of the lower ribs, life could not have been maintained, so much would the functions of the heart, and *chyloretic viscera* have been interrupted. The false ribs descend very low down, on each side, there being scarcely one and a half inch between them and the crest of the *ileum*. The *pelvis* is capacious and on its front aspect presents nothing very extraordinary.

There is an appearance of the abdomen, which must not be passed over. When looking at it, one might almost suppose that it consisted of two cavities, an upper and a lower one, so much is this poor fellow contracted round the loins.—The following admeasurement may afford some idea of this circumstance:—

	Ft.	In.
Circumference of the chest,		
directly under the armpits . . .	2	6½
Circumference lower down, opposite the second false rib . . .	2	2
Circumference round the loins	1	9
Circumference round the <i>pelvis</i>	2	3½

The muscles of the sides of the *pelvis* partake of the general wasting, in consequence of which the *trochanters* stand out from the *glenon* cavities in the same gaunt manner that they do in the true skeleton, being covered by integuments alone. The thighs are imperfect in bulk, and the knees, like the elbows, appear enlarged. The calves of the legs seem to have

more firm good muscle, than any other part of the body, particularly that of the right leg, which is much more fleshy than the left. The feet are well framed; a trifling overlapping of the toes is probably accidental.

The examination of the back part of Seurat's body corresponds with the front, as far as the general leanness goes. The *occiput* is flat, the neck broad; the *scapula* projecting, the spine crooked; some of the lower cervical *vertebræ* are curved backwards, and there is a curve towards the right side, formed by some of the lower *dorsal vertebra*. All the bony points of the back part of the body are so prominent that every individual bone may be distinctly traced by the eye, even at a considerable distance.

On first beholding Seurat, a person might almost imagine that he saw before him, one returned from "that bourne whence no traveller returns:" the first impressions over, he begins to wonder how so frail a being exists, and is surprised, that all those functions, necessary for the continuance of his own life, are regularly and effectively performed. He eats, drinks, and sleeps—the progress of digestion, as carried on throughout the alimentary canal, is regularly executed. The secretions of the liver, kidneys, and skin are separated from the blood, in such quantities as may be deemed necessary for the economy of his frame. His heart performs its office regularly, and sends the blood to the various parts of the body, in due proportions. He can bear the effects of heat and cold, like other people, accustomed to lead a sedentary life, and does not need unusual clothes.—His mind is better constituted, perhaps, than that of many a man, better formed in body. He comprehends quickly, and his memory is good. He has learnt to read and write his own language, and is now anxious to become acquainted with ours.

Such is Claude Ambroise Seurat, who may justly be considered as a most extraordinary *lusus naturæ*,—an

object calculated to throw much useful light on many interesting questions of the highest importance, towards the advancement of anatomical study.

So far from having any disinclination to being exhibited in this country, Claude Ambroise Seurat has repeatedly urged his wish to gratify the strong desire of the public, to view him without loss of time; and hearing that one of the journals had expressed some harshness concerning his exhibition, he indited and signed the following letter

To the Editor:

SIR,—Having learned that in an article in your journal, the motives and conduct of the persons who brought me to England are severely alluded to, it is my duty, both to them and to the public, to declare, that so far from experiencing any thing disagreeable, either in having been conducted hither or at being exposed, I feel great satisfaction not only in the change of my situation, but also at the bounties with which I have been loaded by the individuals who protect me. Far from having “been brought from the tranquility of my native village,” I was wandering about France, and making but little by the exposure of my person, when I so fortunately met my present protectors, whose liberality will shortly render me sufficiently independent to enable me to return and live at my ease in my native country. I only beg leave to add, that my present situation is more happy than I ever yet enjoyed during my whole life, and is entirely conformable to my desires.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your most humble servant,

CLAUDE AMBROISE SEURAT.

Aug. 4, 1825.

This, with what follows, will give a tolerably adequate idea of this singular being, both as to his form and mind.

I have paid two visits to Seurat. His public exhibition takes place in a room in Pall-mall called the “Chinese Sa-

loon;” its sides are decorated with Chinese paper; Chinese lanterns are hung from lines crossing from wall to wall. In front of a large recess, on one side, is a circular gauze canopy over a platform covered with crimson cloth, raised about eighteen inches from the floor, and enclosed by a light brass railing; the recess is enclosed by a light curtain depending from the cornice to the floor of the platform, and opening in the middle. A slight motion within intimates that the object of attraction is about to appear; the curtain opens a little on each side, and Seurat comes forth, with no other covering than a small piece of fringed purple silk, supported round the middle by a red band, with a slit like pocket holes, to allow the hip bones to pass through on each side. On the finger of the left hand, next to the middle one, he wears a plain gold ring.

