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# THE COLONIAL PEARL.

## POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

"FANCY AND FACTS—TO PLEASE AND TO IMPROVE."

VOLUME FOUR.

HALIFAX, N. S. FRIDAY MORNING, JANUARY 10, 1840.

NUMBER TWO.

### SCENES IN THE LIFE OF MARY DE MEDICIS.

Lyons, one of the most commercial towns in France, was filled with the enthusiasm likely to affect a people on the first reception of one who presented herself as their queen, and the wife of their beloved Henri Quatre. The whole of the journey of Mary de Medicis, since she had left Florence, had presented a scene of gorgeous display, and even more than regal magnificence.

On the ninth of December, 1600, at the hour of supper, surrounded by her attendants, sate a lady, "beautiful exceedingly;" tall, and exquisitely formed, and of a commanding yet winning presence.

Suddenly, at the head of the spacious room, was heard a bustle. "The king, the king!" was whispered—"Room for his majesty of France!" Henri, who had only just arrived, had given orders that he was not to be recognized; but finding them disobeyed, he quietly disengaged himself from the throng; and had it not been for a sweet confusion which overspread her countenance, it might not have been known that Mary had caught a glimpse of his fine form as it retired, or heard him say, "Gentlemen, I did not think it was so difficult not to be a king." She withdrew to her chamber as soon as etiquette would allow.

Here, after dismissing her attendants, she mused on the picture which Henri had presented to her through his minister, M. de Frontenac; and, while absorbed in contemplating the features of him to whom she had resigned all, she was aroused by a light step behind her. Some one was looking over her shoulder; she felt the warm and glowing breath pass over her cheek, and a voice, mild but manly, said:

"Will Mary of Medicis pardon Henri of France for so flattering a copy of a poor original?"

Mary turned quickly round, and, rising, threw herself at the feet of her monarch husband.

"Rise, rise, dearest lady," exclaimed Henri, and he lifted her gently to her seat. For a time he gazed upon her almost enraptured. "You are beautiful," he said, as he seemed to be drinking in her exquisite loveliness; "beautiful even as your painted resemblance, and that seemed more than mortal!"

"Let us hope we have many a happy day before us, said Mary, entranced with the devotion indicated.

"But," continued Henry, "if our land be less lovely than that of my sweet Florentine, at least our people are not less loving, and the idol of Henri's heart shall be the idol of the heart of Henri's people."

"And," replied Mary, "how gay will be the scene when the chivalry of France strive for the meed of renown, from the hands of their Italian queen."

"True," replied Henri, enthusiastically, as he thought with pride on the long list of valiant hearts that presented themselves to the imagination; "we have brave knights and true—chevaliers sans peur et sans reproche, who will proudly lift a lance for the wife of their monarch."

And thus met for the first time the gallant Henri Quatre and the fair Mary de Medicis: Who could dream the fate in store for these young and joyous spirits!

Three years have elapsed—three short years—since the meeting of the bridegroom and his bride. Jealousy was established where love once had been. He who had vowed eternal constancy to Mary had returned to his former intercourse with the Marchioness de Verneuil, who, hated by the queen, sought every opportunity to annoy her.

"My dear Sully," he exclaimed on one occasion, when distracted with the contending interests, "I am half mad—mad with the queen on one side, and Henriette on the other! I would as soon be the meanest of my subjects as their king."

"And what, sire, can I do?" was the calm response of Sully, who discouraged his intimacy with the marchioness.

"See one or both of them—tell Henriette that I have done with her—I love her, Sully, still; but night and morning am I beset by the queen to dismiss her, and I cannot any longer refuse."

At this moment a messenger arrived from the queen, requesting an audience of his majesty. When Mary entered, it was sufficiently evident that something had occurred to ruffle her. Scarcely glancing even at Henri, she exclaimed: "Monsieur de Rosny, as a noble and a gentleman, I appeal to you—am I for ever to submit to the impertinence of a subject? must I tolerate that woman in my court who claims to be the lawful wife of Henri—I, who am the wife of his bosom, the mother of his child!—answer me—must I bear this crying iniquity?"

"Behold," continued Mary, "this paper, the copy of one the marchioness, his mistress, now holds, given to her at the very time he sought my hand, and promising marriage to his vile minion! All ties of affection are disregarded. My love is made a mockery; my name, no doubt, a sport to amuse his hours of dissipation. What can I expect from him who, at the moment of professing an ardent attachment to me, was shamefully wooing her whose name shall not pollute my lips?"

"This is too much, madam," exclaimed Henri.

"What," pursued the enraged queen, who lost all moderation, "what can I expect from him who came to meet his youthful bride, warm from the embraces of another!"

"I pray your majesty," said Sully, "be calm."

"Calm! With all the outraged feelings of a woman, how can I be calm? I, whose birth should have commanded respect, whose sex claimed it, am made the jest of a wanton court."

"Nay, madam, not so—"

"I, whose dowry," she pursued, "was worthy even a De Medicis; whose person, now disregarded, was sought by many—I, who once loved you, Henri—"

"Once, Mary?" said Henry, moved by this latter touch of feeling.

"Ay, once; but that is passed by. You have dishonoured me; and for the sake of my child—our child, Henri—I demand that the original of that deed be delivered to me."

She burst into an agony of tears. Reproaches would only have hardened the resolution of the king; but tears overcame him, and approaching her, he said:

"Dear Mary, do not weep."

"If tears of blood could bring back your pure love and your first earnest affection," was her reply, "I would drain my very heart to shed them."

"Be tranquil; all that I can do, I will. If possible, it shall be delivered to you—at least," he added, "I will ask it of her."

The task which Henri had undertaken was by no means a trifling one. The Marchioness de Verneuil determined to keep his promise, as some check upon him.

Nothing could exceed the rage of the queen at not receiving the paper, on which she had set her whole soul. In vain her husband represented the impossibility of wresting it from the marchioness. Her reproaches grew so furious, that the infatuated monarch, after declaring to Sully that "she gave him no peace," sought once more, in unlawful caresses, to forget the reproaches levelled at him by his queen.

The blood of Henri had been drained by the dagger of an assassin, and the vicissitudes subsequently known by Mary had been great. Hated by her son, despised no less than hated by his minister, her estates were sequestrated, and her person imprisoned. And now, in an old and even decayed mansion in Cologne, and which bore no outward signs that there resided one who had been great, lay the mother of the reigning monarch of France, and the widow of the murdered Henri. Here she, who had founded hospitals and endowed charities—she who had brought a princely dowry to her husband—lay in indigence, withering under the influence of disease, yet not subdued in spirit, and even now was engaged in one of her numerous plots, by which she hoped to overthrow Richilieu's power, and re-establish her ascendancy over the king. Turning her eyes restlessly to the door, as though expecting some one—

"Has no one come?" she demanded impatiently; "no messenger? No, no; the poor, and sick, and infirm, must wait, though waiting is torture. Oh! for one hour of the bounding steps of youth, what, what would I not suffer! Ha! what noise is that? Now, sir, your news," she exclaimed, as a messenger quickly entered her chamber. "Nay, kneel not; I am no sovereign now. Quick—quick! lives Richilieu still?"

"He does."

"Then has the evil one not forsaken his servant?"

"All, madam, is discovered. The king is incensed; the cardinal, yet more firmly established in power, vows implacable vengeance."

"And they who risked all for us," asked Mary anxiously, "how fare they?"

"The axe, the gibbet, and the scaffold, will be their portion," was the melancholy reply.

"But how didst thou escape from the hands of this merciless man?"

"Through the cardinal's mercy."

"And what price didst thou pay?"

"A message to your majesty was given by Richilieu."

"Speak on, sir; I fear not to hear it."

"Say unto her who sought my life," was the message of his eminence, "that her plot has failed, and that Cardinal Richilieu yet lives, to see Mary de Medicis die by the hands of the headsman."

