

A PAPAL INTERDICTION.—Gloom and consternation spread over the face of France: the link seemed cut between it and the other nations of the earth. Each man appeared to stand alone: each one brooded over his new situation with a gloomy despondency. No one doubted that the curse of God was upon the land; and the daily, nay, hourly, deprivation of every religious ceremony, was constantly recalling it to the imagination of all.

The doors of the churches were shut and barred; the statues of the saints were covered with black; the crosses on the high roads were veiled. The bells which had marked the various hours of the day, calling all classes to pray to one beneficent God, were no longer heard swinging slowly over field and plain. The serf returned from the glebe, and the lord from the wood, in gloomy silence, missing all those appointed sounds that formed the pleasant interruption to their dull toil, or duller amusements.

All old-accustomed habits—those grafts in our nature, which cannot be torn out without agony—were entirely broken through. The matin, or the vesper prayer, was no longer said; the Sabbath was unmarked by its blessed distinctness; the *fetes*, whether of patience or rejoicing, were unnoticed and cold in the hideous gloom that overspread the land, resting like the dead amidst the dying.

Every hour, every moment, served to impress the awful effects of the interdict more and more deeply on the minds of men. Was a child born, a single priest, in silence and in secrecy, as if the very act were a crime, sprinkled the baptismal water on its brow. Marriage, with all its gay ceremonies and feasts, was blotted, with other happy days, from the calendar of life. The dying died in fear, without prayer or confession, as if mercy had gone by; and the dead, cast recklessly on the soil, or buried in unhallowed ground, were exposed, according to the credence of the day, to the visitation of demons and evil spirits. Even the doors of the cemeteries were closed; and the last fond commune between the living and the dead—that beautiful weakness which pours the heart out even on the cold, unanswering grave—was struck out from the solaces of existence.—*From Philip Augustus: by Mr. James.*

THE MOHAWK WARRIORS.—Fancy three or four hundred, perhaps a thousand men, not one in ten of whom shall be less than six feet high, and many adding three or four inches to that of itself lofty stature, their square chests, brawny arms—to the shoulder blade, and sinewy legs—to midway of the thigh, exposed to full view. Their heads will be shaven to a single tuft of hair, the chivalrous scalp-lock, and face—neck—arms—legs—body, will be painted—according to the fancy of their owner, for no person ever saw two warriors painted alike. Upon one, the red will predominate—red is a favourite and prevailing colour,—another will wear blue, a third black (the war colour), a fourth yellow, and a fifth the various intermingled and commingled shades, which may be produced by a blending of materials. Infinite in number as the hues are, there will be as great a variety in the figures or emblematic devices. One will have the figure of a tortoise, another of a wolf, a third of a beaver, a fourth of a bear—recumbent—couchant—leaping—racing. One will have the paint laid on in narrow perpendicular lines, while another prefers the horizontal. A bow with a sheaf of arrows at the back, a war-axe in the belt, and a spear, or war-club in the hand, will form the martial accoutrements of these fearful beings, to which they now had muskets. I am persuaded there does not exist on the earth a set of men whose warfare—in a wild country, among woods, abrupt passes, and narrow defiles—is so much to be dreaded as theirs.—*Memoirs of an Officer in the Army of Wolfe.*

POUCH IN THE LION'S TONGUE.—In dissecting a Lion, sent to the Edinburgh College Museum, Messrs Cheek and Jones have discovered, on the under surface of the tongue, near the tip, a structure which may be considered as a rudiment of the worm in the dog. It is marked by three longitudinal dilatations, separated by contractions; and, in the specimen dissected, was three-fourths of an inch long.

ORIGINAL.

STATE OF RELIGION IN MIRAMICHI.

MR EDITOR,

WHILE every vein of political Europe throbs with feverish excitement; while every lover of rational liberty is exulting in the splendid triumphs of the Poles, and the freedom of the Belgians. While every man, in whose bosom the love of freedom still occupies a place, fervently desires that a bloodless revolution, may purify and improve the moral principles of *Kings, Rulers, and Statesmen*, and that a thorough amelioration of mankind may result from those important events which now engage so large a share in the general consideration, we should bestow a few thoughts on our own more immediate concerns.

The most important of all these, I conceive, is that which supplies the title to this article; on this, I shall, with your permission, make a few remarks.

The contemplation of religion is, at all times calculated to enrapture the heart zealous for the glory of God; and to awaken serious reflections in every mind sensible of its own responsibility. I am not indeed in the habit of introducing subjects of this kind into the pages of a newspaper, deterred therefrom by an old and cherished opinion, that the character of such a publication, is too professedly secular, to be raised to the record of religious sentiments.

But, if christianity be the supreme boon of God's benignity and mercy, we, as a particularly favored people, are deeply indebted to him, and should at least acknowledge it.

Upon this extensive settlement, bath Heaven liberally bestowed the most prominent and the most conducive, of the ordinary means of grace. The strong and powerful arm that upheld us in the night of adversity, has crowned its work of clemency and love, by covering our renovated land, with a sufficiency of those institutions, whose hallowed ministry instruct us during life, console us in death, and lead us through the grave to the fruition of a beautified eternity.

