

THE DEWDROP.

BY ELIZA COOK.

The sky hath its star, the deep mine hath its gem,
And the beautiful pearl lights the sea;
But the surface of earth holds a rival for them,
And a lustre more brilliant for me.

I know of a drop where the diamond now shines;
Now the blue of the sapphire it gives:
It trembles—it changes—the azure reigns.
And the tint of the ruby now lives.

Amid the deep emerald dwells in its gleam
Till the breath of the south wind goes by;
When it quivers again, and the flash of its beam,
Pours the topaz flame swift on the eye.

Look, look on the grass-blade all freshly impearl'd,
There are all of your jewels in one;
You may find every wealth-purchased gem in the world,
In the dewdrop that's kiss'd by the sun.

Apollo's own circlet is matchless, they say;
Juno envies its sparkles and light;
For 'tis form'd of drops lit by his own burning ray,
And Olympus shews nothing so bright.

THE PETTING YOUNG LADY.

BY PHIZ.

“Were we to define the petting young lady, we should say that she is one who loves every living thing which is small. The fact of being small is quite sufficient to guarantee her affections without any additional requisite whatever. So strong is this love of hers for smallness in any shape, that her favourite term for expressing intense admiration is the word ‘little.’ Thus, if she see a horse which pleases her, she instantly cries out, ‘What a dear little horse!’ although the horse be as big as a hay-stuck; if a dog, ‘What a nice little dog!’ if a house, ‘What a sweet little house!’ Her whole language is a compound of diminutives. Instead of saying ‘mouse,’ she says ‘mousey;’ instead of ‘aunt,’ ‘aunty;’ instead of ‘shoe,’ ‘shoey.’ The petting young lady began her small existence with loving a little doll. When she was three years old she fell in love with a little lamb, an affection which lasted till the little lamb became a large sheep, on which act of insubordination she discarded him into the hands of the butcher. Her next attachment was a little dog, till the little dog became a big dog; on which she took a little canary and a little kitten. Of late she has been petting a little pony, till it is ready to burst: and finds no delight so great as in nursing a most particularly small baby, belonging to the married house-maid, which she calls a sweet dear little thing, and half suffocates with hugging, at least a dozen times a day. If you call at the house, you will be sure to find her in tribulation about some favourite. Either her chicken has broken its leg, or her spaniel has shattered his constitution by tumbling off her lap upon the rug; or her pet pig has been slaughtered for salting; or her canary has been killed by the cat. It is quite surprising what a host of troubles she has: you would fancy her the mother of a dozen children at least. And yet, with all this excessive love for animals, a hundred to one but she is unkind towards her younger sisters, if she have any. Her selfishness knows no bounds. She is always appropriating. When you call, take care how you lead the conversation to zoology. She will be sure to coax you for a little Chinese pig, or a little Andalusian cat, or a little Mexican dog, the uglier the better. A much cheaper way of gaining her regard is to kiss severally each and all of her pets in regular rotation. This will be sure to please her, and when you go away, she may, perhaps, eulogistically say of you, if you are particularly lucky, ‘What a nice little man!’”

MARRYING IN CIRCASSIA.—“When the accepted lover has fulfilled his engagements, or given security for their performance, arrangements are made for the marriage; the girl is decked in all her finery, and completely covered by a long white veil, which, among the wealthy, is flowered with gold or silver. A friend of the bridegroom officiates as bridesman, and gallops away with the girl to the house of some relative where the wedding is to be celebrated. On arriving at their destination, the bride is received by the matron of the house with all the solemnity observed on such an important occasion. She is then conducted to the apartment destined for the happy pair, where she is left alone, with a bundle of pine torches, or a fire of the same material; the replenishing of which, so as to preserve a continued blaze until the arrival of her destined lord, is an indispensable duty. This is done to prevent the entrance of any supernatural enemy, who might be tempted to run away with the prize. We must not, however, forget to mention, that an elderly matron, one who usually officiates on such occasions, after the entrance of the bride, performs the mystic ceremony of walking three times round the nuptial-bed, repeating the words of some charm in Arabic, commencing with the head, and finishing with the feet; after which she places three earthenware pots, filled with corn, at the head, foot, and side, in each of which a lamp is left burning. The