It is justly remarked, that “the title of ‘Living Skeleton’ does not seem exactly to be well applied to this strange production of nature, and may, perhaps, create some disappointment; because the curiosity, as it really exists lies far less in the degree of attenuation which Seurat’s frame exhibits, than in the fact that, with a frame so reduced, a human being should be still in possession of most of his functions, and enjoying a reasonable quantity of health. As regards the exhibition of bone, for instance, there is not so much as may frequently be found (in the dead subject) in cases where persons have died of lingering consumption. The parchment-like aspect attributed to the skin too seems to have been a little overstated; and, in fact, most medical men who served in the late war, will recollect instances enough, where men of five feet eight inches high, dying from dysentery, or intermittent fever, have weighed considerably less than 78lbs., which is the weight of Seurat. The real novelty, therefore, should be looked for, not in the degree to which this man’s body is wasted and exhausted, but in the fact

that such a degree of decay should be compatible with life, and the possession of some degree of strength and spirits. This decay does not seem to have operated equally upon all parts of the figure : it shows most strikingly in the appearance of the neck and trunk ; the upper arms, from the shoulder to the elbow, and the thigh. The upper part of the arm is not quite destitute of flesh ; but so small, that it may be spanned with ease by a very moderate fore-finger and thumb. The thighs are wasted very much—little remains upon them beyond the skin. The cap of the knee, which is large, and protrudes considerably, is of a reddish colour, unlike the aspect of the flesh or skin in general. The trunk, from the shoulder to the hip, has the appearance, more than any thing else, of a large bellows, a mere bag of hoops covered with leather, through which the pulsation of the heart is distinctly visible. On the thicker part of the fore-arm there is flesh white in appearance, though of a soft and unhealthy character ; and the division of the two bones, the *ulna* and the *radius*, may be detected by feeling. Upon the calves of the legs, again, there is some show of substance, and one is larger than the other. But the most curious circumstance, perhaps, in the man's condition is, that while his whole body exhibits these extraordinary appearances of decay, his face (which is decidedly French, and not unpleasant,) displays no signs of attenuation whatever, and scarcely any symptom of disease or weakness.*

It was on the first day of Seurat's exhibition that I first visited him ; this was on Tuesday, the 9th of August, 1825 ; a day the present sheet of the *Every-Day Book* has not yet reached ; I have been anxious to be before the day and the public, as regards Seurat, and it is therefore, as to him, anticipated. I was at the "Chinese Saloon" before the doors were opened, and was the first of the public admit-

*Times.

ted, followed by my friend, the artist. Seurat was not quite ready to appear ; in the mean time, another visitor or two arrived, and after examining the canopy, and other arrangements, my attention was directed to the Chinese papering of the room, while Seurat had silently opened the curtains that concealed him, and stood motionless towards the front of the platform.— On turning round, I was instantly rivetted by his amazing emaciation ; he seemed another "Lazarus come forth" without his grave-clothes, and for a moment I was too consternated to observe more than his general appearance.— My eye, then, first caught the arm as the most remarkable limb ; from the shoulder to the elbow it is like an ivory German flute somewhat deepened in colour by age ; it is not larger, and the skin is of that hue, and, not having a trace of muscle, it is as perfect a cylinder as a writing rule. Amazed by the wasted limbs, I was still more amazed by the extraordinary depression of the chest. Its indentation is similar to that which an over-careful mother makes in the pillowed surface of an infant's bed for its repose. Nature has here inverted her own order, and turned the convex inwards, while the nobler organs, obedient to her will, maintain life by the gentle exercise of their wonted functions in a lower region. Below the ribs, which are well described in the accounts already given, the trunk so immediately curves in, that the red band of the silk-covering, though it is only loosely placed, seems a tourniquet to constrict the bowels within their prison-house, and the hip-bones, being of their natural size, the waist is like a wasp's. By this part of the frame we are reminded of some descriptions of the abstemious arid Bedouin Arab of the desert, in whom it is said the abdomen seems to cling to the vertebra. If the integument of the bowels can be called flesh, it is the only flesh on the body : for it seems to have wholly shrunk from the limbs ; and where the muscles that have not wholly disappeared remain,

they are also shrunk. He wears shoes to keep cold from his feet, which are not otherwise shaped than those of people who have been accustomed to wear tight shoes; his instep is good, and by no means so flat as in the generality of tavern waiters. His legs are not more ill-shaped than in extremely thin or much wasted persons; the right leg, which is somewhat larger than the left, is not less than were the legs of the late Mr. Suett, the comedian. On this point, without a private knowledge of Mr. Liston, I would publicly appeal to that gentleman, whom, on my second visit in the afternoon, I saw there, accompanied by Mr. Jones. Mr Liston doubtless remembers Suett, and I think he will never forget Seurat, at whom he looked, "unutterable things," as if he had been about to say—"Prodigious!"

Seurat's head and body convey a sentiment of antithesis. When the sight is fixed on his face alone, there is nothing there to denote that he varies from other men. I examined him closely and frequently, felt him on different parts of the body, and, not speaking his language, put questions to him through others, which he readily answered. His head has been shaved, yet a little hair left on the upper part of the neck, shows it to be black, and he wears a wig of that colour. His strong black beard is perceptible, although clean shaved. His complexion is *swarthy*, and his features are good, without the emaciation of which his body partakes; the cheek-bones are high, and the eyes are dark brown, approaching to black. They are represented as heavy and dull, and to denote little mental capacity: but, perhaps, a watchful observer, who made pertinent inquiries of him in a proper manner, would remark otherwise. He usually inclines the head forward toward his breast, and therefore, and because he is elevated above the spectators, his eyes frequently assume a position wherein he might see, and "descant on his own deformity." His features are

flexible, and therefore capable of great animation, and his forehead indicates capacity. Depression of the eyelid is by no means to be taken as a mark of dulness or inefficient intellect. One of our poets, I think Churchill, no incompetent judge of human nature, has a line concerning Genius "lowering on the penthouse of the eye." Seurat, on any other than a common-place question elevates his head to an ordinary position, answers immediately and with precision, and discourses rationally and sensibly; more sensibly than some in the room, who put childish questions about him to the attendants, and express silly opinions as to his physical and mental structure and abilities, and call him "a shocking creature." There is nothing shocking either in his mind or his face. His countenance has an air of melancholy, but he expresses no feeling of the kind. Seurat's voice is pleasing, deep-toned, and gentle. Except for the privations to which his conformation constrains him, he is not an object of pity, and perhaps very little on that account. We meet many perfectly-formed beings in daily society whose abject indulgences or abject circumstances in life render them far more pitiable, and in a moral point of view, some of them are far more shocking. There is nothing in Seurat to disgust, as far as I could judge from what I saw or heard of him.