"It is false—false—proud man! the hand of a mightier than thou art is on me, even now." Bear, for love of me, but one more message; and, supported by such of her attendants as yet were true to her, she rose in her bed. "Tell him," she said, "that in the hour of her dissolution, amid racking pain, and with hot and fevered lips, Mary—his mistress—rejoices to die; for it proves him false—false!" and her head sank again on the pillow, exhausted with her emotions. Yet a few days; and she was no more!

### THE RECLAIMED.

"Most merciful!"

Will man's hard heart be never touched with all  
Th' overflowing of thy love, and yield itself  
To the gentle sympathies, till we shall learn  
The noble joy of pouring happiness  
Upon the heart of sorrow, and how sweet  
The pleasure is of shedding bliss abroad!"

"Ugh! ugh!" coughed I, as I buttoned my surtout closer about me, and drew down my chin into its ample fur-collar; "Heav'n pity those who have no shelter for their heads to-night."

"Heav'n pity them, indeed!" answered a voice close to my ear; "for small is pity shewn to the houseless man."

I turned my head: A miserable, half-clad, shivering wretch, stood by my side. His hat was slouched over his eyes, but not sufficiently to hide a face on which the traces of loathsome intemperance and debauchery were distinctly visible. His fragments of a coat was buttoned as closely around him as its scattered buttons would admit, but not closely enough to conceal the want of a vest and shirt beneath. Sad rents in his other garments told too plainly that their days had not been few nor exempt from evil; and his feet were scarcely protected from the frozen ground by a pair of tattered shoes. Such a picture of extreme loathsomeness and misery I had never seen; and half involuntarily I thrust my hand into my pocket with the intention of contributing a few pence to his immediate relief. "But he is intemperate," said I to myself; and the small change which I had grasped was dropped. "He may perish with cold," whispered my better nature; and my fingers clutched the coin. "He'll spend it for grog," interposed my worldly prudence; and I drew my hand empty from my pocket.

It was a bitter cold night in the middle of December. The mercury in the thermometer stood below zero, and the white frost glittered in the clear starlight like countless crystals, whose minuteness impaired not their wonderful brilliancy. There was no breath of wind abroad, but the whole atmosphere was filled with infinite small particles of ice, which pierced the skin with their sharp points, like the invisible spears of a troop of fairies. Arrayed as I was from head to foot in flannel and fur and broadcloth, with all the paraphernalia which an old bachelor deems necessary to enable him to resist the cold, I yet felt as if my blood was curdling in my veins, and my whole man becoming a pillar of ice, in the potent presence of "Old King Frost." Business of an imperative nature had called me, late in the afternoon, to the suburbs of the city; and now my task accomplished, picturing to myself the hearth and hot toast which awaited my return, I was making all convenient haste for home, when my reverie was interrupted by a fit of coughing, and the interruption of the stranger. Now I had always prided myself upon my charities to the poor—the deserving poor—and when Widow Johnson's house was consumed with fire, and all her property, I headed a subscription paper for her benefit with the exceedingly generous sum of five dollars, which I paid in the presence of half the town, who had assembled at the bar-room of the village inn, to talk over the catastrophe, after they had stood to see the house consumed, and had laboured with great zeal to quench the burning chimney after the roof and walls had fallen in. When Philip Brown lost his only cow by a stroke of lightning, I contributed fifty cents to assist him in the purchase of another, although in this case I had some qualms of conscience arising from the manner in which he had been bereft of his property. Many a time and oft have I "forked out" a few pence for the relief of suffering merit, and had in the process of time, come to the comfortable conclusion that I was a particularly charitable man, in which opinion sundry of my neighbours had told me they fully coincided. But here was a new case, evidently differing from any I had ever relieved. I had always felt for the suffering, but it was the suffering of the meritorious. I was ever ready to relieve

poverty, but it was the poverty of the virtuous. Here loathsome vice was clearly the parent of misery. He has brought it upon himself," ejaculated I; "his suffering is not occasioned by the visitation of Heaven! He has sown the wind, let him reap the whirlwind!" The visitation of God! Alas what more awful visitation can there be from Him than to leave the vicious in their vice! This is a judgment more terrible far than earthquake or pestilence. From such a doom good Lord deliver us!

I turned upon my heel from the wretched object before me. "Poor wretch!" I ejaculated, "he will suffer, but who is to blame?" And thus choking down an accusing conscience, I strode away. But his voice sounded reproachfully in my ear like a haunting one, and I was but ill satisfied that I had not at least inquired into his necessities. He had not asked for charity, it was true; but did not his miserable apparel plead for him more eloquently than words? He might be too proud to ask, or he might despair receiving, thought I; at all events, it would have been well enough to have said a word to him about his wicked course, even if it were not right to give him money.—I hesitated. I turned around. Standing in the place where I had left him, I saw the miserable man. His hands were clasped, and his face upturned towards Heaven, and I even fancied I could hear the words of prayer on his lips.—"Such a wicked man pray!" thought I. Partly from curiosity, and partly from benevolent feelings, I turned back,

"Why do you stand here?" inquired I, as I approached him. "You will be perished with the cold."

"Very likely," was the quiet reply.

"Why don't you go home?" I asked, really touched by the forlornness of his situation. "I have no home."—"Then go to your friends," I rejoined. "I have no friends."—"Have you no acquaintances then?" "Yes, the dram-seller, when I have money."—"Have you no money?" "Not a farthing."—"You are a miserable vagabond then." "I know it."—"You are a loathsome drunkard." "Very true."

"Do you know to what these evil courses will lead you?" continued I, putting on a self-righteous air, and looking, as I flattered myself, peculiarly solemn.

"Yes"—was the fearful, emphatic and startling response.

For a moment I was silent. "I pity you," at length I resumed. "Heaven knows how I pity you; and if I did not look upon you as an incorrigible sot, I would do something for your relief."

"Vice is more an object of compassion than mere poverty," was the reply, "and in me both are united."

"I give freely to the virtuous poor," resumed I, in a renewed fit of self-righteousness, "but I am principled against bestowing alms upon the vicious."

"I have not asked alms," was the cool response, "nor a sermon."

"True, but you need both, and were you not a drunkard I would bestow them."

"He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust," replied the man, while a glow which might have been of gratitude or devotion, flashed suddenly over his face. There was something in his tone that went to my heart. I felt the reproof—and had he that moment seen my face, he would have observed the blush that I felt reddening my cheek.

"True," said I musing, talking to myself rather than to him.

Oh! the difference between the benevolence of man and the benevolence of God! One is partial in its operations, and exclusive in its character—and the other embraces the universe within its arms! As such thoughts passed rapidly through my mind, my determination was taken. My heart grew as tender as a child's. The voice of inspiration spoke to my quickened soul, and its language was, "blessed are the merciful, for they shall find mercy." God forgive the self-righteous spirit in which I indulged but a moment before. "Come with me, and I will be your friend," said I, looking into his bloated face, and actually taking his skinny hand in my own.

Oh! the luxury of doing good! It is the opening of a new world to the spiritual eye! It is the baptism of love to the religious heart! How beautiful and true is the sentiment of Holy Writ: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

The loathsome and degraded man went with me to my home. I ministered to his necessities—I watched over him in sickness, bearing patiently the self-imposed toil, and leading him step by step from debasement and disease into the pleasant paths of sobriety and health. This was the first time in which the meek spirit of religion had presided over and guided my once ostentatious charity. And great indeed was my reward! A noble spirit was saved from the fearful death and still more awful doom of the drunkard, and called back by the voice of kindness from the track of sin to that of true wisdom, whose ways are ways of pleasantness, and all whose paths are peace. A new man, he went from under my humble roof, and mingled again with the world. But remembering the whirlpool that had drawn him into this vortex, he has shunned it with a tireless care. Resisting the blandishments that would lure him to his ruin, he has walked with a faultless step in the thorny track of virtue, growing strong in heart, and preserving before the world an integrity unspotted and pure. I saw him yesterday with the glow of health upon his cheek, treading with the step of undegraded manhood among his fellow men, surrounded by an atmos-

phere of love—honored, useful and happy.—And this, said I, is my reward. With a light step and lighter heart, I went to my own quiet home, while a "still small voice" seemed whispering in my ear, "He who converteth the sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins."

