

SELECTIONS FROM ENGLISH PAPERS.

ROYALTY INFORMED AGAINST.—Positively the race of informers are the most impudent under the sun, and the fact of Stowell laying an information against her Majesty is some proof of the fact. It seems that that worthy gentleman did not think that the letters "V. R." on one of the carts employed in the service of royalty, was a sufficient compliance with the terms of the act, which directs that the name in full shall be affixed by the owner on some conspicuous part of the vehicle. Of a verity this sounds "d—d democratic," as the pious Earl of Roden would say. If her Majesty is to be "hauled up" for such a trifling infraction as this, where is it all to end? May we not expect that Majesty will soon be reduced to a jest indeed, when thus deprived of its right divine to do wrong even in such trivial matters as these? Nevertheless, the offence will fall lighter on our gracious Sovereign than on any body else, because in these cases half the fine goes to the informer, and half to the Queen, which, under the circumstances must be very consolatory. It is certainly pleasant to be able to break the law at half the usual penalty.

THE MARCH OF ENLIGHTENMENT.—Human ingenuity promises to effect measures which will do away with the necessity of many of those provisions supplied by nature for the vitality of this world. A Frenchman has discovered the means of producing a light, equal to that of the sun, and with which he proposes to illuminate all Paris, when the solar orb has sunk into the bosom of night. Her majesty the moon will no longer rule the night, and the stars will hide their diminished heads. He suggests a lighthouse to be built in the centre of the Seine, as a depository for his nocturnal sun, whose beams will turn the night into day. We may expect an agitation among the spheres, if the moon be thus totally eclipsed.

A BISHOP MILITANT.—The occupation of Algiers has cost France a fine army; but the sword, it seems, is not regarded as the chief means of retaining possession. The King of the French says, "The creation of the bishopric of Algiers is another guarantee for the stability of our possessions." We are not quite prepared to believe that the Arabs regard a Christian bishop as any very formidable personage; his crozier will terrify them far less than those instruments whose hoarse throats do counterfeit Jove's thunder. A bishop attendant upon an army is rather a curiosity now-a-days.

CHRISTMAS COMFORTS, CHRISTMAS BILLS, AND CHRISTMAS BOXES.—We predict that, for the next week at least, politics will not be the most prominent consideration among the people. Already the Christmas "signs of the times" are observable around us. Hecatombs of oxen have been sacrificed to the genius of the season, and Christmas beef is now in the very prime order; the Smithfield cattle show is not held at this time of year for nothing, as Earl Spencer could easily tell us. Turkeys stare us in the face at every dozen yards, and grocers' shops are ominous of future plum-puddings. What emotions of thankfulness must cross the mind at the sight of so many substantial signs of enjoyment. If Providence sends good things, it becomes a moral duty to be grateful to Providence for its goodness. What alderman but must feel his organ of veneration sensibly touched at the sight of the noble sirloin, the splendid haunch, or the "fine lively turtle"? Sir Peter Laurie, we know, is always affected even by a saddle of mutton—so susceptible is he to the finer emotions of the heart! A real blessing it is that the angry ferment of political opinions will for a brief period—alas, too brief—give place to the duties of digestion; that good eating will for a time supplant the indulgence of bad feeling. Let not the aid of good living be despised in the encouragement of kindly and generous sentiments. The cause of charity receives a ten-fold stimulus every Christmas, and who shall doubt that the deglutition of good things and the natural results of good liquor, which "maketh the heart glad," have something to do with that pleasing fact? If not, it assuredly ought, if only as a set-off to those other Christmas comforts, Christmas bills, and Christmas boxes!

A NOBLE TEMPERANCE CHAIRMAN.—Earl Stanhope presides at the great Temperance Festival, at the Crown and Anchor, on Christmas-day. For what particular qualities the noble earl has been chosen to fill this office we are not aware. We are curious to know whether his lordship has taken the temperance pledge or not, as there would be a manifest inconsistency in selecting a four-bottle man to fill the chair on such a sober occasion. Tea and coffee, we imagine, will form the total of the liquids consumed by the revellers, and it would hardly look well to see the chairman occupied in getting drunk, while the rest of the company are sipping their innocent beverage. We trust Earl Stanhope's perfect sobriety may be depended upon.