happy moment, midnight, having arrived, the bridegroom mounts his horse, and seeks his friend, who, in the interim, takes up his abode in the neighbouring woods. On being introduced to his bride elect, he draws his poniard, and instantly performs the ceremony, so peculiar to the whole of the Caucasian tribes, of cutting open the corset that has confined her form from infancy. It is owing to this singular custom of wearing the corset, that we so frequently see the countenances of the young girls sallow and unhealthy in Circassia, and their forms often ill-shaped; for it is not until being divested of the virginal corset, that they expand into what nature had intended them to do. No other ceremony is observed at a Circassian bridal, except feasting and merry-making. At the break of day the youth departs with his wife, presents her to his parents, and she is installed in the dwelling appropriated for her near their house; but, according to the custom of the people, her husband never visits her except by stealth,—a degree of disgrace being attached to the man who devotes his time to the society of his wife. Polygamy is allowed; but a Circassian is generally contented with one wife; or, at most, two.”
—Cap. Spencer.

SHAKESPEARE.—“Who so inexhaustible in his varieties? who so profound in his knowledge—his knowledge of all the hidden springs of the heart, and of the causes or effects of human events? What feeling is there undescribed? What motive unexplored? What passion not developed? What duty not enforced? Ambition, avarice, prodigality, revenge, patriotism, filial piety, conjugal love! All the romance and witcheries of imagination! All the homefelt realities of life! If we look for pathos, who so pathetic? for wit, who so witty? for humour, who so humorous? In epic, beyond all, heroic! In tenderness, beyond all, sweet! Indeed (to use his own words),

“Sweet as summer.”

In description, ever appropriate, he is gorgeous, and sublime, or gentle and soothing, as the subject requires; whether Cleopatra sail down the Cydnus, or ‘towers topple on their warder’s heads.’ In short, in such immeasurable varieties of knowledge and imagery, who could ever find an end? or, closing the book, say he had finished? No! a thousand lives might pass, and the lessons not be terminated.”

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FEBRUARY 24, 1838.

SWITZERLAND.

BY WILLIAM BEATTIE, M. D.

ILLUSTRATED

IN A SERIES OF VIEWS TAKEN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK, BY W. H. BARTLETT, ESQ.

THE WALDENSES.

OR PROTESTANT VALLEYS OF PIEDMONT AND DAUPHINY. BY WILLIAM BEATTIE, M. D.

ILLUSTRATED

FROM A SERIES OF DRAWINGS BY W. H. BARTLETT, ESQ.—ALSO NUMEROUS VIEWS BY W. BROCKEDON, F. R. S.

WHAT crowds of thrilling thoughts the titles of these charming works bring before the mind’s eye. Switzerland, the land of TELL is a name synonymous with all that is noble and inspiring in patriotism and independence. Which of her lakes has not been dyed with the blood of her ruthless foes? which of her mountains has not seen planted the standard of freedom and victory? or which of her valleys has not witnessed her struggles and triumphs in the cause of liberty and man? To the warrior who loves to recount deeds of heroism and valour, Switzerland stands forth a land of wonders, and its annals of daring and slaughter rekindle the ardent fires of his capacious soul. To the christian who longs to see the day arrive, when the banners of peace shall wave over all lands, the sound of Switzerland conjures up visions of blood and death, and his forgiving spirit is melted within him. But none, we are confident, whether christians or warriors, patriots or philanthropists, who have read Montgomery’s Wanderer of Switzerland, have not felt an ardent desire to visit a country so famous in the annals of nations.

“THE SWITZER’S LAND!—Where grandeur is encamped
Impregnable in mountain-tents of snow;
Realms that by human foot-print ne’er were stamped,
Where the eagle, wheels, and glacial ramparts glow!
Seek, nature’s worshipper, those landscapes! Go,
Where all her fiercest, fairest charms are joined—
Go to the land where TELL drew freedom’s bow;
And in the patriot’s country thou shalt find
A semblance to the scene and his immortal mind.”

