

THE COMPASS.

The following chaste and beautiful lines are from the London Evangelical Magazine:

The storm was loud—before the blast
Our gallant bark was driven;
Their foaming crest the billows reared,
And not one friendly star appeared,
Through all the vaults of heaven.

Yet dauntless still the steersman stood,
And gazed without a sigh,
Where poised on needle bright and slim,
And lighted by a lantern dim,
The compass meets his eye.

There taught his darksome course to steer,
He breathed no wish for day;
But braved the whirlwind's head-long might,
Nor once throughout that dismal night,
To fear or doubt gave way.

And what is oft the Christian's life
But storms as dark and drear,
Through which without one blithsome ray
Of worldly bliss to cheer his way,
He must his vessel steer!

But let him ne'er to sorrow yield,
For in the sacred page
A compass shines divinely true,
And self-illuminated greets his view;
Amidst the tempest's rage.

Then firmly let him grasp the helm
Though loud the billows roar,
And soon his toils and troubles past,
His anchor he shall safely cast
On Canaan's happy shore.

THE RUSSIAN KNOT.

Many paragraphs have appeared both in our newspapers and magazines; descriptive of the punishment of the knot in Russia; but the following, related by the Abbe d'Auteröche is the most thrilling, horrible recital, we have ever read on the subject, and is no doubt strictly true:

Madame Lapouchin was one of the finest women belonging to the Court of the Empress Elizabeth; she was intimately connected with a foreign ambassador, then engaged in a conspiracy: Madame Lapouchin, who was supposed to be an accomplice in this conspiracy, was condemned by the Empress Elizabeth to undergo the punishment of the knot. She appeared at the place of execution in a genteel undress, which contributed still more to heighten her beauty. The sweetness of her countenance and her vivacity, were such as might indicate indiscretion, but not even the shadow of guilt; although I, says the Abbe, have been assured by every person of whom I made enquiry, that she was really guilty. Young, lovely, admired, and sought after at the court, of which she was the life and spirit, instead of the number of admirers her beauty usually drew after her, she then saw herself surrounded only by executioners. She looked on them with astonishment, seeming to doubt whether such preparations were intended for her; one of the executioners then pulled off a kind of cloak, which covered her bosom; her modesty taking the alarm, made her start back a few steps; she then turned pale, and burst into tears; her clothes were soon after stripped off, and in a few moments she was quite naked to the waist, exposed to the eager looks of a vast concourse of people, profoundly silent.

One of the executioners then seized her by both hands, and turning half around, threw her on his back, bending forwards so as to raise her a few inches from the ground; and the other executioner then laid hold of her delicate limbs with his hands hardened at the plough, and without any remorse adjusted her on the back of his companion, in the properest posture for receiving the punishment. Sometimes he laid his large hand brutally upon her head, in order to make her keep it down; sometimes like a butcher going to slay a lamb, he seemed to soothe as soon as he fixed her in the most favourable attitude. The executioner then took a kind of whip called the knot, made of a long strap of leather, prepared for this purpose; he then retreated a few steps, measuring the requisite distance with a steady eye; and, leaping backwards, gave a stroke with the end of the whip, so as to carry away a slip of skin from the neck to the back, then striking his feet against the ground, he took his aim for applying a second blow, parallel to the former; so that, in a few moments, all the skin of her back was cut away in small strips, most of which remained hanging to her under garment. Her tongue was cut out immediately after, and she was banished into Siberia.

AN OLD TREE.

After riding a mile or two further up the road, they leaped over a very low mound of fence, which formed the extreme boundary of that part of the estate, and having passed through a couple of

fields, they entered the lower extremity of that fine avenue of elms, at the higher end of which stood Kate's favourite tree, and also Waters and his under-bailiff—who looked to her like a couple of executioners, only awaiting the fiat of her brother. The sun shone brightly upon the doomed sycamore—"the axe was laid at its root." As they rode up the avenue, Kate begged very hard for mercy; but for once her brother seemed obdurate—the tree, he said, must come down.

"Remember, Charles," said she, passionately, as they drew up, "how we've all of us romped under it! Poor papa also!"

"See, Kate, how rotten it is," said her brother; and riding close to it, with his whip he snapped off two or three of its feeble silvery grey branches—"it's high time for it to come down."

"It fills the grass all round with little branches, sir, whenever there's the least breath of wind," said Waters.

"It won't hardly hold a crow's weight on the topmost branches, sir," said the under-bailiff.

"Had it any leaves last summer?" enquired Mr. Aubrey.

"I don't think," said Waters, "it had a hundred all over it."

"Really, Kate, 'tis such a melancholy, unsightly object, when seen from any part of the quadrangle,"—turning round on his horse to look at the rear of the hall, which was at about eighty yards' distance. "It looks such an old withered thing among the fresh green trees around it—'tis quite a painful contrast." Kate had gently urged on her horse while her brother was speaking, till she was close beside him. "Charles," said she, in a low whisper, "does it not remind you a little of poor old mamma, with her grey hairs, among her children and grand children? She is not out of place amongst us—is she?" her eyes filled with tears. So did her brother's.

