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From the Knickerbocker for January.

PELAYO AND THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE SKETCH-BOOK.

It is the common lamentation of Spanish historiographers, that, for an obscure and melancholy space of time immediately succeeding the conquest of their country by the Moslems, its history is a mere wilderness of dubious facts, groundless fables, and rash exaggerations. Learned men, in cells and cloisters, have worn out their lives in vainly endeavouring to connect incongruous events, and to account for startling improbabilities, recorded of this period. The worthy Jesuit, Padre Abarca, declares that, for more than forty years, during which he had been employed in theological controversies, he had never found any so obscure and inexplicable as those which rise out of this portion of Spanish history, and that the only fruit of an indefatigable, prolix, and even prodigious study of the subject, was a melancholy and mortifying state of indecision.

During this apocryphal period, flourished Pelayo, the deliverer of Spain, whose name, like that of William Wallace, will ever be linked with the glory of his country, but linked, in like manner, by a bond in which fact and fiction are inextricably interwoven.

The quaint old chronicle of the Moor Rasis, which, though wild and fanciful in the extreme, is frequently drawn upon for early facts by Spanish historians, professes to give the birth, parentage, and whole course of fortune of Pelayo, without the least doubt or hesitation. It makes him a son of the Duke of Cantabria, and descended, both by father and mother's side, from the Gothic kings of Spain. I shall pass over the romantic story of his childhood, and shall content myself with a scene of his youth, which was passed in a castle among the Pyrenees, under the eye of his widowed and noble-minded mother, who caused him to be instructed in every thing befitting a cavalier of gentle birth. While the sons of the nobility were revelling amid the pleasures of a licentious court, and sunk in that vicious and effeminate indulgence which led to the perdition of unhappy Spain, the youthful Pelayo, in his rugged mountain school, was steeled to all kinds of hardy exercises. A great part of his time was spent in hunting the bears, the wild boars, and the wolves, with which the Pyrenees abounded; and so purely and chastely was he brought up, by his good lady mother, that, if the ancient chronicle from which I draw my facts may be relied on, he had attained his one-and-twentieth year, without having once lost a sigh on woman!

Nor were his hardy contests confined to the wild beasts of the forest. Occasionally he had to contend with adversaries of a more formidable character. The skirts and defiles of these border mountains were often infested by marauders from the Gallic plains of Gascony. The Gascons, says an old chronicler, were a people who used smooth words when expedient, but force when they had power, and were ready to lay their hands on every thing they met. Though poor, they were proud; for there was not one who did not pride himself on being a hidalgo, or the son of somebody.

At the head of a band of these needy hidalgos of Gascony, was one Arnaud, a broken-down cavalier. He and four of his followers were well armed and mounted; the rest were a set of scamper-grounds on foot, furnished with darts and javelins. They were the terror of the border; here to-day and gone to-morrow; sometimes in one pass, sometimes in another. They would make sudden inroads into Spain, scour the roads, plunder the country, and were over the mountains and far away, before a force could be collected to pursue them.

Now it happened one day, that a wealthy burgher of Bordeaux, who was a merchant, trading with Biscay, set out on a journey for that province. As he intended to sojourn there for a season, he took with him his wife, who was a goodly dame, and his daughter, a gentle damsel, of marriageable age, and exceeding fair to look upon. He was attended by a trusty clerk from his comptoir, and a man servant; while another servant led a hackney, laden with bags of money, with which he intended to purchase merchandise.

When the Gascons heard of this wealthy merchant and his convoy passing through the mountains, they thanked their stars, for they considered all peaceful men of traffic as lawful spoil, sent by Providence for the benefit of hidalgos like themselves, of valor and gentle blood, who lived by the sword. Placing themselves in ambush, in a lonely defile, by which the travellers had to pass, they silently awaited their coming. In a little while they beheld them approaching. The merchant was a fair, portly man, in a buff surcoat and velvet cap. His looks bespoke the good cheer of his native city, and he was mounted on a stately, well-fed steed, while his wife and daughter paced gently on palfreys by his side.

The travellers had advanced some distance in the defile, when the bandereros rushed forth and assailed them. The merchant

though but little used to the exercise of arms, and unwieldy in his form, yet made a valiant defence, having his wife and daughter and money-bags at hazard. He was wounded in two places, and overpowered; one of his servants was slain, the other took to flight.

The freebooters then began to ransack for spoil, but were disappointed at not finding the wealth they had expected. Putting their swords to the breast of the trembling merchant, they demanded where he had concealed his treasure, and learned from him of the hackney that was following, laden with money. Overjoyed at this intelligence, they bound their captives to trees, and awaited the arrival of the golden spoil.

On this same day, Pelayo was out with his huntsmen among the mountains, and had taken his stand on a rock, at a narrow pass; to await the sallying forth of a wild bear. Close by him was a page, conducting a horse, and at the saddle-bow hung his armour, for he always prepared for fight among these border mountains. While thus posted, the servant of the merchant came flying from the robbers. On beholding Pelayo, he fell on his knees, and implored his life, for he supposed him to be one of the band. It was some time before he could be relieved from his terror, and made to tell his story. When Pelayo heard of the robbers, he concluded they were the crew of Gascon hidalgos, upon the scamper. Taking his armour from the page, he put on his helmet, slung his buckler round his neck, took lance in hand, and mounting his steed, compelled the trembling servant to conduct him to the scene of action. At the same time he ordered the page to seek his huntsmen, and summon them to his assistance.

When the robbers saw Pelayo advancing through the forest, with a single attendant on foot, and beheld his armour sparkling in the sun, they thought a new prize had fallen into their hands, and Arnaud, and two of his companions, mounting their horses, advanced to meet him. As they approached, Pelayo stationed himself in a narrow pass between two rocks, where he could only be assailed in front, and bracing his buckler, and lowering his lance, awaited their coming.

'Who and what are ye,' cried he, 'and what seek ye in this land?'

'We are huntsmen,' replied Arnaud, 'and lo! our game runs into our toils!'

'Ah!' replied Pelayo, 'thou wilt find the game more readily roused than taken: have at thee for a villain!'

So saying, he put spurs to his horse, and ran full speed upon him. The Gascon, not expecting so sudden an attack from a single horseman, was taken by surprise. He hastily couched his lance, but it merely glanced on the shield of Pelayo, who sent his own through the middle of his breast, and threw him out of his saddle to the earth. One of the other robbers made at Pelayo, and wounded him slightly in the side, but received a blow from the sword of the latter, which cleft his skull cap, and sank into his brain. His companion, seeing him fall, put spurs to his steed, and galloped off through the forest.

Beholding several other robbers on foot coming on, Pelayo returned to his station between the rocks, where he was assailed by them all at once. He received two of their darts on his buckler, a javelin razed his cuirass, and glancing down, wounded his horse. Pelayo then rushed forth, and struck one of the robbers dead: the others, beholding several huntsmen advancing, took to flight, but were pursued, and several of them taken.

The good merchant of Bordeaux and his family beheld this scene with trembling and amazement, for never had they looked upon such feats of arms. They considered Don Pelayo as a leader of some rival band of robbers; and when the bonds were loosed by which they were tied to the trees, they fell at his feet and implored mercy. The females were soonest undeceived, especially the daughter; for the damsel was struck with the noble countenance and gentle demeanour of Pelayo, and said to herself, 'Surely nothing evil can dwell in so goodly and gracious a form.'

Pelayo now sounded his horn, which echoed from rock to rock, and was answered by shouts and horns from various parts of the mountains. The merchant's heart misgave him at these signals, and especially when he beheld more than forty men gathering from glen and thicket. They were clad in hunter's dresses, and armed with boarspears, darts, and hunting swords, and many of them led hounds in long leashes. All this was a new and wild scene to the astonished merchant; nor were his fears abated, when he saw his servant approaching with the hackney, laden with money bags; 'for of a certainty said he to himself, 'this will be too tempting a spoil for these wild hunters of the mountains.'

Pelayo, however, took no more notice of the gold than if it had been so much dross; at which the honest burgher marvelled exceed-

ingly. He ordered that the wounds of the merchant should be dressed, and his own examined. On taking off his cuirass, his wound was found to be but slight; but his men were so exasperated at seeing his blood, that they would have put the captive robbers to instant death, had he not forbidden them to do them any harm.

The huntsmen now made a great fire at the foot of a tree, and bringing a boar which they had killed, cut off portions and roasted them, or broiled them on the coals. Then drawing forth loaves of bread from their wallets, they devoured their food half raw, with the hungry relish of huntsmen and mountaineers. The merchant, his wife and daughter, looked at all this, and wondered, for they had never beheld so savage a repast.

Pelayo then inquired of him if they did not desire to eat? they were too much in awe of him to decline, though they felt a loathing at the thought of partaking of this hunter's fare; but he ordered linen cloth to be spread under the shade of a great oak, on the grassy margin of a clear running stream; and to their astonishment, they were served, not with the flesh of the boar, but with dainty cheer, such as the merchant had scarcely hoped to find out of the walls of his native city of Bordeaux.

The good burgher was of a community renowned for gastronomic prowess: his fears having subsided, his appetite was now awakened, and he addressed himself manfully to the viands that were set before him. His daughter, however, could not eat; her eyes were ever and anon stealing to gaze on Pelayo, whom she regarded with gratitude for his protection, and admiration for his valour; and now that he had laid aside his helmet, and she beheld his lofty countenance, glowing with manly beauty, she thought him something more than mortal. The heart of the gentle donzella, says the ancient chronicler, was kind and yielding, and had Pelayo thought fit to ask her fair hand—she could not have had the cruelty to say to him nay. Pelayo, however, had no such thoughts: the love of woman had never yet entered his heart; and though he regarded the damsel as the fairest maiden he had ever beheld, her beauty had caused no perturbation in his breast.

When the repast was over, Pelayo offered to conduct the merchant and his family through the defiles of the mountains; lest they should be molested by any of the scattered band of robbers. The bodies of the slain marauders were buried, and the corpse of the servant was laid upon one of the horses captured in the battle. Having formed their cavalcade, they pursued their way slowly up one of the steep and winding passes of the Pyrenees.

Towards sunset they arrived at the dwelling of a holy hermit. It was hewn out of the living rock: there was a cross over the door, and before it was a great spreading oak, with a sweet spring of water at its foot. The body of the faithful servant who had fallen in the defence of his lord, was buried close by the wall of this sacred retreat, and the hermit promised to perform masses for the repose of his soul. Then Pelayo obtained from the holy father consent that the merchant's wife and daughter should pass the night within his cell; and the hermit made beds of moss for them, and gave them his benediction; but the damsel found little rest, so much were her thoughts occupied by the youthful champion who had rescued her from death and dishonour.

Pelayo, however, was visited by no such wandering of the mind, but wrapping himself in his mantle, slept soundly by the fountain under the tree. At midnight, when every thing was buried in deep repose, he was awakened from his sleep, and beheld the hermit before him, with the beams of the moon shining on his silver hair and beard.

'This is no time,' said the latter, 'to be sleeping; arise and listen to my words, and hear of the great work for which thou art chosen!'

Then Pelayo arose and seated himself on a rock, and the hermit continued his discourse.

'Behold,' said he, 'the ruin of Spain is at hand! It will be delivered into the hands of strangers, and will become a prey to the spoiler. Its children will be slain, or carried into captivity; or such as may escape these evils, will harbour with the beasts of the forest, or the eagles of the mountain. The thorn and bramble will spring up where now are seen the cornfield, the vine, and the olive, and hungry wolves will roam in place of peaceful flocks and herds. But thou, my son! tarry not thou to see these things, for thou canst not prevent them. Depart on a pilgrimage to the sepulchre of our blessed Lord in Palestine; purify thyself by prayer; enrol thyself in the order of chivalry, and prepare for the great work of the redemption of thy country; for to thee it will be given to raise it from the depth of its affliction.'

Pelayo would have inquired farther into the evils thus foretold, but the hermit rebuked his curiosity.

'Seek to know no more,' said he, 'than heaven is pleased to reveal. Clouds and darkness cover its designs, and prophecy is never permitted to lift up, but in part, the veil that rests upon the future.'

The hermit ceased to speak, and Pelayo laid himself down again to take repose, but sleep was a stranger to his eyes.

When the first rays of the rising sun shone upon the tops of the mountains, the travellers assembled round the fountain beneath the tree, and made their morning's repast. Then, having received the benediction of the hermit, they departed in the freshness of the day, and descended along the hollow defiles leading into the interior of Spain. The good merchant was refreshed by sleep, and his morning's meal; and when he beheld his wife and daughter thus secure by his side, and the hackney laden with his treasure close behind him, his heart was light in his bosom, and he carolled a chanson as he went, and the woodlands echoed to his song. But Pelayo rode in silence, for he revolved in his mind the portentous words of the hermit; and the daughter of the merchant ever and anon stole looks at him full of tenderness and admiration, and deep sighs betrayed the agitation of her bosom.

