

thing. She never cried, nor spoke, nor ate, nor slept. I watched by her day and night, and every day she got weaker and weaker,—hang it, sir—I can't talk about it—she died! At first I said the earth of that rascally country never should hold her. But then I thought how she had loved it, and that perhaps she would not be happy any where else;—so, as the priests would not let her be buried in consecrated ground, because we had made a regular-built christian of her, I, and some of my shipmates, (for they all loved her) clubbed together and bought leave of a farmer to bury her on the side of a hill by his garden. So we laid her in the ground with her face towards England; for I thought she would like, poor thing! to be turned to that land that had been a home to her, and would have been again when her own refused her; and we said a prayer over her—a parson might have said a better, perhaps, but not an honest, I am certain:—and we planted the sweetest flowers we could find round her grave; and giving the farmer money, made him swear a solemn oath never to neglect it, or let it go to ruin—and I believe he kept his promise. Talk of consecrated ground, sir!—that girl's body would have consecrated Constantinople!”

THE ROYAL OLIVE TREE.—The following is a copy of the letter which accompanied the olive tree to her Majesty from Mr. Hamilton, of Annandale-cottage, Dublin.

“May he, for whose sole honour I assume the Motto on my seal, (*Gloria Deo soli*), and for years have used the golden pen which was conferred on me by some approving fellow-citizens, bless with a favourable issue my appeal to that young Queen, who is beloved and revered by me, my household, and my nation.

“I humbly pray you, Royal Lady, to accept an olive stem which came to me from the holy city of Jerusalem, through the British consuls resident at Jaffa and Beyrout. It springs from soil and stones on which some precious blood or tears may possibly have fallen, and is the emblem of that ‘permanent and universal peace’ which you, my liege, have now the power to promote between nations, parties, sects, and individuals.

“The plant was so very old when it was taken up, so long exposed to the eastern summers' heat, and to the briny surges of the ocean on the deck of the ship *Eleanor Gordon*, bound to London from Beyrout, that it was replanted in the box which now contains it, with but little prospect of its growth, yet it put forth a dozen clustered buds, which now are vigorous and leafy, when you were qualified by law to govern many nations, and to possess great influence on all.

“Let Israel's olive find protection near your throne, for the sake of Him who will yet make ‘queens the nursing mothers’ of his people; let ‘the stones’ of Sion be as pleasing objects in your sight; let your compassion be excited always by ‘the earth thereof;’ and may you, illustrious lady, be as ‘a verdant olive tree’ in the house of that great King who has promised in due time ‘to raise up a profitable ruler.’—Eccles.

“With the humble expression of my duty, I have the honour to be, august and gracious Sovereign, your Majesty's most faithful, affectionate, and respectful subject and servant.

“JOSEPH HAMILTON.”

FEMALE EDUCATION.—If, in conducting the education of a female, care be taken to impress upon her mind, that the most proper sphere for woman to shine in is the domestic circle; if example and precept combine to prove that the literary acquirements with which she is endowed are not intended to form a means of display, or to supersede the acquisition of *domestic knowledge*; if Christian humility be instilled as a counterpoise to feminine vanity.—then will literature become a source of genuine pleasure to herself, and enable her the better to fulfil the duties of daughter, sister, wife, or mother.—*Duties of Woman, arising from her Obligations to Christianity, by Mrs. Riley.*

For the Pearl.

MY GRANDMAMMA.

Whom did my heavenly Father send
To be a feeble infant's friend?
And who herself did freely lend?
My Grandmamma.

Who was it that with tender care
My much-lov'd mother's task did bear,
And her maternal feeling share?
My Grandmamma.

Who gave to her that precious life
From which I did my own derive,
For whom I must in duty strive?
My Grandmamma.

Who did my early friend appear?
Who, when I cried, would wipe the tear,
And kiss my lips, and call me dear?
My Grandmamma.

Who fed me when I needed food;
And, as with years my strength improv'd,
Still, still, my kind protectress stood?
My Grandmamma.

Who taught my feet to trip along?
Who taught to speak my infant tongue?
What grateful thanks to thee belong?
My Grandmamma.

Who, to sustain life's feeble thread,
Watch'd me when sleeping on her bed,
When sickness made me droop my head?
My Grandmamma.

Who first instructed me to run
In wisdom's ways, and vice to shun,
And check'd me when I wrong had done?
My Grandmamma.

Thy acts of kindness strike my mind:
The more I seek the more I find,
And many yet are left behind,
My Grandmamma.

O Gratitude, I ask of thee,
Let not my heart e'er thankless be
To her who took such care of me!
My Grandmamma.

In this wide world of grief and pain,
How long soever I remain,
Where shall I find such love again?
My Grandmamma.