Thou who despisest so debased a fate
As in the pride of wisdom thou may'st
call
The much submissive SEURAT'S low es-
tate,
Look round the world, and see where
over all
Injurious passions hold mankind in
thrall!—
Behold the fraudulent arts, the covert strife
The jarring interests that engross man-
kind;
The low pursuits, the selfish aims of life;
Studies that weary and contract the
mind,
That bring no joy, and leave no peace
behind;—
And death approaching to dissolve the
spell!
SOUTHEY.

Death is not contemplated by Seurat as near to him, and it is even probable that his "last event" is far off. The vital organs have wonderfully conformed themselves to his malformation, and where they are seated, perform their office uninterruptedly. The quantity of solid-nutrient for the support of his feeble frame never exceeds four ounces a day. The pulsations of his heart are regular, and it has never palpitated; at the wrist, they are slow and equally regular. He has never been ill, nor taken medicine, except once, and then only a small quantity of manna. His skin is not more dry than the skin of many other living persons who abstain, as he does, from strong vinous or fermented liquors, and drink sparingly; it is not branny, but perfectly smooth; nor is it of a colour unnatural to a being who cannot sustain much exercise, who exists in health with very little, and therefore does not require more. The complexion of his body is that of a light Creole, or perhaps more similar to that of fine old ivory; it must be remembered, that his natural complexion is swarthy. What has been asserted elsewhere is perfectly true, that when dressed in padded clothes, he would not in any position be more remarkable than any other person, except that, among Englishmen, he would be taken for a foreigner. On the day before his public exhibition, he walked from the Gothic-hall in the Haymarket, to the Chinese Saloon in Pall-mall, arm-in-arm with the gentleman who brought him from France, and was wholly unrecognized and unnoticed.

— Until ten years of age, Seurat was as healthy as other children, except that his chest was depressed, and he was much weaker; until that year he used to run about and play, and tumble down from feebleness. From that age his feebleness increased, and he grew rapidly until he was fourteen, when he attained his present stature, with further increase of weakness; he is not weaker now than he was then. His recreation is

reading, and he is passionately fond of listening to music. He cannot stoop but he can lift a weight of twelve pounds from a chair: of course, he displays no feats of any kind, and unless great care is taken he may be injured by cold, and the fatigue of the exhibition. Of this however, himself and his father, who is with him, and who is a shrewd sensible man, seem aware. He remains about ten minutes standing and walking before the company, and then withdraws between the curtains to seat himself, from observation in a blanketed arm-chair, till another company arrives. His limbs are well-proportioned; he is not at all knock-kneed, nor are his legs any way deformed.

Seurat is "shocking" to those who have never reflected on mortality, and think him nearer to the grave than themselves. Perhaps he is only so in appearance. The orderly operation of the vital principle within him for the last thirteen or fourteen years, may continue to the ordinary duration of human life. Every one of his spectators is "encompassed in a ghostly frame," and exemplifies, as much as Seurat, the scriptural remark, that "in the midst of life we are in death:" it is not further from us for not thinking on it, nor is it nearer to us because it is under our eyes.

Seurat's existence is peculiar to himself; he is unlike any being ever heard of, and no other like him may ever live. But if he is alone in the world, and to himself useless, he may not be without his use to others. His condition, and the privations whereby he holds his tenure of existence, are eloquent to a mind reflecting on the few real wants of mankind, and the advantages derivable from abstinent and temperate habits. Had he been born a little higher in society, his mental improvement might have advanced with his corporeal incapacity, and instead of being shown as a phenomenon, he might have flourished as a sage. No man has been great who has not

subdued his passions; real greatness and judgment to come, Felix trembled." Seurat's appearance seems to have been an admonition from the grave to think on these things." When Paul "reasoned of righteousness, temperance,

AGRICULTURE.

NEW METHOD OF EXTRACTING STUMPS.

WE have no acquaintance with the inventor of the following method of extracting stumps, but we are well convinced that his ingenuity and exertion deserves our highest encomiums. Many schemes have been offered to the public; but Mr. M'Kay's method has been exemplified by experiment, as we learn from the following letter, and from conversations with an eye witness to its operations. It affords matter of astonishment, that, in a country like America, which, to the eye of the first settler, and even at this moment, presents little in comparison with its extent, but an unbroken surface of forest, the same tedious process of clearing lands should have been persevered in for more than three hundred years; and that no effectual plan, so simple as Mr. M'Kay's has ever yet been discovered; or if discovered, that it has not been published in a country where its advantages would be so important and so widely diffused. The poorer class of emigrants to America, from the present tedious process of clearing land, are frequently forced to seek a subsistence in our small towns, where, though wages are high, the call for labour is too unsteady to afford constant employment, and where idleness and the facility of obtaining spirituous liquors are apt to corrupt the morals of a growing family.