At length they came to the foot of the mountains, where the forests and rocks terminated, and an open and secure country lay before the travellers. Here they halted, for their roads were widely different. When they came to part, the merchant and his wife were loud in thanks and benedictions, and the good burgher would fain have given Pelayo the largest of his sacks of gold; but the young man put it aside with a smile. 'Silver and gold,' said he, 'need I not, but if I have deserved aught at thy hands, give me thy prayers, for the prayers of a good man are above all price.'

In the mean time, the daughter had spoken never a word. At length she raised her eyes, which were filled with tears, and looked timidly at Pelayo, and her bosom throbbed; and after a violent struggle between strong affection and virgin modesty, her heart relieved itself by words.

'Senior,' said she, 'I know that I am unworthy of the notice of so noble a cavalier; but suffer me to place this ring upon a finger of that hand which has so bravely rescued us from death; and when you regard it you may consider it as a memorial of your valour, and not of one who is too humble to be remembered by you.'

With these words, she drew a ring from her finger, and put it upon the finger of Pelayo; and having done this, she blushed and trembled at her own boldness, and stood as one abashed, with her eyes cast down upon the earth.

Pelayo was moved at the words of the simple maiden, and at the touch of her fair hand, and at her beauty, as she stood thus trembling and in tears before him: but as yet he knew nothing of woman, and his heart was free from snares of love. 'Amiga,' (friend) said he, 'I accept thy present, and will wear it in remembrance of thy goodness;' so saying, he kissed her on the cheek.

The damsel was cheered by these words, and hoped that she had awakened some tenderness in his bosom; but it was no such thing says the grave old chronicler, for his heart was devoted to higher and more sacred matters, yet certain it is, that he always guarded well that ring.

When they parted, Pelayo remained with his huntsmen on a cliff, watching that no evil befel them until they were far beyond the skirts of the mountain; and the damsel often turned to look at him, until she could no longer discern him, for the distance, and the tears that dimmed her eyes.

And for that he had accepted her ring, says the ancient chronicler, she considered herself wedded to him in her heart, and would never marry; nor could she be brought to look with eyes of affection upon any other man; but, for the true love which she bore Pelayo, she lived and died a virgin. And she composed a book which treated of love and chivalry, and the temptations of this mortal life; and one part discoursed of celestial matters, and it was called 'The Contemplations of Love;' because, at the time she wrote it, she thought of Pelayo, and of his having accepted her jewel, and called her by the gentle appellation of 'Amiga.' And often thinking of him in tender sadness, and of her never having beheld him more, she would read it as if in his stead, and while she repeated the words of love which it contained, she would endeavour to fancy them uttered by Pelayo, and that he stood before her.

From the Knickerbocker for February, 1840.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

'Ah who can hope his line should long
Live in a daily-changing tongue?
We write in sand; our language grows,
And, as the tide, our work o'erflows.'

It is proposed, in the present paper, to direct the reader's attention to a brief history of the English language; to its excellencies and defects; the best means of cultivating an acquaintance with it; the danger of corruption to which, in this age of literary hobbies and imitations, it is exposed; and its future prospects, in regard to its prevalence and extension. Lest the writer should be thought, by some, to wander from his subject, in his occasional allusions to English literature, it may be proper to remark, that the intimate connection between the themes, renders such reference unavoidable.

Language forms a distinguishing characteristic of man. Brutes have inarticulate cries, which express their emotions, and the import of which they seem in a measure to understand; but they have

nothing which can be dignified with the name of language. This is the vehicle of thought; it is the instrument by which mind acts upon mind; by which the people of one nation and age converse with the people of other nations and of remote ages; and it is the means by which the social nature of man arrives at its highest gratification.

It is the testimony of the Scriptures that originally the inhabitants of the world were of one speech and of one language, and that the foundation for a variety of languages was laid in the confusion of tongues, at the building of Babel. From the nature of the case, also, it might be inferred that but one language would originally exist; and so convenient would it be for human intercourse, that all the inhabitants of the earth should continue to speak the same language, that we cannot well account for the existence of so many languages, so widely differing from each other, without supposing a miraculous interference, like that which the confusion of tongues at Babel is described to have been. The departures from the original language, however, though sufficient to prevent the different tribes from understanding each other, appears not to have been so entire as to destroy all resemblance between the different dialects. Hence, learned men have been able to trace some remote resemblances between all the various languages that exist.

Languages, like individuals, grow up from infancy to maturity; and, like nations, they advance from barbarism to refinement. The English is the youngest child in the family of languages; but, as it frequently happens to the youngest child, it has been nursed with peculiar care, and enjoyed peculiar advantages; and it exhibits a vigorous constitution, and has acquired a manly growth. From poverty it has advanced to riches, and from barbarism to great refinement. It is an interesting employment to trace its history, and to mark its progress. It has originated, not from one source, but from many sources. It has amassed its wealth not only by carefully husbanding its own resources, but by the lawful plunder of numerous other languages.

The history of the English language is intimately connected with the history of the English nation. The island of Great Britain has been the scene of its infancy, the theatre of its childhood, and the spot on which, in its maturity, it has flourished in peculiar glory. The earliest inhabitants of Britain, and indeed of all northern and western Europe, were the Celts, a people who, probably many centuries before the Christian era, wandered away from the parent tribes in Asia. They were rude and uncultivated, with the exception of the Druids, their priests, who had a humble claim to the title of philosophers. Such was the people whom Julius Cæsar found in Britain, when he raised the Roman eagle on its shores; and who, after a severe struggle, were subdued to the Roman dominion. The languages of the Welsh, of the native Irish, denominated the Erse, and of the highlands of Scotland, called Gaelic, which differ only in dialect, are the remains of the Celtic, the original language of northern and western Europe.

After the internal troubles of the Roman Empire obliged the Romans to withdraw from Britain, the inhabitants of the southern portion of the island were exposed to the inroads of the Picts and Scots from the north, whom the Roman arms, during the Roman dominion, had kept in check. In vain did the Britons call on the Romans for aid; instead of defending others, they were scarcely able to defend themselves. In their extremity, the Britons invited the Saxons to undertake their defence. The Saxons inhabited northern and western Germany, and the adjacent territory, a branch of whom was denominated the Angles, from whom the English derive their name. They were a part of the extensive Gothic nation which spread itself over central and northern Europe; a people that left the eastern tribes at a later period than the Celts, and who were considerably in advance of them in civilization and mental improvement. The Saxons, after having driven back the Picts and Scots, conquered the Britons whom they came to defend; and so complete was the subjugation, that the Saxon or Gothic entirely superseded the Celtic, or ancient language of the country, and the Saxon is to be considered as the parent of the English language. Doubtless, from an intercourse with the original inhabitants, some Celtic words were intermingled with the Saxon, but they were not so numerous as materially to alter its form. The Saxon language, from the remains of it which have come down to modern times, appears to have been capable of expressing with copiousness and energy the sentiments of a people not destitute of mental cultivation.

From the subjugation of the Britons to the Saxons, the Saxon language underwent no material alteration, during a period of six hundred years. The Danes, indeed, during this time, overran the country, and for a season held it in subjection, and doubtless some Danish words were introduced into the Saxon. These seem not to have been very numerous, and made no material change in the form of the language, which may be accounted for from the fact, that the Danish and Saxon were but different dialects of the same parent, Gothic.

A much greater change in the language was effected by William the Conqueror, who, in 1066, subdued the English. He, with his followers, spoke the Norman French, a language formed by a mixture of the Celtic, Latin, and Gothic languages. William attempted, what few conquerors have done, to give law to the language of his subjects, and to introduce the Norman French in the place of the Saxon, by causing the intercourse of the court, and the proceedings of the courts of justice, to be held in the Norman

French. But this conqueror found it more easy to subdue the English nation, than to conquer the Saxon language. Although the Norman French was, for a time, spoken by the higher ranks of society in England, and some of its words found their way into the native Saxon from this circumstance, yet the Saxon language maintained its ground in Briton, essentially unchanged. By the intercourse which took place between England and France, for several centuries afterward, many more French words were introduced into the English. These were adopted, with very little change from their original form; and hence has arisen the similarity between many words in the two languages, which is now so clearly visible.

In later times, the words of the English language have been exceedingly augmented by the introduction of many derived from the Latin and the Greek, and occasionally from the French, the Spanish, the Italian, and the German. The Latin, in latter times, has been the primary source whence the English has been enriched and adorned. This has arisen, not only from the fact that the Latin was the language of a people highly cultivated and refined, and embodied a great variety of valuable literature, but also from the circumstance that for many ages it was the common medium of communication between the learned of the nations of modern Europe, and was, therefore, well understood by every English scholar.

Still, however, after all its changes and augmentations, the Saxon remains the basis of the English language. Almost all the words in common and familiar use, and those which relate to agriculture and the mechanic arts, are of Saxon origin. He who speaks Saxon-English, speaks plain English, which every person understands. If we were to speak of the circumambient air, which is Latin English, some persons might be found who would not fully understand us. If we say the surrounding air, which is Saxon English, we shall be distinctly and universally understood.

Of all the distinguished English writers, none is more remarkable for a general use of Saxon English, than Addison. It gives a peculiar simplicity to his style, and perhaps was one means of securing to the Spectator, to which he largely contributed, the unbounded popularity which it enjoyed with the mass of readers, at the time of its first publication. Dr. Johnson, equally celebrated, is especially distinguished for the use of Latin English. His Rambler, which was issued as a periodical, like the Spectator, though it contains more depth of sentiment, and greater splendour of imagery, which have ever rendered it a favourite with scholars, was by no means as popular with the mass of readers, when it was first issued, as was the Spectator.

The terms in the English language which relate to music, sculpture, and painting, have been derived from the Italian, as it is from Italy, especially, that the improvements in these fine arts have been derived. The words which relate to navigation, have been derived from Holland and Flanders, countries which were early distinguished among the nations of western Europe for the cultivation of this art. The French have ever been celebrated in the art of war, and from them have been derived the terms which relate to military affairs. The mathematics and philosophy, which owe their advancement chiefly to scholars, have derived their terms from the Latin and the Greek.

It has generally been the case, that the refinements of a language have kept an equal pace with a nation's advancement in civilization; and the state of language, therefore, forms a good criterion of the state of general improvement among a people. This has been emphatically true of the English language. Under the reign of Elizabeth, in the sixteenth century, the national manners advanced in refinement, and the language made equal and signal advances in its character. Spenser and Shakspeare, among the poets, and Hooker among the divines of that period, gave illustrious proofs of genius, and contributed essentially to improve the language of which they were ornaments. Of Hooker, Pope Clement VIII, who would not be likely to entertain an undue partiality for a Protestant, said: 'This man indeed deserves the name of an author. His books will get reverence by age; for there are in them such seeds of eternity, that they shall continue till the last fire shall devour all learning.' The works of Shakspeare, the prince of dramatic writers, whom no man in this department has ever rivalled, or probably may ever hope to rival, are well calculated to give a very favourable idea of the respectable advances which the language had made, at the time in which he flourished. The conceptions of his transcendent genius appear to have been not at all cramped by the language in which he wrote; and what author ever wrote, who showed more versatility of talent, or who required a more flexible, strong, and copious language to give life and animation to his varied and extraordinary conceptions.

The writers of the seventeenth century nobly carried on the work of improving the English language, which their predecessors had so honourably begun. The present authorized version of the Scriptures, which was first published in 1613, under the reign of James I. considered merely in a literary point of view, is a most remarkable production, honourable to the translators, and to the character of the language, at the time when it was written. The subjects of this volume are vast and sublime; its variety is well nigh boundless; and although it is designed to be, as it is, a literal translation of the original Hebrew and Greek, it must have been no common language which could have preserved that precision, force, and beauty of the originals, which it so signally exhibits. With the

exception of a few obsolete words and phrases, the common version of the Scriptures, is regarded by literary men, at the present day, as an English classic; and many an orator has kindled the fire of his eloquence at this great fountain of light and of warmth, and many a poet has adorned his imagination by a careful attention to the imagery of the prophets. Pope, in his 'Messiah,' one of his most elegant and sublime productions, in admiration no doubt of the splendour of the prophet, invokes the aid of Him,

'Who touch'd Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire!'

It is scarcely possible to calculate how great has been the effect of a book of such a character, so widely circulated, and so generally read, upon the public taste; and how extensive has been its influence in promoting a general acquaintance with the beauty and force of the English language. If the Scriptures had not trained up a nation of intelligent readers, distinguished authors would not have addressed a public so well prepared to admire their beauties, and to estimate their worth. In the seventeenth century, distinguished writers arose, in almost every department of literature and science, to instruct the world by their wisdom, and to cultivate and adorn the English language. In this rapid sketch but a few of them can be noticed.

Milton, an epic poet, to whom no age or nation has produced a superior, who is more sublime than Homer, and more diversified, and not less elegant, than Virgil, contributed not a little to the cultivation of the language in which he wrote, and signally displayed its compass and its power. Waller, Dryden, and others, in the department of poetry, contributed largely to the improvement of their native tongue. Locke and Newton, in philosophy, who flourished in the latter part of this century, contributed to the precision and perspicuity of the language, and evinced that it is as well adapted to the purposes of the philosopher, as it is to those of the poet.