"Dearest Kate," said he, with emotion, affectionately grasping her little hand, "you have triumphed! The old tree shall never be cut down in my time! Waters, let the tree stand; if any thing be done to it, let the greatest care be taken of it." Miss Aubrey turned her head aside to conceal her emotion. Had they been alone, she would have flung her arms round her brother's neck.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.—The following is the conclusion of the review of the Rev. Ralph Weldon Emerson's Discourses in the Westminster Quarterly:

"It is the fortune of the period in which we are writing that America is brought as near to us as Rome; already has the circumstance begun its influence, already has it been shown more clearly than was even before believed, that the links of national sympathy are to be found on each side of the Atlantic, and that the chain but wants to be well soldered together. We have heard Mr. Webster speak of our ancient cathedrals, and Miss Sedgwick of our ivied cottages, and the veneration and affectionate interest in these things, which they have taken home with them, will be fruitful seeds in the hands of such sowers. Let us only earnestly and freely reciprocate these feelings; let us visit the United States, not merely to enjoy the humours of a young civilization, or to write treatises on practical democracy, or to glorify our exclusive nationality, or to foster our political discontents, or for any other purpose under the sun, but to delight in the spectacle of that other and greater England, 'England in a state of glorious magnification,' and be proud of this our country's conquest of the world of brute and barren space, this our country's victory over incalculable provinces of time to come. And then, what American will refuse to acknowledge, in the fine language of Mr. Southey, that 'what Italy and Greece are to the classical scholar, what Rome to the Roman Catholic, what Jerusalem to the Christian would, that England is to him.'"

CHALKING WALLS.—The Athenians anticipated our system of writing upon walls. Mr. Wordsworth, in his recent collection of inscriptions from Pompeii, has shown that they carried the art to a degree of refinement unknown to our country. Every inch of paling within ten miles of the metropolis, bears the inscription of Mr. Warren, or Mr. Mechi, or some other equally distinguished professor of the fine arts; but the Pompeian, instead of being told where the cheapest boots, or the washable hat, or the magic strop, was to be purchased, was arrested in his saunter by some line from the Propertius, or the witty Ovid, or the more beloved Mantuan. Visions of the sweetest scenery of that enchanted region broke upon his memory; scenes embalmed in delicious poetry. The most enthusiastic optimist cannot pretend to foresee the day when a custom so beautiful will pass into our habits of feeling; when Thomson will shed a poetical light over the lanes of Wapping; or woodland streams, "inaudible by day," murmur along Holborn Hill; or the changing colours, the glimmering foliage, and the cool repose of sylvan landscape, be diffused over Piccadilly; or the lark, or the nightingale, in the verse of Milton or of Wordsworth, salute the drowsy dawn, or welcome the shadowy moonlight, in the bustle of Cheapside. For these another destiny is reserved. The literature of the walls was buried with Pompeii.

There is a great deal which passes for luck, which is not such. Generally speaking, your "lucky fellows," when one searches closely into their history, turn out to be your fellows that know what they are doing, and how to do it in the right way. Their luck comes to them because they work for it: it is luck well earned. They put themselves in the way of luck. They keep themselves

wide awake. They make the best of what opportunities they possess, and always stand ready for more; and when a mechanic does thus much, depend on it, it must be hard luck if he do not get, at least, employers, customers, and friends. One needs only, says an American writer, to turn to the lives of men of mechanical genius to see how, by taking advantage of little things and facts which no one had observed, or which every one had thought unworthy of regard, they have established new and important principles in the arts, and built up for themselves manufactories for the practice of their newly discovered processes. And yet these are the men who are called the lucky fellows; and sometimes, envied, as such. Who can deny that their luck is well earned? or that it, as much in my power to 'go ahead,' (as the Yankees say) as it was in theirs.—*Hints to Mechanics.*

IMMORTALITY.—It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble, cast up by the ocean of eternity, to float a moment upon the waves, and sink into nothingness. Else why is it that the high and glorious aspirations, which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars, which hold their festival around the midnight throne, are set before the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their approachable glory? And finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us; leaving the thousand streams of our affection to flow back in an Alpine torrent upon our hearts? We are born for higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread before us, like the islands that slumber on the ocean, and where beautiful beings which here pass before us like shadows, will stay in our presence for ever.

SOURCES OF SOCIAL HAPPINESS.—As regards public happiness, statesmen and politicians too often forget that though good political institutions conduce to it, yet that they are but one means to the attainment of this end, and that more than these are requisite to make individuals and nations happy. The cultivation of good will, kindness, and humanity, and all the gentler affections, are far more influential in the promotion of private happiness than the justest balance of the political constitution; so that though the value of civil and religious liberty is great, and has a large influence on national well being, still it does not constitute happiness; and therefore it seems to me, that those writers who devote their energies to the task of endeavouring to soften and improve the social affections, do incomparably more to promote the benefit of communities, than those who have only in view what is more strictly designated "the public weal."—*Curtis on Health.*

TO CLEAN PAINT THAT IS NOT VARNISHED.—Take upon a plate some of the best whiting, have ready some clean warm water and a piece of flannel, which dip into the water and squeeze nearly dry; then take as much whiting as will adhere to it, apply it to the paint, when a little rubbing will instantly remove any dirt or grease; wash well off with water, and rub it dry with a soft cloth. Paint thus cleaned looks equal to new, and, without doing the least injury to the most delicate colour, it will preserve the paint much longer than if cleaned with soap, and it does not require more than half the time usually occupied in cleaning.

SAVING GREEN PEAS.—A Maine farmer informs us that he preserves green peas for winter use, simply by shelling them and putting them into bottles and corking them very tightly. They should be used as soon as the bottle is open. In this way you may have green peas, if you like.

CAUTION.—Although the same brine will answer for pickling beef as that for hams, and pork generally, yet the two kinds of meat should never be in the brine at the same time. A small piece of beef, placed in a barrel with pork, would spoil the latter.

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