

great city, with all its resources and innumerable opportunities afforded to the enterprising and persevering, I should not find one chance of living; I am sure I have been persevering enough. It would not be so odd if I was acquainted with but one branch of knowledge; but knowing a little—'something of every thing'—

"That's the very hindrance, sir!" interrupted his friend; but in London, a man, to get on, only needs to know *one thing well*; if he does, and is industrious and careful, the chances are greatly in his favour."

Here the conversation ended. It was not lost upon Tom Sharp; he profited by the lesson, and lived long enough to see the evils of a superficial knowledge. There are thousands now in poverty and wretchedness, who would have been differently situated, had they applied their undivided energies to some one useful pursuit. The story must carry with it its own moral. We shall be well pleased if it convinces any one that a thorough knowledge of one subject is better than a smattering of all.

A MISSISSIPPI ROMANCE.—A correspondent of the Natchez Courier, writing from the seat of government of Mississippi, in a long letter about banks and banking, gives currency to the following story of adventure:

I turn from the legislature to give an item which smacks of romance and novelty. To-day there arrived in the stage, in company with Judge Bodly, a fair faced and juvenile passenger, in pantaloons arrayed, and on stopping at the mansion of Madam Dixon, the said personage was consigned to a room in company with Senator Thomas B. Rives.

In a few minutes suspicions were set afloat that the stranger aforesaid was a woman, whereupon Mrs. Dixon, in curious trepidation, repaired to the presence of her new guest. "You are a woman," said Mrs. D. "I know I am," replied the stranger, "but listen to my story." She then related an adventure that far eclipsed the dangers braved by the lover of Orlando, she had been cruelly treated, her husband fled the country, and, resolved to find him, she changed her dress and went to the Mississippi River, where she secured a berth in one of the steamboats as cabin boy; this life she followed, up and down the western waters for eight months; despairing of the object of her anxious pursuit, she is now on her way to the bosom of her family in one of the eastern counties of Mississippi.

When her sex was discovered, several ladies and gentlemen recalled her acquaintance, and by the kindness of her friends, she was soon transformed and conducted to the parlour glittering in all the splendour of her sex. The stories she told were intensely interesting, and all true—while a cabin boy she had two or three fights, in all of which she came off victorious! Who will say the Mississippi ladies are not brave, and do not love?

A LANDSCAPE OF NORTHERN FRANCE.—It was a wild and wooded country on the borders of the ancient Ardennes, with the scene continually varying in minor points, but never changing the character of rough, solitary nature, which that part of France, and indeed many other parts, at that time displayed. Here the ground was rocky and mountainous, shooting up into tall hills covered with old woods; there, smooth and even, with the feet of the primeval oaks carpeted with green turf. Then again, came deep dells, and banks, and ravines, and dingles, so thick that the bear could scarcely force his way through the bushes; and then the trees fell back, and left the wild stream wandering through green meadows, or sporting amongst the masses of stone. If a village appeared, it was perched high up above the road, as if afraid of the passing strangers; if a cottage, it was nestled in the brown wood, and scarcely to be distinguished from the surrounding banks. The air was now as warm as May, and all the sweet things that haunt the first dream of summer had come forth: the birds were tuning their earliest songs; the flowers were gathering round the root of the trees, and the branches above them were making an effort, though but faint, to cast away the brown cloak of winter, and put on the green garment of the spring.

The evening sunshine was clear and smiling. Pouring from under a light cloud, which covered a part of the sky, it streamed in amongst the bolls and branches of the trees; it gilded the green turf, and danced upon the yellow banks: and what between the wild music of the blackbird and the thrush and the woodlark, the flowers upon the ground, the balminess of the air, the spring sunshine, and the peaceful scene, Charles felt his sorrows softened; and owned the influence of that season, which is so near akin to youth and hope, and rode on with a vague but sweet feeling that brighter hours might come.