The divines of the seventeenth century were distinguished for the copiousness and force of their language, as well as for the depth and compass of their thoughts; and in proportion as theological learning advanced, these divines are held in increasingly high estimation. Barrow, in the fullness and exuberance of his periods, has an eloquence like that of Cicero. Dr. Jeremy Taylor, from his spirited descriptions of human character and human life, has been significantly called the theological Shakespeare. The silver-tongued Bates, the eloquent and devout chaplain of that profligate monarch Charles the Second, added elegance to correctness, and is alike distinguished for the beauty and the force of his language. Charnock was a writer of great depth of thought, and great copiousness and force of expression. A distinguished recent English critic, in speaking of the writings of this author, says, "If any student in theology be destitute of the writings of Charnock, let him sell his coat and buy them." Baxter and Tillotson, and others little less distinguished, contributed largely to the improvement of their native tongue, as well as to the instruction of their own age, and of succeeding generations.

But while the English language, during the seventeenth century, was distinguished for its copiousness and strength, with a good degree of elegance, it was reserved for the writers of the eighteenth century to give it the finishing touch of beauty and of grace. The old prose writers made not the ornaments of language a primary object of attention. Their periods are generally long and somewhat heavy, and are frequently encumbered with extensive parentheses, which later writers have very properly rejected. Whether, in the acquisition of elegance, the language has not lost some of its strength, is not quite beyond question; and he who would perfect his style, should labour to add the grace of the writers of the eighteenth, to the strength of those of the seventeenth century.

In the latter part of the seventeenth, and early in the eighteenth century, a galaxy of authors appeared, who have left a track of light across the literary hemisphere. The reign of Queen Anne has been denominated, and not without reason, the Augustan age of English literature. Then flourished Addison, who brought philosophy from the schools to dwell among the common people; whose writings are distinguished for a simplicity and elegance of style, which have rarely been equalled, and never surpassed; and which has caused him to be regarded as a model of fine writing. It is the language of the great Johnson, that, 'whoever wishes to acquire a style, which is familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.' Young, to great diversity of thought, added an affluent magnificence of language. Pope scattered over the fields of literature flowers of the most delightful fragrance, and of every hue. Thomson displayed the beauties of the English language in the most enchanting descriptions of the prospects of nature, and the scenes of life. Neatness and perspicuity of style were finely illustrated in the history of Hume. Bolingbroke, corrupt as he was in moral principle, produced, as a political writer, some of the most beautiful specimens of elegant writing. Among theologians, Watts and Doddridge, Butler and Berkeley, Sherlock and Lardner, Warburton and Lowth, furnished examples of writing different from each other, but all excellent of their kind. But space would fail us, were we to attempt an allusion to all the poets and philosophers, historians and moralists, who shed a glory over the earlier half and the middle of the eighteenth century.

The orthography of the preceding century had been unsettled, and encumbered with many needless letters; and the same writer was often found spelling the same word in a different manner, in

different parts of his work. In the eighteenth century, the orthography of the language became nearly settled, the meaning of words had become definite and precise, and usage had in a great measure given law to language. It only remained that a commanding lexicographer should arise, to collect from the scattered works of distinguished authors a complete vocabulary, to fix, by the authority of good writers, accurately the meaning of words, and to embody the whole in a standard dictionary.

This work, it was the high honour of Dr. Samuel Johnson to perform; and by doing it so ably and so satisfactorily, he became one of the greatest benefactors to the English language and literature, that has ever lived. When we consider what a vast compass of reading it required to collect the unnumbered quotations from distinguished authors, by which the meaning which he has attached to words was illustrated and supported; the discrimination which was necessary to fix accurately the import of terms, and to assign to his authorities their proper place; and the patience and labour which a work so complicated and extensive required for its completion, we cannot fail to regard this as one of the most astonishing efforts of literary industry and skill. Happy it was, perhaps, for the world, that Johnson was comparatively a poor man. Necessity is not only the mother of invention, but the parent of industry. Johnson had eaten up the avails of his Dictionary by the time he had completed it; and while he was toiling for the benefit of his own age, and of generations unborn, without being stimulated by the certainty that they would duly appreciate his labours, he had the ever-present stimulus of a desire to procure his daily bread. His 'Rasselas,' also, one of his most elegant productions, was the fruit of a week's labour, to procure the means of defraying the expenses of his mother's funeral.

Johnson's Dictionary, immediately on its publication, and in every period since, has been resorted to as a standard of the language; and from his authority there have been few appeals. Johnson understood, and confined himself to, the true province of a lexicographer, which is, not to give law to language, but merely to ascertain and to promulgate it. His is an original work, totally unlike every thing which had gone before; and later lexicographers have mostly lived upon his labours.

Since the time of Johnson, the English language has been adorned by many distinguished writers, and the advancement of the arts and sciences has required the adoption of many new terms. These have, by different editors, been incorporated with the work of Johnson. Some words have also been gleaned up, which Johnson, in the extent of his range had overlooked; and so complete has this catalogue of authorized words become, and so definite have been the meanings which have been attached to them, that the English must be regarded as a settled language. The 'daily-changing tongue,' of which our motto complains, will not be ours, unless foreign corruptions are permitted to creep in, and pervert it.

The latter part of the eighteenth century was particularly fruitful in distinguished authors, whose works have received the highest finish of style. Johnson, not only by the publication of his Dictionary, but by his miscellaneous writings, has done much to improve his native tongue. While his constant use of words of Latin derivation gives a degree of stiffness, and sometimes of pedantry, to his style, it has yet the highest redeeming qualities. The nice discrimination with which he applies his epithets, the splendour of his imagery, and the majestic flow of his periods, have received, as they have deserved, universal admiration. The poetry of Cowper has excellencies of its kind, not inferior to those of his distinguished predecessors. In history, Robertson has given the finest specimens of a dignified elegance, and Gibbon of a lofty splendour of style. Goldsmith has written with a simplicity, correctness, and elegance, which have never been exceeded. Melmoth has all the ease and grace of Addison, without his negligence and slight incorrectness.

Among the favourable circumstances respecting the English language, which have latterly taken place, the new turn which has been given to fictitious writing, deserves to be mentioned. The character of works of this kind, some forty or fifty years since, was miserable in the extreme. Many of them were written by half-learned men, or pedantic women; and they were generally most extravagant in their incidents, and clothed in a style which set all good taste at defiance. It is well that the reading public have agreed to make a bonfire of these works, and that the shelves of circulating libraries no longer groan beneath them. To this change, the prose writings of Sir Walter Scott have essentially contributed. He, in conjunction with some others, has been the means of bringing the authors of fictitious writings in some measure back to nature; and has caused the public taste on this subject to flow in a new channel.

The English language has excellencies which place it, at least, on a level with any language that was ever written or spoken; and perhaps such various excellence was never before combined in any tongue. The great versatility of this language is among its distinguishing features. It is alike adapted to history, to philosophy, to poetry, to oratory, and to the less elevated kinds of composition. In the hands of a skilful writer, it is sometimes smooth as the stream which scarcely ripples as it runs, and sometimes it is impetuous as the mountain torrent, which dashes from precipice to precipice, in fury and in foam: sometimes it is beautiful as the gentle cascade; and sometimes it thunders like the Falls of Niagara.

If the English language is less sonorous than the Greek, it is

more copious; if it is less majestic, in the ordinary flow of its periods, than the Latin, it is more precise and more various in its import. If it wants something of the familiarity and ease of the French, it is much better adapted to the higher kinds of writing. For the purpose of poetry it has a vast advantage over the French. The accented and unaccented syllables of the English enable it to approach very near to the poetic feet of the Latin and Greek. This adapts it alike to rhyme and to blank verse. The French poetry cannot be sustained without rhyme, which must be regarded, in a greater or less degree, as a clog upon genius; and as a substitute for blank verse, their only resort is to poetic prose, a good example of which is to be found in the *Telemaque* of Fenelon. How poor a species of poetry this is, contrasted with the English blank verse, must be evident to all who have compared them. The English, unlike most other languages, has a dialect that is appropriately poetic; and by the natural division of genders, it has a preparation, by the application of the masculine or feminine gender to an inanimate object, to convert the simplest form of speech into a bold personification.

The diversified character of English poetry displays, in a striking light, the richness of the language. Milton bears no resemblance to Young; nor Young to Dryden; nor Dryden to Thomson; nor Thomson to Pope; nor Pope to Cowper; and yet each has distinguished excellencies of his kind. The same diversity will be found in the historical writers of the language. Their sentences are never cast in the same mould. The simple neatness of Hume is quite unlike the dignified eloquence of Robertson; the dignity and elegance of Robertson are unlike the loftiness and splendour of Gibbon; and the chaste beauty of Goldsmith is unlike them all. The same remark holds true in every other department of literature. Addison is widely different from Johnson in his style, and Melmoth is different from both. There is a variety in the character of English literature, which would probably be sought for in vain in any other language.

The grammar of this language is more simple than that of any other tongue, if we except the Hebrew, without the points; and the facility with which its grammatical construction may be acquired, is one of its advantages. The article has no variation. The adjective is only varied to express the degrees of comparison. The verbs have but one conjugation, and the original verb remains mostly unchanged in all the moods and tenses, which are chiefly expressed by auxiliaries. He who, with great labour, has mastered the various inflections of the Latin, Greek, or French verbs, will know how to estimate this advantage. The order of the words in the construction of sentences, in the English is the order of nature; nor does the idiom of the language allow extensively of inversion, except it be in poetry. This gives to it a philosophical character.

But if the English language has distinguished excellencies, it has also its defects; which it would evince a want of perspicacity or of candour to deny. The short words with which the language abounds which extensively terminate with consonants, detract much from the harmony of its pronunciation. The similarity in the form of the verb, in different tenses and different persons, often creates an ambiguity in regard to its import, which can only be removed by a careful attention to that which precedes, and that which follows it in the sentence. The division of accented and unaccented syllables in English, though it fits the language for poetry without rhyme, is by no means as well defined, and as extensively productive of harmony of versification, as were the long and the short syllables in the Latin and the Greek. By the transposition of the words, also, they could secure a variety of cadence, and a harmony of pronunciation to which the English language can never attain.

Another and concluding number will be devoted to a consideration of the best means of cultivating an acquaintance with the English language; the danger of corruption to which it is exposed from innovation; with some allusion to British criticism upon the manner in which the English language is written and spoken in America; and an examination of its future prospects, in regard to its prevalence and extension.

SIGNOR HERVIO NASIO, a dwarf, who has recently arrived at New York, is thus described by a London paper:—"He is a full sized man to the hips, and owes the shortness of his stature to his legs, which are not more than a few inches long; these, however, enable him to perform various feats, which for dexterity are unequalled. In the "Gnome Fly," (a piece which he performs) he assumes the shape first of a baboon, and then a gigantic fly. As the ape, he excels even Gouffe and Mazurier; the strength of his arms is wonderful, and enables him to perform feats which must be seen to be credited. As the Fly, he is equally true to the character; he creeps and hops about with wonderful facility; flies across the stage into the window of a tower, and actually crawls across the ceiling above the heads of the people in the pit. This is effected by the wonderful strength of his hands, which enables him to cling to the mouldings, and thus appear to set the laws of gravitation at defiance. The effect is thrilling, and the applause which follows tremendous."

HORSES.—These are men's wings, wherewith they make such speed. A generous creature a horse is, sensible in some sort of honour, and made most handsome by that which deforms man—pride.

A DAY AT A CONVENT.

More years since than it is desirable to remember, or pleasant to recall—for time, alas! has crushed some fair and cherished blossoms in his rushing flight—I was visiting a Catholic family in Essex, in which family was domesticated a priest, whose kind heart and courteous benignity of manners won the affections of all the younger members of the happy party assembled in that dear old house. O the morning walks, the noonday idleness, the gay, gossiping evening rambles amid the pastoral scenery that surrounded us in all the luxuriant leafiness of summer—the mazy maze of our entangled arguments, argued with all the wisdom and experience of twenty years passed in calm and peaceful retirement, undisturbed by care, unexposed to anxiety. How widely is that happy group scattered! One a blithe and bonnie wee thing, all smiling, mirth, and innocent vivacity, the very personification of Thalia, married to the most sedate, dispassionate, calm, cold, calculating of human beings. Another helpless victim of *super-fastidiousness*, that would shriek if a spider but fell on her neck, and horrify our good priest by throwing herself into his arms for protection against the tiniest frog that crossed her path, is now a wife with a large little family in the far off back woods of America. "Another, and another, and yet another," sleep beneath the green turf, or the cold stone; one—only one—with our early friendship unsoftened by time, unchanged by sorrow;—another—but enough of the unquiet retrospect.