THE LAST CASE.—A Boston gentleman lately drew a bill at so long a date that it required six whole weeks for his friend (the acceptor) simply to indorse it!

A DANGEROUS RECOMMENDATION.—Dr. Epps asserts, in his lectures, that public speaking is favourable to health, and therefore recommends his audiences to turn public speakers themselves, by way of improving their constitutions. The advice seems to us positively atrocious. What, are there no other means

of gaining health but at the expense of our neighbours? Is every body bound to inflict his tediousness on his friends and associates, because he may be somewhat weak in the wind, or his lungs not in perfectly sound condition? Is it even allowable to punish the public, the ill used public, by gratuitous trials of its patience and powers of endurance in this way? No, Dr. Epps, great philosopher as you are in your own estimation, we cannot consent to grant unlimited powers of public speaking, although the human lungs are ever so much benefited by the exercise. It is much better that the oratorical gifts of most people should be bestowed on empty air, though not more empty than their own speeches. The benefit to health would be much the same, and the degree of mental torture to others much less. Besides, where would hearers be found, if it were the duty of all to speak? Orators make bad listeners, yet the privilege of listening patiently to anything worth hearing is one of paramount importance.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 22, 1839.

DEATH OF MRS. MACLEAN (L. E. L.)

Our last number contained a notice of the decease of this amiable lady, copied from the *New York Mirror*. As we are satisfied that any accounts of L. E. L. will be gladly perused by our female readers, we give below an affecting sketch from the *London Courier*. Her last poem will be read with intense interest!

"With a feeling of sorrow which thousands will in some measure share, though few can perfectly estimate its depth or sacredness, we this day announce the death of Mrs. Maclean, the wife of George Maclean, Esq. Governor of Cape Coast Castle. She died suddenly on the 15th of October last, soon after her arrival on that fatal shore, which is the grave of so many valuable lives, but of none more valuable than her's. The qualities which gave "L. E. L." so proud and permanent a claim upon public admiration, were not those which constituted the chief charm of her character in the estimation of her more intimate and deeply attached friends. Brilliant as her genius was, her heart was after all the noblest and truest gift that nature in its lavishness had bestowed upon her—upon her, who paid back the debt which she owed for these glorious endowments of heart and mind, by an indefatigable exercise of her powers for the delight of the public, and by sympathies the most generous and sincere with human virtue and human suffering. More perfect kindness and exquisite susceptibility than her's was, never supplied a graceful and fitting accompaniment to genius, or elevated the character of woman. We cannot, however, write her eulogy now—we can only lament her loss, and treasure the recollection which a long and faithful friendship renders sacred.

The feeling with which we record this mournful intelligence at the commencement of a new year will be respected, when we state that only yesterday morning we received from Mrs. Maclean a most interesting and affecting letter, which sets forth at once with the animating assertion, "I am very well, and very happy." "The only regret," she proceeds to say, "the only regret (the emerald ring that I fling into the dark sea of life to propitiate fate) is the constant sorrow I feel whenever I think of those whose kindness is so deeply treasured." She says that her residence at the castle of Cape Coast is "like living in the Arabian Nights—looking out upon palm and cocoa-nut trees." And she then enters into a light-hearted and pleasant review of her housekeeping troubles, touching yams and plantains—and a not less interesting account of her literary labours and prospects—intimating that the ship which brought the letter we quote, brought also the first volume of a novel, and the manuscript of another work to be published periodically. To the last her friendly gossip is full of life, cheerfulness, and hope. The next ship that sailed—how very, very soon afterwards!—brought to us the tidings of the sudden sacrifice of that life, the memory of which should be dear to all who can appreciate poetry, and wit, and generosity; the refinements of taste and the kindly impulses of the heart, that make human nature—and woman's nature especially—most worthy to be regarded with admiration and affection.

With what an interest will the following beautiful poem be read! It is from *The New Monthly*, published to-day!—

"THE POLAR STAR."

