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THE HERALD

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EVERY DESCRIPTION OF LETTER PRESS

PRINTING

WILL BE PERFORMED AT THE HERALD OFFICE.

BILL

To improve the Highways and Bridges in this Province.

Whereas the laws now in force for making and keeping in repair the Roads and Bridges throughout this Province, are found insufficient for that purpose:—Be it, &c. That from and after the passing of this Act, an additional assessment of ——— in the pound, shall be assessed, raised, levied and collected, on all ratable property, in the same manner and form as other assessments are now assessed, raised, levied, and collected, to be applied to the making and keeping in repair the Roads and Bridges in the several Townships, as hereinafter directed; and also, that the following description of property shall be liable to an assessment for the same purpose, that is to say:—

For every Lumber or Farm Wagon,
For every Stage Coach,
For every Merchant's Shop, whether for the sale of Dry Goods or Liquors,

Which additional assessment by this Act imposed shall be collected by the Collector of each and every Township, in the same manner as any other assessment may be collected, and by him shall be paid over to the Town Clerk of each Township; and for all sums of money so collected and paid over to the Town Clerk, it shall and may be lawful for the said Collector to retain the same per centage for his trouble in collecting as by law he is now entitled to receive on other monies collected by him.

2. And be it, &c. That from and after the passing of this Act, every person named in the Assessment Roll of any Township, reputed Township or Place, shall, in proportion to the estimate of his real and personal property returned on the said Roll, be held liable to work on the highways and roads in each and every year during the continuance of this Act as follows, that is to say:—If his property be rated at not more than twenty-five pounds—three days; if at more than twenty-five pounds, and not more than fifty pounds—four days; if at more than fifty pounds, and not more than seventy-five pounds, five days; if at more than seventy-five pounds, and not over one hundred pounds—six days; if at more than one hundred pounds, and not over one hundred and fifty pounds—seven days; if at more than one hundred and fifty pounds, and not over one hundred and seventy-five pounds—eight days; if at more than one hundred and seventy-five pounds, and not over two hundred pounds—nine days; if at more than two hundred pounds, and not over two hundred and twenty-five pounds—ten days; if at more than two hundred and twenty-five pounds, and not over two hundred and fifty pounds—eleven days; if at more than two hundred and fifty pounds, and not over two hundred and seventy-five pounds—twelve days; if at more than two hundred and seventy-five pounds, and not over three hundred pounds—thirteen days; if at more than three hundred pounds, and not over three hundred and fifty pounds, fourteen days; if at more than three hundred and fifty pounds, and not over four hundred pounds fifteen days, if at more than four hundred pounds; and not over five hundred pounds—sixteen days; if at more than five hundred pounds, and not over six hundred pounds—seventeen days; if at more than six hundred pounds, and not over seven hundred pounds—eighteen days; if at more than seven hundred pounds, and not over eight hundred pounds—nineteen days; if at more than eight hundred pounds, and not over nine hundred pounds—twenty days; if at more than nine hundred pounds, and not over one thousand pounds—twenty-one days; and for every two hundred pounds above the sum of one thousand pounds, until it amounts to two thousand pounds—one day; and for every five hundred pounds above the sum of three thousand five hundred pounds—one day: *Provided Always*, that every person possessed of a wagon or cart, and team to draw the same, shall be liable to perform three days statute labour on the highways, whether his name be returned on the such assessment roll or not.

3. And be it, &c. That it shall be the duty of the Clerk of the Peace in each and every District, and he is hereby required to add a column or columns to the assessment roll of each Township, for the road assessment, and also for the other rates mentioned in this Act, stating that the sums mentioned therein are for the use of the roads and bridges.

4. And be it, &c. That from and after the passing of this Act, it shall and may be lawful for the inhabitant house holders in each and every Township in this Province, at their annual town meetings, to appoint inspectors of highways to discharge the duties imposed upon them by this Act.

5. And be it, &c. That from and after the passing of this Act, all persons assessed for more than———days statute labor, shall commute in money the whole of the same at the rate of———per day, to be paid to the Town Clerk of the Township in which they reside, on or before the first day of April in each and every year, which money shall be expended in improving the roads and bridges as hereinafter directed.