Our good priest, who had nothing of the proselyting spirit about him, would occasionally talk to us heretics, of the imposing ceremonies of his own church: its dignified ritual, its touching music, its splendid and sublime paintings, its fragrant incense, and all that characterised it; but it was of convents and their inmates that we loved to hear, "and with a greedy ear devoured up his discourse." One day, after I had in a *tete-à-tete* wearied him exceedingly with my numberless questions, he promised that on some bright day, that should unite all that was desirable, and exclude all that was disagreeable, he would take me and my chosen friend and companion to see a convent that was not more than twenty miles off: a promise with such a contingency, made at this *very now*, I should never expect to see fulfilled, but than I looked forward with the romantic confidence of youth to many such; indeed life was all *couleur de rose*, and blue skies, and bowers of roses, where every gale was perfume, and where "the trail of the serpent" was never to come, were alone put down on my chart of the future.

At length a day that came up to the good priest's idea did arrive; it was a bright sunny morning in September, when not a leaf had lost its freshness and no tint foretold that autumn was nigh, that he handed us with all the politeness of the nation in which so many years of his life had been passed, into the carriage that was to convey us to New Hall, the residence of a sisterhood of nuns who had been driven from Liege by the republican army. Apart from the peculiar interest that we attached to it, New Hall is most worthy of note; it was originally called Boileau; and in 1524, Henry VIII. kept the feasts of St. George there: his arms, finely wrought, adorn the hall, and we were told that the Duke of N— had offered a most magnificent sum for them, which, however, was refused; there were also the arms of Queen Elizabeth, with an inscription in the Italian language. The door was opened by the portress, a comely dame, whose round and comely face displayed no symptoms of fasting. We were shown by a lay sister into the parlour of the Lady Abbess, who advanced to meet our kind introducer, and knelt to receive his benediction with the sweetest grace imaginable; she had only been a few months in her office, and was the sister of Sir William S.— I shall never forget my surprise at the sight of this lady; wrinkled, austere, meagre, on the shady side of sixty, with thin cheeks, hollow eyes, pale and trembling lips, had been the picture that my imagination had drawn of a lady abbess. O how different was the beautiful woman before me! she could have been scarcely thirty, with the most dazzling complexion, the softest eyes, the sunniest smile, displaying the whitest and most even row of teeth I ever beheld; you could not look at her without feeling sure that she was as gentle and good as she was graceful and lovely; and to think of her looking so captivating in her nun's dress of black serge! with a bodice and sleeves of lawn, pure and white indeed as the snow: no glossy tresses escaping from the firmly bound fillet of lawn that crossed and concealed her forehead, passing under her chin, covering her ears, and leaving no part visible but her face; over her head was a black veil that when down must have reached to her feet; she had a rosary at her waist, and a small red cross on her bosom, which I presume was a distinctive mark of her office, for, as far as I recollect, the other nuns had no such ornament. She desired a sister to bring refreshments, which consisted of various fruits, wines and cakes, most delicious to the sight and taste; and conversed with us on various subjects with the most winning cheerfulness, and to our reverend companion of the dear and distant, with deep and tearful emotion. She requested one of the nuns, Lady Elizabeth —, to show us the chapel and other parts of the convent; a request that was complied with, with the kindest alacrity and cheerful good will. In the establishment, beside a hundred nuns, there were, at the time I am writing, sixty young ladies of the Catholic nobility that were educated under the auspices of the sisterhood, and amid all this large number the most quiet happiness seemed to reign; but a day is but a short space to judge of these things. One of the nuns interested us greatly; she was indeed beautiful enough for a heroine of romance, and withal

possessed the indispensable look of tender melancholy with which they are generally invested: her beautiful eyes, with their long dark lashes resting on her marble-like cheek, with the look of a lovely downcast penitent, seemed as if there was a silent sorrow and unimparted grief brooding at her heart. We were conducted by our fair guide to the entrance of a long and spacious corridor, at which she paused and said it was called the Gallery of Silence, and the laws of the convent enjoined its observance; a wise regulation, I suspect; for fifty or sixty of the gentle sex, even if they happened to be nuns, would produce a considerable clamour in a quiet establishment. On each side of this gallery of Muta were the cells of the nuns; the bedsteads were of iron, with curtains of a coarse material, and of a dark blue colour: a chair, a table, a confessional, a crucifix, and an hour-glass, with one or two pictures of saints, completed the furniture. All was scrupulously clean, and possessed, in spite of its homeliness, an air of comfort, though of a solitary kind. Each room had a window, looking out on scenery that would make almost any solitude delightful. At the end of this gallery was the representation of the sepulchre of our Saviour, with his figure resting on it; the effect of which was most striking, though somewhat startling, coming on us as we emerged from the dimly-lighted corridor. The nuns are of the Sepulchra order. From thence we proceeded to the chapel, which is effective and impressive, and most judiciously arranged; it is a hundred feet long, fifty wide, and from thirty to forty in height. But when did a woman stop to calculate number or measure feet? The altar was adorned with the rarest and freshest flowers, and otherwise splendidly ornamented. A nun was kneeling at it as we entered, but she appeared so absorbed in devotion, that she remained undisturbed by our approach. Some most rare and exquisite paintings hung from the walls.

After attending us thus far, Lady Elizabeth — resigned us to an older nun, with whose family my companion was on terms of intimacy. She conducted us through the beautiful grounds surrounding the convent, and, seated in one of the many temples with which it was studded, asked us a thousand questions of the world she had for so many years resigned. She was an exceedingly lively, intelligent woman, and related to us the difficulties and perils the sisterhood encountered in their escape from Liege; their chief anxiety was manifested for the security of the relics, the ornaments of the altar, pictures, &c., which were let down, in the darkest of all dark nights, from a window, into a boat where one of the holy fathers was stationed to receive it. On the walls of the temple were written numberless quotations in pencil, in a variety of hand-writings, all in praise of a life of retirement. The only two I remember I transcribe as they were written.

"In these deep solitudes and lonely cells
Where heavenly pensive Contemplation dwells
And gentle Charity for ever reigns,
No tumult can disturb the vestal's veins!"

BEATRICE.

"How happy is the blameless vestal's lot,
The world forgetting, by the world forgot!
To her unknown the anguish of a tear,
Save that she sheds upon a sister's bier!"

MONICA.

At the very primitive hour of two, we dined with the priests belonging to the establishment; beside these, there was a lady in the gay garb of the world, who presided, and two lovely girls who had abjured their early faith, and taken refuge with the nuns. All the dishes were French, and the dinner throughout served in the true Parisian style, and never, in that proverbially gay country, was there a gayer party, or a greater display of that peculiar kind of wit that makes a social dinner so pleasant. After coffee, which it were worth going a pilgrimage to sip, we attended vespers, at which all the pupils were present, as well as the nuns; though the latter were not visible, except as their dark forms were faintly discerned through the high screen behind which they sat. O! the melody of that sweet voice that sang the Evening Hymn to the Virgin!—the silvery sounds seem now to float upon my ear. We felt it could only proceed from the lovely mouth that had given us so kind a welcome in the morning; it was the lady abbess, who thus finished the enchantment she had begun. After the service, we went with our good priest to make our adieus to this beautiful woman. With her blessing she gave us a small ivory cross as a token of her good wishes, and as a memorial, as she said, of the day we had passed at a convent: a privilege that few have to record.

How often has all that passed on that day risen unbidden to my waking thoughts, and haunted my night visions! The noble hall—the tapestried parlour—the quiet cells—the magnificent chapel, with all its rich and beautiful tracery—the mellow light streaming from its painted windows—the incense—the altar—the pealing organ—the hymn to the Virgin—the stately trees—the classic temple,—all throng on my memory with resistless force and undecaying interest.

"Well, dear sir," said my companion, as we travelled homeward in the soft twilight, too much pleased and enchanted to be talkative, "would you recommend me to become a nun?"

"No my child," replied the good padre, "I would not condemn you to a seclusion from the world, but would assign you the more difficult, though more honourable task, of walking uncorrupted and unsullied through it."

E. S. F.

MR. THOMPSON,

SIR—I have again selected another of E. Cook's pieces of poetry, for your "Pearl." Should you approve of it, please insert it; and if agreeable to you, I will now and then copy one for your paper. Being myself a great admirer of her writings, I may perhaps overburthen you with selections without being aware of it. Should this be the case, a line in your notice "To Correspondents," will make me aware of it.

W. H. R.

SONG OF THE RUSHLIGHT.

O! scorn me not as a worthless thing,
Nor turn with contempt from the lay I sing;
'Tis true I am not suffered to be,
On the ringing board of a wassail glee,
My sickly beam must never fall
In the gay saloon or lordly hall:
Yet many a tale does the rushlight know,
Of secret sorrow and lonely woe.

I am found in the closed, and curtained room,
Where a stillness reigns that breathes of the tomb,
Where the breaking heart and heavy eye
Are waiting to see a loved one die;
Where the doting child with noiseless tread
Steals wearily to the mother's bed,
To mark if the faintly panting breath
Is fluttering yet in the grasp of death.

I am the light that quivering flits
In the joyless home, where the fond wife sits
Waiting the one that flies his hearth,
For a ribald crew and drunkard's mirth.
Long hath she kept her wearying watch,
Now bitterly weeping, now breathless to catch
The welcome tread of a footstep near,
Till she weeps again as it dies on the ear.

Her restless eye, as the night wears late,
Is anxiously turned to the dial plate,
And a sigh responds to the echoing sound
That tells the hand has gone its round.
She mournfully trims my slender wick,
As she sees me fade and wasting quick,
And many a time has my spark expired,
And left her still the weeping and tired.

I am the light that often shines
Where the fretful child of genius pines;
Where the God-like mind is trampled down
By the callous sneer and freezing frown;
Where want is playing a demon part,
And sends its iron to the heart;
Where the soul burns on in the bosom that mourns,
Like incense fire in funeral urns.

I see the hectic fingers fling
The thoughts intense that flashingly spring,
And my flickering beam illumines the page
That shall live in the fame of a future age.
I see the pale brow droop and mope
As the breast turns sick with blasted hope,
Till the harsh cold world has done its worst,
And the tortured spirit hath groaned and burst.

I am the light that's doom'd to share
The meanest lot that man can bear;
I see the scanty pittance spread
Where children struggle for scraps of bread;
Where squalid forms and faces seem
Like phantoms in a hideous dream,
Where the rich may look with startled awe
On the work of poverty's vulture claw.

Oh! many a lesson the bosom learns
Of hopeless grief while the rushlight burns;
Many a scene unfolds to me
That the heart of mercy would bleed to see.
Then scorn me not as a worthless thing,
Nor turn with contempt from the lay I sing;
But scorn as ye will, or smile as ye may,
Ye cannot revile the truth in my lay.

ELIZA COOK.

Snow.—Flakes of snow examined by a microscope, appear to be regular crystals. Ninety-six varieties have been noted. The air contained in snow prevents it from being transparent, as is the case with other crystalized substances. Snow has been seen near the north pole of a red or salmon colour, and when falling has sometimes a luminous appearance. Accumulating in mountains, snow feeds the streams by gradually melting and running into the valleys. The air from snow capped mountains cools the excessive heat of southern latitudes, while farther north the snow preserves vegetation from destructive frosts.

THE LOST DOG.

'Twas about five in the afternoon when, as we were dismounting to camp on the banks of the Arkansas, the sentinel who had taken his station on an eminence near, called to us for the purpose of attracting our attention to a wolf that appeared near our camping place. Three of us took up our rifles again, mounted, and rode off in the direction of the animal, which we soon perceived to be a dog---a nearly starved, timid, domestic creature, which had been lost probably by some solitary trapper or wandering Indian hunter. We endeavoured to coax the poor beast nearer that we might give it food, but its fear overcome its wish to make our acquaintance. It ran from us, swiftly, but not with the spirited speed of the wolf or the antelope; it still turned to gaze at us, and rather slunk than run.

Finding our efforts to bring the dog into camp ineffectual, we gave up the pursuit, and the poor creature was forgotten. The next morning one of the night guards told us that a wolf had approached him within twenty feet during the night, and of course he could not shoot for fear of alarming the camp. That a wolf should prowl so near us seemed strange, but none of us ever gave a second thought to the poor lost dog we had seen, and this little incident was also forgotten. We had two dogs with us. The next night between ten and eleven we were awakened by the loud barking of the dogs, and every man was instantly on his feet, rifle in hand, in expectation of an Indian attack. No enemy appeared, and the cause of the alarm was traced to our dogs having discovered a strange cur in camp---the same poor starving animal had followed us, and crept into camp in search of food. The next morning we discovered it still following our trail, when we camped at noon it prowled about at a distance, and at night it remained crouched outside of the sentinels gazing at our camp fires. No solicitation would induce it to approach us, and the best we could do for it was to leave bones and scraps of buffalo meat behind us when we struck camp, that it might feed whenever we departed.