For the Pearl.

#### THEILLS OF LIFE.

Who shall portray the ills of life,  
Or point where they may be?  
Or say to poverty or strife,  
The climax—is with thee?

The ills of life!—a protean train  
Hover o'er every scene,—  
Or grief—or misery—or pain  
Do but transform their mein.

They hie them to the cottage hearth,  
They seek the gilded dome,  
E'en midst the scenes of festive mirth,  
Sorrow—can find a home.

In ev'ry clime where earth has bound,  
These bitter waters flow,—  
The "sad variety" is found  
In every form of woe.

Ask the bereaved—why starts the tear,  
In sad and lonely hour,  
When memory brings each object near  
By her electric power?

That parent ask, whose lov'd and prized  
And cherished—are no more!  
For what he nourish'd taught, advised,  
If 'twere not to restore?

Is this an ill—or are we wrong?  
Heaven but resumes its own,—  
There must be error in our song,—  
Father, Thy will be done."

Then ask the victim of remorse  
His estimate of ill,  
The errors that have stain'd his course  
Are from man's wayward will.

Philosophers have sought the cause,  
"Presuming God to scan,"—  
Daring to scrutinize His laws,  
But not the will of man.

'Tis just!—the mandate of His will  
Who rules o'er earth abroad,  
And man, his creature—"be thou still"  
And own that he is God.

Halifax, December 7.

From the London Journal.

#### THE MAD-HOUSE OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

It was a cold raw day last December that I went over to Stamboul to see the Turkish mad-house.

I was aware that the mad-house was somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Seraskier's palace; so having got there, I asked the first Turk I met which was the way to the mad-house; he looked at me with an air, not of astonishment, but of patronising pity, for about a second, and then walked on without answering me. The next man I met was an Armenian, and to him I put the same question. He stopped and asked me what I wanted there. I turned towards a Greek that I saw approaching. On my stating where I wanted to go, the Greek said he would show me the gate. After we had walked a few hundred yards, through several small unfrequented looking streets, my guide pointed to a door in the wall and told me that was the entrance to the place that I sought. I pushed up the gate and entering found myself in a small square formed by houses of stone, apparently uninhabited. The centre of the square was planted with trees, and the ground covered several inches deep, with withered leaves—altogether a most desolate looking place. I walked across the square to a door of the same kind as that by which I had entered, and pushing it up, found myself in another square of the same size as the first. On a short stool inside the gate sat a cavia, or Turkish guard, armed with his pistols and large knife, stuck into the ample shawl which was wound round his middle. He saluted me with "Sabanhus ehier olsun Effindim." (May your morning be happy, my dear sir), to which I replied in due form, when he held out his hand, and said "Backshise." This demand for a present was expected as the civility of a salute; so having put a twenty para piece, or three half pence into his hand, I stood a little to reconnoitre where I was. The square was about seventy or eighty feet from the houses on the one side to those of the other. There were

no windows in the side from which I entered; but the other three sides showed each four windows, having a strong framing of iron bars, but no glass in them. From each of these, a great chain, polished clean, apparently from accidental friction, hung out, and the one end of it was fastened to a ring bolt in the wall. At several of the windows were strangers, looking in through the bars. The doors were all open, and as people seemed to be going and coming at their pleasure, I entered the first door on my left, and found myself in a stone room about twenty feet long and eighteen broad, having an arched roof and a mud floor. There was one window on the side from which I entered and another on the opposite side; before each of these there was a wooden bench raised about three inches from the ground, upon the top of which was some bulky substance, covered with an old levantine capote. There was no other furniture of any sort in the room, and the only symptoms of civilization that I could see were the two clean chains that came through the window bars, and seemed attached to the lumps or masses huddled up on the wooden benches.

As I turned to retrace my steps, both of these bundles moved, and in piteous accents begged a few paras to buy tobacco. I was horror struck with the sight. They had scarcely any clothes on them, and round their neck was an immense iron collar, to which one of the links of the chain before noticed was rivetted, so as to form the padlock; but they had none, nor covering of any sort but their worn out ragged clothes and an old capote which served them for blanket, coverlet, &c. while the only place they had to sleep, or sit, or stand upon, was the wooden bench, raised about three inches above the cold damp mud floor. From this they could not stir, as I observed the length of their chain only allowed them to approach its limits, or, in other words, it was just long enough to allow them to turn themselves round. Both individuals were in exactly the same position, but placed at different windows, through which the wind and the drifting snow were freely entering. So much misery I had never before seen; the sight chilled me far more than the cold day, and I hastily retreated to the next room. One by one I visited all the twelve chambers.—They differed in nothing save in the number of windows, some having two, and others three, while almost at every one of them lay a human being, chained, with a heavy iron collar, and at least 56 lb. of chain attached to it. In no instance did I find more individuals in a room than windows. The entire number of inmates was 27. They were all Turks: some of them were merry, and continued singing a wild incomprehensible chaunt; others were the most woeful pictures of despair. Some scolded the visitors for coming to look at them; others thanked them for the visit. Many of them gazed with a look of stupor; but there were none of them had the appearance of being either constitutionally insane or idiots. If insanity was inside the building at all, I think the treatment that the inmates were under was enough to have produced it; and my only surprise was, that human nature could exist under such an accumulation of hardships; for it would have defied the most ingenious cruelty to have these beings in positions of greater misery. Yet although exposed to all the rigor of the weather, without a curtain to shade them from the drifting snow, they appeared for the most part careless of its severity; there was, however, one poor creature, who, naked with the exception of his capote, or great-coat, thrown over him, was resting on his knees on his hard couch, bending his head over a few pieces of inanimate charcoal that he had by some means or another gathered together, and endeavouring to imagine that it was a fire. I stood for a few minutes; it was heart-rending to see how the poor creature wring his cold and clammy fingers over the black mass, in the vain hopes of warming them. After he had done this a short time he observed me looking at him, and asked me for some tobacco. I put some down on his bench, lifted his pipe, filled it, and having struck fire, put a piece of lighted tinder in it. This movement of mine altered every feature of his face; his body ceased to shiver; he drew his limbs together in the Turkish fashion, sat down, completely covering himself with his capote, and waited quietly until I gave him the lighted pipe. I endeavored to enter into conversation with him; but all he would say was, "Shukur Allah" (thank God); and when I parted from him he appeared to be one of the most happy beings in the world.

I entered into conversation with several of the inmates, and found some of them could talk sensibly enough; other did not know what they were saying, but such as condescended to speak addressed me by the name of Captan, which proved that they had discrimination enough to find out that I was a Frank, although dressed in a Turkish fashion; and almost universally, on turning away, they would ask a few paras to buy tobacco; the most of them had a chibook or Turkish pipe.