6. And be it, &c. That it shall be the duty of the inspectors of each and every Township, to meet at some convenient place on the first Saturday in March, and at such other times as they shall think proper in each and every year, giving———days previous notice thereof to define the limits and divisions of the different overseers within their respective Townships; and also to apportion all monies levied and collected for the use of the roads and bridges in such proportion, and for repairing such parts of the road in their Township, as to them shall appear just and necessary.

7. And be it, &c. That it shall and may be lawful for the inspectors of highways, or any one of them, in each and every Township, to give orders to the overseers within the same, on the Town Clerk, for such sums of money in payment of any work done by his or their order on the highways as may be found due:—*Provided always*, that the inspectors shall in no case give orders for the payment of any work until it is actually performed, and has been examined and approved of by one or all of them.

8. And be it, &c. That it shall be the duty of the Town Clerk, in each and every Township in this Province, after the first day of April in each and every year, and he is hereby authorised and empowered to demand and receive from all persons living within his Township, who may be liable to commute for the amount of their statute labour, the full amount of such commutation; and if not paid within eight days after such demand, he shall proceed to collect the same, together with the costs of collection, in a summary way by a warrant from a Justice, which any Justice of the Peace of such district is hereby authorised to grant, upon proof on oath of such default.

9. And be it, &c. That from and after the passing of this Act, all statute labour shall be performed, and monies arising from commutation, assessment or fines, shall be expended on or before the———in each and every year, except where it is necessary to open any new road, make causeways or repair bridges, which may be advantageously done after that period: *Provided always*, that if any highways should after that time require repairs, the inspectors in such Township, for the time being, shall cause such repairs to be made by ordering the overseer for the division where the work is required, to call out the inhabitants liable to perform statute labour in such division; and any work so performed, shall be considered as so much done on the next year's assessment.

10. And be it, &c. That where any Overseer is employed in the discharge of his duty more than the number of days which he is assessed to perform statute labour, such Overseer shall be paid the sum of———per day, for every day over his assessment: *Provided always*, that the amount paid him shall not exceed———in any one year: which amount shall be determined by the Inspectors in each and every Township, and paid by the Town Clerk, on such overseer producing an order for the same from the Inspectors.

11. And be it, &c. That it shall be the duty of every Overseer, and he is hereby required to make out and deliver to the Inspectors of his Township, a true and correct return under oath, on or before the first day of November in each and every year, of all persons liable to perform statute labour in his division; the number of days labour performed by them; the names of all who have been fined, and the sums collected for such fines; the names of all who have commuted and the manner in which such commutation and fines have been applied and expended.

12. And be it, &c. That every Overseer shall be held liable and responsible for all forfeitures and delinquencies that may appear in his return, which may be collected by the Inspectors, or either of them, in a summary way by warrant from a Justice, upon proof on oath of the default; and expended for the repair of the roads and bridges as other monies under this Act: *Provided always*, that no Overseer shall be liable for the payment of any sum which he can show to the satisfaction of the Inspectors could not have been collected.

13. And be it &c. That every Assessor, as now by law appointed, shall leave a true and correct copy of his assessment roll with the Town Clerk of his Township.

14 And be it, &c. That it shall be the duty of the Town Clerk in each and every Township in this Province to receive from the Collector and Inspectors of his Township all monies received by virtue of this Act for the use of the highways, and pay over the same to the different Overseers, or others who shall produce orders for the same, signed by the Inspectors of each Township, or either of them.

15. And be it, &c. That the Town Clerk in each and every Township shall prepare from the assessment rolls, to be left with him by the assessor for that purpose, lists for the different Overseers in their respective Townships, stating the number of days statute labour which each person mentioned therein is by law liable to perform, and also the names of all persons liable to commute in money the full amount of their statute labour.

16. And be it, &c That it shall and may be lawful for the Town Clerk in each and every Township to retain from the monies coming into his hands———per centum, as compensation for the duties imposed on him by this Act.

17. And be it, &c. That it shall be the duty of the Town Clerk, in each and every Township, by the first day of December in each year, to make out and deliver to some one of the Justices of the Peace in their respective Townships (or in case there should be no Justice residing within his Township then he shall make such return to the nearest Justice in the same District) a true and correct account under oath of all monies received by him during the year, and the manner in which such money has been disbursed.

18. And be it &c. That every overseer acting under and by authority of the laws now in force, shall have power, and is hereby authorised, to enter upon any premises within his division, for the purpose of making ditches for more effectuall draining off the water from the roads where it may be found necessary. *Provided always*, that such overseer shall first have received an order so to do from the Inspectors acting in the division whereof he is overseer.