DIVERSITY OF RELIGIOUS SENTIMENT.—Nothing appears to us more certain, than that steadfastness of conviction is intimately related to an enlarged and magnanimous charity; while bigotry is evermore the vice of little and of narrow souls. Even the love of freedom, and of freedom especially of thought, may, we are painfully aware, become vicious through excess; and so, too, may that generosity of elevated sentiment which would prompt us to look with an undue tolerance even on error, rather than trench, though it were but by a hair's breadth, upon the intellectual prerogatives of others. But it is a vice nourished by the aliment, and partaking of the very essence of virtue; and of that virtue, too, without

which no other that is great or noble can at all subsist. We are not insensible of the advantages that may accrue from diversities of sentiment, and even of denomination, in the more jealous conservation of truth; in the more perfect investigation and pursuit of individual principles; in the more delicate and decisive trial of our spirits; in the occasion given for the exercise of mutual forbearance; in the discrimination enforced upon us between the lesser and the weightier matters of the Christian law; in the adaptation of the total system to meet the diversities of human judgment, habitude, and feeling; and, to include, under the varieties of our Christian profession, such also as inevitably spring out of the conditions and propensities which subsist amongst mankind. There is nothing in them all, if rightly understood, destructive to the welfare or the peace of the church, and, however fatal to its *uniformity*, its *unity* is left by them unmutated and untouched.—*Dr. M'Al's Discourses.*

SAYINGS OF ISAAC WALTON.—*The Nightingale.*—He that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and re-doubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth and say, Lord, what music thou hast provided for the saints in heaven, when thou offerest bad men such music on earth.

Wealth.—As for money, neglect it not; but note that there is no necessity of being rich, for there be as many misers beyond riches as on the side of them; and, if you have a competence, enjoy it with a meek, cheerful, and thankful heart.

How to choose one's companions.—To speak truly, your host is not to me a good companion, for most of his conceits were either Scripture jests or lascivious jests, for which count no man witty, for the devil will help a man that way inclined, to the former, and his own corrupt nature, which he always carries with him, to the latter. But let me tell you, that good company and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue.

THE BUSINESS OF LIFE.—We recollect walking with Mr. Thomas Carlyle down Regent-Street, when he remarked, that we poets had all of us mistaken the argument that we should treat. "The past," he said, "is all too old for this age of progress. Look at this throng of carriages, this multitude of men and horses, of women and children. Every one of these has a reason for going this way, rather than that. If we could penetrate their minds, and ascertain their motives, an epic poem would present itself, exhibiting the business of life as it is, with all its passions, and interests, hopes and fears. A poem, whether in verse or prose, conceived in this spirit, and impartially written, would be the epic of the age." And in this spirit it was that he conceived the plan of his own "French Revolution, a History."—*Monthly Mag.*

ANECDOTE OF BYRON.—The following instance of spontaneous and flattering homage to genius is worth noting. In 1815 Byron visited Cambridge at the time when the University confers its degrees; and, attracted by a kindred feeling, as well perhaps as by a love of display, the poet, accompanied by the late Dr. Clarke, went to the senate-house to be a spectator of the interesting scene. After remaining a few minutes under the gallery, Lord Byron proceeded to the other end of the room in order to address the vice-chancellor. He had only gone a few paces on the marble floor, when he was recognized by the sons of Alina Mater in the gallery, and immediately a chorus of voices repeated aloud simultaneously, the two well-known opening lines of the *Bride of Abydos*:—

"Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime!"

Lord Byron stopped and smiled, but the vice-chancellor rebuked the breach of collegiate discipline and decorum. "I know not what possessed us," said a man of Trinity, whom we heard relate the circumstance; "but it was a sort of free-masonry feeling---we could not restrain ourselves."

THE GRAVE OF L. E. L.—The following extract from the journal of Capt. Herapath, published in the London Railway Magazine, will prove interesting to many:

May 31st. Arrived at the castle, and was conducted by a soldier to the apartment of Captain Maclean, the Governor. I delivered the newspaper sent by Messrs. King, and his Excellency appeared very much affected on seeing the lines it contained, written on the death of Mrs. Maclean. Having heard that the remains of Mrs. Maclean were interred in the castle-yard, I gave a soldier a trifle to show me the spot. She is buried in that part of the court-yard facing the sea, close to the ramparts; no stone marks her grave, and were it not for the few recently placed bricks, it would be difficult to find the spot. It is not even raised above the level of the yard. I thought, while contemplating the narrow space she now occupies, of her own words:—

"The beautiful! and do they die
In you bright world as here?"

It will be something to say in England, "I have visited the grave of 'L. E. L.' on the coast of Africa."