One of these poor men deserves particular notice on account of his treatment, being different from all the others. On approaching one of the doors, I found it fastened with a padlock; and the window had a matting of reeds before it. I was about to pass on, when some Turkish boys called out something that I did not understand, and the curtain was drawn aside, when there stood a dervish chained by a heavy chain, which came down from the roof of his prison, and was fastened to a heavy iron collar round his neck. The chain would not allow him to sit down, nor to move more than a few inches from where he stood. What the meaning of this was, I know not, and I could not find any one there that could give me the least information. I asked the guard at the gate if he was

kept in that position day and night, but he answered me "Bilmes" (he does not know.) On some words passing between the Dervish and the boys, in a dialect I did not understand, he put out of the window with his hand a little tin dish, and received from each of them a few paras. It appeared to me that the boys looked upon him as an inspired man, and had been soliciting his blessing.— On the boys giving him the money, three young Turkish females came to the window and addressed him in a familiar, laughing tone, which he replied to in the same style. I never saw such a merry fellow among the Turks. He laughed and joked with the girls who seemed to be much amused. At last, he assumed a more serious air, and appeared to me to be telling them their fortune, and, as far as I could make it out, it was only another version of an old story told both in the East and West. They were soon each to get a husband, "eye adam, pek eye adam" (a good man, a very good man;) he was to have "tehook para" (much money,) and in due time there were to be plenty of little babies; at which announcement the girls giggled, and he, having put out his little box they gave him some money. As I was turning to go away, he called out, "Captan, Captan, gil borda." I looked round; he was waving his hand for me to come nearer. I did so, when he told me that if I would give him some money he would whistle me a tune. I dropped a twenty para piece into his little box, and he instantly commenced, and executed one in such a manner, as to convince me that there were greater fools in Constantinople than he was. After visiting all the cells I made my way home in no very pleasant frame of mind, as so great a proof of the savage nature of the government under which I was living had never before presented to me.

The next time that I visited the madhouse was towards the end of spring; the lunatics, with one or two exceptions, were still the same; one new-comer was sitting cross-legged upon his bench, with no clothes on but the capote thrown over his shoulders.

At the beginning of June I again paid a visit. The weather was scorching. The inmates were covered and housed the same as in winter. They seemed to know of no change either in clothing or lodging; and I question much if they had themselves washed from the day they entered, or were likely ever to be washed on this side the grave.

#### WINDSOR CASTLE AND ITS ENVIRONS.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

The natural beauties of Windsor, and the surrounding neighbourhood, afford ample scope for the artist's pencil, while every inch of ground is hallowed by historical or traditional associations. We may convey an idea of the work, by selecting a portion of the chapter which describes the Queen's private apartments. After alluding to Royal and national exclusiveness, and citing two or three instances, and their consequences, the author thus proceeds:—

The feeling, however, which influenced William IV., in closing his gardens, and that which would have impelled George IV., to block himself up in his Quadrangle, must not be supposed to form a part of the moral nature of royalty. It is a national—an English feeling; it pervades all ranks of society; it is as strong in the little country gentleman, whose mansion boasts a few good pictures, as in the owner of a palace; and, until it be wholly subdued and routed out, this country, notwithstanding her manufactories and commerce, must continue to hold a subordinate rank among the nations of Europe in the scale of civilization.

It is now our duty to give our readers a glimpse of the *terra incognita* of the palace, to which they can only be admitted by an order from the Lord Chamberlain, and to which they cannot be admitted at all during the residence of Majesty. For our own part, we enjoyed the high privilege of visiting the private apartments at a time when the court, together with the King and Queen of the Belgians, were actually there. In the drawing-room and ball-room, some slight disorder still remained to tell of the social enjoyments of the preceding evening; while in other rooms, preparations already making for breakfast seemed to say that

"Night was at odds with morning, which was which."

This is the only time when the palace can be seen to advantage by those who do not form part of the royal circle. During the Queen's absence the furniture is covered, and the rooms look lifeless and solitary.

For the sake of preserving some kind of method, we shall commence with the state entrance, facing the gateway of George IV.

We were quite unprepared for the magnificence of the vestibule and staircase. You fancy for a moment that you are entering some majestic temple; and in the vestibule, more especially, this illusion prevails, where the double ranges of columns are seen by a "dim, religious light." The deficiency in day-light, however, is artfully corrected to some extent by an immense mirror, in the form of a door, which borrows and reflects the stream that rushes down the noble staircase. In passing through the vestibule, the idea occurred to us, that Windsor Castle would make a noble ruin!

Instead of ascending the stairs, we keep along the ground floor by a convenient passage, which conducts to the kitchen, the confectionary room, and the other offices requisite to minister to the luxury of a palace. Among these will be observed a room dedicated to the sole purpose of making coffee. The confectioner has a very large and lofty apartment for his avocation; and the ministering spirits of the place (female of course) have a delicacy of appear-

ance not to be found in the kitchen. The grand kitchen is well worth inspection. In its general aspect, and more especially in the lofty roof, it is supposed to have undergone comparatively little alteration since the time of Edward III. The immense fire-places, however, are now filled with the stoves of modern cookery; with the exception of one to the right as you enter, which could conveniently roast an ox whole.

From the kitchen to the dining-room, the space is not greater than in a private gentleman's house; and this reminds us of the extreme care with which comfort and convenience are studied throughout the whole of the building. Nothing is sacrificed to effect; and yet effect was never more successfully produced. The plate-room is on this story, and contains a mass of table implements valued at three hundred thousand pounds.

On ascending the staircase, and after passing into a room in the Octagon, or Brunswick Tower, the walls of which are of oak, and windows commanding the whole interior of the quadrangle, we enter the dining-room. This magnificent apartment is far more imposing in its effect than the state dining-room. Vast mirrors are embedded in what might seem to be walls of sculptured gold. A vase of gilded silver stands upon a table; and is of such enormous size, that half a dozen men are required to remove it. This was a toy of George IV. The furniture of the room corresponds in other respects with its general character of the splendid and imposing. From the windows a view of the country is obtained to the north and east, of great beauty and variety.

The next apartment is a large saloon, occasionally used for dancing. Elegance would be the prevailing characteristic of this room; but its great size makes it something more than elegant. A deeply embayed window of square Gothic commands the same magnificent view seen from all this suite. The furniture is not simply of the most costly—for that might be expected—but also of the most convenient and luxurious description. A project is talked of for having a gallery erected at the lower end of the room for the music; but Sir Jeffry, we believe, thinks it possible to open some communication with the concert-room, which would prevent what would no doubt tend to disfigure a very splendid apartment.

The next room, called the Chester drawing-room, is smaller, but in the same style; and beyond this is a long breakfast room. Below those apartments is the private garden, a part of four hundred feet square, laid out in formal walks, with vases, and statues, intermixed with beds of flowers. This is bounded by a broad terrace walk, under which an orangery extends to the length of two hundred and fifty feet, the front of which forms a long series of arches.

From the breakfast room we have mentioned to the extreme end of the facade, formed by Victoria tower, there is a multitude of apartments which it is not possible to particularize. These are occupied by the ladies and officers of the household. In the tower itself, the Queen is enshrined, in a commodious sitting-room and sleeping-room. In the same angle of the building is her Majesty's entrance and staircase.

We must now, in order to dispose of what we must call the public private apartments, carry back the reader to the extreme Norman tower. Here commences a series of apartments, all thrown into one, and including Queen Elizabeth's Gallery which is now one great and splendid library. It is fitted up in the Gothic taste, and is perhaps less changed than most other parts of the building; but what will strike the student most, are the embayed windows and shady recesses, where he may fancy himself in a hermitage. This is no formal hall, or series of halls, as most large libraries are, where the walls of books meet and diverge at right angles. On the one side, indeed, which continues the external line of the castle, the wall is nearly straight; but on the other, the students, unless the number be too great, may so dispose themselves, as neither to see nor hear each other.

But now comes a question as to how those apartments we have described, and those we have left to imagination, are approached? Do they enter into one another? or are there a series of passages, each of which conducts to its series of rooms? The way in which this affair is managed is, in our opinion, the great triumph of the architect. Formerly, the means of communication with the various apartments were extremely limited; and a bold and grand idea suggested itself to Sir Jeffry Wyatville, of a corridor, which, to include the mall should sweep round two angles of the quadrangle, and which should in itself form one vast apartment, superior to all the others in decoration.

