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# THE COLONIAL BEAR.

## POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

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### GENERAL KNOWLEDGE.

A LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE HALIFAX MECHANICS INSTITUTE, DURING LAST SESSION.

By W. F. Teulon, Med. Prac.

(Concluded.)

A quotation from the father of modern philosophy, Lord Bacon, will need no apology.

"Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business; for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies, is sloth; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humour of a scholar; they perfect nature, and are perfected by experience: for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions, too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience.

"Crafty men condemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them: for they teach not their own use; but that is wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.

"Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things.

"Reading makes a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man; and therefore if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know what he does not.

"Histories make men wise; poets witty; the mathematician subtle; natural philosophy deep; morals grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend; 'Abent studia in mores;' nay, there is no stand or impediment in the wit, but may be wrought out by fit studies: like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises; bowling is good for the stone and veins, shooting for the lungs and breast, gentle walking for the stomach, riding for the head, and the like; so, if a man's wits be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again; if his wit be not apt to distinguish, or find differences; let him study the schoolmen; for they are 'Cumini secutores;' if he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call upon one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyer's uses; so every defect of the mind may have a special receipt."

Now, whether from books, or other means of study, from lecture, conversation, or experience, knowledge, when gained, is both profitable and pleasurable. And as we, the more we know, are better acquainted with the utilities that belong to knowledge; and so much more realize the maxim of the above great man, that "knowledge is power," a power of utility, a power of doing good in our sphere; moreover of enlarging it, it is impossible but that our virtuous pleasures should so increase with our mental advancement, as to recompense our severest toils of acquirement.

Even the gratitude with which we naturally reflect on our fathers and instructors in the path of science; inasmuch as it is virtuous, so it is a delightful feeling. We delight ourselves with their works, and are ambitious of their company; and therefore aspire with renovated zeal after, not only their knowledge and their fame, but after those abodes of immortality where we may wear in their company the amaranthine crown. Apollonius, eulogizing the philosophic emperor Marcus Aurelius, says: "Aurelius marked as one of the most fortunate days of his life, that day of his boyhood in which he first heard of Cato. He preserved with gratitude the names of those who had made him, in like manner, acquainted with the names of Brutus and Thraseas. He thanked the gods that he had had an opportunity of reading the maxims of Epictetus."

Nor will it satisfy the benevolent mind to enjoy knowledge, it will consider itself as the channel, no less than the recipient, of this intelligent power. Hence arise those institutions and associations, for the diffusion of useful knowledge, which have operated as a proximate cause of our present advancement; in all that constitutes, cements, and adorns, the social state of man. We have a right to believe that the time has come, prophesied of

by Daniel; twenty-two centuries since, when "many should run to and fro in the earth, and knowledge be increased." Under the beneficent jurisdiction of heaven itself, or rather the divinity that sits enthroned there, a new creation is arising to view, and through the benign influence of knowledge, the beast is giving place to the man; who is "renewed in knowledge in the image of him that created him." Man is formed for knowledge, and kind nature has endowed him with the power and capacity for that which constitutes when realized, his pleasure and his praise.

Says Akenside, in his Pleasures of Imagination

Witness the sprightly joy, when aught unknown  
Strikes the quick sense, and wakes each active power  
To brisker measures; witness the neglect  
Of all familiar objects, though beheld  
With transport once, the fond attentive gaze  
Of young astonishment, the sober zeal  
Of age, commenting on prodigious things.  
For such the bounteous providence of Heaven  
In every breast, implanting this desire  
Of subjects new and strange to urge us on,  
With unremitting labour, to pursue  
Those sacred stores that wait the ripening soul,  
In truth's exhaustless bosom. What need words  
To paint its power?"

In this pursuit ancient Scotia's sons have been among the foremost. Labouring originally under the weight of numerous disadvantages, they have yet surmounted them all, and set an example to their more favoured neighbours, of a community not only gifted with a love, but also with the acquisition, of a useful and general knowledge. I have understood that they have a sort of national motto, "Learning makes the man," while England undertakes to say that "Money makes the man." Truth it is, that both are in a sense true; but which will make the better man, remains to be seen by the average of their literature, their inventions, and their learned institutions. Sure I am, that I would wish to see England excel; but only as she ought, by overtaking and surpassing her sister land, not by any declension or retrogradation on its own part. The rewards of knowledge, direct and indirect, are manifold and weighty; and perhaps never better paid than at present. The pioneers in the path of science had to labour more, and were worse paid, than those who have entered into their labours; but through those labours knowledge has become more esteemed and diffused, and in proportion as it is so, will its treasury be augmented; and then, by a very natural process, will those labours be yet more increased, till it becomes paramount.

Scientific men, and those who were aspiring to become such, have ever found that they could act to most advantage when associated. In this condition, a single library, as before remarked, a single apparatus, museum, &c. would answer the purpose of all, and the reciprocation of notions and discoveries would, of course, occasion quicker progress and accumulation of improvements.

From these considerations, associations or societies of art have arisen, and scientific institutions which have devolved into colleges and universities. So proud a destination may be the ultimate lot of the present Institute. If its patrons and abettors are learned, and persevering, it must rise entirely above its present level, and the future university of Nova Scotia; its members, and its archives, may look back to the lowly beginning of this present institute, as its own original.

By all means, the parties connected herewith should contemplate its growing importance and utility, and lend their best energies to stimulate it into mature existence. Towards which I would respectfully suggest, a public call for lectures on the most requisite topics, so as to furnish, without loss of time, the species of instruction which is most needed; and without the repetition of such as are of subordinate interest; the issuing of transferrable tickets, at a given price, by which a much greater number of families, and individuals, would become sharers of its fund of instruction, and of course interested in its welfare; and the publication of an annual report of proceedings, which might serve to register improvements, and to inform and interest the whole community.

It is also a desideratum, that we should have a medical society and library in Halifax, which might speedily remove the jealousies and incondite views of practitioners in this department, stimulate their studies, and originate enlarged and appropriate pathological views.

I would not recommend, as some have done, a habit of extracting from the books in use, in order the better to attain information, or fix it in the memory, although it has certain advantages; and writing anything undoubtedly helps to fix on the memory; writing an essay, or review of the subject, embodying our own views, and the acquirements made from the book we have been perusing, will better evidence our progress, the value of our attainments, and the capabilities of our own powers of conception and composition.

But, as Bacon has said, "writing maketh an exact (that is, an accurate) man;" and we never are convinced how much or how little we know of any subject, till we come to pen our thoughts relevant to it. Lectures are then of use, not merely to those who hear, but to those who speak; those who thus "water others shall be watered themselves;" and while we communicate, we augment our stores.

I have said at the commencement of this discourse, that "our knowledge ought to be general as well as particular;" and for this reason, every science stands connected with every science, and the exact demarcation of any one is often difficult to be traced; so naturally do they blend with and delineate into one another. Each particular branch, then, both borrows and radiates light upon every other; and so, while the divided, I had almost said dissipated attention of some men prevents them rising professionally, it is equally clear that others, by perpetually poring over one subject, dull and blunt their faculties; and through the want of variety, fatigue their minds into a state of hebetude. Such persons, of course, are not eminent. They may be compared to those experimenters who have attempted to live on some solitary article of diet, and found, as the result, that they could no more live without thriving, than they could thrive without living.

To my juniors I would recommend, in order that they may arrive at a just estimate of these important matters, and many accessory considerations connected herewith, a thoughtful perusal of Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding, Watts's Improvement of the Mind, Isaac Taylor's Elements of Thought, Brown's Philosophy of the Human Mind, and Herschell's Preliminary course on Natural Philosophy, treating of the Pleasures of science in Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia. In these the mind and its operations are subjected to a minute and careful analysis, and they will be found, not only very assistant to the student, but to contain reference to the best authors, both late and living, on related topics.

In all times, feel anxious to persuade any attentive auditor, the ladies of course inclusive, to the practice of interrogating the lecturer concerning any point of his discussion. And to remove painful and injurious modesty, would suggest, that all pointing of a question is not at all considered as evidence that the enquirer is ignorant of the appropriate answer. The best informed persons will most see the necessity of instilling instruction into the less tutored mind, one method for accomplishing which is, to dissect, as it were, a lecture into a number of members, and to exercise a little conversation relevant to each, in which any one may share, while all listen. All present will thus have some part to act, and every formality that might serve to impede the wheels of our intellectual locomotive be excluded.

Before we close, let us briefly consider how many questions and subjects the fair field of general knowledge presents. Grammar informs us of the power of words, and the nature of language; Rhetoric, or Oratory, how to dispose of its numerous stores. Arithmetic, and the rest of the Mathematics, the power of numbers, and the nature of quantity. Geometry, the properties of superficies and solids. Mechanics, of the motive powers, and their adaptation to the forces to be overcome. Hydrostatics, and Pneumatics, the gravitation and motion of fluids. Geography, and Chorography, the description of the earth's surface, its climate, and regions. Geology, and Mineralogy, its interior stores. Chemistry, their elementary origin and properties. Astronomy, the number, magnitude, distances, and relations of the celestial orbs. Opticks, and Catoptricks, the means of expanding, condensing, and reflecting colours. Chromatics, their origin and circumstances. Acoustics and Dynamics, the origin and velocities of sound. Architecture, the design and proper effect of building. Agriculture, the means of rendering soils arable and productive. Anatomy, the parts and performances of the animal members. Physiology, the functions and purposes of life. Pathology, the nature and tendencies of disease. Therapeutics, the means of palliating, or overcoming it. Zoology, animal existences, and varieties. Botany, the original varieties and products of the vegetable world. Phytology, their modes of life, and function. Political Economy, and Jurisprudence, the principles of government, and legislation, and the claims of statutes, and parties. Philosophy, the doctrine of causes, effects, and relations. And, not to impose on our patience, Theology, informs us of Infinite Love, as the creator, and governor of all things; his attributes, directions, and promises; and the cheering truth, that is, worth all knowledge besides, that He, in the highest heavens, is our father. And hence, as Cowper says, "He looks abroad into the varied fields of Nature, and though poor perhaps compared with those whose mansions glitter in his sight, calls the delightful scenery all his own. His are the mountains, and the valleys his."



And the resplendent rivers. His to enjoy,  
With a propriety that none can feel,  
But who, with filial confidence inspired,  
Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,  
And smiling say, "My father made them all,"  
Are they not his by a peculiar right,  
Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,  
Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind,  
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love  
That planned, and built, and still upholds a world,  
So clothed with beauty, for rebellious man?"

By citing these pious sentiments in the present connection, I trust I shall not be deemed faulty, as neglecting the relating rule of this institution; for piety to the Creator of all, should ever proceed from contemplation of his manifold works. It is this contemplation, prosecuted in this spirit, that makes the truest philosopher, and invigorates the mind with fertilizing streams of knowledge and wisdom, and emotions that are even more precious than wisdom. And unsophisticated nature, viewed with an unprejudiced eye, will ever inspire that adoration of nature's Author, which we term natural religion, and which is a part and parcel of all true religion. In this field, Ray and Derham and Newton and Addison and Paley, have laboured. And, in our own day, Brougham and Chalmers and Powel and Whewell, the authors of the Bridgewater treatises, and an host besides, are engaged in tracing the connection between philosophy and natural religion, or, in other words, between nature and her Author. And I cannot withhold my belief and hope, that this and all similar institutions, while they may properly, or at least cautiously, avoid political and religious debate, will ever consult and promote the harmony and welfare of the community, and exhibit and ratify the friendships of science, morals, and piety.

It cannot be expected that any of the topics, glanced at in this lecture, should have received an attention proportioned to their demands. The subject was selected out of the many, in reference to the ostensible object of this Institute, which we deem should be steadily kept in view and promoted.

Ere long, I trust, you will listen to a more inciting and improving oratory, delivered by some of those many eminent strangers, whom we expect will visit Halifax, when making an occidental tour. Steam navigation has done much for the world, in a short space; and I trust it will do much for us in improving our intercourse, and bringing home to us the arts, inventions, discoveries, and literature of the old world; and making us as a community, what at this period every people ought to be,—a living illustration of the Baconian maxim, "Knowledge is Power;" or, as more strongly expressed of old, by the Israelite philosopher, Solomon, Prov. xxiv. 5:

"The wise prevaileth over the strong, and the man of knowledge over the mighty."