PITCHING OF A SHIP AT SEA.—And now, my dear Gerard, imagine us all to creep like the exclusive lady into our own narrow

dormitories, not that we were sleepy, but that violent pitching of the ship made it difficult, if not impossible, for any mere landsman to sit or stand. Indeed, it would not have been easy to sleep, in spite of the concert that prevailed. First, a beam in one corner seemed taken in labour, then another began groaning, plank after plank chimed in with its peculiar creak, every bulk-head seemed to fret with ache in it, sometime the floor complained of a strain, next the ceiling cried out with a pain in its joints, and then came a general squeezing round, as if the whole vessel was in the last stage of collapse. Add to these, the wild howling of the wind through the rigging till the demon of the storm seemed to be playing coronachs over us on an Aeolian harp, the clatter of hail, the constant rushes of water around and overhead, and at every uncommon pitch, a chorus of female shrieks from the next cabin. To describe my own feelings, the night seemed spent between dozing and delirium.—*Thomas Hood's Tour up the Rhine*

SHORT-HAND WRITING.—It appears from petitions presented to the House of Commons, that upon the average of the last four years the short-hand writing business of Parliament has amounted to more than £14,000 per annum. The petition showed the effect of the monopoly by keeping respectable persons out of the field, and continuing an enormously high rate of charges. There is very little doubt that Parliament pays double as much for having its work badly done as other people pay for getting it well done. It appears that committees of the House of Commons frequently complain of the trouble and annoyance they are put to by the continual shiftings of the shorthand writer from one committee to another, which arise from the "deputies" being displaced, to make way for one of Mr. Gurney's own establishment.

THE TOUCHSTONE OF EVIL.—The mind of a pure and high-souled woman is the most terrible touchstone which the conversation of any man can meet with. If there be baser matter in it, however strong and specious may be the gilding, that test is sure to discover it. We mistake greatly, I am sure, when we think that the simplicity of innocence deprives us of the power of detecting evil. We may know its existence, though we do not know its particular nature; and our own purity, like Iduriel's spear, detects the demon under whatever shape he lurks.

VILLANY AND VIRTUE.—Læon, among many good things, says truly, "Villany that is vigilant, will be an overmatch for virtue if she slumber on her post; and hence it is that a bad cause has often triumphed over a good one; for the partizans of the former, knowing that their cause will do nothing for them, have done every thing for their cause; whereas the friends of the latter are too apt to expect every thing from their cause, and nothing from themselves."

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 16.

TEMPERANCE.—The Monthly Temperance Meeting was held at Mason Hall on Monday evening last. The fine large room was lighted and filled, and presented a very cheerful scene. On the platform were the President of the Society, B. Murdoch, Esq. the Rev. Dr. Twining, Rev. Mr. Cogswell, Rev. Mr. Breer, and Mr. Roach. The orchestra was occupied by a quire of vocal and instrumental performers. Several hymns and an anthem were performed with much effect, particularly the last, in which a French Horn bore a prominent part. The tones of this fine instrument, brought out with much taste, had an excellent effect.

The President addressed the audience, enforcing the importance of Temperance, in his usual good-tempered and fluent manner. Rev. Mr. Cogswell followed, urging the same subject, on religious and moral grounds;—the Rev. Gentleman remarked, that the custom had been to call it manly to be able to drink intoxicating liquors, but that the habit, instead of being *manly*, was *bestial, degrading*, and every way injurious. Rev. Doctor Twining related some affecting incidents illustrative of the evils of intemperance. Rev. Mr. Breer drew a graphic contrast between the home of the drunkard, and that of the reformed man,—and Doctor Teulon gave evidence, in a medical point of view, at the same side. The President closed the speaking part of the proceedings with some very appropriate remarks, respecting the ladies present; and an appeal to those who dealt in intoxicating drinks, either by wholesale or retail.

The hymns sung on the occasion were original, we understand,—printed copies were circulated in the room, and appeared to excite much attention. A stanza from each, as we have not space for the whole, will enable our readers to judge of the metre and style. The first, after appealing to the Drunkards, thus concludes:

"Temperance, hail to thee!
Great is our joy since we
Own thee our guide;
Comforts surround our way,
Now we thy laws obey;
Under thy Sceptre's sway,
We will abide."

The second has the subjoined verse, laudatory of the same virtue, and addressed to the "rising generation."

"Youths! her ways are full of pleasures,
Honor bright she brings to view;