George IV. was not slow in perceiving the advantage of the plan; but he was afraid of encroaching upon the quadrangle. In vain Sir Jeffry promised to make the quadrangle appear all the larger for the diminution! It would not do; and he was obliged to affect resignation to the limits prescribed to him, while at the same time he stole his wall out into the quadrangle to a greater extent even than that which had been refused by the king. George was delighted with the corridor, which he believed to have been laid out according to his plan; and he probably piqued himself on the superiority of his judgment, since the quadrangle actually looked larger than before. When all was confessed, he was puzzled to know in what way this illusion could take place; and he was answered that, besides more abstruse and architectural reasons, the green which had formed the floor of the quadrangle, with a broad walk round it, had made the area look less, on the same principle that a room with too small a carpet appears to be of the same size as the carpet; and that the removal of the green, and assimilation of

the whole surface, had restored to the area in appearance its real dimensions. The area of the quadrangle was at the same time deepened by six feet.

The corridor commences at St. George's Hall, and terminates at the tower of Edward III., a distance of five hundred and sixty feet. During the whole of this immense length, it is the breadth of a good-sized room, and is furnished with chairs, tables, sofas, benches, cabinets, pictures, busts, statues, and ornaments of every possible description, in such profusion as to defy any attempt at a catalogue, except in a work devoted to the purpose. You cannot see the corridor in an hour, or a day. It will take at least a week before you can obtain any thing like a suitable idea of its contents. In wet weather this forms a promenade for the court, and from the loftiness of its highly-ornamented ceiling, and its numerous windows, it must form an admirable substitute for the terrace.

From this noble passage doors open into the various suites of apartments; and into the vestibules of various stair-cases; and from this, among others, you see, within a few paces, the door of the Queen's sitting-room, from which her Majesty's sleeping-room opens. Beneath, on the ground-floor, is a narrower passage, the sleeping-rooms of the domestics being taken off the breadth.

We have now endeavoured to give a general idea of the upper ward of the castle: but a correct one can be given by only one man alive,—and that man is Sir Jeffry Wyatville. So completely has he made the castle his own, that no one else can distinguish between what belongs to himself and his predecessors. We have seen a misgiving in the handwriting of George IV., commanding Sir Jeffry to publish an account of his great work, and another from Queen Victoria, confirming the former; in obedience to which he has already made considerable progress in preparing materials. His drawings have already cost him three thousand pounds, and will probably cost a much larger sum before the number is completed. George IV. promised to send a copy to every sovereign in Europe; but with the exception of this patronage, Sir Jeffry, we believe, although working at the royal command, does not expect assistance of any kind. On one occasion, when we expressed our surprise at this, he replied, in the spirit and pride of art—"The task is mine: I am preparing my own monument!"

#### THE STREAM OF DEATH.

There is a stream whose narrow tide  
The known and unknown worlds divide,

Where all must go;  
Its waveless waters, dark and deep,  
Mid sullen silence, downward sweep  
With moanless flow.

I saw where at the dreary flood,  
A smiling infant prattling stood,  
Whose hour was come;  
Untaught of ill, it neared the tide,  
Sunk, as to cradled rest, and died  
Like going home.

Followed with languid eye anon,  
A youth, diseased, and pale, and wan;  
And there alone  
He gazed upon the leaden stream,  
And feared to plunge—I heard a scream,  
And he was gone.

And then a form in manhood's strength,  
Came bustling on, till there at length  
He saw life's bound;  
He shrunk and raised the bitter prayer  
Too late—his shriek of wild despair  
The waters drowned.

Next stood upon this surgeless shore,  
A being bowed with many a score  
Of toilsome years,  
Earth-bound and sad he left the bank,  
Back turned his dimming eye, and sank,  
Ah! full of fears.

How bitter must thy waters be,  
O, death! How hard a thing, ah me!  
It is to die!  
I mused—when to that stream again,  
Another child of mortal men  
With smiles drew nigh.

"'Tis the last pang," he calmly said—  
"To me, O Death! thou hast no dread—  
Saviour, I come!  
Spread but thine arms on yonder shore—  
I see!—ye waters, bear me o'er!  
There is my home!"

GUNPOWDER.—Before the invention of gunpowder, the number of castles erected, chiefly as places of security, was very great, but since, few have been built, and those have not been as places of defence. There were 1100 castles built in England between the years 1040 and 1154,

For the Pearl.

TO THE DELINEATOR OF THE NATIVE FLOWERS OF NOVA-SCOTIA.

Her name shall be marked—in the language of flowers,  
Acadia shall bloom for the maid!  
Who well skill'd in the art, has devoted her hours,  
To work, hitherto unassayed.

And tho' "many a flower—and many a gem,"  
Have blush'd—and have sparkled unseen,  
The dirge of oblivion belongs not to them,  
•They are known, on the heath or the green.

And Maria, thy footsteps have followed them close,  
Thine eye has discovered their bed;  
Thy hand has depicted—or fragile or gross,  
From the root, to the "beautiful-head."

And we hail thee their queen—our sweet flow'rets of May  
Will seek thee—when early they bloom;  
With smiles will they open their face to the day  
For thou hast averted their doom.

We boast not of Holly, or Missletoe, here,  
But thy "Virgin's Bower" plant is as fair,  
It will gladden the season, will blend with the cheer,  
And the blessings of Scotia declare.

Accept then this carol—'tis simple but true,  
'Tis not offered on flattery's shrine;  
May the beauties of nature, still flourish for you,  
And your art, still those beauties combine.

Halifax, December 19th.

M.

## THE EAGLE.

The eagle has always been reckoned the king of birds, whether on account of the superiority of his strength, the terror he inspires into so many other animals on whom he preys, his natural fierceness, or the rapidity and elevation of his flight. It is said that this bird will live a century, and that he increases in bulk till his death.

Naturalists have remarked, that the eagle has a very quick threatening eye, a little sunk in the head, and protected by the prominency of the forehead, which a little resembles an eye brow; under which is a very hard and bony ledge, composed of several bony substances joined and placed one above another like scales. The tongue does not terminate in a point, like that of other birds, but is cartilaginous, and almost square at the end; and at its root are two hard points, like the iron point of an arrow. The stomach shows the voracity of the eagle; for when thoroughly inflated it is two inches in diameter. The bones are very hard, and have little marrow in them. The eagle's blood is thick and fibrous; the bill sharp and corrosive.

So great is the eagle's voracity, that he ravages all the neighboring country for his support.—Hence it is that there are seldom two eagles to be found in the same quarter. Not contented with preying on the larger birds, such as hens geese, and cranes, the eagle frequently lifts from the ground and carries off kids, lambs, rabbits, hares, &c. All other birds, except the swan, which often resists him with success, are extremely afraid of the eagle; at his cry they tremble and quake. Various of these particulars in the natural history of the eagle are mentioned in the book of Job. 'Doth the eagle mount up at thy command, and make his nest on high? She dwelleth and abideth on the rock, upon the crag of the rock, and the strong place. From thence she seeketh the prey, and her eyes behold afar off.'

Sharpness of sight is a quality of the eagle which sets him above all other birds: and he seems to be sensible of that advantage; and to preserve it in his species, as soon as his young begin to have strength, he turns them towards the sun, and makes them fix their eyes upon it. To teach his young one to fly, he flutters round his nest in various ways. Afterwards he takes them upon his back in such a manner, that the fowler cannot hurt the young, without piercing the body of the old one. In the middle of his course he darts from under them in order to prove them; and if he perceives that they cannot as yet support themselves alone but are in danger of falling, with the rapidity of an arrow he again darts below them, and receives them between his wings. The eagle is the only bird into which nature has instilled this kind of instinct, which the scripture has chosen as a most expressive symbol of the tenderness with which God protected his people in the wilderness. 'Ye have seen,' says Jehovah, 'what I did unto the Egyptians, and how I bare you on Eagle's wings, and brought you unto myself.' And says Moses in the song, 'As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings; so the Lord alone did lead him.'