#### SCRAPS FROM MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.

##### THE RULING PASSION.

"I never knew," said Sam, fixing his eye in a ruminative manner upon the blushing barber, "I never knew but vun o' your trade, but he was worth a dozen, and was indeed devoted to his callin'!"

"Was he in the easy shaving way sir," inquired Mr. Slithers, "or in the cutting and curlin' line?"

"Both," replied Sam; "easy shavin' was his natur, and cuttin' and curlin' was his pride and glory. His whole delight was in his trade. He spent all his money in bears and run in debt for 'em besides, and there they was a growling away down in the front cellar all day long, and ineffectually gnashing their teeth, vile the grease o' their relations and friends was being re-tailed in gallipots in the shop above, and the first-floor winder was ornamented with their heads; not to speak o' the dreadful aggravation it must have been to 'em to see a man always a walkin' up and down the pavement outside, with the portrait of a bear in his last agonies, and underneath in large letters, 'Another fine animal was slaughtered yesterday at Jinkinson's!' Hows'ever, there they was, and there Jinkinson was, till he was took wery ill with innard disorder, lost the use of his legs, and was confined to his bed vere he laid a wery long time, but sich was his pride in his profession even then, that whenever he was worse than usual the doctor used to go down stairs and say, 'Jinkinson's wery low this mornin'; we must give the bears a stir' and as sure as they stirred 'em up a bit and made 'em roar, Jinkinson opens his eyes as if he was ever so bad, calls out, 'There's the bears!' and rewives agin."

"Astonishing!" cried the barber.

"Not a bit," said Sam, "human natur neat as imported. Vun day the doctor happenin' to say, 'I shall look in as usual to-morrow mornin', Jinkinson catches hold of his hand and says 'Doctor' he says, 'will you grant me one favour?' 'I will Jinkinson' says the doctor; 'then doctor' says Jinkinson, 'will you come unshaved, and let me shave you?' 'I will' says the doctor. 'Bless you' says Jinkinson. Next day the doctor came, and arter he'd been shaved all skilful and reg'lar, he says 'Jinkinson' he says, 'it's wery plain this does you good. Now' he says, 'I've got a coachman as has got a beard that it ud warm your heart to work on, and though the footman' he says 'hasn't got much of a beard, still he's a tryin' it on with a pair o' viskers to that extent that razors is a christian charity.' If they take it in turns to mind the carriage when it's a waitin' below' he says, 'wot's to hinder you from operatin' on both o' 'em every day as well as upon me? you've got six

children' he says, 'wot's to hinder you from shavin' all their heads and keepin' 'em shaved? you've got two assistants in the shop down stairs, 'wot's to hinder you from cuttin' and curlin' them as often as you like?' Do this' he says 'and you're a man agin.' Jinkinson squeedged the doctor's hand and begun that wery day: he kept his tools upon the bed, and whenever he felt his-self gettin' worse, he turned at vun o' the children who was a runnin' about the house with heads like clean Dutch cheeses, and shaved him agin. Vun day the lawyer come to make his will; all the time he was a takin' it down, Jinkinson was secretly a clippin' away at his hair with a large pair of scissors. 'Wot's that ere snippin' noise?' says the lawyer every now and then, 'it's like a man havin' his hair cut.' 'It is wery like a man havin' his hair cut' says poor Jinkinson hidin' the scissors and lookin' quite innocent. By the time the lawyer found it out he was wery nearly bald. Jinkinson was kept alive in this way for a long time, but at last vun day he has all the children in vun arter another, shaves each on 'em wery clean, and gives him vun kiss on the crown of his head; then he has in the two assistants, and after cuttin' and curlin' of 'em in the first style of elegance, says he should like to hear the voice o' the greasiest bear, vich rekvest is immedety complied with; then he says that he feels wery happy in his mind and wishes to be left alone; and then he dies, previously cuttin' his own hair and makin' one flat curl in the wery middle of his forehead."

##### THE YOUNG HAIRDRESSER.

'Vunce upon a time there was a young hairdresser as opened a wery smart little shop with four wax dummies in the winder, two gen'lmen and two ladies—the gen'lmen with blue dots for their beards, wery large viskers, ou-dacious heads of hair, uncommon clear eyes, and nostrils of amazin' pinkness—the ladies with their heads o' one side, their right forefingers on their lips, and their forms developed beautiful, in vich last respect they had the advantage over the gen'lmen, as wasn't allowed but wery little shoulder, and terminated rayther abrupt, in fancy drapery. He had also a many hair-brushes and tooth-brushes bottled up in the winder, neat glass cases on the counter, a floor-clothed cuttin' room up stairs, and a weighin' macheen in the shop, right opposite the door; but the great attraction and ornament was the dummies, which this here young hair-dresser was constantly a runnin' out in the road to look at, and constantly a runnin' in agin to touch up and polish; in short he was so proud on 'em that ven Sunday come, he was always wretched and mis'rable to think they was behind the shutters, and looked anxiously for Monday on that account. Vun o' these dummies was a favourite with him beyond the others, and ven any of his acquaintance asked him why he didn't get married—as the young ladies he knowed, in partickler, often did—he used to say, 'Never—I never vill enter into the bonds of vedlock,' he says, 'until I meet with a young tooman as realizes my idea o' that ere fairest dummy with the light hair. Then and not till then,' he says, 'I vill approach the altar!' All the young ladies he knowed as had dark hair told him this was wery sinful, and that he was wurshippin' a idle, but them as was at all near the same shade as the dummy coloured up wery much, and was observed to think him a wery nice young man.

'The young hair-dresser hadn't been in the habit o' makin' this awowal above six months, ven he en-counterd a young lady as was the wery picter o' the fairest dummy. 'Now' he says, 'it's all up. I am a slave!' The young lady was not only the picter o' the fairest dummy, but she was wery romantic as the young hair-dresser was too, and he says 'Oh!' he says, 'here's a community o' feelin', here's a flow o' soul!' he says, 'here's a interchange o' sentiment!' The young lady didn't say much o' course, but she expressed herself agreeable, and shortly afterwards vent to see him with a mutual friend. The hair-dresser rushes out to meet her, but d'irectly she sees the dummies she changes colour and falls a tremblin' violently. 'Look up my love' says the hair-dresser, 'behold your imige in my winder, but not correcter than in my art!' 'My imige!' she says. 'Yourn' replies the hair-dresser. 'But whose imige is that!' she says, a pinting at vun o' the gen'lmen. 'No vun's, my love' he says, 'it is but a idea.' 'A idea!' she cries, 'it is a portrait, I feel it is a portrait, and that ere noble face must be in the milingitary.' 'Wot do I hear!' says he a crumplin' his curls. 'William Gibbs' she says quite firm, 'never renoo the subject. I respect you as a friend' she says, 'but my affections is set upon that manly brow.' 'This' says the hair-dresser 'is a reglar blight, and in it I perceive the hand of Fate. Farevell!' With these words he rushes into the shop, breaks the dummy's nose with a blow of his curlin' irons, melts him down at the parlour fire, and never smiles arterwards.

'The young lady, Mr. Weller?' said the housekeeper.

'Why ma'am' said Sam, 'findin' that Fate had a spite agin her and everybody she came into contact with, she never smiled neither, but read a deal o' poetry and pined away—by rayther slow degrees, for she an't dead yet. It took a good deal o' poetry to kill the hair-dresser, and some people say arter all that it was more the gin and water as caused him to be run over; p'raps it was a little o' both, and came o' mixing the two.'

##### MORNING ON THE THAMES.

A fleet of barges were coming lazily up, some sideways, some head first, some stern first; all in a wrong-headed, dogged, obstinate way, bumping against the larger craft, running under the bows of steamboats, getting into every kind of nook and corner where

they had no business, and being crunched on all sides like so many walnut shells; while each with its pair of long sweeps struggling and splashing in the water looked like some lumbering fish in pain. In some of the vessels at anchor all hands were busily engaged in coiling ropes, spreading out sails to dry, taking in or discharging their cargoes; in others no life was visible but two or three tarry boys, and perhaps a barking dog running to and fro upon the deck or scrambling up to look over the side and bark the louder for the view. Coming slowly on through the forest of masts was a great steam ship, beating the water in short impatient strokes with heavy paddles, as though she wanted room to breathe, and advancing in her huge bulk like a sea monster among the minnows of the Thames. On either hand were long black tiers of colliers; between them vessels slowly working out of harbour with sails glistening in the sun, and creaking noise on board, re-echoed from a hundred quarters. The water and all upon it was in active motion, dancing and buoyant and bubbling up; while the old grey Tower and piles of building on the shore, with many a church spire shooting up between, looked coldly on, and seemed to disdain their chafing, restless neighbour.

##### SORROW IN CHILDHOOD.

There was only Mrs. Quilp at home, and she, little expecting the return of her lord, was just composing herself for a refreshing slumber when the sound of his footsteps aroused her. She had barely time to seem to be occupied in some needle-work, when he entered, accompanied by the child; having left Kit down stairs.

'Here's Nelly Trent, dear Mrs. Quilp,' said her husband. 'A glass of wine, my dear, and a biscuit; for she has had a long walk. She'll sit with you my soul, while I write a letter.'

Mrs. Quilp looked tremblingly in her spouse's face to know what this unusual courtesy might portend, and obedient to the summons she saw in his gesture, followed him into the next room.

'Mind what I say to you,' whispered Quilp. 'See if you can get out of her anything about her grandfather, or what they do, or how they live, or what he tells her. I've my reasons for knowing, if I can. You women talk more freely to one another than you do to us; and you have a soft, mild way with you that'll win upon her. Do you hear?'

'Yes Quilp.'

'Go, then. What's the matter now?'

'Dear Quilp,' faltered his wife, 'I love the child—if you could do without making me deceive her—'

The dwarf muttering a terrible oath looked round as if for some weapon with which to inflict condign punishment upon his disobedient wife. The submissive little woman hurriedly entreated him not to be angry, and promised to do as he bade her.

'Do you hear me,' whispered Quilp, nipping and pinching her arm, 'worm yourself into her secrets; I know you can. I'm listening, recollect. If you're not sharp enough, I'll creak the door, and wo betide you if I have to creak it much. Go.'

Mrs. Quilp departed according to order, and her amiable husband, ensconcing himself behind the partly opened door, and applying his ear close to it, began to listen with a face of great craftiness and attention.

Poor Mrs. Quilp was thinking, however, in what manner to begin or what kind of enquiries she could make; and it was not until the door, creaking in a very urgent manner, warned her to proceed without further consideration, that the sound of her voice was heard.

'How very often you have come backwards and forwards lately to Mr. Quilp, my dear'

'I have said so to grandfather a hundred times,' returned Nell innocently.

'And what has he said to that?'

'Only sighed, and dropped his head, and seemed so sad and wretched that if you could have seen him I am sure you must have cried; you could not have helped it more than I, I know. How that door creaks!'

'It often does,' returned Mrs. Quilp with an uneasy glance towards it. 'But your grandfather—he used not to be so wretched?'

'Oh no!' said the child eagerly, 'so different! we were once so happy, and he so cheerful and contented! You cannot think what a sad change has fallen on us since.'

'I am very, very sorry, to hear you speak like this my dear!' said Mrs. Quilp. And she spoke the truth.

'Thank you,' returned the child, kissing her cheek, 'you are always kind to me, and it is a pleasure to talk to you. I can speak to no one else about him but poor Kit. I am very happy, still, I ought to feel happier, perhaps, than I do, but you cannot think how it grieves me sometimes to see him alter so.'

'He'll alter again Nelly,' said Mrs. Quilp, 'and be what he was before.'

'Oh if God would only let that come about!' said the child with streaming eyes; 'but it is a long time now since he first began to—I thought I saw that door moving!'

'It's the wind,' said Mrs. Quilp faintly. 'Began to—?'

'To be so thoughtful and dejected, and to forget our old way of spending the time in the long evenings,' said the child. 'I used to read to him by the fireside, and he sat listening, and when I stopped and we began to talk, he told me about my mother, and how she once spoke and looked just like me when she was a little child. Then he used to take me on his knee, and try to make

me understand that she was not lying in her grave, but had flown to a beautiful country beyond the sky, where nothing died or ever grew old—we were very happy once!

"Nelly, Nelly!" said the poor woman, "I can't bear to see one as young as you so sorrowful. Pray don't cry."

"I do so very seldom," said Nell, "but I have kept this to myself a long time, and I am not quite well I think, for the tears come into my eyes and I cannot keep them back. I don't mind telling you my grief, for I know you will not tell it to any one again."