The cost of the machinery may be an objection with young settlers, who are not able to lay out £20. But this difficulty can be easily obviated by four or five persons joining in the expense and using it by turns; as it may be applied at all seasons of the year whilst the frost is out of the ground; and when it is considered that three acres may be stumped* in one week by four men, and that all obstructions to the plough are thus removed six years sooner than they would be, if left to rot, we feel confident in recommending this plan to our countrymen, and are of opinion, that it will shortly be adopted throughout the whole continent of America.

We have great pleasure in stating, that Mr. M'Kay has received from the Society of Arts, &c. at London, a gold Ceres Medal valued at £100 sterling, with the 43d vol. of the Transactions of that Society.

Pictou, Nova-Scotia, Dec. 15, 1823.

To Arthur Aikin, Esq. Secretary to the Society of Arts, Adelphi, London.

SIR,

IN consequence of a notification in the Gazette of this Province, that

the Society of Arts in London, have offered a premium to the person, who shall invent and discover to the society the best method verified by actual experience, of raising out of the earth, and removing the stumps and roots of trees, which have been

*"The stumps, it is true, still remain to perplex the future operations; and additional labour is requisite to tear these up by the roots. This cannot be accomplished but after the lapse of several years, and till time has consumed into rottenness the ligneous fibres which cleave so firmly to the ground as to forbid all attempts at immediate eradication. The periods of decay peculiar to the roots of different trees extend from six to fifteen years; and those of a few species, such as the heavy black birch and hemlock, brave all the alternation and vicissitudes of the seasons for twenty."—YOUNG'S LETTERS OF AGRICOLA. p. 392.

left after felling the timber. I have been induced to communicate to you the following mode ; which I trust you will have the goodness to commit to the society. As in the clearing of woodlands, the extirpation of stumps and roots is the most laborious part of the process, it has of course been the subject of much attention, in this quarter of the globe. In British America the ordinary method of clearing land is to allow the stumps to remain for a number of years, according to the size ; during this period the smaller fibres gradually decay, and the root itself is each year removed a little from its original position, by the intensity of the frost. When the farmer judges that time has so far produced decay, as to render the removal of the stumps and roots practicable by the usual means, he pitches on the spring of the year, when the soil has been loosened by the returning heat, and with the assistance of four or five men and a couple of pair of oxen he effects his purpose ; the oxen are fastened by a chain to the top of the stump, and when the removal of it exceeds their strength, the men are employed in aiding them by levers, or in cutting off the larger roots which are afterwards taken out by themselves. Here it may be observed that though the softness of the ground produces a considerable saving of power, there is much lost on the part of the oxen from want of a firm footing, and also in the lever, as a very small pressure forces its fulcrum into the soil ; besides it frequently happens that the fulcrum by resting upon the roots deprives the lever of much of its power. The block and tackle have been sometimes employed, but their use is both laborious and expensive. I at one time imagined that a purchase cart (such as is employed in his Majesty's Naval Yard) might be used with advantage. It is however in no respect different from the lever, and in the spring when the ground is soft the sinking of the wheels would render it inconvenient.

The following is I believe the cheapest and most effectual method, which has yet been employed in this part of the world.

In 1821 I had purchased a field of ten acres from which, in the course of the winter I cut down and removed the timber as it was a natural forest. The trees of course were of various sizes, the largest I think were about thirty inches diameter. Having a ship's winch at that time in my possession, it occurred to me to use it, for clearing my field, and the result far exceeded my expectations. With the assistance of four men I found myself able to raise on an average eighty stumps a day, and with them every root which could impede the progress of the plough ; after they are removed from the bed, they must be in the ordinary way cleared of the adhering earth, collected into piles and destroyed by burning. Mr. David Crichton, a gentleman of this place encouraged by my success was induced to adopt the same mode, and in the space of six days cleared a field containing three acres, in which the timber was such as I have mentioned. This method I am satisfied might be generally used with advantage, the expense of the whole apparatus does not exceed twenty pounds, and with moderate care would last as many years. In clearing my field I pitched upon a piece about the size of an acre, into the middle of which, I brought the winch and fastened it to the largest stump : from the barrel of the winch a chain proceeded which extended to the furthest stump in the piece, that was of the size usually attached to a winch when it is used in vessels. I had also provided myself with a number of shorter chains having each a ring in one end and a hook in the other, by passing the hook through the ring, these were fixed to the stumps, nearest to that which the chain of the winch was attached ; and when it was raised these chains were in succession hooked to the leader so that the winch was employed without inter-

ruption till the nearest stump was extracted. In clearing my field five hands were engaged, two at the winch, two at fixing the chains, and one at the stump to be raised : when the stump was large those who attended the chains occasionally assisted in turning the winch. I would only further observe that, when the stumps are of a large size, what is commonly termed a Snatch Block might be used to advantage.