19. And be it, &c. That the Inspectors for Townships shall, and they are hereby authorised, upon application being made to them by ——— of the inhabitants of any Township, to order the overseers of divisions to perform such portion of their labour as may ,upon examination by them, appear necessary and can be spared, on any road in their Township, though in a different division.

LETTERS

Descriptive of a Tour through France

By a Lady.

LETTER II.

My dear ———,

Although but two days have elapsed since I wrote to you, I cannot neglect the opportunity afforded, by being so near the coast, of sending another letter, certain, as I am, that you will be pleased to hear again from me, before we pursue our journey. We left Dieppe on the morning of the 12th instant, and arrived to breakfast at Eu, a distance of fifteen miles.

We have been much amused since we came here:—Eu is worth seeing; it has two churches, and an hospital for the sick, attended, as is usual in France, by the nuns of charity, or *Hospitaliers*. The finest church, that of Notre Dame, is extremely large, and of beautiful Gothic architecture. Near a side-altar, dedicated to St. Laurent, stands a curious twisted column, of which I have made a drawing: it is remarkable that the capital of this column is the work of the thirteenth century, and the singular twisted shaft with the base, that of the fifteenth.

We went yesterday morning to high mass at Notre Dame; although a detail of the ceremonies practised in the Roman Catholic Church may be somewhat tedious, yet I cannot but give you an account of them, as they relate to forms with which you are totally unacquainted; and I am inclined to think that persons who visit foreign countries, are too apt to relate things generally known, and pass over others, that derive their interest from their connection with the manners and morals of the people. This neglect may, in a great measure, arise from so constantly witnessing them, that they no longer appear objects of interest. The church was filled with people: the greater part were women, and of the same class as the inhabitants of Dieppe; but being Sunday, they were more respectably dressed. Scarcely were there half a dozen persons above the common order. If gentry reside here, as in English country towns, I know not where they hide themselves, or where they live; for I have as yet seen neither them nor their houses.

The dresses of the women had a very pretty effect: they wear no hats, but high white caps, sometimes lined with pink silk; in these caps, their favourite article of dress, they display all their vanity and taste in fanciful decorations. Their large ear-rings, and a singular gold or silver ornament (in the form of a heart, which they wear suspended by black velvet round the neck), are very tasteful and becoming.—Their bright-coloured shawls, petticoats, stockings, jacket, and apron, all of different colours, from their variety, produce so lively an effect, that half a dozen Norman girls assembled together, remind one of the gay hues of a mosegay. They are generally good-looking florid women, with a sprightly dark eye.

The mass was said in Latin, and chiefly by three officiating priests. It appeared to me, (but I may speak erroneously,) that all the forms and ceremonies were conducted as much as possible by threes, figurative perhaps, as I conjectured, of the Trinity. High mass is literally nothing more than a splendid theatrical pageant, very silly and childish when you reflect upon it, yet very imposing and serious to the ignorant and credulous. I remember having seen mass performed in London; but the splendour of that exhibition was not to be compared with this.