Mrs. Quilp turned away her head and made no answer.

"Then" said the child, "we often walked in the fields and among the green trees, and when we came home at night, we liked it better for being tired, and said what a happy place it was. And if it was dark and rather dull, we used to say, what did it matter to us, for it only made us remember our last walk with greater pleasure, and look forward to our next one. But now we never have these walks, and though it is the same house it is darker and much more gloomy than it used to be, indeed."

She paused here, but though the door creaked more than once, Mrs. Quilp said nothing.

"Mind you don't suppose," said the child earnestly, "that grandfather is less kind to me than he was. I think he loves me better every day, and is kinder, and more affectionate than he was the day before. You do not know how fond he is of me!"

"I'm sure he loves you dearly," said Mrs. Quilp.

"Indeed, indeed he does!" cried Nell, "as dearly as I love him. But I have not told you the greatest change of all, and this you must never breathe again to any one. He has no sleep or rest, but that which he takes by day in his easy chair, for every night and nearly all night long he is away from home."

"Nelly!"

"Hush!" said the child, laying her finger on her lip and looking round. "When he comes home in the morning, which is generally just before day, I let him in. Last night he was very late, and it was quite light. I saw that his face was deadly pale, that his eyes were bloodshot, and that his legs trembled as he walked. When I had gone to bed again, I heard him groan. I got up and ran back to him, and heard him say, before he knew that I was there, that he could not bear his life much longer, and if it was not for the child, would wish to die. What shall I do! Oh! what shall I do!"

The fountains of her heart were open; the child, overpowered by the weight of her sorrows and anxieties, by the first confidence she had ever shown, and the sympathy with which her little tale had been received, hid her face in the arms of her helpless friend, and burst into a passion of tears.

In a few moments Mr. Quilp returned, and expressed the utmost surprise to find her in this condition, which he did very naturally, and with admirable effect, for that kind of deceit had been rendered familiar to him by long practice, and he was quite at home in it.

"She's tired you see, Mrs. Quilp," said the dwarf, squinting in a hideous manner to imply that his wife was to follow his lead. "It's a long way from her home to the wharf, and then she was alarmed to see a couple of young scoundrels fighting, and was timorous on the water besides. All this together has been too much for her. Poor Nell!"

## FINE ARTS.

THE DELUGE. PAINTED BY F. DANBY, F.R.A.

The contemplation of undisputed and irresistible power, while it excites and elevates the imagination, depresses the spirits—a salutary chastening to which we now submit with satisfaction, as the natural tribute to a manifestation of power such as we have never before witnessed. In its subject and in its treatment "The Deluge" is the mightiest demonstration of power, before which we stand awed and admiring, encouraged but fearful, warmed and chilled at the same moment. We despair of doing any thing like justice to the impression made on our minds by this picture. The conception is poetically grand; for the painter, not satisfied with representing effects, investigated their cause, and, from the depths of his imagination, drew forth a light, amenable to the laws of nature, but supernaturally magnificent. He conceived that the instrument by which the Almighty produced that deluge, to which the Scriptures, our guide, and the united traditions of all ages and lands bear witness, was a comet, which, in its eccentric orbit, approached near enough to this earth to cause the windows of heaven to open and to break up the fountains of the great deep, producing that flow of waters, and that flood of phosphoric light, which are the sublime features in Mr. Danby's picture. The sun is setting in blood on the extreme verge of the horizon, his light overpowered with the thick sheets of vapour, through which the upper portion of his setting disk appears; but to the opposite extremity of the scene a faint and sullen flush of an uncertain red struggles with the bright, appalling light of the comet, and the thick coming darkness of the falling masses of waters, which half obscure and half reveal a sky whose depth and brightness are at once awfully beautiful—the shroud of nature in her throes of death.

On the expanse of waters, the rugged, broken, gurgling, whirling, eddying expanse, that fatal glare whitens to the glow of heated steel: in the distant, indescribable brightness glides the emblem of hope and safety, the ark of animated nature, in which the chosen

germs of the past diluvian world are carefully preserved—there is no other sign of hope, or token of mercy. In the far distance are the domes and spires of a submerged city receiving the red glow of the last sunset, while the devouring flood pours in upon their towering heights, threatening a speedy calm—the triumph of the fated element over the last resistance offered by the work of man. On the other side, in the distance, the everlasting masses of rock are bowed beneath the rush of waters; that terrible whirl, where the prone descending cloud meets the excited wave, shows that the winds of heaven are warring with the waters of the earth, and the beetling rocks are swept by the strength of the waters above from their adamant base, and fall in masses into the roar of waters beneath. Towards the foreground, if we might use that irrelative technicality where no ground is visible, the waters rushing and roaring, and foaming from heights of waters to depths of waters—broken, and agitated, and chafed by the precipitous tops of craggy and towering mountains not yet subdued, crushing rocks and crashing trees,—boil out of the picture into an endless space, which the painter borrows from the spectator's imagination; or, lash themselves in white foam into another immensity, at once real and imagined, on the other side. Here the colour of the water is that grey green, which shows that it is not in its right place, not in natural depths, but yet deep and strong and wild; and we notice this peculiarity of colouring, so true to nature, the rather because in all parts of the picture the undertone prevails with equal truth, whether the shadow of the rock, or the faint red lurid light of the setting sun, or the wild glare of the comet's horrible brightness, falls upon it.

Here is a scene which without aid from anything but inanimate nature and the few wrecks of a city, tells the mighty tale of devastation, in that tongue which speaks to the eyes and minds of all men, of whatever language, or creed, or nation.

But the painter wrings the heart: his awfully grand middle distance is the point which rivets at once the attention, which fixes the mind, and agonizes the feelings. Here a mighty, towering, storm-fractured rock rises like a dark Fate, in the middle of the picture. To the mountains from which this elevated peak ascends, have the inhabitants of the city of the plain rushed for shelter; the latest fallen rocks are happily indicated by the crashing of trees, the last work of the waters; to one tree had clung whole families of men; with the grasp of death they clung to it, as to a hope of some moment's respite, but it is splintered with the weight of the last sinking mass of waters, and from its branch and bole are falling the desperate wretches who have clung till the muscles relaxed, while others are drowning or fighting with the waters against inevitable fate. Exquisitely painted is this tree and its details, its rich but subdued colour, the dark crimson of the drapery coiled round the bole, and the shred of brighter colour which marks and brings out the centre. On the right of the spectator is the form of a giant—there were giants in the land—on whose body lies a female figure and an angel of pity—angels then communed with the daughters of men—is weeping over this crush of earthly strength and beauty—a most poetic episode—sweetly relieving the terrible action of the epic. It is here that the magic light of the comet tells with a preternatural effect, every figure struggling with, or floating on, or sinking in the waters; every figure clinging to the tree as it falls across the picture; every figure eagerly scaling the rock; or in the reeling crowd on its summit is lighted up with the flashes of this fateful glare—this bright, white, phosphoric light of the comet. In the figures, every individual is a study, the anatomical truth, the roundness of form, the life of the attitude, the colouring of the flesh, and the expression of every feature and every muscle are truly admirable. Every group is in itself a picture, without ever obtruding beyond its own place in the general effect, the interest rises as the crowds scale the rock, and where the last peak is sustained, but for a moment, by the iron muscles of a giant figure, the flood has mined its way, the stone crumbles, and the mass is falling into the hopeless depths beneath. Oh, the straining, the struggling, the efforts of those death-hunted souls, climbing that precipice but to ensure death! So terrible a picture of divine power and human helplessness, as the subject of this picture represents, required the consolatory assurance of intellectual strength, and power of human genius in its treatment, to reconcile us to ourselves. In genius, as evinced in the conception, in taste, as displayed by the grouping and arrangement, in knowledge, as proved by the painting of the figures, in heart and mind, as developed in the sufferings depicted and the consolations offered, in judgment, as shown by the absence of all false ornaments, all vain efforts, by the subdued harmonious tone, by the brilliant chiaroscuro, and the exquisite composition of this picture—there is no painter in England, perhaps, in the modern world, that can compare with Mr. Danby, nor any picture of this age to compete with his "Deluge."—*Atlas.*

## VENICE AND ITS SHOWS.

It would be difficult to point out a more cheerless spot than the site of Venice. The dreary and almost uninhabited beach, the tameness of the adjacent scenery, and the smooth unbroken surface of the tideless lagoons, all render it as uninviting as can be well conceived. Yet those very circumstances contribute to increase the interest of the traveller. The appearance, in such a place, of a splendid city, associated with so many brilliant recollections, recalls

to his mind the romantic history of its early inhabitants, the difficulties they had to surmount, and their triumphant success; and while he surveys its towering cupolas and painted domes, which at the first glance appear actually to float on the bosom of the Adriatic, and contrasts them with the desolate aspect of the surrounding shore, he cannot but do homage to the spirits of its heroic founders, who, overcoming every obstacle, preferred independence in such a spot to submission to the destroying invaders of the north.

It is strange that under a government the most suspicious that ever existed, the amusements of the people should have been characterized by such an exuberance of mirth as is displayed on occasions of this kind, but it appears to have been a part of Venetian policy to encourage on holidays all kind of games and diversions, probably with the intention of diverting the minds of the people from more serious objects. The isolated situation of the city, however, obliged them to invent a series of amusements which, like their dress, their manners, and their government, differed entirely from those of other countries; and to them the rest of Europe is indebted for the masquerade, the extravagancies of Harlequin and his clowns, the drollery of Pulcinella, and numberless other diversions of a similar kind, the invention of a lively and ingenious people.

The open space in front of the Doge's Palace, extending from the great square to the principal harbour, was the spot allotted for the celebration of the popular games. It is a broad street paved with large square blocks of rough marble; and the range of buildings opposite, erected of the same durable materials, and at that time forming the residence of the principal nobility, is still one of the finest specimens of mixed architecture in Europe. The whole space was filled with people; and on the platform in the centre a number of clowns, painted and disfigured in the most grotesque manner, were standing on each other's shoulders three stories high, while the topmost one was grinning at a senator who sat at a window of the palace, laughing in spite of his robes at the grimaces of the mountebank. Around them there were fire-eaters, both in the professional and non-professional sense—sword-swallowers, fortune-tellers, and an Indian juggler who kept five balls at once in the air, with a couple of serpents tied round his neck as neatly as the cravat of a Bond Street exquisite. There was besides an itinerant astrologer, dressed in black to indicate the dignity of his profession. He had under his arm a circular frame, bearing the signs of the zodiac, and carried in his right hand a white rod; while he appeared to look with the utmost disdain on the performances of his brother mountebanks, and kept entirely aloof from them.

But what caused the greatest merriment among the populace was the appearance on the platform of a pig, whose spare and sturdy, remarkable longitude of limb showed that his diet of stale had been none of the fullest. The animal's tail was then carefully shaven and soaped—for this elegant pastime, graye reader, is of Venetian origin—and it was afterwards let loose, followed by the nimblest of the crowd. There are fewer animals, however, swifter than a lean pig; and the one in question having no superfluous weight to carry, easily outstripped his pursuers; or if one more dextrous than the rest did succeed in pouncing on the prize, he was dragged after him in full speed through the noisy throng, until the slippery tenure soon proved insufficient, the animal escaped with a grunt of triumph, leaving his adventurous pursuer extended prostrate on his back, to the infinite amusement of the bystanders.

The amphibious situation of Venice entirely debarred the people from the pleasures of the chase, the chief amusement both of rich and poor in the feudal ages; but in times of public rejoicings they found a ludicrous substitute for it. This was the goose-chase, or, as it was called, *il pigliar l'oca*. A goose was let loose in one of the canals, and after being allowed a fair start, a number of swimmers plunged into the water and gave chase, and the bird of course became the prize of him who first seized it.

St. HELENA.—On the evening of the 25th September, St. Helena was in sight, bearing N.W. by N. distant twenty-five miles. We approached this island early on the following morning, and sailed close to its majestic, gloomy, barren, and inaccessible cliffs, washed at their base by a fathomless ocean. The entire coast, indeed, presents a rampart of weathered and iron bound cliffs of a sombre, burned hue—scarce a trace of vegetation is visible—a line of low surf frets at the foot of the steeps—a few sea-fowl skim the water, or fly from the hollows of the rocks—while some solitary signal-houses, perched on the topmost heights, or a conspicuous magazine and battery, on the summit of a mountain called High Knoll, are the only indications of human occupants. The scene it offers is novel and grand—even sublime in barrenness—but melancholy in the extreme—and well adapted to elicit the remark made by Napoleon, when he gained the first view of the land of his exile—"Is this the Promethean rock to which I am to be chained for life?" To him it was, indeed, a Promethean rock, where the vulture of disappointment never ceased to prey upon his heart. *Dennett's Travels.*

A young musician, on his first appearance in public, was so intimidated as hardly to be able to perform his part, on which it was observed that he trembled so much he could not shake.