One reason why the eagles can look steadfastly in the face of the sun, and support his severest rays, is, because they have two eyelids; one with which they shut their eyes entirely; the other which is thinner, they draw over them when they look upon any luminous object, which renders the glare of light much more supportable. Every ten years his feathers become very heavy, and less proper for flight. He then makes his utmost effort, and approaches nearer to the sun than usual; and after being excessively heated by

his flight, with the greatest velocity he plunges into the sea; his feathers then fall off, and new ones supply their place, which soon restore him to his pristine strength. To this circumstance the psalmist alludes, when he says, 'Thy youth is renewed as the eagle's.' And to the total loss of his feathers the prophet refers when he says, 'Make thee bald, and poll thee for thy delicate children, enlarge thy baldness, as the eagle.'

As the eagle flies most swiftly, especially when hungry, or when pursuing his prey, we find, that, in scripture, the rapidity of time, and the uncertainty of worldly riches, are compared to the eagle's flight. 'My days,' says Job, 'are passed away as the eagle that hasteth to the prey.'—And says the wise man, 'Riches certainly make themselves wings, they fly away as an eagle, towards heaven.'

Job says of the eagle, 'Where the slain are, there is she.' The language of Job is to be taken in a literal sense? for though the common sort of eagles don't eat carrion, there is a particular species which does; all of them feed on raw flesh though not indifferently of all sorts, nor that of any creature which dies of itself, but such only as is fresh and lately killed. But our Saviour speaks in an allegorical manner, when he says, 'Whosoever the carcass is there will the eagles be gathered together.' By the carcass is meant the Jewish nation in their fallen, deplorable, and lifeless state, who were like the body of a man, struck dead by lightning from heaven. By the eagles, then, the Roman armies are intended, upon whose standards was the figure of an eagle; and the eagle is still the ensign of the Roman Empire. Formerly other creatures were used for their ensigns; but Caius Marius in his second consulship, in the year of Rome 650, prohibited them, and appropriated the eagle only to the legions. The sense of the passage then seems to be, that wherever the Jews were, there would the Roman eagles or legions find them out, and, as the ministers of God's vengeance, make an utter destruction of them. The metaphor is still more striking and expressive, when it is considered, that of all birds the eagle is the only one that is not hurt with lightning, and so can immediately seize carcasses killed thereby. To this there seems to be an allusion by comparing this with the preceding verse, where Christ's coming to destroy the people of the Jews, their city and temple are compared to lightning. 'For as the lightning cometh out of the east and shineth even unto the west, so shall also the coming of the Son of man be.'—*Christian Magazine.*

## READING AND ITS ENVIRONS.

I had occasion to spend a day or two, about the middle of July last, in Reading. One delightful afternoon I accepted an invitation of a friend to ride into a part of the country which I had not previously seen—a few miles southwest of the borough. Our outward ride was chiefly along a narrow stream that one time went brawling over the stones and pebbles, and then contracting its width, it slid silently through a rich meadow, pouring abundance along its margin. Again, a large portion of its waters were diverted to the edge of the meadow, until it held a height far above the level of that portion which ran into the natural channel, and until it acquired a position to make a fall sufficient for grain-mills, &c. It was delightful to see how many uses that little stream was turned by the ingenuity of man, without destroying one for which it was poured out by Him who "holdeth the waters in the hollow of His hand."

Pursuing the route upwards along the margin of this beneficent stream, for several miles, we turned at length short, and came through rich farms, and saluted hard-labouring farmers, until, descending a hill, a large handsome building arrested our attention,—it was the *Berks County Poorhouse*.

I don't know when I have seen so much taste in the selection of a site of a public building. It was in the centre of a broad gentle declivity towards the southeast. Above the building, the land was sufficiently high to supply the premises amply with water; and below it slanted away gracefully, with here and there a slope and a rise, until, far down, the meadow was margined by a stream hastening to pay its tribute to the Schuylkill.

Leaving our carriage and horses in the care of one of our company, my companion introduced me to the keeper of the vast establishment.

I do not propose to discuss all that we saw; but it may be well to say that the rooms were constructed to be well heated in the winter, and properly ventilated in the summer.

Here was the men's wardrobe with abundant supplies of apparel, marked and numbered; and there, the women found their garments all arranged.

When the hay-field and the grain-field claimed the healthy of both sexes, the rooms of the place were but poorly tenanted. A blind man was strumming at some unpronounceable instrument, and the halt was looking over the page of a German psalter. In one corner lay a man about fifty years of age; he had no pain, it was evident; but there was no hope on his brow. I could see that he was watching the decline of the sun—marking how steadily its broad disk dropped below the brow of the western hill. He was in a rapid consumption, and the cares of the house did not disturb him, for was trying to set his own house in order. He had no part nor lot in the harvest field, for his own head was bowed, ripe for the sickle, and his attenuated frame seemed to invite the reaper's hand.

"This is the school-room," said the keeper to us, as we passed through a neat room with benches, and about twenty old black letter Dutch psalters scattered in various parts of the room.

Shortly afterwards, we passed some two or three old lazars, sitting under a tree; one, about eighty years old, was smoking his pipe.

"Well, Jacob," said the keeper, in Dutch to the old man, "how comes on the school?"

Jacob was the schoolmaster.

"Pretty well," says Jacob; "pretty well, I believe."

"Where are the boys?"

"The boys! they are in the school-room."

"No: we have just come through the school-room, and there is no person there."

"Well, that is strange. I left them all there yesterday, playing like dogs."

"That," said the keeper, directing our attention to a building at a short distance from the house, "is the old mansion house. This whole farm was the home of Governor Miffin."

We entered the house, whose position and remnant of elegance gave great evidence of refined taste. The parlor was occupied by some half dozen maniacs, whose cropped hair was bristling like the newly reaped fields; and the front yard was a refreshing place for a race of unhumanized beings, to whom the straight jacket had become a familiar restraint.

Above in the lodging and dressing-rooms of the late Governor, were disposed moping objects; some whom, for months, had lain stretched out, as if life had departed.

Returning through the main building, my eye accidentally caught the form of a young woman in a room which we were hastily passing.

"And what does she ail?"

"Nothing!" said the keeper; "her husband was drowned last Saturday, and as she had neither friends nor money, they sent her and her child hither; but she will be dismissed next Monday."

Taking leave of the attentive keeper of the house, we drove away, impressed with the order and usefulness of the establishment.

Our road for a short distance lay through the grain field of the almshouse—never was the sickle thrust into such an abundant harvest.—*American Paper.*

## MILITARY.

Dress and drilling of some of our infantry regiments in the year preceding the great revolutionary outbreak in France.

"How different in all its external features was the London of 1788 from the London of 1839. How widely different the constitution and management of the forces which then and in times more recent composed its garrison. Of the foot guards, which then, as now, consisted of three regiments, with two battalions to each, I need say no more than that they were clothed, accoutred and armed, pretty much as they had been since the days of the Duke of Cumberland. We wore long-tailed coats, which, slanting off like those of livery servants in front, exposed to view a considerable portion of our lapelled and capacious-pocketed white waistcoats. Our breeches of white cloth were made to fit so tight, that how we contrived to get them on and off without tearing has been to me a source of frequent wonderment; while our long white gaiters composed of glazed linen, reached just above the bend of the knee, and were tied round the upper part of the calf of the leg with bands of black leather. As to our hats, they resembled in form the head-dresses which are still worn in Chelsea Hospital; and to distinguish us from regiments of the line, they were bound round the edges with silver lace. Our arms, again, were the musket and bayonet, not very different from those still in use; our accoutrements were of a class peculiar to times gone by. Instead of gathering up the load of ammunition so as to throw the strain as far as may be on the part of the body which is best able to endure it, the guardians of the soldiers' comforts then seemed to regard such considerations as unworthy of their notice. Our belts were long and loose; the pouch came down to the skirts of our coats, and the bayonet, suspended at the left side, swung like a sword as the man moved. Neither must I forget to describe both the hairy knapsacks into which our kits were stowed, and the strange machine which was given to us as a convenient place of stowage for our field ammunition. The pouch contained in those days a wooden frame, which was bored, both above and below, for thirty cartridges, and you were expected, in the heat of battle, so soon as the upper tier was exhausted, to turn the block round, and so reach the tier below. I need scarcely add, that the first time we got under fire, the inconvenience of this arrangement made itself felt, and that the woods, as they were called, being taken out, the men carried their cartridges thenceforth loose in their pouches.