The high altar stands nearly at the end of the centre aisle, towards the east: a young priest of a stern and severe aspect was officiating; he chanted the service in a loud and deep voice, whilst two other priests were parading up and down the aisle. Presently they changed places, fell back, and stood behind each other in a line; at one moment bowing thrice to the cross, at another holding a book, which they alternately kissed. A bell was rung by a boy, when several children attired in white robes, swung silver pots of frankincense. The chief officiating priest then advanced towards the altar; thrice he knelt down, and thrice arose, and with many gestures and much parade, took from beneath a little velvet canopy, covered by a curtain, the host, which he solemnly consecrated. This ceremony reminded me of the forms used by jugglers in conjuring. A boy brought to him a silver vessel, into which he poured frank incense, the other priest assisting in the ceremony. The bell was again rung, when all the congregation fell upon their knees, and the priest raising the consecrated cup and wafer, the host was elevated in view of the people. Some time after, two boys carried each a small silver plate (which I believe had touched the host), from the altar, and slowly walking down the aisle, they presented to the several priests who were seated in the choir, the little silver plate, which they all devoutly kissed. During some parts of the service, high candles were lighted: these the children held, kneeling at a short distance from the altar. Two boys dressed in long pink draperies, covered with light muslin, held large brazen pots of holy water; whilst the priest, with a brush, which he dipped into them, rained the contents on those around, as he walked down the aisle of the church. During one part of the service, he kissed and put on a rich stole, then removed it.—Sometimes the organ played, but not to accompany the voice. I find it is intended as a pause to relieve the priests, who, singing and chaunting the whole service, are necessarily fatigued by so continued an exertion. The serpent, played by two of the clergy, accompanies the voice during some parts of the office. The shrill voices of the children, frequently united with the deeper tones of the priests, and the loud blasts of the serpent, produced rather a discordant effect. Presently they all disappeared, and soon after entered the church, parading every aisle in the following order, and singing to the deep notes of the serpents during the whole ceremony. First came a priest bearing a high silver cross, attended by two supporters with lighted tapers. Children dressed in white, swinging frankincense. Boys carrying the holy water. Then the verger dressed in scarlet, and holding a staff, followed by a priest bearing a high silver cross. He was dressed in a splendid cope of green silk, brilliantly ornamented with gold, silver, spangles, and the richest embroidery; beneath this cope he wore a scarlet vest, covered with white muslin, and trimmed with point-lace. Then came several of the clergy, attired in the same rich dress, and singing as they slowly marched along. The whole ceremony was conducted in a manner the most serious and devout. The procession ended, a large cake, with an impression of our Saviour upon on it, was brought into the church, carried to the altar, sprinkled with holy water, and blessed; it was then taken out, and afterwards small pieces of it were brought in upon a dish, which was handed about to the priests.

We saw in this church, as at Dieppe, a curious representation of Christ laid out; the figures carved in wood, and really well executed. Whilst we were looking at it, a poor woman brought her candle, lighted and placed it up before the image; she then threw some fine roses upon the figure of Christ, knelt down, and, with closed eyes and clasped hands appeared absorbed in deep devotion. Presently she arose, and, after kissing the hands and feet of the image, quitted the altar.

When the service was concluded, we went over the church, and descended by a ladder into the under croft, through a hole where the pavement had been removed, to view the monumental remains of the Earls of Eu.

The entrance, in almost total darkness, was not the most inviting, and somewhat precarious for a dizzy head, or uncertain step. A light was carried before us, by our guide, to these dreary regions of desolated grandeur. After winding through a subterraneous passage so filled with rubbish, that we were obliged sometimes to walk stooping, we entered the under croft. At first I could hardly see sufficiently, by the dim light, that imperfectly showed the objects around, to avoid stumbling over the fragments of broken stone: and here the devastation of the Revolution appeared; every monument had been torn down, and dreadfully shattered, fragments of broken Gothic arches, and columns, were piled amidst dirt and rubbish. A figure in armour, whose surcoat had borne the arms of Artois was most ingeniously stripped of every fleur-de-lis. The mutilated statue of Charles D'Artois, Earl of Eu, which represents him in armour, is indeed most admirably executed, particularly the head, which displays all the delicacy and expression of living nature. The effigy of the Countess, his wife, Jeanne de Savesuse, was thrown against the wall, with her head half buried in the earth: we could only see the profile and bosom; the former extremely delicate and beautiful, and the latter so finely proportioned, that I could almost fancy, it seemed to heave with gentle breathings,—such was the skill of the artist, who executed these figures, which are thus disgracefully buried in dirt and oblivion. The heads and hands are carved in white marble, probably of Italian workmanship, the veins appeared even transparent, and the imitation of the flesh is surprisingly excellent. Besides these figures there are several statues of females, of the house of Artois. The fury of the revolutionists seems yet to speak in these stones; they lie tossed confusedly about, as if scattered by the wild ferocity of madness. Day-light dimly broke into this vaulted and subterraneous apartment, through some iron gratings towards the east, and cast a pale gleam on the surrounding objects, which, together with the damp earthy smell, and the ruined piles, gave a feeling of horror to the place where mass was once said for the souls of the departed.