## ORIGINAL.

## CRITIQUE ON SHAKSPEARE'S DRAMAS.

(Continued from page 228.)

## VI. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

The main circumstances of this piece are said to resemble those in Ariosto's *Ariodant and Ginevra*—the accessories and the denouement differ. So far as we are acquainted with the sources from which he drew, this seems to have been his ordinary procedure: His original supplied him merely with the groundwork, all the colouring, all that gives life and actuality to his productions, is his own. To satisfy ourselves of this, we have but to peruse the *Romeo and Juliet*, for instance, of *Silvio*—and if we recognise a similarity of names, and some resemblance as to incidents, we must acknowledge this to be all—the real characters of the stories are essentially different, and Shakspeare is as far above his predecessor as can possibly be imagined.

We esteem this, both as to the plot and the details, one of the best imagined of his comic pieces. With the usual profusion of incident, there is a complete harmony among all the parts, which gives to the whole a highly symmetrical appearance. We could not, as in many other instances, point out a spot where a portion might have been omitted or supplied, or otherwise disposed. By an alteration of the catastrophe, the piece might be easily made into a most moving tragedy, for there is tragic matter enough in it. But it is better as it stands, with all the thrilling interest, but without the painful ending of a tragedy. In some cases it may be said that the principal distinction between his serious and comic performances consists in the conclusion, for in both we have the intermixture of light and shade, of romance and humour, the *Janus* human life represented in its twofold aspect—the only other difference which we could draw between them, being in the proportions which these parts hold to each other. And this is, after all, the grand charm of his productions. It may have been permitted to the ancient Greeks to carry the tragic interest throughout five acts without accessory and without declension, their modern imitators have rarely succeeded in doing as much. Reserving the question, which of the two views of life be the true one, we think that the charm of the Greek tragedy depends much less upon the substance than the form, than is generally supposed; and unless it were possible to transfer their language and their manners upon the stage, we think it essentially impossible that any imitations of their style should succeed.

But to return. The principal charm of this piece consists in the characters of Benedict and Beatrice. Their volleys of wit continue without intermission from beginning to end. Their humour is light, but it is incessant. We must not look into it for that hidden vein of deep thought and pungent satire which we often find in his pieces—it is the expression of the feelings of two light-hearted beings, apparently the declared enemies of all sentiment, but who possess more of it than they know or are willing to allow. It is smart, snappish, petulant, sometimes touching on the extreme limits of good nature and good manners, but never exactly going beyond these. We regard with an extreme interest the process by which these two wild, giddy, sportive creatures, are tamed down to the level of other beings. Their characters are sketched with admirable knowledge of human nature. To prevent them from falling into the class of professional jesters and inveterate wit-mongers, a touch of deeper feeling than they generally display is given them at one moment. Beatrice's generous indignation at her cousin's unmerited disgrace, and Benedict's eagerness to punish the author of this insult at his mistress's bidding, convert the two banterers into most dignified and romantic personages, and prove that they had hitherto shown us but the surface of their characters. But it would have spoiled all to have dwelt long on this topic, and therefore with the same perfect skill with which they were carried up to this point, they are suffered to relapse into their natural strain, and continue to gibe and rail to the end of the piece. It is difficult to explain in what consists the charm of such tempers, especially in the female sex. It must be that the difficulty of conquest appears greater in them; and when we see such spirited maidens as Beatrice tamed down into the loving bride and the obedient wife, we think of the fiery colt, who, in spite of all his struggles, is transformed into the submissive horse, retaining his spirit, but uniting it with ductility. No character has been more frequently copied by modern dramatists and romancers than Beatrice's. Among the most successful imitations are Sheridan's *————*, and Scott's *Diana Vernon*.

In all combats of wit between the two sexes, Shakspeare uniformly gives the victory to the lady. There is wonderful tragic power in the whole scene where Hero is accused; her horror is too overpowering to permit of speech; her lover's rage which could not altogether subdue her tenderness; the father's dignified surprise succeeded by horror and fury; Beatrice's sympathy for her friend, rage at her accuser, and bold confidence in her innocence—and then the mild, conciliating, and clear-sighted friar, who waits till the first burst of emotion has subsided, to propose the plan which is to clear up the dark mystery,—in all this we see a group of personages and emotions of the most picturesque character.

Leonato is a peculiarly interesting personage. Whether we see him as the hearty hospitable host, observing with quiet joy the

amusements of the younger parties,—as the indignant parent, as the father, first doubting and then disbelieving what he wished to be false, his daughter's infamy,—forgetting his years to challenge to mortal combat the impugner of her innocence, or receiving to forgiveness the unintentional author of her sorrows.

To the objection which considers the marriage between Benedict and Beatrice a job, a stage trick, it may be answered that from the very outset they shew a sneaking liking for each other. Their apparent antipathy is of itself sufficient to lead us to what ensues.

The scene in which Claudio weds Hero, whom he supposes dead, has much romantic beauty in it—to our taste, however, it seems wanting in probability—nothing can be more different than marriage on the stage, and marriage in real life. We suppose that we must yield the dramatist this power of uniting his couples in the summary manner he commonly makes use of. It is a part, probably an essential part, of his privileges. It is a most happy conception to bring about the denouement by means of the watchmen—philosophical, as much as it illustrates the truth, that great events are often produced by blind or insignificant agents, and dramatic, inasmuch as it gives him another opportunity of varying the action by means of the absurdities of Dogberry and his posse comitatus.

We think, upon the whole, that there is somewhat too much of this original, who, amusing as he is, can hardly be termed a new character, the humour in him consisting in that misapplication of words which we see in almost all of Shakspeare's vulgar characters. At times, even in his comedies, a passage stands out from the dialogue—this often happens in his descriptions of nature. His landscapes, as with every true dramatist, are always secondary to the action. They are rapidly drawn, but sometimes of such exquisite beauty that we lament the necessity which prohibits him from dwelling upon them. That Shakspeare, a dweller in cities, should have known the human heart so well, does not astonish; but that his nature should always be so fresh, proves in his case, as in Milton's, the strength of the impressions left upon us in our youth.

Shakspeare is never less intelligible than in his witty passages—much of the humour in this piece requires to be studied.

Dogberry, in his fondness for proverbs, which lead him to forget the thread of his narrative, puts us strongly in mind of Sancho.

Benedict begins to shave and wash when he falls in love, which would seem to prove these virtues not to have been always practised by the soldado of these days.

The ruminations upon the life of Borachio and Conrad, in the garden, appear to us above what might have been expected of their station.

There is no vice against which he inveighs more bitterly than hypocrisy.

It is rare for him to make use of a Scriptural witticism, as when he makes Claudio say, "The Almighty saw him when he was hid in the garden."

The fondness of churchmen for divisions is happily hit off in the heads of Dogberry's discourse.

We see here the same sentiment as in Hamlet: "If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument, than the bell rings, and the widow weeps."

In such passages, in which the age is attacked, and they are numerous in his writings, we think that we see the expression of a high and a wounded spirit, that felt its own superiority, felt the unworthiness of its lot, and yet was too proud to state its wrongs and vindicate its worth in language more direct. Long was the period during which our master spirits were treated thus neglectfully, many among them have left us the proofs of their sense of the indignities they endured, no one among them, not even Milton, has spoken on this cruel subject with half the dignity of Shakspeare.

## THE BRICKLAYER'S LABORER.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"Who do you work for now, Larry?"

"A great gentleman entirely, a great builder, though one'd he wasn't much bitter off than myself. I heard tell he come to London with little to cover him, but the care of the Almighty; and he wasn't altogether a *garsoon* (little boy,) but a fine lump of a young man; and he went to a gentleman, who (the heavens be his bed!) was mighty good entirely to the poor Irish, and he axed for work, and there was a big heap of stones at one corner of the court yard; and the gentleman said, 'if ye want work, my man, carry them stones to the opposite corner,' and the poor stranger set to and did as he was bid; and when he had done, he tould the masher, and axed him what he should do next; and the masher said, 'Take every one of the stones back to where ye found them,' and he did so, and tould the masher again what he had done; and the masher was plazed, ye see, because he did exactly as he was bid, neither more nor less, and axed no questions; and the masher said, 'you'll do for me,' and gave him constant employ; and from that day he riz, like a house afire; and great sense, and great luck he had; he knew the ganeous of the English—quiet, hard-working, aisy going, and no bother nor blarney." During the latter part of these observations, Larry had been investigating the

state of the flue, and, despite the air, again declared he could cure it.

"For how long, Larry?"

"Ah, thin, what doctor could answer such a question as that? we'll git rid of the disease for the (pristin, any how; and then, I, I must go home, where I'm wanting; for you see I'm raythur tired to-day, and I'll tell ye how it was. When I quitted the sod (left Ireland), I left no one at home with my poor mother but my little brother Barney, a slip of a boy, and her heart and soul was in the child; but he turned out wild, and left the country. It's little I could do for the poor lone mother; and she so far off, but I often thought of her, and would send her a thrifle now and again, and a word, telling how I was treading the ladder of life—now up, now down, the same as the quality, who, many of 'em, are done up, like the houses, with the *Roman Cimint*—Heav'n bless it—to look like what they aint; but that's not my business; only there's nothing like the rale lime and stone, afther all. Well, my wife says to me one day, or raythur night—it was of a Saturday; and I had earned a power that week, for it was task-work, and I had slaved over hours, and felt wake in myself, and she was making me a sup of punch, and I had taken out my money, and laid a couple of shillings together for a throwel for the neighbor's jobs, and another thrifle for a pair of shoes, besides the rint; and there was a little over, and Peggy says to me—'Larry,' says she, 'our Heavenly Father's very good to us in a strange country,' says she, '(for she was always a God-fearing woman; and ye'r a good husband, and a good father, and the quietest man in, or out of Ireland, when the drop's not in,' she says, '(I'd be ashamed to be praising myself, only them war the words she spoke;)' and I often see ye sit solid as a pillar, looking out of yer eyes, straight forward, saying and seeing nothing, until yer eyes, avourneen, swim in tears; and thin, Larry, I know you do be thinking of your ould mother, and she alone in her latter days, and here,' she says, taking out the remnant of a leather apron, tied into a bag—'here is what will bring her over: what I've saved out of my washing at the laundry; and put that thrifle to it: I havn't touched a drop of beer, nor wouldn't, for the last four months; and ye'll be happy all out, then, Larry; and we'll make the ould woman happy; and sure she'll take delight in the grand-childre. Often, when I've been putting the bread in my mouth, I've thought that your mother had nothing, may-be, but a *wet* paratee! And do, Larry, send for her, in God's name; we'll be nothing the poorer for it, for a mother's breath is a blessing in a poor man's house! Well, I had Peggy in her young days; and at first her two cheeks war like two roses, and now they are as white as lime; but I thought I never see any thing look so handsome as she did then; and while her poor, hard, slaving hand trembled in mine, I couldn't spake, but I hid my face in her apron, and cried as much tears as would make a bed of mortar—the poor craythur! denying herself—and for my mother!

"Well, the ould woman came, and we would have been very happy, only the poor mother could not forget Barney, the boy that left her; and this very morning, we war mighty busy entirely with the new houses—and the masher gives a hand's turn to many a boy (God bless him for it!)—and I see two or three strangers among them—the labourers, I mane—and one poor looking fellow; and I observed him mighty wake. 'My man,' says I, 'don't fill the hod, for you'll not be able for it; and keep steady,' I says, 'and I'll go behind ye.' With that, he shoulders it mighty awkward, like a young soldier with his musket on first drill, and with a laugh, 'I never could keep steady,' he says. Well, the laugh, and the look of his pale, rowling, but bright eyes, dull and starved looking, made my flesh creep. Death is bad enough to look at when it is cold and stiff; but just so much life left as keeps fire in the eye, while every thing else is all as one as dead, is shocking to see; and somehow, as I followed him up the ladder, I felt as if I was following a *corpse*.