Thus for five days the poor dog followed us, crouching at a distance when we stopped, and travelling after us as we journeyed forward. It perhaps would have grown familiar with us, but our own dogs would not suffer it to approach, and invariably drove it back whenever it seemed disposed to become sociable. How strange that an animal, which toward men displays so many admirable traits, should to its fellows betray such want of sympathy. This poor dog had been wandering about the prairie evidently a long time, for when it was at last brought into camp we could perceive it was dwindled almost to a skeleton, and its extreme shyness towards us sufficiently proved that it had endured much. Misery and luxury are equally potent in making cowards, and the rule applies to dogs as well as men. The animal had been lost perhaps from some former caravan, and in the unbroken silence of the vast prairies had wandered about days and nights in search of the familiar hand that used to caress it. It had felt the biting pangs of hunger, when nought was in sight but the blue sky, and the boundless desert carpeted with green. The hand of nature had strewed there a lordly banquet for the untamed buffalo, but there was no provision for the poor bewildered dog. It could not claim kindred with the wolves when they howled in the night; perhaps they would have hunted it down and tore it to satisfy their own savage hunger; and during the day nought crossed its path, save, per chance, roving herds of buffalo, from whom it doubtless fled in fear and terror. When we had succeeded in bringing it into camp it crouched and crawled upon the ground before us, and seemed almost afraid to touch the food we offered it. Not a sound did it utter, neither bark or growl, the dread stillness of the desert seemed to have struck the poor dog mute, and awed the starving creature into eternal silence.

There are many animals formed by nature to be usefully subservient to men, and some even draw from us kindly affections; among these are the horse, next the dog. Among all the varieties of the dog, there is not one which does not possess the quality of beauty or of usefulness, and many combine both. Few men despise dogs, most men appreciate their worth, and many almost feel for them the kindling sensations of love. The poor animal that we had picked up in the wilderness, followed us through the remainder of our travel, till we reached the first log house that appears among the far western settlements of Missouri. Here we gave him to a farmer, and as we sat beneath the hospitable shelter of the first christian roof we had seen during five months' travel; while we were feasting upon a luxurious banquet of corn-bread, fried bacon, and rich milk unmingled with water, we told the history and adventures, and excited the good farmer's sympathy for our poor deserted foundling, the lost dog.---[N. O. Picayune.]

GLORIOUS NEWS FROM IRELAND.

SEVENTY THOUSAND JOINED THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

Letters from Richard Allen, Esq., Cor. Sec. of the Irish Temperance Union, to E. C. Delavan, Esq.

To E. C. DELAVAN, ESQ. :

DEAR FRIEND,---Truly we live in an age of wonders. The days of weakness are past. What was a little taper, kept alive by the greatest care of a few, has now burst into a mighty flame. The principles of total abstinence are now spreading with a rapidity which their warmest friends never dared to hope for. The weekly royal exchange meeting in Dublin has been so immensely

crowded, that it has been found necessary to make a double charge for admission. But it is in the south that wonderful progress is making under the labors of the Rev. Theobald Matthew, a Roman Catholic clergyman. Here the people are joining by thousands (9000 in two days lately;) Cork, Limerick, Clonmel, Dungarvon, seem to vie with each other in the extent and vigor of their movements. In Limerick alone 10,000 have taken the pledge. Dungarvon, recently the most drunken place in Ireland, seems to be taken by storm. A thousand and more have signed the pledge. In Drogheda are one thousand tee-totalers; and during a period of nine months, since the reform commenced, there were two special, two quarter, and nineteen quarter petty sessions, and not a single person before them, for any misdemeanor. In Belfast are 5000 members. Here workmen have formed themselves into anti-usage associations, with excellent effect. All the Dublin associations are in an active state, and in Carlow, Wicklow, Wexford, Ennis-corthy, Shillelah, good societies are active in their operations 70,000 have been added to us. Full liberty has been given to Sir E. Blakery, commander of the force in Ireland, to hold temperance meetings in the barracks; upwards of two thousand soldiers have been addressed; the meetings are to be held fortnightly.

We have now for a few weeks been assiduously feeding the press with small and valuable documents. In our leading Dublin paper, (daily,) the News Letter, we have had temperance matter five days out of six; and many others, both Dublin and provincial, have copied our articles. But a great and powerful ally has lately joined in the Dublin Evening Post, the Irish government organ, the editor and proprietor of which has fully entered into the cause, and states that he will leave no stone unturned until he carries this great reformation through the length and breadth of the land. You may judge of the influence this new ally is likely to exert, when I inform you that it numbers 300 Roman Catholic clergymen among its subscribers, that it incessantly calls on them to follow in the footsteps of Father Matthew, and that every paper (tri-weekly) has from one to two columns of temperance matter.

The Morning Press has, last week, sent an intimation that its columns were open to temperance; so that, with one exception, all the Dublin press is with us.

The Roman Catholic clergy of Dublin, with Dr. Murray, the archbishop, at their head, held a meeting this week, for the purpose of taking up the question of temperance. There was some difference respecting the giving pledges and medals, free of charge. Theobald Matthew is doing wonders. From all accounts he is a notable character. Of his worth, and the openness and simplicity of his measures, I have this day a very strong testimony, borne by a Church of England clergyman. Two Dublin Roman Catholic clergymen, Mr. O'Connell, and Dr. Yote, vicar-general, have taken a very active part. The latter recently got one hundred members at a meeting. Our former opponents now repeat to us our arguments in favour of temperance. It is undoubtedly owing to the Roman Catholic clergy having taken up the cause, that it prospers so greatly. Truly we live in an age of wonders; and we know not what effects, as regards the spread of temperance, the next month may bring forth. I must add, the Union have employed themselves a good deal in watching public improvements, and have succeeded in two important points; one in suppressing Donnybrook fair, which was a ruinous nuisance to our city population; another, for prevention, by an application to a peer, the passage of a bill allowing grocers to retail spirits, which they had succeeded in carrying through the house.

Yours, in the great work,

RICHARD ALLEN.

Dublin, November 19, 1839.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

POCAHONTAS.

The private name of this celebrated princess was Matoaco; Pocahontas was her titular name, in the same way as Powhatan is the title of her father, and his individual name Wahumsonacock Pocahontas, after her capture and conversion to christianity, was christened Rebecca, and was commonly styled the Lady Rebecca. She had a brother, Nautaquaus or Nautaquoud, who showed Captain Smith 'exceeding great courtesy,' strenuously interceding with his father in behalf of the captive, and was the manliest, comeliest, boldest spirit he ever saw in a savage. Pocahontas had a sister named Cleopatre, and another named Matachanno, whose husband, Tocomo, or Uttamaccmack, accompanied Rolfe to England. Being charged by Powhatan to inquire and ascertain how many people there were in England, on his arrival at Plymouth he began to take the census by keeping tally on a stick, cutting a notch for every one he saw in the streets. On his return to Virginia, when Powhatan interrogated him as to the number of the English, he replied, 'count the stars in the heavens, the leaves on the trees, and the sand on the sea shore.' Pocahontas, with her wild train, visited Jamestown as freely as her father's habitation, and was of a great spirit, however her stature. She was chaperoned to court (by Lady De-la-warre, attended by Rolfe her husband, Lord De-la-warre, and other distinguished persons) in an English dress, and with her raven hair in curls, if we may rely upon the old portrait at Cobb's. The Lady De-la-warre, and other persons of quality, also waited on her to masquerades, balls, and other public entertainments, with which she was wonderfully pleased. She was also eagerly sought, and kindly entertained everywhere, many courtiers and others daily

flocking to Captain Smith to be introduced to her. She died at Gravesend, England, on the eve of her return to Virginia, aged 22, causing not more sorrow for her unexpected death than joy to hear and see her make so religious and godly an end. Her infant son, Thomas, was left for a time at Plymouth, under the care of Sir Lewis Stenkley, and afterwards educated by his uncle, Henry Rolfe, of London. He left an only daughter, who married Colonel Robert Bolling, by whom she left an only son, Major John Bolling, father to Colonel John Bolling, and several daughters, who married Colonel Richard Randolph, Colonel John Fleming, Dr. William Gay, Mr. Thomas Eldridge, and Mr. James Murray.---Smith's History of Virginia.

A Report on Steamboat disasters in Great Britain, with which considerable pains appears to be taken, was lately presented to the House of Commons and ordered to be printed. The London Athenaeum says that it is somewhat more favourable than was expected, the whole number of explosions in the United Kingdom amounting to only twenty-three, while the number in America, during the same time, has been about two hundred and sixty. Explosions are not, however, the only cause of accidents, as forty steam vessels are set down as having been wrecked, foundered, or placed in imminent peril, seventeen burned, and twelve severely damaged by collisions. Almost every one of these disasters are said to have occurred from culpable negligence or gross mismanagement, malconstruction or ignorance; so that the evils are not inherent in the nature of steam itself, nor are they of an abstruse and incomprehensible nature, but such only as ordinary care and prudence may remedy, or avoid. In 1838, the whole steam fleet of the United Kingdom, including the war frigates, was about 850 to 900 strong, comprising about 170,000 tons and 70,000 horse power, but the number has been very considerably increased since that period, and of the largest class of vessels too. The capital invested in steam vessels in Great Britain was computed to be £1,000,000 at that time, but must be much more now. The number of steam vessels in America is from 700 to 800, but there are few sea boats among them.

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.---The north-west tower of this venerable pile has recently been rebuilt, in a style corresponding to the south-west tower, by the Dean and Chapter, at the expense of £30,000. It is singular that the whole of the stone required has been procured from Caen, in Normandy, from the very quarry from which it was originally procured to build the cathedral, and for some time past 300 tons have been regularly imported into Whitstable every week, from whence it is conveyed by railway to Canterbury. The interior of the cathedral has been completely cleared, and is now just as fresh as if it had been recently built. The vaulted roof, with the shields of arms in their proper heraldic colours, and with many of the bosses gilt, has a most splendid appearance. The tombs are also being thoroughly cleansed; and the sumptuous monument to Archbishop Chichele, which combines the powers and arts of architecture, sculpture, and painting has been recently re-decorated and restored by the Master and Fellows of All Soul's College, Oxford, in a style worthy of the memory of their princely and pious founder.

ROYAL ARSENAL, WOOLWICH.---On Tuesday, twenty-six pieces of ordnance, 32 pounders, were proved at the butt, and they were all found perfect. These pieces were cast from the arsenal patterns introduced by Mr. Monk, and present a chaste and light appearance, combined with great strength. Compared with those formerly in use, the saving in weight of metal is considerable, there being a difference of 26 cwt. less in a 32 pounder on Mr. Monk's plan, and the experiments made at Walmer Castle during the summer have decided their superiority as the most effective pieces ever introduced into the British army. A piece of eight inches bore, from which a ball weighing about 80 lbs. was fired, carried a distance of three miles and a quarter, and would, consequently, do great execution before our opponents could come within the range of their differently constructed pieces of ordnance. Two large pieces, constructed from Mr. Monk's patterns, weighing about 85 cwt. having a bore of 10 inches, and carrying a ball of 1 cwt. a distance of upwards of three miles, have been labelled, "Vesuvius," and two of the same calibre "Strombol." They are intended for two steamers about to ply in the Indian Ocean, and will soon be removed from the arsenal for their destination.

A MISAPPREHENSION.---We recollect being much amused at the relation of the following anecdote, from the lips of a very amiable, and withal a very modest widow lady in New Jersey. Soon after her husband paid the debt of nature, leaving her sole legatee, a claim was brought against the estate by his brother, and a process was served upon her by the sheriff of the county, who happened to be a widower, of middle age. Being unused, at that time, to the forms of law, though in the protracted law suit which followed she had ample opportunity of acquiring experience, she was much alarmed, and meeting, just after the departure of the sheriff, with a female friend, she exclaimed with much agitation, "What do you think? Sheriff Perine has been after me!" "Well," said the considerate lady, with perfect coolness, "he is a very fine man." "But he says he has an attachment for me," replies the widow. "Well, I have long suspected he was attached to you, my dear." "But you don't understand---he says I must go to court." "Oh, that's quite another affair, my child; don't you go so far as that; it is his place to come to court you!"

LETTER BAG OF THE GREAT WESTERN.

This work, by the author of "Sam Slick," our celebrated fellow-countryman, Judge Halliburton, has just appeared. From extracts furnished by American papers we take the following scraps.

From the Journal of an Actress.

GOING DOWN THE AVON FROM BRISTOL. — At one point we passed the site of the intended aerial bridge, a bold conception—too bold and too grand ever to have sprung from the muddy heads of the Cranes and Bitterns of Bristol. A rope waved gracefully across the yawning chasm, so slender and so small as to resemble the silken thread of the spider, who is the first and best of Nature's great architects and bridge builders. It was almost an ideal line, it was so tiny. It would have passed for a mathematical one if it had been straight, it was so imaginary; but slight as it was, it afforded a secure support for a basket containing two passengers, who were thus conveyed with the rapidity of birds from one of the precipitous banks to the other. It was Ariel and his companion descending on a sunbeam.

My attention was attracted by the sudden stoppage of this little mimic balloon in midway, when a cheer was given from the winged chariot of the sky, and a musket was discharged, the quick, sharp report of which was echoed and reverberated for some minutes among the rocks and caverns of this stupendous gorge. When the last sounds faded on our ears, a deafening cheer was returned from our steamer with hearty good will, and we passed on. How animating is this cheer, so different from the vile clapping of hands of the odious theatre! oh that my ears may never again be profaned by that gas-light, heartless, unmeaning welcome!