We next visited a small church adjoining the College, formerly occupied by the Jesuits, near the altar is the monument of the great Duke of Guise, who was murdered at Blois, A. D. 1588, and of his wife Catharine of Cleves Nevers. Upon an entablature a battle is represented; above reats a recumbent figure of the Duke, in his armour; and again above that another recumbent figure of the same Duke, attired in his state robes. The Duchess lies in like manner on the opposite side. At two o'clock we attended service in the chapel of the Hospital. The sick persons are lodged in an apartment of great length, and very lofty: from the windows being open, the air is perfectly wholesome; the beds are placed on either side the chamber, each having the name of a saint, with herbs and flowers suspended at the foot. We left the hospital and entered the little chapel, when we observed, that, by throwing back some folding doors the hospital was now united with the chapel, the long ward facing the altar.

On the south side appeared a large iron grating, about twelve feet in height, a black curtain covered it entirely within the bars. In the centre of the grating opened a little door, sufficiently large to show the head and part of the figure: before this burnt a lamp. An image of the Virgin that hung above the altar attracted our notice, from the ludicrous effect it produced. She was dressed out with peacock's feathers, dirty flowers, yellow petticoats, and a white veil. The greater portion of the service was performed by the nuns, who chaunted in Latin.—During the mass, while the priest was kneeling at the altar, the small iron grate opened, and a nun closely veiled appeared; she lighted a taper at the lamp, when immediately the organ pealed; the priest took from behind a little embroidered canopy the host, which he raised in view of the assembly: at that instant the large black curtain was drawn back, and through the iron grating, in a vaulted Gothic chamber, we perceived, on bended knees, and closely veiled the sisters, chaunting in loud and shrill notes. About the conclusion of the mass, the congregation turned towards the sick-ward, at the sound of voices faintly singing in the distance, the voices gradually became louder, till at length the nuns slowly advanced from the extremity of the ward, in regular procession. The abbess came first, bearing a silver cross, supported by two nuns, who held lighted tapers; a casket, probably of relics, was borne by a sister who headed the centre column of the procession. The nuns followed two and two, each bearing an embroidered book, from which they chaunted; ther advanced as far as the spot where the folding doors had been thrown back, and, bowing to the altar, retired by another entrance, still singing, till their voices were lost in the distance. The dress of these females consists of a full white calico gown, a sort of flannel coat, a long and broad chin cloth, with a square white cap, covered by a large black veil that falls back over the shoulders, and hides the face as far as the mouth; but the veil is of a texture sufficiently transparent to show the features of the wearer.

We quitted the hospital, and walked to the chateau of Eu; a palace built by the daughter of the Duke de Panthievre, afterwards Duchess of Orleans, in whose family the estate has ever since remained.—The chateau is a large and massy building, resembling prints of the Thuilleries, but half of it exists in the present time, the Revolution having destroyed the rest. A little girl conducted us to the Concierge, (who has charge of the house,) as we wished to see the interior. The housekeeper of the chateau d'Eu is a tall, handsome woman, who appeared, at least five and thirty. Her long gold ear-rings, her necklace, and white cap, adorned a head and neck that might rival many a beauty of St. James's. She smiled with great good humour when we approached, and soon acquainted us with her own simple history:—she was married, had six children, and was but twenty five years old. The women, in this part of France, certainly soon exhibit the marks of time, and look old while they are yet young. The handsome concierge we found an intelligent woman of very polished manners, considering her station in life. She made some apt remarks on the English and French character; and begged me to tell her if the English husbands really loved their wives. I replied they did; and that I knew many instances of perfect domestic happiness. "Ah! Madam," said the young woman, "it is not so in France: a French husband loves his wife the least of all his acquaintance; but she does not suffer by it with the world, for although he seldom speaks to her at home yet he is perfectly polite to her abroad. No woman in France hopes to keep her husband's heart longer than the time occupied in wedding rejoicings; but after that, she is not neglected by others, and has many friends both to console and admire her." We laughed at this description of French conjugal felicity, & asked her if she thought the married lady's consolation consistent with propriety?" "Ah! Madam," replied the housekeeper, with an arch smile, "you know every thing is selon l' usage." Saying this, she turned the key, and bid us go into the hall, with an air of sprightly good breeding, so peculiar to the French, even in humble life. She then conducted us through the house. The rooms are large and not much out of repair; what furniture remains from the general destruction, conveys a splendid idea of former magnificence. The pictures are poor, two alone possess any merit; that of Catherine de Medicis, in a black dress, and three different mistresses of Louis XIV., all painted on one canvass, and encompassed by one frame; which the housekeeper remarked was a proof of their mutual good humour, and that the heart of a Frenchwoman was too generous to admit of jealousy, and too liberal to triumph alone.