"He had not gone up six rungs of the ladder, when he stumbled; but I let my own load go, and cotched him just as he went over the side. I carried him down; he was as light as a child of two years ould—no weight in him. With that, one of your half-gentlemen, who was passing, looks at him; 'He's drunk,' he says; I couldn't make him no answer, for I war choked with the injustice of the world (the boy's breath had been on my cheek not three minutes before, and was as innocent of spirits as a new born babe's); but Jerry Clure—a fine tongue has Jerry, when he lets it go, and fine edicstion—makes answer, 'He is drunk from the fulness of want: sorra a bit or sup has passed his lips these twenty-four hours, and it is a sin and a shame for the likes of you, who have plenty, to turn such a word on a stranger. If a poor boy reels with the wake-ness of starvation, he is drunk; if a rich one reels afther a dinner that would satisfy a wife and five children, he is excited,—them war his words; and at the same time, just as we war all gathered about him, one with wather, another with wiskey—all according to their ability—my poor mother comes up with the bit of dinner. 'What's the matter?' she says; and some one tould her: and with that, she makes into the throng; for she's a feeling woman. 'Give him air,' she says; and as they drew back, she looks in his face; and then—my grief!—the shriek of her would pierce a heart of stone. She threw up her arms in the air, with one wild cry, and fell upon the poor stranger.

"I knew who it was then," and Larry, turning away to conceal an emotion which does honour to a man, and which, nevertheless,

he is always ashamed of. "I knew the poor boy was my own brother." He paused, and then added, "I wonder has any of the great people made out in these improving times, what it is that draws people's hearts together without a knowledge. I'm too old to take much to strangers; but I felt my heart turn to that boy from the minute I seen him—a something stir in my breast to him—little thinking what it was. Its natur', I suppose, turn it which way they will, it's natur'; they can't go beyond it, nor get past it, with all their learning; it will have its own way—why not?"

I asked how he was.

"A wild life, ma'am; but I hope the end will be peaceful; he can't live, he's too far gone: but sure his mother and people are with him, and the Lord is merciful!"

Lawrence Larkin shouldered his hod—the usual steady expression of his features returned—he, as I have said, shouldered his hod and departed. Few, if any, who pass him in the street, will vouchsafe a thought upon him. During the week, he is a Bricklayer's Laborer; a creature, both to the destiny of carrying a hod and making mortar—and that is all.—on Sunday, he is confounded amid the hosts of "poor Irish," "disorderly Irish," "labouring Irish," hated with a bitter, but most unworthy and undeserved hatred by his own class of English fellow subjects, while the more refined consider him as a disorderly being, to be either feared or laughed at.

Does Larkin, the Bricklayer's Laborer, deserve to be so looked upon? Believe me, English reader—you with whom justice is always a duty—believe, amongst the class you either overlook or despise, Larry is by no means an uncommon character.

#### RELEASE OF AN ENGLISHMAN,

AFTER SEVENTEEN YEARS' SLAVERY AMONGST SAVAGES.

The Essington schooner, Captain Watson, which arrived recently, brought with her a young man named Joseph Forbes, picked up by Captain Watson at Louran, Timor Laut, in Torres' Straits, on the 1st of April last. Forbes, it appears, is the only survivor of the crew of the schooner Statescomb of London, which was forcibly taken possession of and ultimately destroyed, and the crew massacred by the savages at Timor Laut, in 1822. The lad states that he sailed as cabin boy from London in the Statescomb, Captain Barnes, in 1821, bound on a trading voyage among the islands in Torres' Strait. At Melville Island, Captain Barnes resigned the charge of the vessel into the hands of the chief officer. The schooner reached Timor Laut at night, and the next morning the Captain and the boat's crew went on shore to trade, leaving Forbes, the Steward, and another boy named John Edwards, on board. About noon Forbes took the glass to see whether the Captain was returning to dinner, and to his horror saw the savages attacking and murdering the Captain and boat's crew. The boys slipped the cable, intending to get under weigh, to avoid the impending danger, but before they could accomplish their purpose the savages came off in their canoes and took possession of the vessel, letting go the small anchor to bring her up again. The boys took refuge in the rigging, but the steward was immediately surrounded by the savages, one of whom dashed his brains out with a piece of a handspike, and threw the body overboard. The boys remained at the mast head till the evening. The savages, in the meantime, made several efforts to go aloft, but desisted from fear. Several arrows were shot at the boys, but none took effect. They at last resolved to come down; the savages immediately stripped them, put them into the canoes, and took them ashore. On their arrival the boys found that the savages had arranged the headless bodies of their murdered companions in a line on the beach, over which they were compelled to walk, Forbes recognizing the remains of his brother, one of the crew, in the third body on which he had to tread. On the following day the bodies were thrown into the bay. The heads were tied together and hung upon a tree in the centre of the village, round which the savages danced for three successive days and nights. Subsequently when decomposition had advanced to such a degree as to become offensive, the heads were taken down and placed alongside a stone near the beach, where they remained until buried by the boy Forbes, without the knowledge of the savages, about six years afterwards. On the day succeeding that on which the massacre took place, the savages ransacked the vessel, and after taking every thing out of her to which they took a fancy, they hauled her on the beach and set fire to her. The boy Edwards survived his captivity about seven years, when he died through the effects of exposure to the sun, and the ill-treatment of the savages. After his death his remains were placed in a basket and hung upon a tree on the beach, where they remained until the bones fell piece by piece through the basket, which had become decayed, and were picked up and buried around the foot of a tree by his surviving companion in misfortune. During the day the boys were employed in planting cocoa nuts, yams, melons, tobacco, &c. and during a portion of the night in fishing. At first, before Forbes became acquainted with the language, they used to maltreat him if he did not immediately do what they told him. Subsequently when he became better acquainted with the language, he was treated much more humanely, but during the whole seventeen years he remained on the island he was treated as a slave. The savages cut his ears and suspended from them large ear-rings, nearly half a pound each in weight. His teeth were

filed to the gums, his arms burnt, and the back of his hand tattooed. Whenever a vessel hove in sight, he was bound, hand and foot, and carried into the interior until the vessel had gone. About four years ago, two vessels let go their anchors at Ojilet, a village adjoining Louran, and offered guns, pieces and other articles of traffic as a ransom, but the natives refused to give him up, even if they should offer the vessels themselves. In March last a Dutch man-of-war anchored at Ojilet; the natives went on board and informed the commander that there was an Englishman on the island, whom they would give up for some muskets and ammunition (the boy was at this time unable to walk from disease in his feet), but the offer was refused. The Dutchman fell in with the Essington about a week afterwards, and Captain Watson having learned what had occurred, much to his credit, resolved to rescue the captive, if possible. On the 31st March the Essington reached Ojilet. Several natives, among whom was one of the principal chiefs, came on board. This personage, Captain Watson took immediate measures to secure, and, having succeeded, the others were driven off and informed that the chief should be held captive, until the white man was delivered safe on board. Several stratagems were resorted to in order to get the chief off, and an attempt was even made to capture the vessel. Captain Watson, finding that moderate measures were useless, gave the chief to understand that if the white man was not given up immediately, he should execute summary justice on him. The chief thought it the best policy to comply with the Captain's demand, and the lad was accordingly given up. The chief was then presented with three old muskets, some handkerchiefs and fish-hooks, and dismissed.

Before the boy was taken on board, the savages told him that they were determined never to hurt another Englishman. When the lad was brought on board his hair hung down nearly to his knees; his ears were extended to an unnatural length from the weight of the ornaments he was compelled to wear; his feet were so much diseased from the effects of the burning heat of the sun on the sand, that he was not able to walk. He had completely forgotten his native language, retaining only a sufficient recollection of it to be able to pronounce his own name. In the course of a short time, however, he recovered his recollection of the language, and speaks English as fluently as ever he did. The crew of the Statescomb consisted of the master, six men, and two boys, all of whom were massacred, with the exception of Forbes and Edwards. — *Sydney (G. B.) Gazette, July 20.*

#### HYMN OF THE CITY.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

Not in the solitude  
Alone, may Man commune with heaven, or see  
Only in savage wood  
Or sunny vale, the present Deity;  
Or only hear his voice  
Where the winds whisper and the waves rejoice.

Even here do I behold  
Thy steps, Almighty—here amidst the crowd  
Through the great city rolled,  
With everlasting murmur, deep and loud—  
Choking the ways that wind  
'Mongst the proud piles, the work of human kind.

Thy golden sunshine comes  
From the round heaven, and on their dwelling lies,  
And lights their inner homes—  
For them thou fill'st with air the unbounded skies,  
And giv'st them stores  
Of Ocean, and the harvest of its shores.

Thy spirit is around,  
Quickening the reckless mass that sweeps along;  
And the eternal sound—  
Voices and footfalls of the numberless throng—  
Like the resounding sea,  
Or like the rainy tempest, speaks of Thee.

And when the hour of rest  
Comes, like a calm upon the mid-sea brine,  
Hushing its billowy breast—  
The quiet of that moment, too, is thine;  
It breathes of Him who keeps  
The vast and helpless city while it sleeps.

#### MUSINGS.

My window opens upon the fair valley of the Connecticut, and at this season of the year nothing can half equal the beauty of the scenery. The broad, silvery stream, sweeping here, with a graceful curve, around a bold headland, hurries on to pour its offering into the ocean's bosom, its either bank, as it bends to the flowing current, covered with the richest verdure. Beyond, the country rises with a continuous ascent, until the blue summits of the hills seem to blend with the over-arching skies.

No language can express the luxury of feeling that springs up responsive to the calls of the "op'ning year." The newness and

buoyancy of life, the vigour of thought, the energy of purpose, and the shaking off of all the dull, sickly influences, that the past death of nature has thrown upon the soul, chime harmoniously in with the expressive melodies of a world bursting into life afresh.

That heart must be most unfeeling and barren of all that is high and holy in our common nature, not to be moved, as the earth ofers up, from a thousand speechless, though eloquent tongues, glory and honour and praise to its Creator.

O! let us also bow, while every ripening murmur is hushed by this visible manifestation of goodness infinite, unsearchable, and offer up to Him, who can unlock the treasures of hopes and joys, and insure their happy consummation, an offering fresh from the heart, and full of gratitude.

What gives this mysterious life to the world around? What spirit, enlivening, all-pervading, breathes its own nature into decay, and changes it to beauty? Who unlocks the treasures of fragrance, and frowns upon the air, such clouds of perfume? Who unfolds the leaves of tree and flower, and wakens anew the rich melodies of birds? "Jupiter in all things," cries the devout Roman; and well may the Christian answer to these inquiries, God in all things, the life, the inspiration, the fragrance, and the glory. Memory seems to catch the spirit of surrounding nature, and waked to new life, opens to the heart its long buried records.

Kind angel! thou art ever faithful to the pledges delivered, unto thee, and on thy wings I hasten over the wearisome course of years, and bury myself once more in the innocent, unsuspecting joys of childhood; those days when joy was ecstasy, and pain a dream. I kneel again, in chastened love, upon the green mound of her, who left a mother's dying blessing on my head, and pluck thence the first wild flower of spring—a memento most precious. Sainted spirit! do they love in heaven?—*Boston Weekly Magazine.*

#### INVASION OF LOCUSTS.

At the time of our expedition, the periodical visitation of locusts, which occurs once in seven years, was devastating parts of the island of Manilla; and on the following day the place where I resided was doomed to share in the distress. We were flattering ourselves that the scourge would not come near us, when dark clouds were seen, far over the lake, approaching noiselessly, save in the rushing of wings, and soon the sun was hid, and night seemed coming before her time. Mile upon mile in length moved the deep broad column of this insect army; and the cultivator looked, and was silent, for the calamity was too overwhelming for words. There was promise of unusual productivity, when the destroyer alighted. In a moment nothing was seen over the extended surface but a black mass of animated matter, heaving like a sea over the hopes of the planter. And when it arose to renew its flight, in search of food for the millions who had no share in the feast, it left behind desolation and ruin. Not a green thing stood where it had been, and the very earth looked as though no redeeming fertility was left to it. Human exertions availed nothing against the enemy. Wherever he came he swept like a consuming fire, and the ground seemed scorched by his presence. Branches of trees were broken by the accumulated weight of countless numbers; and the cattle fled in dismay before the rolling waves of this living ocean. The rewards of government and the devices of the husbandman for his protection were useless. Myriads of insects were taken and heaped together, till the air, for miles, was polluted. The typhon was the irresistible agent which at last terminated their ravages, and drove them before it into the Pacific. This remedy prostrated what the locust had left, but still it was prayed for as a mercy, and received with thanksgiving. — *Siliman's Journal.*

#### WOMAN IN THE WILDERNESS.

Woman's little world is overloaded for lack of the old familiar means and appliances. The husband goes to his work with the same axe or hoe which fitted his hand in his old woods and fields; he tills the same soil, or perhaps a far richer and more hopeful one—he gazes on the same book of nature, which he has read from his infancy, and sees only a fresher and more glowing page; and he returns to his home with the sun strong in heart and full of self-gratulation on the favourable change in his lot. But he finds the home-bird drooping and disconsolate. She has been looking in vain for the reflection of any of the cherished features of her own dear fire-side. She has found a thousand deficiencies which her rougher mate can scarce be taught to feel as evils. What cares he if the time-honoured cupboard is meagerly represented by a few oak boards lying on pegs, and called shelves? His tea equipage shines as it was wont—the biscuits can hardly stay on the brightly-glistening plates. Will he find fault with the clay-built oven, or even the tin reflector? His bread, never was better, baked. What does he want with the great old cushioned rocking-chair? When he is tired he goes to bed, for he is never tired till bed-time. Women are the grumblers in Michigan, and they have some apology. Many of them have made sacrifices for which they were not at all prepared, and which detract largely from their every day stores of comfort. The conviction of good accruing on a large scale does not prevent the wearing sense of minor deprivations. — *From Scenes in Michigan, by Mrs. M. Clavers.*

Neither death nor the grave can break the bonds of real friendship. — *Jenkins.*



## THE THUNDER CLAP.

BY REV. J. KENNEDY.