What trouble hast thou borne for me!
And shall I not unwearied be
In doing all I can for thee?
My Grandmamma.

How can I make a just reward?
Accept my love and kind regard—
'Tis all I have, or can afford;
My Grandmamma.

Should I neglect thee, how could I
Expect from Mischief's power to fly—
To live in peace, or peaceful die?
My Grandmamma.

Can I forget thee? Surely no:
But sweet remembrance oft shall show,
As through life's untried paths I go,
My Grandmamma.

I'll think of thee, e'en when I play;
I'll love thee better ev'ry day;
And, when night comes, for thee I'll pray,
My Grandmamma.

Round my fond heart thou shalt entwine;
In all thy joys I'll gladly join;
Thy pains, through life, shall all be mine,
My Grandmamma.

I would console thy rip'ning years,
Or soothe thy sorrows with my tears,
Whose kindness every day appears,
My Grandmamma.

Let wisdom guide my early choice
To obey the dictates of thy voice:
In pleasing thee I will rejoice,
My Grandmamma.

Shouldst thou be torn from me away,
Oft to thy resting place I'll stray,
And there with grateful tears I'll say—
My Grandmamma.

Yes, if thou should from us depart,
Thy name should gratitude impart,
And be engraved upon my heart,
My Grandmamma.

For favours such as I receive
I'll honour thee long as I live;
Then God to me long life will give,
My Grandmamma.

May'st thou, of health and peace possess,
With long-continued life be blest,
And heaven be thy eternal rest,
My Grandmamma.

In youth, in manhood, or in age,
Thy name, inscribed on memory's page,
Shall thy dear Henry's love engage,
My Grandmamma.

W. F. TEULON.

KING CHARLES THE SECOND AND WILLIAM PENN.

When William Penn was about to sail from England to Pennsylvania, he went to take leave of the King, and the following conversation occurred:—

‘Well, friend William,’ said Charles, ‘I have sold you a noble province in North America; but still I suppose you have no thoughts of going thither yourself.’ ‘Yes I have,’ replied William, ‘and I have just come to bid thee farewell.’ ‘What! venture yourself among the savages of North America! Why, man, what security have you that you will not be in their war-kettle in two hours after setting foot on their shores?’ ‘The best security in the world,’ replied Penn. ‘I doubt that, friend William; I have no idea of any security against these cannibals but in a regiment of good soldiers with their muskets and bayonets; and mind, I tell you beforehand, that with all my good will for you and your family, to whom I am under obligations, I will not send a soldier with you.’ ‘I want none of thy soldiers,’ answered William, ‘I depend on something better than thy soldiers.’ The king wished to know what that was. ‘Why, I depend on themselves, on their own moral sense, even on that grace of God which bringeth salvation, and which hath appeared unto all men.’ ‘I fear, friend William, that that grace has never appeared to the Indians of North America.’ ‘Why not to them as well as to others?’ ‘If it had appeared to them,’ said the king, ‘they would hardly have treated my subjects so barbarously as they have done.’ ‘That is no proof to the contrary, friend Charles. Thy subjects were the aggressors. When thy subjects first went to North America, they found these people the fondest and kindest creatures in the world. Every day they would watch for them to come on shore, and hasten to meet them, and feast them on all that they had. In return for the hospitality of the savages, as we call them, thy subjects, termed Christians, seized on their country, and rich hunting grounds, for farms for themselves? Now, is it to be wondered at that these much-injured people should have been driven to desperation by such injustice; and that burning with revenge they should have committed some excesses?’ ‘Well, then, I hope, friend William, you will not complain when they come to treat you in the same manner.’ ‘I am not afraid of it,’ said Penn. ‘Ay! how would you avoid it? You mean to get their hunting grounds too, I suppose?’ ‘Yes, but not by driving these poor people away from them.’ ‘No indeed, how then will you get their lands?’ ‘I mean to buy their lands of them.’ ‘Buy their lands of them! Why man you have already bought them of me.’ ‘Yes I know I have, and at a dear rate, too; but I did it only to get my good will, not that I thought thou hadst any right to their lands; no, friend Charles, no right at all; what right hast thou to their lands?’ ‘Why the right of discovery; the right which the Pope and all Christian kings have agreed to give one another.’ ‘The right of discovery! A strange kind of right, indeed. Now, suppose, friend Charles, some canoe-loads of these Indians, crossing the sea, and discovering thy island of Great Britain, were to claim it as their own, and set it up for sale over thy head, what wouldst thou think of them?’ ‘Why—why—why,’ replied Charles, ‘I must confess I should think it a piece of great impudence in them.’ ‘Well, then, how canst thou, a Christian, and a Christian prince, too, do that which thou utterly condemnest in these people whom thou callest savages? Yes, friend Charles, and