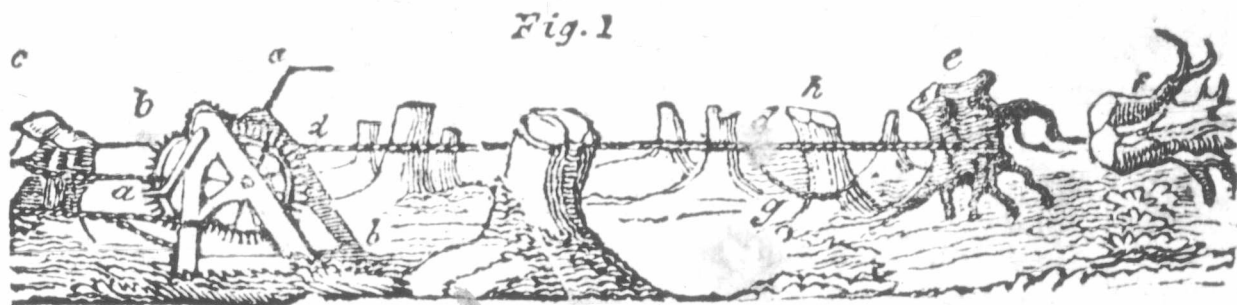
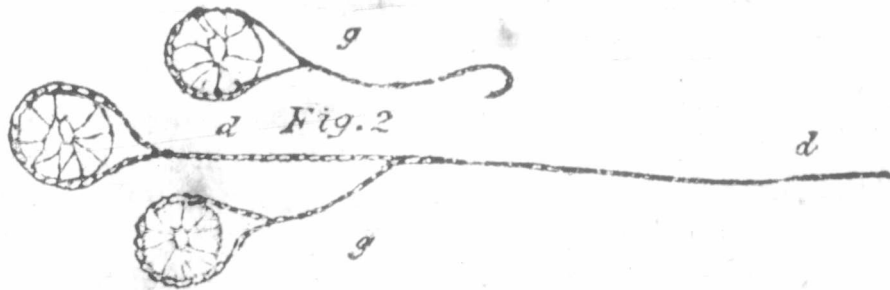
I have the honor to be sir, with

very great respect, your most obedient servant,

JOHN M'KAY.

PROBABLE EXPENSE.

Winch.	£8	0	0
20 fathoms $\frac{1}{2}$ inch chain, } 260lbs. }	6	10	0
5 do.	65lb.	1	12
3 do. small chain $\frac{1}{4}$ 24lbs.	0	12	0
2 Snatch blocks.	3	0	0
	<hr/>		
	£19	14	6



REFERENCE TO THE ENGRAVING.

Fig. 1, *a a.* the two winch handles of the frame *b b.* which is chained to the largest stump *c.* *d d.* the leading chain, proceeding from the barrel to a distant stump, *e.* which is in the act of being raised (as much chain as pulled up the former stump remains round the barrel) *g.* a shorter chain round the stump. *h.* to be hooked on to the leading chain *d d.* as soon as it had raised the stump, *e.* and has been disengaged from it so that different stumps are raised in succession from the farthest to the nearest. The winch is then moved to face the next portion, and the chain again extend-

ed to the farthest it can reach, while the shorter chains are attached to the right and left stumps and hooked on to the leading chain, and thus continued till the whole circle round the winch has been cleared, should the stump to which the winch is attached be liable to give way, it will be requisite to lash it to one or two in the rear, to secure the purchase.

Fig. 2.—shows a birds eye view of the end of the chain, *d d.* secured to a stump with two short chains, *g g.* secured to neighboring stumps ready to be hooked on.

THE MARRIAGE ACT.

A couple living in one of the parishes in London—(the one being a widower, aged 53, and the woman a widow, aged 51,) made application to Doctors' Commons for a licence

to marry ; but in consequence of their not being able to produce registers of their baptism, in proof of being of age ! it was refused them.

To the Editor of the *Acadian Magazine*.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MY SISTER'S FAVOURITE ROBIN.

Ye nymphs if e'er your hearts have felt,
Or ever at affliction melt,
Come share my sister's grief;
Poor Bob quite careless of his fate,
Was watch'd by pussy cat nam'd Kate,
Assassinating thief.

In spring she watch'd his tender age,
She sought his life, she eyed his cage,
My sister was Bob's friend,
For she miss pussy drove away,
And kept him safe day after day,
But listen to his end.

Puss sprang while Bob was quite at rest,
She fixed her talons in his breast,
His tender flesh she tore,

Bob whistled, flutter'd, strove in vain,
The murdering cat, soon eas'd his pain,
Alas, poor Bob's no more!

My sister hurried to the room,
She heard his cries, she fear'd his doom,
She knew that puss would kill,
Puss sprang in haste upon the ground,
My sister sought, alas! she found
A remnant of his bill.

Ye maids who have for Bob a feeling,
Pray hang your cages near the ceiling,
For treach'rous cats you may rely on't
Will ever cast a watchful eye on't.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Extract from a Letter from the Right
Hon. Lord Combermere, to the
Right Hon. Lord Amherst, Govern-
nor General &c. &c. of India, con-
taining the account of the fall of
Bhurtpore, after a siege of nearly a
month.

Head-Quarters, Bhurtpore,
19th Jan. 1826,

To the Right Hon. Lord Amherst, Go-
vernor General, &c. &c. &c.

MY LORD,

I HAVE the satisfaction to acquaint your
Lordship, that the town and citadel of
Bhurtpore fell yesterday morning to the
British army under my command.

Since my dispatch of the 11th inst. the
whole attention of the engineers was di-
rected towards the completion of the
mines under the projecting bastion on the
left, and the north east angle on the right.

On the 14th inst. a mine under the
bastion on the left was precipitately ex-
ploded, and failed in its object. I there-
fore directed two more mines to be driven
into the bastion, which were blown on the
16th, and, with the aid of a day's batter-
ing, an excellent breach was made.

The explosion of the mine under the
north east angle, at 8 o'clock yesterday
morning was the signal for the storm,
when the columns, composed of Brigadier
General McCombe's brigade on the right,
and Brigadier General Edward's brigade
on the left, advanced with the greatest
order, gallantry, and steadiness, and, not-

withstanding a determined opposition on
the part of the enemy carried the breaches.
In the course of two hours, though vigor-
ously and bravely defended at every gate-
way and bastion, the whole rampart sur-
rounding the town, together with the com-
mand of the gates of the citadel, were in
our possession; Major General Nicolls
having moved his column to the left, un-
til he met a detachment of his Majesty's
14th foot, commanded by Major Everard,
at the Kombheer gate. The citadel was
surrendered at about four o'clock.