The reliance which the heart places in childhood upon a mother's love, can only be surpassed by that trust which piety in riper year, reposes upon its God. There is no apprehension that cannot be lulled in the refuge afforded by a mother's arms, nor is there any anguish that cannot be mitigated when the heart reposes upon her bosom.

This, it is true, is a topic upon which much has been said, and that too by some of the most forcible and elegant writers; yet it is a subject in the elucidation of which no eulogy can transcend. Neither poet nor painter can give to their delineations the brilliancy of the diamond, so a mother's love in the consequent trust of her child, are among those strong features of nature which no pænyric can perfectly portray. It is in allusion to a mother's love, that the Almighty commends to us a mindfulness of his own absolute affliction.—How deeply wretched, then, must that child be, who, in an hour of suffering turns in vain to the refuge which nature ordinarily renders the stronger, because of the feebleness of the one who needs the succour.

These reflections were strongly forced upon my mind some time since, upon my being requested by an afflicted father, to accompany him to his dwelling, for the purpose of administering Christian baptism to his son. When I entered the room, I found the mother weeping over the child, who appeared to be scarcely six years of age, though I afterwards ascertained he was nearly nine. He had a full fair face, and a fine black eye. He was in every respect a beautiful boy. I soon perceived that his eyes were fixed, and he was entirely regardless of every thing around him, while death could not be distant. Never had I seen a child in suffering for whom I had so strong a sympathy. His mother informed me that he had been a very healthy and active child; until he was about five years of age, since which time, nearly four years, he had scarcely grown any, nor had he ever spoken. "I have always," continued the mother, "from my earliest years, been filled with horror upon hearing thunder. Often have I gone through the house in the greatest dismay, seeking to hide myself where I might not perceive the lightning, nor hear the thunder. I knew it was all foolishness in me, but I yielded to my fears.

One afternoon, about four years ago, I was alone with my little boy when a heavy storm arose, and I was affrighted at the sound of the thunder. Taking the child by the hand, I ran trembling and weeping from one corner of the room to the other, until almost frantic, I sat down and pressed my child to my shuddering bosom. A dreadful clap of thunder pealed above us, and I gave a fearful shriek. I felt the convulsive pressure of his face to my bosom, and while the lightning was still gleaming through the room, I turned up his face. His eyes were fixed, and from that day he has never spoken, while he has only lived to wander through our house a little maniac, nor has he ever known me since he was distracted by his mother's fear." A few days after this recital, we laid the corpse in a grave to which he was the victim of a mother's terror.

**CHRISTIAN HONESTY.**—In the last war in Germany, a captain of cavalry was out on a foraging party. On perceiving a cottage in the midst of a solitary valley, he went up and knocked at the door: out came a Hernhuten, better known by the name of United Brethren, with a beard silvered by age. "Father," says the officer, "show me a field where I can set my troopers a-foraging." "Presently," replied the Hernhuten. The good old man walked before, and conducted them out of the valley. After a quarter of an hour's march they found a fine field of barley. "There is the very thing we want," says the captain. "Have patience for a few minutes," replied his guide; "you shall be satisfied." They went on, and at the distance of a quarter of a league farther, they arrived at another field of barley. The troop immediately dismounted, cut down the grain, trussed it up, and remounted. The officer upon this says to his conductor, "Father, you have given to yourself and us unnecessary trouble: the first field was much better than this." "Very true, Sir," replied the good old man, "but it was not mine." This stroke, says the author who relates it, goes directly to the heart. I defy an atheist to produce any thing like this. And surely he who does not feel his heart warmed by such an example of exalted virtue, has not yet acquired the first principles of moral taste.

**PARIS FASHIONS.**—*Ensemble de Toilette.*—Neglige perjuoir of pink-jaconet, trimmed round with a very small low flounce, small sleeves tight to the elbow, small collar of plaited muslin; slippers of puce morocco, trimmed with plaited ribbon. Plaited cuffs.

*Town Neglige.*—A Scotch silk pelisse, with very small checks of white and grenat, black taffety scarf, a Paris point collar, bonnet of sown straw, edged and trimmed with violet-coloured velvet, with a bouquet of heartseases on the side; grey and black bottines, Swedish gloves, glace silk parasol.

*Town Toilette.*—A Scotch silk dress-chine, with two flounces, tight sleeves; a mantilla of the same; a capote of emerald green crape, without flowers, and bordered with a ruche of crape. Grey bottines, Swedish gloves, point collar and cuffs, white taffety marquis.

*Evening Neglige.*—A dress of gros Royale, black ground, with

a flowering pattern, a wide flounce, short tight sleeves; long gloves of peau rosee, English lace, with pompous roses; English lace handkerchief, black satin shoes; one bracelet.

*Evening Toilette.*—Dress of point crape d'Orient, trimmed with a puffing, short sleeves, with three puffings; corsage draped en cœur, white gloves and shoes, pearls in the hair and round the neck; a bouquet of spirea.

**IRISH LAMENT.**—The lament over the dead body of a relative or friend is of ancient origin. The following lament was uttered by an old and attached nurse in a family, and addressed to the corpse of the master, whom she had in his infancy loved and nourished.

"Ah! ah! why did you die and leave us? I rocked your cradle,—I nursed your children,—I must follow in your funeral! Your children are about me! I see my child's children; but I see not my child! I remember your face in youth—its brightness was manly like the sun's—it made daylight around me! I remember your form in the dance, and strong was your arm when you wrestled with the young men. Oh! none was like my son to me! and all your days were pleasant until the destroyer came; then your young cheeks grew pale, and the light left your eyes, and I laughed no more! I baked your marriage-cake—warm was your heart, and warm the hand that pressed poor old Norah's! All, all, now is cold and desolate!"

**CHARITY.**—The lowest order of charity is that which is directed with relieving the immediate pressure of distress in individual cases. A higher is, that which makes provision, on a large scale, for the relief of such distress; as when a nation passes on from common almsgiving to a general provision for the destitute. A higher still is, when such provision is made in the way of anticipation, or for distant objects; as when the civilization of savages, the freeing of slaves, the treatment of the insane, or the education of the blind and deaf and mutes, is undertaken. The highest charity of all is, that which aims at the prevention rather than the alleviation of evil. It is a nobler charity to prevent destitution, crime, and ignorance, than to relieve individuals who never ought to have been made destitute, criminal, and ignorant.

**LOVE OF CHILDREN.**—Tell me not of the trim, precisely-arranged homes where there are no children; "where," as the good German has it, "the fly-traps always hang straight on the wall," tell me not of the never-disturbed nights and days; of the tranquil, unanxious hearts, where children are not! I care not for these things. God sends children for another purpose than merely to keep up the race—to enlarge our hearts, to make us unselfish, and full of kindly sympathies and affections; to give our souls higher aims, and to call out all our faculties to extended enterprise and exertion; to bring round our fireside bright faces and happy smiles, and loving, tender hearts.

**MARQUIS OF WATERFORD.**—His Lordship had to receive a parcel by the "London Parcels Delivery Company," established for about two years, and making enormous profits—but through some neglect of theirs, his Lordship had to complain; but instead of obtaining redress, they treated his application with indifference. His Lordship departed, remarking that he would make it an expensive and troublesome affair to the company, and has kept his promise to the very letter, for what think you he did? Started an opposition, and called it the "Metropolitan Parcels Delivery Company," the result of which is, that he has seriously damaged his opponents.

**MAXIMS OF BISHOP MIDDLETON.**—Persevere against discouragements. Keep your temper. Employ leisure in study, and always have some work in hand. Be punctual and methodical in business, and never procrastinate. Never be in a hurry. Preserve self-possession, and do not be talked out of a conviction. Rise early, and be an economist of time. Maintain dignity without the appearance of pride; manner is something with every body, and every thing with some. Be guarded in discourse; attentive and slow to speak. Never acquiesce in immoral or pernicious opinions. Be not forward to assign reasons to those who have no right to ask. Think nothing in conduct unimportant and indifferent. Rather set than follow examples. Practise strict temperance; and in all your transactions remember the final account.

**CELEBRATED CARRIAGE MATCH AT NEWMARKET IN 1750.**—A match was made between the Earls of March and Eglinton with Theobald Taafe and Andrew Sprowle, Esqs. for 1000 gs. The conditions of the articles were, to get a carriage with four running wheels, and a person in or upon it, drawn by four horses, nineteen miles in one hour. Their Lordships were to give two months notice what week it should be done in, and had the liberty of choosing any one day in that week, which was performed on Newmarket heath on the 29th of August, in fifty-three minutes and twenty-seven seconds. The horses were all thorough-bred, and trained for running, the two leaders, including riders, saddles, and harness, carried about eight stone each; the wheel-horses about seven stone each. The carriage, with a boy on it, weighed about twenty-stone. The horses had all bolsters to preserve their shoulders.

The traces, by an ingenious contrivance, run into boxes with springs when any of them hung back, to prevent the traces getting under their legs. A rope went from the further end of the carriage to the pole, and brought back under it keep the pole steady. By the side of each wheel there were tin cases with oil, dropping on the axle-tree, to prevent its firing. The boy placed on it was only to fulfil the articles.

**RIGHTFUL CONFLAGRATION.**—The *Federal* of Geneva gives some details of a calamitous conflagration at Sallanches, on the 21st ult. Forty individuals were either dead or dying of the injuries they had received. Upwards of fifty were known to be dreadfully mutilated, and more than one hundred had disappeared without their fate being known. Not more than four or five houses, at the extremity of the town, have been preserved; the rest, 250 in number, are only ruins. The powder magazine was burnt down to the vault which covers the powder, and none dare to approach it. Such was the intensity of the fire, that not only was the church entirely destroyed, but the bells were partly melted. Every thing is consumed, and it was in attempting to save some part of their property that most of those persons who have perished met their fate. The late inhabitants of Sallanches have become wanderers, without homes, clothing, or food. The residents in the neighbouring villages have rendered them some succour, but are far from being able to supply all their wants. The town was destroyed by a similar cause three hundred and twenty-one years ago, and at the same time (Easter); in that year the spring had been unusually dry, and all the water-courses were dried up.

**THE DRAWING ROOM.**—If an inhabitant of some remote country, governed by patriarchal institutions, of simple habits, and primitive notions of life, could have been suddenly dropped, on Monday last, in the centre of St. James's street, his astonishment would have exceeded all measure of expression. The blaze of jewels, the magnificence of the countless equipages, and the endless varieties of form and colour called up by the invention of man to set off poor humanity in a flood of light, must have been quite paralyzing to him. He might naturally wonder what object had called such a splendid congregation together; and when he had learned it was to celebrate the birthday of a young Queen, he must have been struck with involuntary awe at the thought of the grandeur of her inheritance. A Queen surrounded by such lustrous homage, might be expected, without any great stretch of the imagination, to drop diamonds and pearls, like the girl in the fairy tale, every time she opened her mouth.