"If such was the style in which the King's Government equipped and clothed the King's foot-guards, what shall I say of the sort of exercise to which we were trained? In handling the musket there were not fewer than fifty-two movements, the whole of which went on as soon as a single word of command was spoken. 'Poise arms!' was that word; on the utterance of which a fugleman began to caper, and the entire line, watching his movements, tossed and brandished their arms into all manner of grotesque figures. When we stood with arms shouldered, we were made to keep the but of the firelock on the hip, and to stick out the elbow of the left

arm, so that there should be between it and the side an interval of three inches. When we fixed bayonets it was by a motion similar to that which the swordsman makes when he draws; and then our shoulder—it took, if I recollect right, three hitches to get the implement into its place. And, finally, our manœuvres; they were complicated, unwieldy, performed, always at slow time, and seemed to throw us into every imaginable shape, which could avail nothing in the hour of peril. One really cannot look back upon the military arrangements that prevailed at that time without a smile."—*Gleig—Bentley's Miscellany.*

SIN—The annexed lines are so very applicable to the late melancholy death of a Nova Scotian, that I have transcribed them; and you will oblige a subscriber by inserting them. W\*\*

Selected for the Pearl.

He left his home with a bounding heart,  
For the world was all before him;  
And he scarcely felt a pain to part,  
For sun-bright beams were o'er him.  
He turn'd him to visions of future years,  
The rainbow hues were round him,  
And a Father's boding—a Mother's tears,  
Might not weigh with the hopes that crown'd them.

That Mother's cheek is far paler now,  
Than when she last caress'd him;  
There's an added gloom on that father's brow,  
Since the hour when last he bless'd him.  
Oh! that all human hopes should prove  
Like the flowers that will fade to-morrow,  
And the cankering fears of anxious love  
Ever end in truth and sorrow.

He left his home, with a swelling sail,  
Of fame and fortune dreaming,  
With a spirit as free as the vernal gale,  
Or the pennon above him streaming.  
He had reached his goal by a distant wave,  
'Neath a sultry sun they have laid him,  
And a stranger's form bent o'er his grave,  
When the last sad rites were paid him.

He should have died in his own loved land,  
With friend and kindred near him,  
Not have wither'd thus on a foreign strand,  
With no thought, save heaven, to cheer him.  
But what reck's it now? Is his sleep less sound,  
In the port where the wild winds swept him,  
Than if home's green turf his grave had bound  
Or the hearts he loved had wept him.

Then why repine? can he feel the rays  
That pestilent sun sheds o'er him,  
Or share the grief that may cloud the days  
Of the friends who now deplore him?  
No—his barque 's at anchor, its sails are fur'd,  
It hath 'scaped the storm's deep chiding,  
And safe from the buffeting waves of the world  
In a haven of peace is riding.

JEREMY BENTHAM.

From a "Newspaper Editor's Reminiscences," we quote an amusing sketch of old Jerry Bentham, the Constitution-monger:—

Having mentioned the name of Bentham, in connexion with that of Talleyrand, I must be permitted to refer more particularly to my acquaintance with that singular man. I had long felt a wish to know him intimately, but had despaired of success, for his habits had become very retired, when in the year 1824, one of my friends, who had been an *élève* of the philosopher, brought me an invitation from him to dinner. At that time, Bentham saw very little company. Lord Brougham, Lord Nugent, Mr. Buckingham, Dr. Bowring, Colonel Thompson, Mr. Walter Coulson, and two or three more, formed the whole circle of his acquaintance. It was very unusual for him to receive more than one person to dinner on the same day; and he would have found it difficult to receive more than two, for his library was his dining room, and the table was not calculated to accommodate more than four or five persons, of whom himself and his two Secretaries made three. This table was placed on a platform, considerably elevated above the flooring; so that one saw little more of the female who attended at dinner, than her head and shoulders. When Bentham had one guest, he placed him opposite himself, his secretaries facing each other. Port and sherry, in decanters, were on the table; and by the side of the guest was placed a bottle of good French wine, the growth of vineyards belonging to his family. Before sitting down to dinner, one of his secretaries, now a barrister of considerable talent, played an air upon an organ which was placed in the library. As soon as the dinner was over, and the secretaries had each taken a glass or two of sherry or port, they withdrew, and left the philosopher and his guest *tête-à-tête*. Bentham himself drank very little wine; and having, or affecting to have, nearly lost his taste, he seldom ate of any other dish than a sweet pudding, which was served with the first course. I had been told of his eccentricity, and was therefore fully prepared for what I should meet with. Amongst other things

I was told, that if his guest did not retire at about eleven o'clock, (the dinner was rarely served before nine,) Bentham would not hesitate to give him warning, by drawing on his night-cap without ceremony. This, however, was never done to me, for I was in the habit of going to bed early; and, instead of being signaled out of Bentham's house, the old gentleman always urged me to stay longer than I did. On my first visit, I found him walking in his garden, with all the activity of a young man: indeed his pace was so rapid, that poor Lord Nugent used to complain of the ante-dinner walk. Bentham, who seldom rose from his bed until nearly twelve o'clock in the day—his coffee and gingerbread, of which he was immoderately fond, being served to him there—found the exercise of his garden of great value to his health. When he performed the circle of the garden, he called it *circumgyrating*: when he kept to a straight line he called it *elongating*: and in this way of elongating and circumgyrating, he would frequently walk a distance equal to four or five miles. A portion of this garden had been cleared for the erection of an apparatus for gymnastic exercises, which he was very fond of witnessing in his young friends, for whom he had erected it, although his age did not permit him to take part in them himself. His dress was sufficiently antiquated to have been antediluvian. He wore his worsted stockings over his knees; and under an enormous straw hat, his white locks flowed, uncontrolled by riband or comb. His dinners were modest as to quantity, but excellent as to the selection; and so admirably dressed that even the immortal Ude could not have found a fault. In his conversation after dinner, when his secretaries had retired, he was full of anecdote and good humour. But having been spoiled by flattery into a belief that every thing which he had written was of general interest, he had an unfortunate habit of requesting his guest to read aloud some of his pamphlets, or some sheets of a volume then going through the press: and he appeared mortified if, every now and then, the reading was not interrupted by the expression of the admiration of the reader.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

SCENERY OF THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.—There is grandeur, beauty and wildness scarcely conceived of, in the region where the Father of Rivers takes its rise. A correspondent, writing from Prairie du Chien, gives some views of scenery observed in a tour to the Falls of St. Anthony and Lake St. Croix,—he says:

Landing from Lake Pepin and clambering up the rocky and thick tangled sides of the mountain I was finally seated upon the brow of the precipice. The scene there presenting itself was grand and comprehensive—huge prairies in the distance, waving with tall grass, as immense inland seas, rolled on till dimly blended with the western horizon, they vanished in the dimness of the distance. The Lake far down below was as a crystal basin, sparkling with silvery ripples; huge masses of golden clouds, burnished with gorgeous tints, and rich as the Golcian fleece, hung lazily in the west; and the bright pathway of the setting sun was streaked with fiery tracks, till slow descending the declining orb sunk calmly down, leaving the wilderness a wilderness indeed! Still and deathlike! no sound echoed through the forest—vainly would one listen for some noise or sign betokening the approach of civilized man—but the axe of the pioneer was here unknown; 'as the tree fell so it lay.' The hammer of the artizan was a stranger to this solitude—the bird had sought his nest—all was repose but the gaunt wolf, who now stealthily and silently was watching for his prey. It was night in a western forest! \* \* \* \*

Lake Pepin is but an expansion of the Mississippi, such as the Tappan Sea on the Hudson.