I regret to state that the mine having
exploded in an unexpected direction, sev-
eral men of his Majesty's 14th foot, at
the head of the column of attack, lost
their lives, and Brigadier Gen. M'Combe,
Brigadier Patton, and Capt. Irvine, Major
of Brigade of Engineers, received severe
contusions.

Having directed Brigadier Gen. Sleigh,
commanding the Cavalry, to prevent the
escape of the enemy's troops after the as-
sault, I am happy to say that he had made
such a disposition of his forces, that he
succeeded in securing Doorjun Sal, who
with his wife, two sons, and a hundred
and sixty chosen Horse, attempted to
force a passage through the Eighth Light
Cavalry.

I cannot compute the loss of the enemy
at less than four thousand killed, and
owing to the disposition of the cavalry,
hardly a man, bearing arms escaped.
Consequently, as by the surrender of the
town, all the stores, arms, and ammuni-
tion are in our possession, I may say that
the whole military power of the Bhurt-

pore State has been annihilated. The prisoners, after having been disarmed, were set free.

The returns of killed and wounded have not yet been received, but, I am happy to be able to state, that they are few considering the service on which the troops have been employed. I, however, transmit a return of the officers who have been reported. I regret that the service has lost three valuable officers in Captain Armstrong, H. M.'s 14th, Captain Pitman, H. M. 59th, and Captain Brown, of the 31st Regt. N. I. who fell leading their men on the Ramparts. Brigadier Gen. Edwards who was wounded gallantly leading his brigade, is also, I fear, past recovery.



List of Officers killed and wounded in the assault of Bhurtpore, on the 18th January, 1826.

KILLED.

Captains Armstrong, H. M. 14th foot, Pitman, H. M. 59th; Brown, 31st N. I.

WOUNDED.

STAFF.—Brigadier Gen. MacCombe, commanding 1st brigade. Brigadier Gen. Edwards com. 2d brigade dangerously; brigadier R. Patton, C. B. com. 5th brigade; major Beatson, D. A. G.; captain Cambell, M. B. Engineers—captains Colvin and Irvine, M. B. Artillery—lieut. M'Gregor. 14th foot—lieuts. Stack and Daly. 59th foot—lieuts. Long, Hocter and Pitman, and Mr. Wright, Volunteer, 1st European Regt—capt. Davidson, lieuts. Warren and Candy. 23d N. I.—lieut. col. S. Nation. 31st N. I.—capt. Hemptinstal. 41st N. I.—major George Hunter. 58th N. I.—captain John Hunter, lieuts. Turner and Lumsdaine.

N. B. This is from private information, no return having been received.

W. L. WATSON, A. G.

Published by command of the Right Honorable the Governor General in Council.

GEORGE SWINTON,

Secretary to the Govt.



GREEK WAR.

FALL OF MISSOLONGHI.—Dispatches have been received at the Colonial Office from Major Gen. the Hon. Frederick Ponsonby, the Lord High Commissioner PRO TEMPORE, in the Ionian Islands, announcing that the fate of the long disputed

fortress of Missolonghi, was finally decided on the nights of the 22d and 23d ult.

It appears that the garrison having become desperate from the total want of provisions, and the failure of the Greek fleet, under Admiral Miaulis, to throw supplies into the town, determined to retire from the place. A sortie was accordingly made by 800 men, under 2 chieftains, with the hope to gain possession of one of the batteries upon the sea shore, which was defended by a large body of Arabs; and the town was partially set fire at the same time, with the view of diverting the attention of the besiegers.

It was hoped, that by this attack, a way would be opened for the remainder of the garrison; but this plan had been foreseen by the Turks, and their posts so strongly reinforced, that, after attempting in vain to force a passage, by carrying the battery, the body, led by the two chieftains, dispersed, and endeavoured to save themselves by gaining the mountains.

They then poured into the town, and put to the sword, or made prisoners, all who opposed them.

The loss sustained by the Turks on this occasion, is not reported; but the obstinacy of the conflict may be estimated by the fact that although between 2 and 3,000 Greeks perished in the town, and at the foot of the mountain, only 150 are reported to have been taken alive. Of the women and children, a considerable number are said to have destroyed themselves, or to have been drowned; but above 3,000 have been returned as prisoners.

The alarm created by their dispersion was quickly communicated to those who were to follow on this hazardous enterprise, who now abandoned their posts, and sought shelter in small numbers in the most tenable places in the neighbourhood of the town. In the midst of the confusion, the Turkish troops rushed on from the sea and land side, and took possession of the fortifications, to which, as a signal of victory, they set fire.

On the 2d of April, the two commanders, Ibrahim Pacha and the Seraskier, had, it appears, sent a summons to the town with an offer of terms, and a promise to the inhabitants that their lives should be spared on giving up their arms; and that they should be at liberty to proceed to any part of the Turkish dominion; but these proposals were peremptorily rejected.