SITES AT SEA.—26th.—Rose, toileted, and went on deck: what a lovely sight! The sea lay like a mirror, reflecting the heavens on its smooth and polished surface. Light clouds far away in the horizon looked like the snow-capt summits of the everlasting hills, placed there to confine this sea of molten glass within its own dominion, while the distant vessels with their spiral masts and silvery drapery rise from its surface, like spirits of the deep, come to look upon and woo the gentle Zephyrs. Sea-nymphs spreading their wings and disporting on their liquid meadows after their recent terror and affright. They seem like ideal beings—thoughts traversing the mind—shadows or rather bright lights—emanations perhaps rather than self-existences—immaterialities—essences—spirits in the moonlight. Wrote journal—mended a pair of silk stockings, hemmed a pocket handkerchief, night-capped, and went to bed—to dream—to idealize—to build aerial castles, to get the hysterics, and to sleep.

A WATER SPOUT.—29th. A shout on deck, all hands rushed up, what a strange perversion of terms is this. It is a waterspout: how awful! The thirsty cloud stooping to invigorate itself with a draught of the sea; opening its huge mouth and drinking, yet not even deigning to wait for it, but gulping as it goes—we fire into it and vanishes, its watery load is returned, and "like the baseless fabric of a vision, it leaves no wreck behind." It is one of the wonders of the great deep. That rude shock has dispelled it. Thus is it in life. The sensitive mind releases its grasp of the ideal when it comes in contact with grossness. It shrinks within itself. It retreats in terror. Yet what a wonderful sight it is! how nearly were we engulfed, swallowed up, and carried to the sky to be broken to pieces in our fall, as the sew-mew feeds on a shell-fish by dashing it to pieces on a rock.

From a letter of Cato Mignonette, the colored steward, to Mr. Lavender.

JUDGES OF WINE.—As to de men passengers, I always let him shift for demselves, for dere isn't very few ob dem is real superfine gentlemen, but jist refidge a leetle warnished ober de surface, like all pretence. Dey all make him believe dat dey know wine, when, dere isn't hardly none ob em know him by name even. One buerca says, 'Steward, I can't drink dis wine; it is werry poor stuff. What de deuce do you mean by gibbin me sich trash as dis? he no fit to drink at all: change him directly, and gib me some dat is fit for a gentleman.' Well, I takes up de wine, and looks at him werry knowin, and den whisper in his ear, not to speak so loud, lest every body hear; and I put de finger on my nose and nods; and I goes and brings him anoder bottle ob de werry identical same wine, and he taste him, smack his lip, and say, 'Ah! dat is de wine, steward! Always bring me dat wine, and I remember you when I leab de ship.' Hush! I say, massa; not so loud, sir if you please, for dere is only a werry few bottles ob dat are wine, and I keep him for you; for I sees you knows de good wine when you sees him, which is more nor most gentlemen does. Dey is cussed stupid is, dem whites, and werry conceited, too, Mr. Labender; but dere is noting like him lettin him hab his own way.

DIFFERENCE IN SYSTEMS.—We hab got too many mastere here! Mr. Labender, a great deal too many. Now, when I was been in de line packets, sir, and want um pitcher, I go captain, and say, Captain, I want um piteher, and he say, werry well, Mr. Mignonette, (he neber call me steward, like de sarcy, proud man-o'-war buercas do) werry well, Mr. Mignonette, den buy um; and I buys um for one dollar, and charge him one dollar and half—de half dollar for de trouble, and leetle enough it is too; for crockery be werry brittle—so far, so good. Now when I has occasion, I go captain, and say, I want um pitcher, sir. Werry well, steward, he say, make a report in writing. Den I goes and makes a report for

pitcher in writing for de skipper; and skipper he makes anoder report to de great captain in Bristol; and dat captain, he call togeder de great big directors—plaguy rich men dey is, too, I tell you, and he read my report to de skipper, and skipper report to him, and dey all make speeces round de table, as they does in congress, and if dey is in good humour it is voted—yes, I ab him. Den captain he send for clerk, and clerk he issue order for pitcher to some white fellow or anoder, to Bristol, who send me one worth a dollar, and charge um boat two dollar for him. Well, company lose half dollar, I lose half dollar, and all lose a great deal of time. Werry bad derangement, dat, sir, werry bad, indeed; fore dere is too much cheenery in it to work well. By and by dey find out too many cooks spoil de broth, or else I knows noting—dats all.

JOHN SKINNER'S ACCOUNT OF A STEAM-SHIP.—We travels day and night here, all at the same pace, up hill and down dale, and this I will say, the Cornwall hills are fools to some of the seas we see from the ship; but it's here goes—who's afraid—and down we dashes as hard as hard as we can lay legs to it. They carries the light on the top instead of each side the box, as we do ashore, which makes passing other lines in the night very awkward, for there is no hedge to mark the road, and show you the distance of the drains; but it's like Saulsbury plain in a snow storm, all white as far as you can see, and no mile-stones or lamp-posts; and you can't reign up short, for it takes some time to put the drags on the wheel to bring her to a stand still. How they finds their way in the dark ir a puzzle to me, but I suppose they have travelled it so often, they have got it by heart like. I often think if the lynch pin was to cum out, and they to lose a wheel, or the two to cum off, or the axle-tree break, what a pretty mess they'd be in, and yet arter all, as for speed, big as she is, I'd trot her for a treat with master's pony, and not be a bit afraid. But what under the sun could make the Bristol people call her a boat, for I'm positive she's the biggest ship I ever see! They have to hang up two bells in her, one aft, and one in the forepart, for one aint enough to be heard all over her. The bow they call "far west," it is so far off—the stern, "down east," and the sentre, where them black negro-looking fellows, the stokers, live, "Africa." The engines is wonderful, that's sartain.

LES CHEMISIERS DE PARIS.

A shirt-making monomania has lately sprung up in Paris, and whoever will walk down the Rue Richilieu and the Rue Neuve Vivienne will see in gigantic letters, "Les Chemisiers de Paris," solely "consecrated" to that very useful article. The "Charivari" thus illustrates the tribe:

A bourgeois, wearing a flannel waistcoat, and carrying a cotton umbrella, after having remained for a long time contemplating the splendid array of frilled shirts in the chemisier's window, at length decides on purchasing one. A gentleman, wearing an exaggerated shirt, comes forward, and the following dialogue invariably ensues:

- Bourgeois. Sir, I wish you would show me some shirts.
 Chemisier. At what price? We have them from 50 to 500 francs.
 Bourgeois. The dozen?
 Chemisier. Oh! dear no. Each shirt.
 Bourgeois. This is rather dear.
 Chemisier. Not when you consider, sir, that nothing now remains but the shirt to distinguish the gentleman from the vulgar herd. Every one now wears monkey jackets, silk hats, and yellow gloves. But a man who wears a good shirt, *enfin Monsieur*, one of our most celebrated authors has justly said, '*la chemise fait l'homme*.' But what sort of shirt will Monsieur prefer? We have the shirt with large, with small, and without plaits; frilled or without *jabot*; the shirt which buttons in front, at the side, and behind; the shirt which is put over the head; or that which is put on like a pair of trousers.
 Bourgeois. Well, make me a sixty franc shirt.
 Chemisier. At that low price it will be but a common calico affair. Does Monsieur wish for a summer or winter shirt?
 Bourgeois. One that I can wear either summer or winter, to be sure.
 Chemisier. A shirt for the four seasons. That will be 15 francs extra (taking the measure). When Monsieur walks with Madame does he give the right or left arm?
 Bourgeois. Generally the right, if I remember rightly. But what is that to you?
 Chemisier. Why, we make the right sleeve a thought longer than the left, and the wristband button must be sewn so as to support a great strain. Does Monsieur ever sneeze?
 Bourgeois. What can a cold in the head have to do with my shirt?
 Chemisier. Perhaps Monsieur is not aware that whenever he sneezes his whole frame is shaken by a convulsive movement. The shirt collar must be made so as to allow of this movement, if it ever take place, otherwise an attack of apoplexy might ensue, or, what would be equally important, the shirt button would probably be torn off.
 Bourgeois. Make the collar large then.
 Chemisier. That will be four francs extra.
 Bourgeois. And if I furnish the calico?

Chemisier. Oh, Monsieur is at liberty to do so if he pleases: we shall charge him nothing extra for that. Your shirt will come to 74 francs, you shall have it in a month, and if you will pass every five days to try it on I should be obliged to you—

"Du chemisier Français tel est le caractère."

Bourgeois. No extra charge for my furnishing the calico—really you are very obliging; and I must try this on every five days. I'm sorry that I ever entered your shop. The common shirts at 6 francs have not the recommendation of being so dear, but then they are much better.

From Cooper's Naval History.

FIRE ON BOARD—GOOD EFFECTS OF COOLNESS.

On the 10th of April, the New York, John Adams and Enterprise sailed. While making the passage, just as the music had been beating to grog, a heavy explosion was heard near the cockpit of the flag ship, and the lower part of the vessel was immediately filled with smoke. It was an appalling moment, for every body on board was aware that a quantity of powder, not far from the magazine, must have exploded—that the fire was necessarily scattered in the passage—that the ship was in danger. Captain Chaucey was passing the drummer when the explosion was heard, and he ordered him to beat to quarters.

The alarm had not been given a moment, when the men were going steadily to their guns, and other stations, under a standing regulation which directed this measure in the event of a cry of fire, as the most certain means of the officers' entire command of the ship, and of preventing confusion. The influence of discipline was well exhibited on this trying occasion; for while there is nothing so fearful to the seamen as the alarm of fire, the people went to their quarters as regularly as in the moment of confidence. The sea being smooth and the weather moderate, the commodore himself now issued an order to hoist out the boats. The command, which had been given under the best feelings of the human heart, was most unfortunately timed. The people had no sooner left the guns to execute it, than the jib-boom, bowsprit, sprit sailyard, night heads, and every spot forward, was lined with men, under the idea of getting as far as possible from the magazine. Some even leaped overboard and swam for the nearest vessel.

The situation of the ship was now exceedingly critical. With a fire known to be kindled near the magazine, and a crew in a great measure disorganized, the chances of escape were much diminished. But Captain Chaucey rallied a few followers, and reminding them that they might as well be blown up, though on deck as there, he led the way below, into passages choked with smoke, where the danger was rapidly increasing. There, by means of wet blankets, taken from the purser store room, and water thrown by hand, he began to contend with the fire, in a spot where a spark scattered even by the efforts made to extinguish the flames might, in an instant, have left nothing of all on board but their names. Mr. David Potter, the first lieutenant, who meets us in so many scenes of trial and danger, had ascended from the ward room, by means of a stern ladder, and he and the other officers seconded the noble efforts of their intrepid commander. The men were got in from the spars forward, water was abundantly supplied, and the ship was saved.

The accident was supposed to have occurred in consequence of a candle having been taken from a lantern, while the gunner was searching for some object in a store room that led from the cockpit. A quantity of marine cartridges, and the powder horns used in priming the guns, and it is thought some mealed powder exploded. Two doors leading to the magazine passage were forced open, and nearly all the adjoining bulk heads were thrown down. Nineteen officers and men were injured, of whom fourteen died. The sentinel at the magazine passage was driven quite through the filling-room door.

ANECDOTES OF THE SIEGE OF ACRE.

Though hostilities were carried on with such vigour and apparent rancour in the trenches and on the breach, yet there were frequent suspensions of operations, and the distinguished French Generals, on such occasions, derived much pleasure from visiting Sir Sidney on board the Tigre. On one of these occasions, and after the besieging party had made some progress, Generals Kleber and Junot were, with Sir Sidney Smith, walking the quarter deck of the Tigre, in a very amiable mood of amicability, one on each side the English Commander-in-Chief.

After a few turns in silence, Junot, regarding the battered fortifications that lay before him, and they being dwindled by distance into much insignificance, thus broke out in the spirit of false prophecy:

"Commodore, mark my words! three days hence, by this very hour, the French tri-colour shall be flying on the remains of that miserable town."

Sir Sidney very quickly replied, "My good General, before you shall have that town, I will blow it and you to Jericho."

"*Bien oblige!* very much obliged," Kleber observed, "much obliged indeed—it will be all in our way to India."

"With all my heart," rejoined Sir Sidney, "I shall be most happy to assist you, Bonaparte, and your whole army, forward in that style; and we will commence as soon as you please."