The chateau is charmingly situated upon a hill, about a mile and a half from the sea. The river flows through the valley below, and turns the mills belonging to the palace. To the left you enter the park, through an avenue of fine and lofty beech-trees. I could not avoid reflecting upon the change. Here, where once princes, marquisses, and ladies, had displayed all their magnificence, now alone exist those ruined vestiges of former grandeur, that the restless spirit of an infuriated people had suffered to remain, not allowing them even sufficient patience to complete their own destructive work. We walked round the town; it had once been strongly fortified; the massy ruins of the towers and walls yet remain. In the year 956, Richard the first Duke of Normandy, granted the town of Eu to his natural son, William, who from that time bore the title of Earl of Eu.

We went this evening, from the chateau to Tresport, a town situated upon the coast; it was burnt in the year 1545, by Sir John Dudley, who destroyed the abbey. The church of Tresport is most singularly and romantically situated, upon the extreme verge of a lofty and almost perpendicular cliff. The projecting door-way is of beautiful Gothic architecture. The prospect, from this spot, of the sea, the adjacent cliffs, and the town that lies in the bottom, extended like a map, is extremely grand and imposing.

Before I bid you good night, I must not omit telling you, that I have the singular good fortune to be lodged on the site of the very house, where the tutelary saint of Eu, St. Laurent, first made his descent from heaven, and where he afterwards died.—On the hill, a short distance from the town, stands a cross, which marks a spot memorable from the wonderful miracle there performed. For at that place the good saint, intending to pray, and standing upon a stone, chanced to turn round, when the stone turned also. The impression of his heel still remains; and there the devout people of Eu go every year, to pray and dance, during the space of nine days to the memory of St. Laurent.

I am sure, did you know with how many noises I have been stunned, since the commencement of this letter, you would applaud my zeal to oblige you, which has enabled me to continue it, in defiance of them all. Hogarth's enraged musician was scarcely more tormented;—without-doors, under the market-place, that faces our inn, a *grimacier*, and rope-dancer, has been entertaining the multitude with his buffoonery. Accompanied by the sound of hautboys, fiddles, the beating of drums, and a variety of noises, that united their jarring discord as if in mockery of music. In the chamber adjoining mine, separated only by a partition so thin that I hear every sound, a monsieur, who, I find, unites the profession of tailor and *maitre d'agremens*, was instructing a little girl, daughter of our *maitresse d'hotel*, in the art of dancing. They jumped so intolerably, that the floor shook at every step. The loud voice of the master rose higher than that of his violin; and his encouraging expressions to his pupil were so truly diverting, that I could not avoid listening to them:—"*Tournez, Mademoiselle,—tournez les yeux vers les cieux.*" A Frenchman's expressions are always upon the grand scale, as Sterne long since remarked: but what, thought I, can a dancing-master have to do with the eyes of his scholar; a plain Englishman would not have carried his instructions beyond the management of the feet, or the arms, at most; but in France the effect which the execution of a thing is to produce, is as much considered as the thing itself: so I imagine, therefore, the management of the eyes is of no small importance in the art of dancing. I was confirmed in my conjecture; for the master dismissed his little pupil with the encouraging exclamation of "*Allez, vous-en jolie mignonne, tu seras coquette un jour.*"

In France, from the lady who figures in high life, down to the girl who moves in the humblest sphere, a desire to attract admiration, and a spirit of coquetry seems to actuate them all, and gives to the countenance of each the perpetual smile of pleasing and being pleased. The servant who attends us here, is a very pretty Norman girl she smiles upon every body most graciously, and bestows her attention with equal good humour, without considering the rank and condition of each individual. I found her this morning talking so kindly to a young man, that I concluded he was her *cher ami*. Benevolence, I doubt not, is a customary virtue, in the bosom of a pretty *suivante*; for, but an hour since, a fine gay stranger came to the inn, brining with him a paroquet. The damsel handed him his coffee, and, with a smiling look, asked if it pleased him. "It must," replied the stranger, "if it is as agreeable as yourself."—"Ah, monsieur," rejoined the girl, "I am too happy in pleasing you." She then caressed the paroquet, who, less tender of the damsel than her master, seemed little pleased with her attention. The youth and maiden carried on a very flippant and familiar dialogue, till the bird at length bit her finger, upon which she exclaimed, "It is nothing;—the worst wound is that given to the heart:" and so saying, she quitted the room. "Go, pretty Norman," thought I, "*tu es coquette aujourdhui.*"

P. S. We return to Dieppe to-morrow, whence we continue our journey to Roun.

VARIETIES.