SUMMARY OF DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Canal.—Francis Hall, Esq. the civil engineer engaged to superintend the Shubenacadie Canal, has re-

turned from making a second survey of the route of the canal. He has also been employed in overseeing

the labourers at present at work in excavating between the Dartmouth Lake and Lake Charles, for the purpose of ascertaining the nature of the soil for a foundation. We understand at the depth of about ten feet it presents a stratum of clay. The list of shareholders is fast increasing, and no applications for aid have yet been made out of the province.—The Directors for the management of this undertaking are—

Hon. Michael Wallace, President,	} V. Presidents.
Hon. T. N. Jeffery,	
S. Cunard, Esq.	
Joseph Allison, Esq.	} Directors.
Thomas Boggs, Esq.	
James Tobin, Esq.	
Lewis Piers, Esq.	
Stephen Deblois, Esq.	
John Clark, Esq.	
J. A. Barry, Esq.	
William Pryor, Esq.	
John Starr, Esq.	} Sol'r and Sec'y.
C. R. Fairbanks, Esq.	

Brig Trusty.—The Brig Trusty, Captain Findlay, arrived here on Sunday the 25th inst. from Calcutta, by way of Madras, after a voyage of 114 days. This is the first dawning of the embarkation of our capital in Eastern Commerce. We sincerely hope, that the speculation will prove profitable to the shareholders.—There is scarce a nation on the surface of the globe engaged in this trade, that has not enriched itself by the pursuit of it, and we see no reason why Nova-Scotia possessing the capital it now does, and liberated by the mother country, from the shackles that formerly bound up her trade, should not reap some of the benefits attendant upon this branch of commerce.

We have great pleasure in announcing the safe arrival here on the 29th May last, of the Honorable the East India Company's ship Countess of Harcourt, commanded by Thomas Delafons Esq. Captain in the Royal Navy, from Canton, with a most valuable cargo of Teas, 7000

chests of various descriptions.—She sailed on the 25th January, touched at St. Helena, and left that Island on the 16th ult. She is consigned to Messrs. Cunard & Co, the Honorable Company's agents at this port.

Sable Island.—We are happy to state that his Majesty's Government has at the earnest solicitation of his Excellency Sir James Kempt, been pleased to grant the sum of four hundred pounds per annum, towards the support of the humane establishment on the island of Sable. The legislature of New Brunswick, will probably in their next session contribute liberally to the same object.—The additional means now placed in the hands of his Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor will enable him to extend the establishment, and to provide additional comforts and better accommodation for those who may unfortunately be cast ashore on that island.

Steam Boat.—A steam packet is now running between St. John, N. B. and Annapolis.

PRESENTATION OF THE COLOURS OF HIS MAJESTY'S 81ST REGIMENT.

The old colours of the 81st Regiment, under which that corps had fought for 28 years, and which had waved in the actions of Maida and Corunna, having become defaced, on the 14th day of this month at 12 o'clock the three regiments in barracks, the 81st, 74th, and the Rifle Brigade, were drawn up in a hollow square, one side of which was open. The carriage of his Excellency Sir James Kempt at the hour above mentioned, drew up in front of the 81st regt. containing Mrs. Creagh, the lady of Col. Creagh, who had been requested to present the colours. Immediately afterwards the ceremony commenced by a prayer and an appropriate address delivered by the Rev. J. T. Twining, chaplain to the forces. At the conclusion of this, the banners were placed in the hands of his Excellency the Lieut. Governor, who is colonel of the regiment, and who immediately stepped up to the carriage and presented them to Mrs. Creagh; Ensigns De Rottenburg and Creagh then stepped forward, and after an appropriate and feeling speech, Mrs. Creagh presented each with a banner.

Artillery Park, 27th May, 1826.

THE COMMITTEE OF THE TURF CLUB.

Lieut. Col. Foster, R. A. President,
Sir Rupert D. George,
Lieut. Colonel Smith, R. B.
Captain Canning, R. N.
James Uniacke, Esq.
Captain Hamilton, A. D. C.
Lieut. Dixon,
Lieut. Burnet,

Having assembled in pursuance of notice to that effect.—Resolved:—

1st. That in consequence of the day previously fixed for the commencement of the races, being the Anniversary of His Majesty's Coronation—that the races take place on Thursday and Friday, the 20th and 21st July.

FIRST DAY, THURSDAY, 20TH JULY.

A Plate one hundred dollars,—*Mile heats*, free for all horses to carry 10 st. 7 lbs.

—† Purse value eighty dollars,—*Mile heats*, free for all horses to carry 10 st.

A Sweepstakes of eight dollars each, with 60 dollars added by the Club, free for all horses, twice round, to carry 10 st. 7 lbs.

SECOND DAY,

A Cup, value one hundred dollars,—*Mile heats*, free for all horses.—The winners of the Plate or Purse of the previous day being excluded—10 st 7 lbs.

The Ladies' purse, value eighty dollars,—*Mile heats*, free for all horses, *bonafide*, the property of officers and gentlemen of the garrison and town of Halifax. Gentlemen riders, to carry 10 st. 7 lbs.

Handicap Sweepstakes, for Beaten Horses, of ten dollars each, with forty dollars added by the Club,—*Mile heats*.

The Winner of any Plate, Cup, or Purse, at Halifax, to carry 5 lbs extra.

The entrance money for all horses, the property of non-subscribers, to be 6 dols. each—that of subscribers, 4.

No person will be allowed to ride unless properly dressed as a Jockey.

The Committee next proceeded to nominate Stewards, and

Lieut. Col. Smith, Rifle Brigade,
Captain Canning, R. N.
James Uniacke, Esq.

were unanimously elected.

All matters relating to the ensuing Races to be referred to the Committee, for their decision, agreeably to the 27th Article of the Rules and Regulations of the H. T. Club, and the Committee will afford any information required through the Secretary.