The seamen of the squadron took each their turn for the military

service on the walls of Acre. One of them, belonging to the Tigre, had observed, in his spell ashore, the body of a French General, splendid in his uniform, that lay exposed in the very centre of the ditch. This dwelt on the mind of the honest though—the truth must be told—somewhat obtuse-minded tar. Indeed, he had never shown himself remarkable either for intellect or activity, and held no higher office in the ship than a waister. Yet, by some unexplained mental process, the fate and the unburied corpse of the French General had fixed themselves so strongly on his imagination, that he was determined, at all hazards, to give his glittering dead opponent the rights of sepulture. The next day, though out of his turn, he asked and obtained permission to take his spell on the walls. Nothing divided the hostile entrenchments but this same ditch, and so closely placed were the foes to each other, that a moderate whisper could be easily heard from one embankment to the other. Nothing appeared above these embankments but a serried line of bayonets, for if a hat, or a head, or anything tangible, appeared on either side, it was saluted with a volley of perforating balls. It was about noon, and the respective hostile lines were preserving a dead silence, anxiously watching for the opportunity of a shot at each other. Our seaman, without informing any one of his intention had provided himself with a spade and a pickaxe, suddenly broke the ominous silence by shouting out in a stentorian voice: "Mounseers, a-hoy! vast heaving there a bit, will ye? and belay over all with your poppers for a spell." And then he shoved his broad unmeaning face over the lines. Two hundred muskets were immediately pointed at him, but seeing him with only the implements of digging, and not exactly understanding his demand for a parley, the French forbore to fire. Jack very leisurely then scrambled over the entrenchments into the ditch, the muzzle of the enemy's muskets still following his every motion. All this did not in the least disturb his sang froid; but going up to the French General, he took his measure in quite a business like manner, and dug a very decent grave close alongside the defunct in glory. When this was finished, shaking what was so lately a French General very cordially and affectionately by the hand, he reverently placed him in his impromptu grave, then shovelled the earth upon and made all smooth above him. When all was properly completed, he made his best sailor's bow and foot-scrape to the French, shouldered his implements of burial, and climbed over into his own quarters with the same imperturbability that had marked his previous appearance. This he did amidst the cheers of both parties.

Now, our friend the waister seemed to think he had done nothing extraordinary, and only remarked that he should sleep well. A few days after another gaudily-decorated French General came on board the Tigre, on some matters of negotiation, which when completed, he anxiously expressed a desire to see the interr of his late comrade. The meeting took place, and Jack was highly praised for his heroism in a long speech, not one word of which, though interpreted to him, could he comprehend. Money was then offered him, which at first he did not like to take: but he at length satisfied his scruples by telling the French officer that he should be happy to do the same thing for him as he had done for his brother General, for nothing. The French General begged to be excused, and thus ended the interview.

JOKES.—"Joke, a jest; something not serious," says Johnson. Common sense is said to be a rarer quality than genius, but a joke rarer still. Rogers, the poet, remarked that the best joke he had ever heard was an acknowledgment in the newspapers from the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund, that they had received six rounds sterling from some patriotic individuals towards the liquidation of the national debt? The disproportion between the means and the end is certainly ludicrous enough, and rivals the egregious vanity of old Denis the critic, who imagined the French were going to invade Great Britain because he had written a tragedy reflecting on the French character.

We have heard that when a Scotch duchess, once "the admired of all observers," was questioning the children at one of her charity schools, the teacher asked, "What is the wife of a King called?"

"A Queen," bawled out one of the philosophers.

"The wife of an Emperor"

"An Empress," was replied with equal readiness.

"Then what is the wife of a duke called?"

"A *drake*," exclaimed several voices, mistaking the title, duke, for the biped, duck, which they pronounced the same.

In the 'Letters from the Highlands,' written about 1720 by one of General Wade's engineers, there occurs a good practical joke with respect to the tailors of Inverness. To prevent "cabbaging," an ingenious process was adopted:

"I shall give you a notable instance of precaution used by some of the men against the tailor's purloining. This is, to buy every thing that goes to the making of a suit of clothes, even to the stay-tape and thread; and when they are to be delivered out, they are altogether weighed before the tailor's face. And when he brings home the suit, it is again put into the scale, with the shreds of every sort, and it is expected that the whole shall answer the original weight."—*Metropolitan Magazine*.

THE OSPREY OR SEA EAGLE.—The following appears in the 'Cambrian':—A fine specimen of the above was shot at Colyton, Devon, on Thursday se'nnight, by Mr. Mingo; it is two feet in

length, its breadth from tip to tip five feet five inches; the legs are very short and thick, being only two inches and a quarter long, and two inches in circumference, of a pale blue color; the outer claw is larger than the inner one, and turns easily backwards, by which means it secures its slippery prey. It is scattered over the extent of Europe, from Sweden to Greece, and is found even in Egypt and Nigritia; its haunts are on the sea shore, and on the borders of rivers and lakes; its principal food is fish; it darts upon its prey with great rapidity, and with undeviating aim. The Italians compare its descent upon the water to a piece of lead falling upon that element, and distinguish it by the name of Aquila Plumbea or Leaden Eagle.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 29, 1840.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION.—Rev. Mr. O'Brien delivered a lecture on Enquiry, on last Monday evening. The members of the society, knowing that much anxiety existed to hear the Rev. gentleman, obtained the use of the Mechanics' Institute lecture room, and issued a number of tickets. The room was filled to overflowing at an early hour.

The lecture was of a highly learned and eloquent character, and was listened to with deep attention. The main drift of the discourse was, to exhibit the advantages which revealed religion had obtained from Enquiry,—and to insist on the duty of persevering Enquiry in the fields of science and literature, as a means of improvement in morals and piety.

The subject for next Monday evening is, Should the European powers have interfered to prevent the subjugation of Poland.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—Mr. McDonald delivered an interesting lecture on History on last Wednesday evening. Mr. McKenzie will lecture on Gas-light next Wednesday evening.

SIMULTANEOUS TEMPERANCE MEETING.—The Temperance society called a Meeting to be held on last Wednesday evening in the Masonic Hall. The large room was filled at an early hour of the proceedings. Several gentlemen addressed the meeting, and a number of singers added greatly to the attractions of the evening, by singing some favourite hymns, and other pieces of melody. A quantity of tracts and temperance papers were distributed, and a collection was made. Entire harmony pervaded the proceedings.

We hope often to hear of and witness such exhilarating assemblages in this good cause. One object with Temperance Societies should be, to prove that much social enjoyment, and rational recreation and cheerfulness, are entirely independent of the intoxicating cup. A chief hold of the latter is, its supposed connection with "the feast of reason and the flow of soul." Let it be proved that the "feast" and the "flow" are enhanced by its omission,—and let cheerful substitutes be found for the ancient and dangerous "merry makings," and Temperance reform will have obtained an advantage, as regards many parts of society, which will be productive of excellent results.

On our second and third pages is a good article on a highly interesting subject, the *English Language*. Studies more immediately connected with the structure, and capabilities, and peculiarities of language, are of a most improving and attractive nature;—abounding with incident, and anecdotes, and delightful specimens,—and having the greatest wonders in creation as the basis of enquiry, *Human expression*, and *Human ideas*.—Happily, for the English student, he need not sigh for more ample fields;—he has in his native language a mine of unsurpassed value, which has been worked by unsurpassed hands, and the extent of which almost baffles his capability of enjoyment.

How many leave this paternal estate almost untouched, seeking after the keys of other domains, which are also not to be possessed, except in idle pretence and pride.

We have to thank our correspondent, W. H. R. for another of Eliza Cook's graphic and pathetic compositions. We do not think there is much fear of our readers becoming weary of his contributions, but rather that they will be inclined to thank him for each such evidence of his taste, and of his readiness to take some trouble in furtherance of the general good and enjoyment.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Favours remain on hand. An article from "Delta" we will publish with pleasure, if he allow us to put it in the *shape* of prose. It is poetic in its tone, and imagery, and transposition of language,—but it is sadly deficient in the prosody of blank verse. Why deceive and offend, the eye and the tongue, by cutting an article into short lines, and arranging it as if it were metrical,—when it is not,—and when nothing would be lost, except the deception and the annoyance, by arranging it as "Ossian" did his poetry?—Before "Delta" answers our desire for leave, let him think, whether or not his Lover's address is not too much like an imitation of Byron's Manfred, under somewhat similar circumstances.

No news of consequence appears. The non-arrival of the packet and of the Liverpool steam ship, leaves us dependant on the dates of our last.

The Legislature has been engaged on the question of roads and bridges, agriculture, and several matters of more local interest during the week. A proposition to establish a central board of agriculture, and to endow it with £1000 a year for five years, was discussed on Thursday and Friday.

Gas.—Messrs. Stevens and Son, Cartwrights, corner of Barrington and Sackville streets, have set the example in this line of improvement. They have had a jet of Gas burning in their workshop, several nights within the last week, furnished by a temporary apparatus. They intend, it appears, to erect a more complete gazometer, and to use the Gas regularly in their premises.—*Nov.*

MARRIED.

At Pugwash, on the 11th inst, by the Rev. Hugh McKenzie Mr. David McPherson, to Miss Henrietta Colborne.
At Londonderry, Jan. 7, by the Rev. John Brown, Mr. John N. Spencer, to Margaret, second daughter of Mr. Samuel McLellan.—On the same day, by the same, Mr. Henry Fulton, to Sarah Ann, daughter of Mr. John Davidson.—Feb. 4, by the same, Mr. George Fulton, to Jane, daughter of Mr. Craig.
At Arichat, on the 7th ult. by the Reverend J. D. Mirandieu, Mr. Thomas McDonnell to Miss Domitille Samson; Mr. Augustino Samson to Miss Marine Petipas; Mr. Gracien Joice to Miss Susan Coupé, Mr. Joseph Boudrot to Miss Adelaide Boudrot; Mr. Abraham Boudrot to Miss Charlotte Forgeon; Mr. Norbert Goyotche to Sarah Boudrot; Mr. Flavien Boudrot to Miss Caroline Bouché; Mr. Hubert Dugas to Miss Félicité Richard; Mr. Polcarpe Girouard to Miss Sophie Deloriers; Mr. Constant Boudrot to Miss Domitille LeBlanc; Mr. Benjamin Deroches to Miss Angélique Paon; Mr. Abraham LeJeune to Miss Adelaide Sacaloup; Mr. John Langlois to Miss Marine Landry; Mr. Constant Grenon to Miss Virginia Dorabie; Mr. Honore Landry to Miss Elizabeth Derabie; Mr. Polcarpe Mumborket to Miss Barbara Fougere; Mr. Abraham LeBlanc to Miss Ann Fougere.—On the 8th ult. Mr. David Landry to Miss Tarzille Beancejour.—On the 13th, Mr. Peter Benois to Miss Barbara Samson, Mr. Charles Landry to Miss Angella Boudrot; Mr. James Benois to Marine Petipas.—On the 20th, Mr. Abraham Girouard to Miss Susan Forest; Mr. Desire LaNache to Miss Julia Boudrot.—On the 29th, Mr. Andrew Forest to Miss Ann Boudrot.—February 3rd, Mr. Aimy Hureau to Miss Mathilda Boudrot.

DIED.

At Digby, on the 12th inst. Mr. James F. Smalle, merchant, in the 30th year of his age, much regretted by a large number of friends and acquaintances.
On the 22d inst. Joseph, infant son of Mr. Joseph Cornhill, aged 3 years and 14 days.
Suddenly, at Wallace, on Sunday morning the 16th inst. Mr. Culeb Horton, in the 64th year of his age. He has left a wife and large family, with extensive family connexions to mourn their loss; also a large circle of friends and acquaintances by whom he was much respected.
At St. John, N.B. on the 19th instant, in the 25th year of her age, Ann, third daughter of Mr. A. Kirk, of Halifax.
On Thursday morning, James Snadden, youngest son of Mr. John Fenerty, aged ten years and four months.
At Port Medway, Jan. 29th, Louisa A. eldest daughter of Mr. Samuel Mack, Junr. of that place, after a short and severe illness, aged 13 years.
At Sea, on board the brig, Halifax, Capt. O'Brien, on her passage to Jam. Mrs. Ann H. Frost, wife of Mr. Robert Frost, of this town, aged 23 years, leaving a husband and child to lament their loss.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

PORT OF HALIFAX.

ARRIVED.

TUESDAY.—Brigt. Brecoz, Attwood, Cienfuegos, 22 days—molasses, to Frith Smith & Co.
WEDNESDAY.—Brigt. Halifax, O'Brien, Savannah la Mar, 24 days—log wood to J. L. Starr; brigt. Tamer, Stowe, Trinidad and Bermuda, 7 days—to Saitus & Wainwright; brigs Alva, Lewis, Yarmouth, 5 days, ballast; Germ, Porter, do. 3 days—do; schr. Avon, Hawbold, St. Mary's; reports barque John Porter parted her cable, 16th inst. in a S. E. gale, and went ashore high and dry, at the entrance of St. Mary's Harbor. Expected to be a total loss. Returned schr. Victory and Dock Yard schr. the former had been 16 miles to the S. E. of Sumbro, the latter had been to the westward of the light. No wrecked vessel.

CLEAR'D.

WEDNESDAY, 19th inst.—Brig Margaret, Smith, London,—molasses, oil, &c. by W. Lawson, jr. and Fairbanks & Allison; brigt. Emerald, Freeman, Falmouth, Jam.—dry and pickled fish, &c. by Fairbanks & Allison. 21st. brigt. John, Blagdon, Savannah la Mar,—assorted cargo by J. L. Starr. 22d. schr. Betsey, McKay, Boston,—mackerel by S. Binney. 24th—schr. Vernon, Cunningham, B. W. Indies—flour, &c. by J. Strachan; schr. Transcendant, Butler, B. W. Indies—pork, &c. by Fairbanks & Allison; brigt. Woodbine, Wilson, Kingston—flour, &c. by D. & B. Starr & Co. 25th—brigt. Pearl, B. W. Indies—flour, &c. by C. West & Son.