"This star sinks below the horizon in certain latitudes. I watched it sink lower and lower every night, till at last it disappeared.

"A star, has left the kindling sky—
A lovely northern light—
How many planets are on high!
But that has left the night.

"I miss its bright familiar face,
It was a friend to me,
Associate with my native place,
And those beyond the sea.

"It rose upon our English sky,
Shone o'er our English land,
And brought back many a loving eye,
And many a gentle hand.

"It seemed to answer to my thought,
It called the past to mind,
And with its welcome presence brought,
All I had left behind.

"The voyage it lights no longer, ends
Soon on a foreign shore;
How can I but recall the friends,
Whom I may see no more?

"Fresh from the pain it was to part—
How could I bear the pain?
Yet strong the omen in my heart,
That says, We meet again.

"Meet with a deeper, dearer love,
For absence shows the worth
Of all from which we then remove,
Friends, home, and native earth.

"Thou lovely polar star, mine eyes
Still turned the first on thee,
Till I have felt a sad surprise
That none looked up with me.

"But thou hast sunk below the wave,
Thy radiant place unknown;
I seem to stand beside a grave,
And stand by it alone.

"Farewell!—ah, would to me were given,
A power upon thy light,
What words upon our English heaven
Thy loving rays should write!

"Kind messages of love and hope
Upon thy rays should be;
Thy shining orbit would have scope
Scarcely enough for me.

"Oh, fancy vain as it is fond,
And little needed too,
My friends! I need not look beyond
My heart to look for you!"

L. E. L.

THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY INQUIRY.—The Monthly Chronicle for January contains an elaborate article on the powers and capabilities of railway transport generally. A carefully considered and well-directed course of experiments has been instituted with a view to obtain for the shareholders of the Great Western Railway the most authentic information respecting the relative merits of the different modes of constructing railways, the various applications of locomotive power upon them, and the nature and amount of the obstacles which that power has to encounter. The results of the investigation have disappointed most persons; and none more than Dr. Lardner, one of the individuals engaged in the laborious examination. The Monthly Chronicle says—"It would have been gratifying to us, if what we had to state tended to confirm the splendid speculations in which those who have devoted their attention most to this subject, have for years indulged, anticipating the realization of a rapidity of intercommunication as far exceeding that which is at present attained, as the present rate of travelling exceeds that which we were accustomed to on common roads; but unhappily, circumstances have been brought to light in this inquiry which we fear will shiver to pieces all those brilliant anticipations, and will demonstrate that nature herself has interposed a limit to the speed of intercommunication between her children which cannot be passed, and many circumstances tend to show that the powers of steam have already brought us very close indeed to that ultimate barrier."

One source of resistance—the AIR—has been proved to be of much larger amount than any which had been hitherto contemplated. "By comparing the uniform speed obtained in the descent of the Whiston Plane, with that obtained in descending the Madely Plane, assuming that the atmospheric resistance is in proportion to the square of the velocity, Dr. Lardner found that the value of the friction could be obtained, and the value which he obtained for it was by this process a small fraction more than five pounds a ton. If this value be correct, that portion of the whole resistance due to friction would be about ninety-three pounds, leaving three hundred and twenty-eight pounds to the amount of the atmosphere! This very low value of the fraction was deduced by a process in which nothing was assumed, except that the resistance of the air is, as the square of the speed, and that the friction of the two trains used in the two experiments was the same."

"Much on this interesting subject still remains for investigation, and many more experiments will be necessary before the mean amount of the atmospheric resistance to railway trains can be considered as ascertained with the requisite degree of precision. Meanwhile it is indisputable that this resistance at the common rate of passenger trains is of very formidable amount. That part of the resistance which arises from friction has probably been reduced as low as it is likely to be. At all events, whatever importance may have heretofore attached to its further diminution, it can now have very little weight in the economy of railway transport. Even supposing the whole friction annihilated, we should not be relieved from much more than twenty per cent. of the present expenditure of power in passenger traffic. But since it is as impossible that this annihilation of friction can take place as that the perpetual motion should be discovered, it may be safely assumed that we cannot practically reckon on any increased economy of power.