Fervid Eloquence of a Quaker.

The following impassioned burst of deep and ardent feeling is one of the finest specimens of natural oratory we ever met with; the prose of the writer is embued with the very spirit of poetry, while his warm and excited passion gushes forth in a resistless current of glowing eloquence.

It seems Archdeacon Wilkins was exceedingly displeased at Mr. Howitt's "History of Priest-craft," and in an angry reply to that work makes use of the terms—"You, Sir, are a Quaker,—you, Sir, are a poet,—you, Sir, are a chemist;"—and then upbraids him *for stepping out of his vocation*. In a subsequent answer, Mr. Howitt thus sarcastically and eloquently replies:—[N. Y. Atlas]

What business had I to quit my laboratory, and indulge in the pleasures of literature? in those pursuits which, according to Cicero, 'adolescentiam alunt, senectutem, oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium prebent; delectant domi, non impediunt foris; pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur?'—What business had I to do this? It is true, little as I have done, I have already had my reward, in the life and strength and joy of my own spirit, and in the communion into which it has brought me with some of the first of minds. What business had Burns to leave his fields, where he

'Walked in glory and in joy
Following the plough along the mountain side?'

Why left he his fathoming of ale firkins, to write the merry Tam O'Shanter; the beautiful picture of humble and pious Scottish life—the Cottar's Saturday night; and songs and small poems, to whose quick spirit the heart of the Scottish exile, 'encamped by Indian rivers wild,' throbs tumultuously,

'And glows and gladdens at the charms
Of Scotia's woods and waterfalls?'

And what business had Hog to march out of Ettrick forest, and go waving his gray tartan up the streets of Edinburgh, strong in his marvellous resolve to enrol his name amid the poets of the land? Oh, James, James, 'with whom hast thou left those few sheep in the wilderness? I know thy pride, and the naughtiness of thy heart!' What business hadst thou at the Queen's Wake? At the Court of Queen Hynde?—reclining in the glen, listening to the unearthly words of the pure Kilmeny; dancing with the fairies; telling of the Brownie of Bodsbeck; or singing one strong and peerless song of God's Omnipresence? what business had Allan Ramsay to go before thee, chanting of the Gentle Shepherd? or a far greater Allan to come after thee, from the depths of Nithsdale, and casting down his mallet and chissel among his native rocks, dare to enter London and seat himself amid all the handiworks of Chantrey? What had he to do with collecting the Songs of Scotland; or making mighty ballads of his own?

'A wet sheet and a flowing sea,'

what were they to him?—he was overstepping his natural functions. O, honest Allan Cunningham! what business hadst thou with these things; and what business had Wm. Roscoe to leave his mother's tap; to give over carrying out her pots of beer, and to go and write the lives of Popes and Italian Princes; to ennoble his own mind; to cast a splendour over his native town, and to leave a heritage to his children richer than a patent nobility? And what business had those shoemakers, Bloomfield the Farmer's Boy, and Gifford, the terror of dunces and the pride of Tories, to quit their stalls, and dare to become famous? and those drapers' sons, Pope and Southey, and honest Izaak Walton, what wrong headedness was theirs! What right had Izaak to haunt the Dove, and Shawford Brook, and the Thames, with his rod and line, and go in summer meadows, making Sermons to himself of such beautiful and serene piety, as seldom issues from the lithographic press for the use of State Priests? He has written the lives of certain Church worthies too; and yet it is very questionable, that presumption of his. Those Apothecaries, Crabbe and Keats, why did they not stick to their vocation, and avoid spoiling us with so much good poetry? What pity is it that our prudent Archdeacon was not present when Ben Jonson threw down his hod of mortar, and Shakspeare left off poaching, to warn them against the sin of writing dramas? Could he have prevailed on John Wilson, and John Gibson Lochart, and Walter Scott, and Sharon Turner, to abide by their parchments and pleas, what reading of multitudinous volumes might we have been spared! Washington left his farming to liberate his country; Franklin his types, to frame a constitution for her; and Dr. Wilkins was not at hand to cry, 'overstep not the proper limits of your profession!' From the ranks of trade, from the very peasantry of the country, ascend to eminence Clergymen, Lawyers and Merchants; three fourths of our nobility have sprung from the same source; and yet the enterprise of these men is very questionable, for numbers of them, with the happy daring of Sir Richard Arkwright, reached distinction by overstepping the proper limits of their original professions. Nothing, therefore, can be more questionable, for Archdeacon Wilkins questions it.'