☞ Two horses start, or no race.

H. G. SMITH, Lieut. Col.

SECRETARY.

APPOINTMENTS.

Boards of commissioners appointed in the several counties and districts of the Province, for carrying into effect the act, passed in the last session of the General Assembly, entitled, an act concerning schools.

District of Halifax—The Venerable Archdeacon Willis, Charles Fairbanks, Esq. Thomas Boggs, Esq.

County of Hants—Rev. Wm. C. King, Wm. Fraser, Esquire, John M'Kay, Esq.

King's County—Rev. Jos. Wright, Samuel Bishop, James Allison, Esqrs.

Annapolis County—Rev. John Milledge, Thomas Haliburton, Esq. Henry Goldsmith, Esq.

Shelburne—Rev. T. P. Rowlands, Jacob Van Buskirk, Esq. Thomas Crowell, Esq.

Queen's County—Joshua Newton, Benj. Knaut, John Barss. Esqrs.

Lunenburg—Rev. James Cochran, Thomas Godfrey, John Heckman, Esqrs.

District of Colchester—Rev. J. Burnyeat, Rev. J. Waddel, Robert Dickson Esq.

County of Cumberland—Thomas Roach, James S. Morse, Alex. Stewart, Esqrs.

District of Pictou—Rev. Duncan Ross, George Smith, James Skinner, Esqrs.

County of Sydney—Rev. C. Weeks, R. M. Cutler, Duncan M'Coll, Esqrs.

County of Cape-Breton—Rev. Chas. Ingles, Thomas Crawley, Peter Hall Clarke, Esqrs.

PROMOTIONS AND APPOINTMENTS IN
THE MILITIA.

2d Halifax Regt.—1st Lieut. Jas. Mitchell, Capt.; John Henry Clark 2d. Lieut.

3rd Halifax Regt.—Alex. Taylor, Captain; Daniel Starr, Wm. Starr, John Harvie, James Brown and R. A. Logan, Gent, 2d Lieuts.

2d. Bat. Colchester Regt. Andrew Thompson, Alex. Conkey, and Chas. E. Dickson, 1st Lieuts. David Holmes Cross, Gent. 2d Lieut.

1st Bat. King's County Regt.—Thomas B. Campbell 2d Lieut.

2d Bat. East Annapolis Regt.—Caleb Marshall, Gent. 2d Lieut.

Provincial Secretary's Office,
Halifax, May 10, 1826.

His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor has been pleased to appoint the following gentlemen to be Collectors of Impost and Excise, viz :—

David Whidden, Esq.—for the County of King's County.

James Turnbull, Esq.—for the Southern District of Cape Breton.

John L. Tremain, Esq.—for the North Western District of ditto.

Provincial Secretary's Office,
Halifax, May 12, 1826.

His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, in Council, has been pleased to appoint

Peter De Lisle, Esq. to be a Justice of the Peace for the County of Cape Breton.

John Whitman, Esq. to be ditto for the County of Sydney.

GENERAL ELECTION.

The Elections are nearly at an end, the following is a list of the members returned :—

Halifax County.—S. G. W. Archibald, William Lawson, George Smith, and Lawrence Hartshorne, Esqrs.

Township of Halifax.—Charles R. Fairbanks and Beamish Murdoch, Esqrs.

Township of Truro.—Charles D. Archibald, Esq.

Township of Onslow.—John Crow, Esq.

Township of Londonderry.—John Wier, Esq.

County of Annapolis.—Thomas C. Halliburton, and W. H. Roach, Esqrs.

Township of Annapolis.—James Lovett, Esq.

Township of Granville.—Timothy Ruggles, Esq.

Township of Digby.—

County of Cumberland.—Alexander Stewart, and Stephen Oxley, Esqrs.

Township of Amherst.—James S. Morse, Esq.

County of Lunenburg.—Lot Church and William Rudolf, Esqrs.

Township of Lunenburg.—John Heckman, Esq.

County of King's.—John Starr, and Samuel Bishop Esqrs.

Township of Horton.—John Harris, Esq.

Township of Cornwallis.—John Norton, Esq.

County of Queen's.—Joseph Freeman, and James Barss, Esqrs.

Township of Liverpool.—James R. Dewolf, Esq.

County of Hants.—Benjamin Dewolf, Esq. and John M'Kay, Esq.

Township of Windsor.—David Dill, Esq.

Township of Falmouth.—William Shey, Esq.

Township of Newport.—Shubael Dymocke, Esq.

County of Shelburne.—James B. Moody, and John M'Kinnon, Esqrs.

Township of Shelburne.—N. W. White, Esq.

Township of Yarmouth.—

Township of Barrington.—John Homer, Esq.

County of Sydney.—John Young, and Thomas Dickson, Esqrs.

County of Cape Breton.—Lawrence Kavanagh, and Richard J. Uniacke, Esqrs.

MARRIED,

At Halifax.—Mr. James Archer, to Miss Sarah Burns.—Mr. Henry Veith, to Miss Ann Shaffroth.—Mr. C. H. Belcher, to Miss Mary Jane Starr.—Mr. John Allen, to Miss Maria Bayer.—Mr. William Mitchell, to Mrs. Mary M'Auley.

At Liverpool, N. S.—Samuel T. Williams, Esq. to Miss Eliza Calkin.

At Lahave, Mr. Frederick Oxner, to Mrs. Barbara Oxner.—Mr. Peter Mason, to Miss Elizabeth Mason.