And most gladly will we obey the injunction of the Poet, and embrace the first opportunity to go to such an interesting land. In the meanwhile, however, we intend to feast our eyes with these tastefully executed engravings. Let us open the first part at random. What have we here? “The Valley of Ossola” and an enchanting spot it appears to be. How smoothly the winding stream flows along the valley, laving with its delicious waters the fertile plain. So quiet, so lovely, so serene, this beau-

tiful valley seems to whisper to man, peace and mercy. And these everlasting hills how proudly they stand the monuments of creative power. Indeed, the tone of this engraving is so silvery and brilliant, and delicate, that it wins our admiration and regard. In part the second, we open upon a view of Mont Blanc—

“Above me are the Alps,
The palaces of nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gathers around these summits, as to show
How earth may pierce to heaven, yet leave vain man below.”

As we gaze on this picture we shudder lest the avalanches should lose their subtle balance and come down, ‘bounding, bursting, burying all.’ To calm our agitation we turn to the last plate of this part. “LUGANO,” with its placid lake so charmingly delineated, operates most soothingly on our spirits. But what shall we say of the picturesque scenery of GENEVA in the fifth number. This magnificent picture alone is worth the small charge of the whole part. Its romantic beauty is of the first order. The loveliness and variety of the scenery must fascinate every beholder. In the ten numbers of Switzerland, now before us, we might easily select to gratify all tastes. And where all the plates are so admirably engraven, it is hardly fair to institute a comparison of their merits.

THE WALDENSES! We write this word with a kind of veneration filling our bosoms. Their brotherly spirit—their primitive christianity—their firmness of principle—their persecution—their exile—their cruel death—tend to make the name of Waldenses revered and cherished by all. And the valleys of Piedmont and Dauphiny have furnished our artists with a number of rich and diversified subjects. “The Approach to Dormilleuse,” “Pass of the Guill,” “The Col De La Croix,” “The Balsille,” etc. etc. are of the most terrific interest. Some of the most frightful passes the human imagination can conceive are here introduced to notice, and so vividly depicted as to appal the mind by their horrors. But then we have some most sweet plates, forming by their loveliness a perfect contrast to the dismal features of the others. “La Tour, and Luzern,” “Turin, and the Plain of Piedmont,” “Pignerol from the East,” “Turin” “Approach to Briançon” “St. John and Linzern,” etc. etc. are among these beautiful illustrations, the most beautiful. In short, as including the scenery of the labours of the indefatigable FELIX NEFF, Pastor of the High Alps, and those of OBERLIN, Pastor of the Ban De La Roche, “THE WALDENSES” forms a remarkably elegant and interesting work.

Of the descriptive portion of these works we can also speak in terms of the highest praise. Dr. Beattie in the ten numbers before us of “Switzerland” and “The Waldenses,” has presented his readers with a great quantity of choice and valuable information. Thus for the small sum of two shillings and nine pence currency, we have four most superb steel plates to gratify the sight, and twelve quarto pages of most select matter with which to store the mind. What would our ancestors say to this? Truly in the present age, art rivals fiction.

CLAIM FOR INDEMNITY.—In the House of Assembly of Upper Canada, in a speech of the Attorney General, we find the following remarks—“The returns of the number of militia now employed on the frontier to repel the invaders from the State of New York will shew the vast expense to which the Government is made subject by this lawless aggression upon our territory, and enable us to submit that claim for indemnity from the United States, which the Imperial Government will assuredly demand, and if necessary, compel the payment of. There never was a case in which such a claim could be preferred with more perfect justice. It would be to submit tamely, and dishonorably to open insult, were the British Government to forego the enforcement of complete and ample indemnity; and that this will be done, no doubt whatever can be entertained.”

CORRESPONDENCE ON THE FRONTIER.—On January 15, General Scott of the United States Army wrote to Captain Drew, stating that he and the proper civil officers, were present, “to arrest, if practicable, the leaders of the expedition on foot against Upper Canada.

“Under these circumstances it gives me pain to see the armed vessels mentioned anchored in our waters, with the probable intention to fire upon that expedition moving within the same waters. Unless that expedition shall first attack, in which case we shall interfere, we shall be obliged to consider a discharge of shot or shells from or into our waters, from the armed Schooners of Her Majesty, as an act seriously compromising the neutrality of the two Nations. I hope therefore that no such unpleasant incident may occur.

To this Message Col. McNab replies thus:

“With regard to your views of the right of the expedition referred to, to pass up the Niagara River, near your shores, un molested by the Forces under my command, I beg to enter my most decided protest. The waters of the Niagara River, for the pur-