**PROFESSOR JACOB'S GALVANO-PLASTIC PROCESS.**—By this ingenious process, copper dissolved by a galvanic current again crystallizes and deposits itself upon the models or moulds placed in the apparatus, and produces in the utmost perfection, and with the most minute precision, the moulds or impressions of bas-reliefs, medals, carvings, &c. which one may wish to multiply.

**ENGLISH IDEAS.**—An English lady, on arriving at Calais, on her way to make the grand tour, was surprised and somewhat indignant at being termed, for the first time in her life, a foreigner. "You mistake, madam," said she to the libeller, with some pique, "it is you who are foreigners; we are English."

We should not forget that every person, however degraded by folly and vice, still claims the privilege of a fellow creature, and as such, is more entitled to our compassion than deserving of our scorn.

**EDUCATION.**—Gardeners know that plants can be brought up on water, air and light, without earth, and they will flower, but bear no fruit. So is it with those in whose education there is no proportion of solid matter.

To the Publisher of the Pearl.

In a recent number of the *Haligonian*, I read a notice of certain proceedings of "The Literary and Scientific Society," which requires some remark. The notice was founded on a lecture delivered by Mr. J. A. Bell (a typographical error made the name of the lecturer, Mr. Bill.) The error which I more particularly wish to allude to, is the assertion, that some of the members objected to "the principle, that Commerce had benefitted the cause of civilization." The fact is, that no one present at the lecture, made any such absurd objection. Objections to some general remarks were made, as follows: "That it might be doubted whether mere commerce, except as a means rather than a cause, should get extreme eulogy as the civilizer of the world,—and that, on account of the known evils caused in certain instances, some drawbacks should be made from the glowing pictures given of the benefits of Commerce. This is very different, indeed, from the objection stated in the *Haligonian*; none, I should suppose, capable of speaking for two minutes on the subject, would dream of denying the general principle, that Commerce had greatly benefited civilization,—although few would doubt that, in certain cases, serious evils had resulted from the system in existence. Thinking accurately of consequence in matters like the above, I have thought well to pen these remarks.

ONE OF THE MEETINGS.



THE PEARL

HALIFAX, SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 18, 1868

NEWS OF THE WEEK.—The arrival of the Britannia was announced in our last, and extracts were laid before our readers explanatory of the items of most interest.

The attempt on the life of her gracious Majesty has called forth enthusiastic expressions of loyalty and attachment from various parts of the United Kingdom.

Distress prevailed among the agricultural and manufacturing population of England and Ireland; but abundant promises of a luxuriant harvest will speedily, we trust, have much effect in allaying the suffering and fears of that portion of the nation, which live, "from day to day," depending, in a peculiar manner, on the changes of society and seasons for the support of existence.

The death of the Empress of China is announced. She was a personage of very small feet, but very great influence, and her departure, it is said, has caused much confusion in the metropolis of the "Celestial Empire." The Chinese are said to be actively preparing for war. They were arranging modes of attack on the British men-of-war, and their fire-works are described as anything but pleasing, in anticipation. They cannot do much in their melodramatic mode of sword-fighting, against British bayonets, neither can they compare at long-bowls with British ordnance, but their ingenuity has been exerted in the formation of fire-works, as well as on rice paper and ivory boxes, and some apprehensions are entertained, that however amusing good polytechnics may be on a fete day, they might be found excessively annoying when maliciously directed. We trust, however, that the threatened war will be avoided. Bloodshed under any circumstances is to be fervently deprecated, much more when any doubt rest on the cause, as in the Chinese question.

A project is announced for a new steam line by rail-road, locomotive, steam-drag on common roads, and steam vessels, from London to Holyhead, to Dublin, to Galway (west of Ireland)—thence to Halifax, N. S. and New York. We are inclined to doubt the probability of any such consummation for a number of years. The nearest points of the old and new world, the west of Ireland and Halifax, would be connected, and some circuitous travelling by steam vessels would be avoided; but the objection against transmitting the commerce of England across the Channel and Ireland, subject to five packings and repackings before getting fairly under way, seems a difficulty for which no remedy can well be provided. If Ireland had coal mines at work near the place of departure, and if she were a great manufacturing country, the prospects of the scheme would be very different; still, great things have been accomplished of late years, and this may possibly become another of the triumphs of art and science, and of a period of enterprising peace.

Emigrants arrive, in great numbers, at the Canadian ports; but few, however, appear to stay in the lower Province,—most of the strangers proceed to U. Canada and the U. States.—A body of 5000 Indians recently emigrated from the U. States to U. Canada; many of them are said to be well supplied with means for settling.

The June Packet, which arrived on Monday night, brought despatches to the Lieut. Governor.

The delegates of the House and Council are to be paid their expenses, out of the Casual revenue.

A mandamus was received appointing James McNab, Esq. a member of her Majesty's Executive Council. Mr. McNab took the oath of office on Wednesday.

A mandamus, it is said, has arrived, appointing John Morton, Esq. to the Legislative Council.

The confirmation of the Quadrennial Bill, by her Majesty, has been published by authority.

A form of Prayer and Thanksgiving, in reference to the attack on the Queen, has been published, and is ordered to be used in Churches on the 26th of July.

The foundation of the first Methodist Chapel in Amherst, was laid on the 24th of June.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.—A scrap in a late Philadelphia paper informs us, that the Dublin Vintners had a meeting, and agreed to petition Parliament for compensation, for the loss of their trade, by the operation of recent legislative acts, and the spread of teetotalism. This is a curious evidence of the approach of that time, when, in this department, swords shall be beaten into plough-shares. Why not the vintners turn at once to some other and more legitimate mode of obtaining a livelihood? Some of the wiser, and perhaps more conscientious, no doubt, have, but can any of the body be serious in the claim for compensation? They are unfortunately placed, in a business which has been sanctioned by custom, which is fast fleeing from their hands by the growth of morals, and for the loss of which hopes of indemnity or sympathy, seem almost alike to be without foundation. If the proprietors of the deserted whiskey and porter shops, should be successful in their application, will not the Roetasters have a good claim for the noted depreciation of their stock in trade, by the spread of common sense, notions of utility, and improved literary taste? How odd the following would sound: "Whereas, (by the exertion of certain meddling persons, called Byron, Scott, Wordsworth, and others,

the public habits have been turned from the namby-pambies which captivated in a former days,—and whereas your petitioners were extensive dealers in said namby-pambies,—therefore your petitioners pray for compensation for the loss of their trade and calling, by the opening up of these new paths, of vigour, and beauty, and natural feeling, which are innovations on the old habits of the public mind," &c. This would be scarcely less absurd, if temperance reformers were placed instead of poetical, and "publicans" instead of doggerel-mongers.—The Priests of Diana had to give way to those of a purer faith, notwithstanding all their outcries, and so must it be with the interested in all ages: once enlighten and improve the public mind, and it rolls onward, overwhelming the puny opposition of the selfish, or the base, or the foolish, as the surf of ocean sweeps magnificently over the pebbles of the beach, supremely unmindful of the petty tripples and clamour they occasion.

SCENERY.—A love for natural scenery is felt by most persons, yet in very different degrees. In some the feeling is weak, and but rarely exhibited,—and most require to have it carefully cultivated, if a just appreciation is to be attained. Some few, indeed, appear to have a fine taste for the picturesque, almost instinctively;—while a few, at the other extreme of the scale of human organization, are almost, as unconscious of the delightful arrangements of nature, as the cattle which roam the fields.—The barren, the rich meadows, the farm, the mountain, the heath, the valley, the river and the ocean, have, individually, peculiar beauties, and are capable of imparting much pleasure from very different causes. The rich scene of intervals, specked with cottages and trees, and marked by the cheerful improvements of the farmer, has not more attractions for one person, than has the sea-shore, the strand, the wave-washed cliffs, and the watery expanse, for another. For each and all, is the glorious sky stretched forth, with its gorgeous beauties of clear space, and cloud-heap.

If the inhabitants of Halifax have to regret that impediments to agriculture are so numerous around their borders, they may well boast of the greatly varied scenery which may so easily be enjoyed. In each direction, outside the town, the scenery is decided different, while each has something excellent in its kind. To the West is the romantic "Arm,"—North is the wild Ishmus and noble Basin,—Eastward are lakes, and woods, and farms, and many pastoral hills and vales,—and South is the ocean and its accessories. A small volume might be filled, like an artist's portfolio, with "Sketches around Halifax," and would exhibit much of picturesque beauty, which, if sought for and found, at a distance, would be greatly prized.

The Governor General left Halifax on Wednesday morning for Windsor, on his way to New Brunswick. His Excellency, it appears, intends to visit the disputed territory.

The first number of a new paper, called the Morning Herald, was issued by Mr. Cunnabell, on Wednesday. It purports to be a tri-weekly.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION.—Arrangement of Proceedings for July and August.—27th, Debate, "Which was the greatest benefactor to mankind, Columbus or Franklin. August 3rd, Lecture. 10th, Adjourned debate on the question, "Should the law authorizing imprisonment for debt be abolished?" 17th, Recitation. 24th, Is War justifiable under any circumstances? 31st, Was Byron a Philanthropist?

Temperance Meeting.—A meeting of the Halifax Temperance Society was held in the old Baptist Meeting House on Monday evening, 15th July.—Beamish Murdoch, Esq. President, in the chair—25 names added.

The Secretary read a letter from the Secretary of the Queen's County Temperance Convention, expressing a resolution of the Convention, that a person be employed as a travelling Temperance agent, and lecturer in this Province, and offering the sum of £20 towards his salary for a year.

Resolved, That the Halifax Society consider the measure proposed as one highly expedient, and also practicable; and it is expected, that members of the Committee, and the Society generally, will give what they can afford, and use their influence with others towards realizing a sum, that the services of a competent person may be engaged for this purpose.

The members of the Committee will call upon such persons as are known not to be hostile to the Institution to solicit contributions, and any sum, however small, will be thankfully received by the Secretary. Com.

MARRIED.

At Weymouth, July 18, by the Rev. Charles Randall, Mr. Joseph Durland, to Mrs. Jane Russell. At Yarmouth on the 28th ult. by the Rev. Alpin Gilpin, Captain Wentworth Kenny, to Louisa Ann, fifth daughter of the late George Sherlock, Esq. of Halifax. At St John, N.B. on the 12th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Birkmyre, of Fredericton, Mr. Thomas D. Clapperton to Eliza Wilson Tait. At Musquash, by the Rev. A. M. Lean, Mr. Robert Low, to Ellen youngest daughter of Mr. M. Laughlan.

At Boston, 80th Street, Quaker Hoops, on Quebec, Miss to Ann Augusta McDougall of Halifax.

DIED.

At New York, 7th inst. Alexander Ross, son of the late Patrick Ross, of this place. Also, about the 30th June, of Dropsy, William Scott, Watch-maker, late of Halifax. At Antigonish, 9th inst. Mary Ann, only daughter of John Leaver, Esq. and consort of the Rev. Thomas C. Leaver, aged 30 years, in the hope of a blessed immortality. Wednesday morning, at one o'clock, Kersan Fitzpatrick, in the 63rd year of his age, a native of the County of Kilkenny, and for the last 23 years, a respectable inhabitant of this town.

BRITISH AND NORTH AMERICAN ROYAL MAIL

STEAM SHIPS OF 1200 TONS AND 440 HORSE POWER.

Under Contract with the "Lords of the Admiralty."

BRITANNIA, Captain HENRY WOODRUFF, ACADIA, Do. ROBERT MILLER, CALEDONIA, Do. RICHARD CLELAND, COLUMBIA, Do.

For Liverpool, G. B. & I.

THE BRITANNIA, will leave Halifax for Liverpool, G. B. on Monday the 3rd August. For passage apply at the office of

CUNARD & CO.

The ACADIA will be despatched from Liverpool, G. B. for Halifax and Boston, on the 4th August.

The Halifax, St. John, P. E. Island, Rictou and Miramichi papers, will discontinue the former advertisement, and insert the above.

Halifax, July 25.

SAINT MARY'S SEMINARY.

Under the special patronage of the Right Rev. Dr. Fraser.

REV. D. O'BRIEN, SUPERIOR.

PROFESSORS.

Spanish.....Rev. E. J. DEASE. French.....Rev. W. IVERS. Greek and Latin, First Class.....Mr. M. HANNAN. Do. Do. Second Class.....Mr. R. O'FLAHERTY.