As the falling shadows of mild and sober twilight, descending gently and solemnly upon the retiring brilliancy of day, diffuse an external serenity; so the foregoing reflections, stole softly upon my mind, while considering the number of Churches now established on this river. On the North West there is a convenient Baptist Church of some years standing, and also a Roman Catholic Chapel in progressive erection. At Beaubien's point there is a Presbyterian Chapel of ease, and at Newcastle, another of the same persuasion, dedicated to St. James.

This edifice, for graceful and elegant architecture, has not a superior in the Province. In all its arrangements, both within and without, there is a chastity of design, and a fidelity of execution. The entrance and the spire are particularly creditable to the architect. The former is an elegant specimen of the modern, harmonized with Grecian pillars in *alto relievo*—the latter is a correct elevation, comprising a fine union of the DORIC, TUSCAN, and IONIC.

Nearly opposite, in the village of Nelson, is another Roman Catholic Chapel; a building, which, for excellence of materials, and permanency of construction, is, to say the least, equal to any we have. It is capable of containing 800 persons, and embraces in its general architecture, an agreeable connexion of the GOTHIC and the MODERN.

A few miles lower down, is the Episcopal Church of St. Paul. This is a handsome and well finished structure of the GOTHIC order, ornamented with a wrought tower, and castellated turrets.

In Newcastle there is a neat and compact Wesleyan Chapel, capable of accommodating more than 200 persons: and in Chatham, another sufficiently large to contain upwards of 600. The latter is a well finished edifice of the modern kind; the lower part containing two ranges of pews, reposing under a quintagonal gallery, neatly embossed, and resting on crowned pillars. The entrance is a well designed modern portico, sustained by GRECIAN columns, and enclosing a double vestibule. Although both these Churches are of recent erection, they are supplied by Missionaries, whose zeal

and assiduity afford strong evidence, that they feel the solicitude and obligations of pastors.

At the East end of Chatham, is the Presbyterian Church of St. Andrew, a plain but large and well built edifice, surmounted by a neat steeple, with an inserted bellfry.

At Bartibog, there is another Roman Catholic Chapel, associated with the one at Nelson; and two others at Burnt Church and Baie des Vents village. At the latter place there is a small Episcopal Church, with another of the same description belonging to the Presbyterians.

Thus, in the space of 35 or 36 miles, are there 13 Churches, regularly served by Ministers, whose exemplary conduct, and aggregate talents, would, in all probability, sustain an honorable competition with any of the same number and assortment throughout the colonies.

We may conclude these remarks by stating, that all these places of Public Worship were erected by voluntary subscriptions—that they are respectably and numerous attended—that they are associated with so many *Sabbath Schools*—and that the proofs of their usefulness are observable in the improved and improving condition of both OLD and YOUNG.—*Digilus Dei est hic.*

C.

ON CHARITY.

THE temper of mind induced by the above reflections almost unconsciously led me to the consideration of this virtue. I shall without any laboured preparation, give you the sentiments just as they occurred to me.

Before time commenced, or the world had a being, Charity lived in Heaven; and there, by an act involving a plenitude of power, of goodness, and of condescension, did it create innumerable hosts of angelic intelligences, each surpassing the other in perfection, as transcendantly as the least surpasses the human soul. But, independently of its divine origin and heavenly lineage, the familiar offices and attributes of Charity, decidedly exalt it above every other virtue.

It taught the faithful Abraham hospitality—consolated Job in his afflictions—replenished the widow's cruse—filled the breast of the Samaritan with pity—drew Heaven to Earth—and lodged the immensity of the Godhead within the circumscription of a virgin's womb.

Charity is the plenipotentiary of Heaven; and the Ambadress of the benevolent. Compassion fills her heart, magnificence occupy her hands, mercy beams in her eye, and consolation dwells upon her tongue. She looks kindness, speaks comfort, and imparts relief. Whether a poor man bestows a cup of water, or a rich one contributes a largees, she is alike the almoner.

Like the loving tendril that twines its embraces round the drooping vine, so Charity, binds up the breaking heart, and supports the tottering form. Ignorant of antipathies, all her science is love; unacquainted with hatred, she has no vengeance to gratify; animated by hope, she looks forward to happiness; and inspired by faith, contentment resides in her heart.

Far above the influence of petty distinctions, she extends her kindness to all; discovering a brother in an enemy—in every stranger a relation—in each sufferer a child. She reproves without censuring; tempers all her admonitions with entreaty; expostulates with mildness; advises when she dictates; admonishes by precepts; and remonstrates through prayer. Zealous for human happiness, her love contends to the last, nor ever thinks of retreat till impotence appears.

To the society of BACKBITERS, SLANDERERS, and LIARS, she is an utter stranger; but at the altars of religion, the chambers of the sick, the pillow of the departing; in the prison house, and on the gibbet, neither her presence, nor her sympathies are ever missed.

She acknowledges neither space nor boundary, for her mission extends over all, and to all. Swift to do good, she has outrun human enterprise, and planted the cross where commerce has not yet intruded. She understands every language if sorrowfully accented, and in her diplomacy negotiates for God.

She is a native of Heaven, and an exotic of earth; a miracle of love sowed in the human soil; and there, moistened by the dew, that soaked the fleece of Gideon,