A Beautiful Extract.

The Press.—We defy our contemporaries (says the Lowell Journal) to select from the whole range of English literature, a finer passage than the following, which is taken from the Foreign Review, No. 6, for April 1829. The subject treated, is the *benefit of printing* and the writer (whoever he is, and we should like to know his name) has treated his subject in a masterly manner. Indeed the whole article, from which the extract is made, being strictures on the life and writings of Voltaire, is beautifully written:—[N. Y. Atlas.]

"When Tamerlane had finished building his pyramid of seventy thousand human skulls, and was seen standing at the gate of Damascus, glittering with steel, with his battle axe on his shoulder, till his fierce hosts filed out to new victories and carnage, the pale on-looker might have fancied that nature was in her death throes—for havoc and dispair had taken possession of the earth and the sun of manhood seemed setting in seas of blood. Yet it might be on that very gala day of Tamerlane, a little boy was playing nine-pins in the streets of Mentz, whose history was more important to man than twenty Tamerlanes! The Tartar Khan with his shaggy demons of the wilderness, passed away like a whirlwind, to be forgotton forever—and that German artisan has brought a benefit, which is yet immeasurably expanding itself, and will continue to expand itself, through all countries & time. What are the conquests and expeditions of the whole corporation of Captains from Walter the Penniless to Napoleon Bonparte, compared with these moveable types of Johannes Faust?"

Cross Questions and Crooked Answers.—In a case which came before a bench of magistrates, a witness was asked to describe his house, when pretty near the following dialogue ensued, which reminded us forcibly of the story of the Lord Chancellor and the big stone:—Clerk: 'Well now, what kind of a house was it?' Witness: 'Oh! it was a very comfortable house.'—Clerk: 'I don't doubt it; but what sort of a house was it?' Witness: 'Why, 'twas a tolerable sort of a house.'—Clerk: 'Yes, but what do you call a tolerable sort of a house?' Witness: 'Why, a house you can look at.'—Clerk: 'Well, I suppose you can look at any house?' Witness: 'Why, yes, may be as how you can.'—Clerk: 'Very well, but can't you say how large it was?' Witness: 'Oh! as for that, 'twas a monstrous commodious house.' Clerk: 'But, my good man, can't you explain to the magistrates the size of the house?' Witness: 'Oh, yes—why, may be it were—I don't know after all but what it wasn't a very comfortable house.'—Clerk: 'Can't you give an answer, sir? what do you mean by a comfortable house? how big was it?' Witness: 'Why, then, if I must I must, you know—why it—answered my purpose very well.'—Clerk: 'I wish I could say as much of you. Describe the house to the magistrates; I repeat again, how big was it?' Witness: 'Why, yes—I tell 'e it was a very nice house.'—Clerk: 'Well, what do you mean by a very nice house?' Witness: 'Oh, why a house with a roof to it.'

A german Merchant at Valparaiso, fond of scientific researches, has lately had explored by a very intelligent Danish sailor, named Kenous, some districts of Chili, which have hitherto never been visited by European travellers. This man, it is announced, has made some interesting discoveries. In the Andes of Chillao he found a plain strewed with the ruins of a considerable city. Now as the actual Indians of Chili have always been monastic, and as the Indians could never firmly establish their dominion over that country, this city must have been built by a civilized people, that have since become totally extinct. We know that in other parts of South America traces of high degree of civilization have been discovered, of which there are no longer any remains among the Indians who at present inhabit the continent.

The handsome bridge of Dinant over the Maese in the Netherlands has the following inscription:—

Ca pont a ete fait ici.

A boy bringing a present of a basket of fruit to a lady of Southampton from a friend in the vicinity, after emptying the basket, and looking about anxiously, said—"Zounds! madam zaid she zent her complement with the fruit, but I can't zee 'em nowhere!'

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