Writing, Book-keeping, and Arithmetic.....Mr. E. J. GLESON.

Theology and Scripture.....Rev. R. B. O'BRIEN. Moral Philosophy and Mathematics.....Rev. W. IVERS. English Composition, Reading and Elocution.....Rev. R. B. O'BRIEN.

In addition to these enumerated above, the Classes already advertised occupy a due portion of attention.

The French Class has just been opened, and persons wishing to avail themselves of the advantages which it affords, would do well to make an early application.

Pupils for the Spanish Class will please to have their names entered at the Seminary, within the next ten days.

The Philosophy Class, also has been opened.—Latin is the language of this Class.

Terms for Boarders—£33 per annum.

The Library of the Seminary contains very nearly 2000 volumes of the most select authors, in Theology, Canon Law, and Ecclesiastical History. There is also a good collection of Scientific and Classical Books, all of which are at the service of the Students of the Establishment.

None but Catholic Pupils are required to be present at the religious exercises or religious instructions of the Seminary.

June 20.

ST. MARY'S SEMINARY.

BOARDERS will furnish themselves with a Mattress, 2 pair of Sheets, Blankets, a Counterpane, one dozen shirts, half dozen towels, a knife, fork, and spoon. Uniform for Summer: Blue Jacket, Cap, &c. light Trowsers.

NO. 88 & 89, GRANVILLE STREET.

THE SUBSCRIBER has received, per recent arrivals from Great Britain, the largest collection of

JUVENILE WORKS ever before offered for sale in this town, among which are to be found a number of Peter Parley's, Miss Edgeworth's, Mrs. Child's, and Mrs. Hoffland's publications.

He has also received, in addition to his former stock, a very large Supply of Writing, Printing, and Coloured Papers, Desk Knives pen and pocket Knives, Taste, Quills, Wafers, Sealing Wax, Envelopes: and a very extensive collection of Books of every description.

Printing Ink in kegs of 12 lbs. each, various qualities; Black, Red, and Blue Writing Inks, Ivory Tablets, Ivory Paper Memorandum Books, and Account Books, of all descriptions, on sale, or made to order.

He has also, in connection with his establishment, a Bookbindery, and will be glad to receive orders in that line.

May 9.

ARTHUR W. GODFREY.

NO. 88 & 89, GRANVILLE STREET.

THE SUBSCRIBER has just received, per Acadian, from Greenock,

Doway Bibles and Testaments for the use of the Laity, The Path to Paradise, Key to Heaven, Poor Man's Manual, Missal, Butler's first, second, and general Catechisms.

May 9.

ARTHUR W. GODFREY.



## THE POOR MAN'S GARDEN.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Al! yes, the poor man's garden!  
It is great joy to me,  
This little, precious piece of ground  
Before his door to see!

The rich man has his gardeners,—  
His gardeners young and old;  
He never takes a spade in hand,  
Nor worketh in the mould.

It is not with the poor man so,—  
Wealth, servants, he has none;  
And all the work that's done for him  
Must by himself be done.

All day upon some weary task  
He toiled with good will;  
And back he comes, at set of sun,  
His garden-plot to till.

The rich man in his garden walks,  
And 'neath his garden trees;  
Wrapped in a dream of other things,  
He seems to take his ease.

One moment he beholds his flowers,  
The next they are forgot:  
He eateth of his rarest fruits  
As though he ate them not.

It is not with the poor man so;—  
He knows each inch of ground,  
And every single plant and flower  
That grows within its bound.

He knows where grow his wall-flowers,  
And when they will be out;  
His moss-rose, and convolvulus  
That twines his poles about.

He knows his red sweet-williams,  
And the stocks that cost him dear,—  
That well-set row of crimson stocks,  
For he bought the seed last year.

And though unto the rich man  
The cost of flowers is nought,  
A sixpence to a poor man  
Is toil, and care, and thought.

And here is his potato-bed,  
All well-grown, strong, and green;  
How could a rich man's heart leap up  
At anything so mean!

But he, the poor man, sees his crop,  
And a thankful man is he,  
For he thinks all through the winter  
How rich his board will be!

And how his merry little ones  
Beside the fire will stand,  
Each with a large potato  
In a round and rosy hand.

The rich man has his wall-fruits,  
And his delicious vines;  
His fruits for every season,  
His melons and his pines.

The poor man has his gooseberries;  
His currants, white and red;  
His apple and his damson tree,  
And a little strawberry bed.

A happy man he thinks himself,  
A man that's passing well,—  
To have some fruit for the children,  
And some beside to sell.

Around the rich man's trellised bower  
Gay, costly creepers run;  
The poor man has his scarlet beans  
To screen him from the sun.

And there before the little bench,  
O'ershadowed by the bower,  
Grow southern-wood and lemon-thyme,  
Sweet pea and gilliflower;

And pinks, and clove carnations,  
Rich-scented, side by side;  
And at each end a hollyhock,  
With an edge of london-pride.

And here comes the old grandmother,  
When her day's work is done;

And here they bring the sickly babe  
To cheer it in the sun.  
And here, on Sabbath mornings,  
The good-man comes to get  
His Sunday nosegay, moss-rose bud,  
White pink, and mignonette.

And here, on Sabbath evenings,  
Until the stars are out,  
With a little one in either hand,  
He walketh all about.

For, though his garden-plot is small,  
Him doth it satisfy;  
For there's no inch of all his ground  
That does not fill his eye.

It is not with the rich man thus;  
For, though his grounds are wide,  
He looks beyond, and yet beyond,  
With soul unsatisfied.

Yes! in the poor man's grow  
Far more than herbs or flowers;—  
Kind thoughts, contentment, peace of mind,  
And joy for weary hours.

**SAVAGE V. CIVILIZED.**—The comparative physical strength of savage and civilized nations has been a subject of controversy. A general impression has obtained that the former, inured to simple and active habits, acquire a decided superiority; but experience appears to have proved that this conclusion is ill-founded. On the field of battle, when a struggle takes place between man and man, the savage is usually worsted. In sportive exercises, such as wrestling, he is most frequently thrown, and in leaping comes short of his antagonist. Even in walking or running, if for a short distance, he is left behind; but in these last movements he possesses a power of perseverance and continued exertion, to which there is scarcely any parallel. An individual has been known to travel nearly eighty miles a day, and arrive at his destination without any symptoms of fatigue. These long journeys also are frequently performed without any refreshment, and even having their shoulders loaded with a heavy burden, their power of supporting which is truly wonderful. For about twelve miles, indeed, a strong European will keep a-head of the Indian, but then he begins to flag, while the other, proceeding with unaltered speed, outstrips him considerably. Even powerful animals cannot equal them in this respect. Many of their civilized adversaries, when overcome in war, and fleeing before them on swift horses, have, after a long chase, been overtaken and scalped. — *Canadian Journal, by Willis.*

**GLASS WEAVING.**—Few are aware that glass is now woven with silk, although its brittle nature would appear to render such a method of manufacturing it impossible. The fact, however, is indisputable, the new material being substituted for gold and silver thread, than either of which it is much more durable, possessing besides the advantage of never tarnishing. What is technically called the warp, that is, the long way of any loom-manufactured article, is composed of silk, which forms the body and groundwork, on which the pattern in glass appears as the weft or cross-work. The requisite flexibility of glass thread for manufacturing purposes is to be ascribed to its extreme fineness, as not less than 50 or 60 of the original threads (produced by steam-engine power) are required to form one thread for the loom. The process is slow, as not more than a yard can be manufactured in twelve hours. The work, however, is extremely beautiful, and comparatively cheap, inasmuch as no similar stuff, where bullion is really introduced, can be purchased for anything like the price at which this is sold, added to this, it is, as far as the glass is concerned, imperishable. Some admirable specimens of the manufactured article may be seen at the Polytechnic Institution, Regent street, especially two patterns of silver on a blue and red ground, and another of gold on crimson. The Jacquard loom by which it is woven, may also be seen at the same establishment.

**CHRISTMAS BOX.**—The private wealth of the late Mr. Arkwright had grown to such an enormous sum, by his unostentatious mode of living, that, excepting Prince Esterhazy, he is the richest man in Europe. A few years back, I met his daughter, Mrs. Hurt, of Derbyshire, on a Christmas visit to Dr. Holdcombe's, and she told me that a few mornings before, the whole of her brothers and sisters, amounting to ten, assembled at breakfast, at Willsley Castle, her father's mansion. They found, wrapt up in each napkin, a £100,000 bank note, which he had presented them with as a Christmas box. Since that time I have been informed that he has repeated the gift, by presenting them with another £100,000.

**MUSIC WAKES THE MEMORY.**—How often has the lone wanderer, who has strayed for years over the world's wide waste, a victim of vice, pollution and misery, been restored to virtue, happiness and home, by the rehearsal of some song, oft heard in youth, the recital of which called back tender recollections of childhood,

endearing ties of home and absent friends, and innocent pleasures, the house of prayer, the Sabbath school, and all the friendly admonitions, which now pierce like daggers the guilty soul.

Parents, teach your children the songs of Zion.—They will remember them for ever. Although, like Israel's captives, their harps may for a time be hung upon the willows, yet their remembrance will be sweet. Some oft repeated strain may touch a tender chord, that may restore your vagrant child, to home and all its sacred ties.—*Musical Visitor.*

**THE RED-BRAST—A PARABLE.**—A red-breast came during the severity of winter to the window of a kind-hearted peasant, apparently wishing to get in, when the peasant opened his window and kindly took the confiding bird into his dwelling. There, it picked up the crumbs which fell from his table, and the peasant's children regarded the bird with great affection. But when spring returned to the land, and the bushes were covered with leaves, the peasant opened his window, and the little visitant flew away to the nearest wood, and built his nest and carolled his joyous song. But lo, when winter returned, the red-breast came once more to the dwelling of the peasant, and brought along with him his mate; and the peasant and his children were greatly rejoiced when they saw the two birds approach, with a confiding look beaming from their clear eyes. Then the children said, "The birds seem as if they wished to say something;" and the father answered, "If they could speak, they would say:—*Friendly confidence begets confidence, and love produces love in return.*

As arrows shot through liquid gold participate in the hue and richness of the material through which they pass: so thoughts that pass through a mind deeply enriched with piety, will take their character from the medium through which they pass. The same may be said in a less degree of intellect. The thoughts that pass through a refined and polished mind will be of the same cast.—Such a mind cannot be satisfied with what is coarse and bungling, either in language or thought.

A limner taking the portrait of a lady, perceived, when he was endeavouring to give a resemblance to her mouth, that she was twisting her features to render it smaller, and putting her lips in the most violent contraction. Impatient of this artifice, the painter said, "Don't hurt yourself, madam, in trying to make your mouth smaller, because, if you choose, I will put none at all."

**A FAMILY.**—How pleasant it is for the members of one family to live together in harmony and love—where parents and children are striving to promote each other's enjoyment—to alleviate the sorrows and lessen the cares of the whole. Such a family will prosper; the children will grow up virtuous, and be a blessing to the gray hairs of their parents.

The swelling of an outward fortune can  
Create a prosperous, not a happy man;  
A peaceful conscience is the true Content,  
And Wealth is but her golden ornament.

QUARLES.

We ought always to deal justly, not only with those who are just to us; but likewise to those who endeavour to injure us; and this, too, for fear, lest, by rendering them evil for evil, we should fall into the same vice; so we ought likewise to have friendship, that is to say, humanity and good will for all who are of the same nature with us.—*Hierocles.*

**AFFLICTIONS.**—As the snow-drop comes amid snow and sleet, appearing as the herald to the rose, so religion comes amidst the blight of affliction, to remind us of a perpetual summer, where the bright sun never retires behind a wintry cloud.

As a single light in the midst of intense darkness, so is a good man among a community of evil ones.—*James.*

To make cheap and wholesome table beer, take 8 bottles of water, 1 quart of molasses, 1 pint of yeast, 1 table spoonful of cream of tartar. These ingredients being well stirred and mixed in an open vessel, after standing 24 hours, the beer may be bottled and used immediately.

## THE COLONIAL PEARL.

Is published every Saturday, at seventeen shillings and sixpence per annum, in all cases, one half to be paid in advance. It is forwarded by the earliest mails to subscribers residing out of Halifax. No subscription will be taken for a less term than six months. All communications, post paid, to be addressed to John S. Thompson, Halifax, N. S.

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