NEW BOOK STORE.

NO. 88 & 89, GRANVILLE STREET.

THE Subscriber has just received, and offers for Sale as above, cheap for Cash or approved credit:

Dilworth's, Fenning's, Carpenter's, and other Spelling Books, Murray's and Lennie's Grammar, Pot, Foolscap, Demy, and Post Papers, Red, Black, and Blue Writing Inks, Printing Ink in cannisters of 8 and 16 lbs. Coloured and Demy Printing Paper, Scott's Poems, Keith on the Use of the Globes, Bibles and Prayer Books, handsomely bound in Morocco, Very cheap School Books, with plates—and Testaments, Murray's Introduction and Sequel, Campbell's Rhetoric—Blair's Lectures, Johnston's and Walker's Dictionaries, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, Do. with notes, A large collection of handsomely bound Miscellaneous Works, Steel slip Pens, Indian Rubber and patent regulating Spring Pens, Toy Books—a great variety, Pope's Homer, and Cowper's Poems, Paints and Paint Boxes, Camel Hair Pencils, Lead Pencils, and Indian Rubber, Sealing Wax and Wafers, and Wafer Stamps, Wafer Seals, with mottos and names, Copy Books, Memorandum Books, Ledgers, Blotters, &c. Slates and Slate Pencils.

Orders from the country thankfully received and punctually attended to. A liberal reduction made from the retail prices to persons sending orders to the extent of £5; and also a discount upon all Cash purchases.

ARTHUR W. GODFREY.

February 22.

For the Pearl.
THE LAST LAY.

VICTORIA'S HAND, VICTORIA'S HEART.

The small, the fair, the Royal hand!
What can such grace impart,
That, kneeling thousands may command;
But who shall claim the heart?

Some scion of a royal line
May but aspire to this,
Victoria the heart, now thine,—
Ah! will it then be his?

Happily it may, for woman still!
Thou canst not be alone,—
Thou might'st submit thy Sovereign will,
Or thou might'st share thy throne.

But can thy heart divided be?
That brightest, goodliest gem!
Without equivalent for thee,
More prized than Diadem!

Thy youthful, pure, and virgin heart—
The pride, the hope of all!—
Oh! may it never ache or smart
For being brought to thrall!

Princes will kneel, and Nobles sue,
And Monarchs will aspire;
Heaven shield your virgin heart and trae
From all insidious fire.

Rest this with Him who sits on high,
Who can direct thy choice,—
Who rules the armies of the sky
Can rule the People's voice.

Fair Princess! let thy heart be His,
With one intense desire;
He only can secure thee bliss—
He only raise thee higher.

M. M.

Halifax, September, 1839.

From the Herald of Freedom.

AN AFFECTING STORY.

We have had among the anti-slavery friends here an intelligent woman—Mrs. Mary Webster, of Boston, who has resided recently a considerable time in Florida, and witnessed some of the workings of the 'peculiar institution.' She told us considerable of the beauties of slavery, which fell under her own observation. Among other incidents in which she bore a part, was her rescue of a beautiful slave boy, the offspring of a young coloured woman and a very respectable lawyer now resident in the city of New York, and probably as much opposed to slavery as any body—of the same opinion, with regard to it, as all New England, and the free States generally. This little boy was sold with his mother, when he was an infant, to go from the place where he was born and where she was 'raised' a house servant, on to a plantation some 60 miles distant, where she was, for the first time, turned into a field, among a herd of men and women, and her want of field skill, experience and energy, to be supplied by slavery's propelling power, the whip. She failed, of course, to do her unwonted task, and they whipped her, of course, to bring her up to it. Mrs. Webster had known her and endeavoured to ransom her, before she went to the plantation, but could not effect it. She told her, however, of one friend, to whom she might resort in times of extremity, and told her to pray. The poor wretched creature endured her toil and her floggings till endurance was exhausted. Her little boy had grown sickly and emaciated, for want of sustenance to supply the cravings of our common nature. His mother was worked mercilessly and fed insufficiently for her own support,—more so for her own and the child's. She saw him wasting away and felt herself failing fast, and in despair she deposited him on a bed of sand, as Hagar did Ishmael—and crawled off underneath a forsaken shanty to die. The little wretch had been weaned before the time, that nursing him might not keep his mother from her task. He saw where his mother had crept, and impelled by keen famine, he at length made his way to her, and sought his old fountain of nourishment, the fainting and exhausted mother's bosom. She was missing, and supposed to be dead. But some of the slaves had spied the little one creeping towards the shanty, and following him there, discovered the mother. She was soon dragged out of her retreat, and an attempt made to make her renew her work. She watched her opportunity and made her way into a wood hard by, to hang herself; and get rid of her intolerable miseries. Looking up for a friendly bough, she spied a patch of blue sky, that in its beauty reminded her of God, of whom she had heard Mrs. Webster speak, and it occurred to her that she would pray to him before she put an end to her life. She prayed—like humanity in its utter extre-

mity, and God gave such assurance of His existence and aid, that she put off killing herself and returned to her hoe. She had delved at it but a few minutes, when a sturdy slave came up and told her he would do her task for her, which he did. She felt assured there was a God, and that he had heard her pray, and sent the man to help her. She took courage and resolved she would not kill herself. The next morning, a messenger appeared from Mrs. Webster, who had mustered 150 dollars—her all in the world, 'even all her living,' and sent it on to ransom the boy. Thus was God helping her again, and again she thanked him and took courage. But when the messenger saw the emaciated boy, he said he would not live to get to Mrs. Webster, and he refused to take him or leave the money. Here was a dilemma for the owner. He wanted the 150 dollars; it would be clear gain, for he knew the child would die. A slave wench ventured to say to him, he might send Sukey (his mother) with the child. Sukey could not do much, and so she was despatched home to the owner's dwelling, near Mrs. Webster's residence, along with the child. Here she thought God helped her in good earnest. The mother recovered her strength under the gentler usage of house service, and the child recruited with her. Mrs. Webster, after a time, prevailed on a neighbour to buy Sukey for a house servant, and this relieved her from the terrors of the plantation for the time.

The Seminole war broke in upon the sweet peace of the slaveholding region, and Mrs. Webster left it and brought her ransomed captive to the North. He bade farewell to his slave mother, and resolved in his boy imagination, that when he grew a man he would come back and buy her out of bondage. Mrs. W. brought him to Boston,—thence to Portland, where she learned of an asylum for him in the family and care of Rev. Parnel Beach of Campton—an abolitionist, if we have one in the North, and in a free town, if there is a town free this side the Canada line. He is now there rejoicing in freedom and home—though without a mother.

The friends of humanity in the city had given the bright eyed boy over 100 dollars, at different times, towards his filial project of buying his mother. The money is deposited in the Savings Bank in Boston.

WESTMINSTER COURT OF REQUESTS.

It is not always by squalid exterior, that poverty and privation are indicated. A silk dress often covers as much real destitution as the beggar's rags. Nay, the first has the most to endure, and is most worthy of pity, for the cadger, if he can procure as much broken victuals as will sustain existence, and obtain the undisturbed possession of a bunk for his nightly rest, repines little, if at all at his condition, while the "genteel" poor, on the other hand, has not only existence to support, but also station in society to maintain. The footsteps of famine are occasionally to be found impressed more indelibly on the lineaments of one that may be seen buttoned up in superfine broadcloth, than upon the countenances of those to whom misery has always been an inseparable bedfellow.

A rotund, full-priced baker, who brings his weekly batch of miserable debtors to this Court—bakers are not, generally speaking, celebrated for benevolence, especially Scotch bakers—stepped into the plaintiff's box, papers and ledger in hand, to make his claim to 25s. for bread supplied to a Mr. John Howard.

A tall young woman, wearing a handsome fur mantilla and evidently careful to exhibit the externals of gentility, presented herself to answer the demand. Her age might be either 18 or 28—the hollow cheek and spare form, produced by early sorrow or privation, or both, prevented a closer approximation to the truth.

A Commissioner—Is the amount disputed?

Young Lady—Certainly not. I have only to say, on the part of my father, that he sincerely regrets his inability to settle the account at once.

Chairman—How will he pay it?

Young Lady—I have 5s. to offer now, and my father wishes to have the indulgence of paying the rest at half a crown a week.

Commissioner—The bill is for bread, and it has been standing for some time. Judging from your appearance, I should think your father cannot be in such circumstances as to make it difficult to procure the few shillings left unpaid on this bill.

Young Lady—Appearances are often deceitful. It is equally distressing to my father and myself to ask for even one day; but unexpected sickness in our family has totally exhausted our little means.

Baker (pocketing the money)—Twa and saxpence a week is not enough. Ye gang about toon with a grand boa and a fine silk dress, while my wife maun wear a plaid shawl and cotton gown, because the likes on ye will eat an honest mon's bread wi'out paying for't. That fine tippet ye hae gotten on maun hae cost, may be, sax gowden guineas.

"It is true," said the young lady, colouring, "my dress may appear rather extravagant, and if I could with prudence dress at less cost I would do so, but upon a respectable exterior on my part, as a teacher of music, depends the subsistence of a sick father, and two young sisters. (The baker shut his book abruptly, and thrust his papers into his pocket.) As for the boa you allude to, that was pledged this morning to raise a few shillings to pay you the sum you have just received; and to provide food for those who have tasted little else beyond dry bread for the last week. The

tippet I have on was kindly lent me by my landlady, as the day is wet and cold."

"Well, Mr. Baker," said the Chairman, in a tone of compassion, "perhaps you will agree to the young lady's terms?"

"Oh aye," said the baker, "twa and saxpence a month. Pit it down if you will."

Chairman—Two and sixpence a week was offered.

"Mak it just what ye like," said the baker.

The order was made and handed to the young lady.

As she was leaving the court the baker stopped her:

"Gie me hand o' that bit of paper," said the baker.

The request was complied with.

"Noo," said the baker, thrusting some silver into her hand, "tak back your croon piece, and dianna fash yourself at a' wi' the weekly payment. Ye shall hae a four pound loaf ilka day, at my shop, and ye may pay me just when ye're able, and if I never git the siller, may be I'll no miss it; but mind, young leddy," said he, angrily, "gin ye deal wi' any ither baker Ise pit this order in force agin yere father."

The young lady looked her gratitude—the baker had vanished.—English paper.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS MIMIC.—In the beginning of the last century, an actor, celebrated for mimicry, was to have been employed by a comic author to take off the person, manner, and singularly awkward delivery of the celebrated Dr. Woodward, who was intended to be introduced on the stage in a laughable character. The mimic dressed himself as a countryman, and waited on the doctor with a long catalogue of ailments which he said afflicted his wife. The physician heard with amazement of diseases and pains of the most opposite nature, repeated and redoubled on the wretched patient; for since the actor's great wish was to keep Dr. Woodward in his company as long as possible, that he might make the more observations on his gestures, he loaded his poor imaginary spouse with every infirmity which had any probable chance of prolonging the interview. At length, having completely accomplished his object, he drew from his purse a guinea, and with a bow and a scrape made an uncouth offer of it. "Put up thy moneys, poor fellow," cried the doctor, "put up thy money—thou hast need of all thy cash, and all thy patience too, with such a bundle of diseases tied to thy back." The comedian turned to his employer and related the whole conversation with such true feeling of the physician's character, that the author was convulsed with laughter. But his raptures were soon checked when the mimic told him, with emphatic sensibility, that he would sooner die than prostitute his talents to the rendering such genuine humanity a public object of ridicule.

FALL FROM SUNDERLAND BRIDGE.—On Monday afternoon, as a sailor, named John Barnett, was engaged painting the metal works of the stupendous bridge in this town, the plank on which he was standing slipped at one end from its resting place, and the poor fellow was, in consequence, precipitated into the Wear. The man caught hold of one of the transverse ribs of the arch for a moment, but from the suddenness of the fall he could not longer retain his grasp. He remained a considerable time under water, but eventually appeared at the surface, when he again breathed the air. Being a good swimmer, he made towards a sloop lying at the north side of the river, though he was much impeded by the force of the tide. The men in the ship perceiving his situation, put off a boat, took him up, and landed him at Fenwick's Quay, when, to the surprise of all, he ran up the bank, jumped over a wall, and went to the bridge, for the purpose of locking up his working utensils, though he had fallen from a height of upwards of ninety feet! It was high water at the time of the accident, or his fall would have been one hundred feet. So little worse was the man, that he walked home as if nothing had happened. At present he complains of a little stiffness at his back, and he imagines from this that he fell into the water on his back. The man states that the effect produced upon his imagination, when he dashed into the water, was as if he had fallen into a flame of fire; he also states that he felt the descent so long that he thought he should never arrive at the bottom.—Northern Times.

THE COLONIAL PEARL,

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