Leaving the Lake, there is not much to attract attention, other than the few Indian villages and the same succession of lofty bluffs and extensive prairies until you reach the mouth of the St. Peters.

About nine miles above Fort Snelling are the Falls of St. Anthony. It was a most dismal day when I first took a view of the Falls of St. Anthony. But perhaps the stormy darkness of the time rather added to the interest of the scene. The Falls of St. Anthony are not, strictly speaking, 'Falls.' They are successions of boisterous rapids—there is no cataract—the Mississippi is here forced through a narrow, steep and descending channel, blocked up with huge rocks piled sometimes the one upon another to an enormous height, and assuming many and singularly unnatural appearances—and it is through and around these jagged rocks that the river urges its fretted course, tumbling—roaring—deafening! On the rocks here and there huge billows break and scatter off in whiteness. The rapid checks for a moment ere it meets the Falls—then breaking through every obstacle, plunges on, and throwing a shower of spray over each little rocky island in the channel, boisterously rolls away, white as

The pale courser's tail  
The giant steed to be bestrode by Death,  
As told in the Apocalypse.

PRINCE ALBERT—The young Prince Albert is a tolerably comely youth about the middle height, with mustachios in a very promising state of cultivation. In complexion he is neither very fair nor very dark, so that in personalities he may be said to exemplify the happy fortunate medium. Perhaps there never was a family like the Coburgs so successful in making splendid matrimonial alliances; the present Duke, the head of the house, obtained the Dukedom of Gotha in 1825, through his wife; his brother, Duke Ferdinand, married the heiress of the Princes of Koharry, by which he obtained

an immense property; Leopold, the youngest brother, married the heiress of the Crown of England; the sister, Princess Victoria, of Gotha, (the Duchess of Kent,) has become the mother of the reigning Prince of Leinengen and of the Queen of England. The new generation of Coburgs seem determined to follow up the policy and example of their predecessors, for one has married Donna Maria, and the Crown of Portugal, and another promises to do as much for the Empire of Great Britain. Spain in a few years will perhaps, be worthy the attention of a third. The principality of Coburg Gotha is in extent equal to a morning's walk not unfrequently taken by the present Vice Chancellor when he visits Cambridge; its population is nearly equal to the County of Dorset, about one-eighth that of Yorkshire. The number of the army, when up to the full war complement, amounts to nearly fourteen hundred men; and its revenue for the support of the Sovereign and all the members of his family, for all the dignitaries of his household, for the civil and military departments of the state, its police, and the administration of justice, &c. &c. reach almost to one half the amount of the Duke of Buccleuch's income per annum. Prince Albert is rather guarded in his attentions to the Queen, the only thing very decided being that Prince Ernest, his elder brother, always takes an airing in a pony phaeton separately, leaving him to ride on horseback *tête à tête* with Her Majesty—the suite, of course, keeping a respectful distance.

ESCAPE.—The Breton, of Nantes, gives an account of the extraordinary escape from destruction of a gentleman of Poulingen. It appears that this gentleman, who is both a sportsman and naturalist, wishing to pass the day on a little island, or rather rock, which is at a distance of two leagues from the main shore, was landed there by some boatmen, who were to return for him before the evening. The wind however, having got up suddenly with much violence, the boatmen were unable to return, and he was compelled to pass the night upon the rock. For some time his situation, altho' highly disagreeable, as it was very cold, and he was without a cloak, was not one of real danger, but as the night advanced the sea became more and more agitated, and the waves dashed over the rock with such force, that to prevent his being washed off he was obliged to lie down, and grasp any little projecting parts with his hands. He had remained in this situation for some time, when he let go his hold, and fell a depth of 20 feet into a sort of basin, at the base of the rock, full of water, and the waves dashing into it. Here he must inevitably have been drowned, if a wave had not thrown him on the edge of the basin, where he was fortunately retained, by his coat becoming entangled with an angle of the rock. On his recovery from the effects of his fall, he was enabled, by great energy, to regain the summit, where he passed the remainder of the night. In the morning the weather was still so bad, that he could entertain no hope of succour, and his little store of provisions, consisting of a bottle of wine and a piece of bread, which he had placed in a crevice, having been carried away by the sea, he would have been destined to experience the pangs of hunger in aggravation of the other horrors of his situation, if he had not shot a cormorant on the preceding day, which was still in his pouch. He succeeded, notwithstanding the unsavouriness of the meal, in eating a portion of this bird, and his hunger was appeased. Towards the middle of the day he was perceived by the crew of a fishing vessel which was running to port; but the sea was too violent, and the wind too high, for them to render assistance, and he was compelled to pass another dreadful night, in which the cold was so intense, that he has since said he felt relief in the kind of warmth imparted by the waves as they broke over him. At the break of the third day, the weather having moderated, a pilot vessel appeared. As soon as the pilots had cast anchor, they sent their little boat to the rock; but the sea still ran so high, that two attempts to take him on board failed.—On the third the gentleman, in the energy of despair, leaped into the boat, which, but for a rapid manœuvre of the rowers, he would have upset, and in a short time was landed at Poulingen in a dreadful state of exhaustion, but truly grateful to Providence for his escape.—*French paper.*

LAW.—The following eulogy on the law, is extracted from an article in the Southern Literary Messenger.

The spirit of the law is equity and justice. In a government based on true principle, the law is the sole sovereign of a nation. It watches over its subjects in their business, in their recreation and in their sleep. It guards their lives and their honors. In the broad noon and in the dark midnight, it ministers to their security. It accompanies them to the altar and the festal board. It watches over the ship of the merchant, though a thousand leagues intervene; over the seed of the husbandman, abandoned for a season to the earth; over the studies of the student, the labors of the mechanic, and the opinions of every man. None are high enough to offend with impunity, none so low that it scorns to protect them.

It is throned with the king, and it sits in the seat of the republican magistrate; but it also hovers over the couch of the lowly, and stands sentinel at the prison, scrupulously preserving to the felon whatever rights he has not forfeited. The light of the law illumines the palace and the hovel, and surrounds the cradle and the bier.—The strength of the law laughs wickedness to scorn, and spurns the intrenchments of iniquity. The power of the law crushes the power of man, and strips wealth of unrighteous immunity. It is the thread of Dandalous to guide us through the labyrinth of cunning. It is the spear of Ithuriel, to detect falsehood

and deceit. It is the faith of the martyr to shield us from the fires of persecution; it is the good man's reliance; the wicked man's dread; the bulwark of piety; the upholder of morality; the guardian of right; the distributor of justice. Its power is irresistible; its power indisputable. It is above us and around us, within us—we cannot fly from its protection—we cannot avert its decrees.

'Such is the law in its essence; such it might be in its enactments; such too it would be, if none aspired to its administration but those with pure hearts, enlarged views and cultivated minds.'

## THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY MORNING, JANUARY 10, 1839.

**EDUCATION.**—This a subject of so much consequence, that a person knowing somewhat of it, feels that he should be careful how he intruded his thoughts, and that the deeply initiated alone are competent to discuss its arrangements. Nevertheless, where so much has been hazarded, one feels inclined sometimes to throw a mite into the treasury of opinion, feeling that if it is of no value, neither will it be any burthen.

The Legislature is expected by many to enter minutely into this subject, to prepare a system of education, and the regulations by which it is to be carried into effect. It may well be questioned whether such a course would be wise in any popular body, except where a large majority of it happened to be composed of men who had been fitted for such investigations, either by early training, or habits voluntarily contracted.

It has appeared to some that the action of the Legislature might be limited to a few bold outlines,—to preparing work for others, and empowering them to act, rather than filling up a plan which should embrace details. The points which, in our humble opinion, might be regulated by the Legislature, and the mode of regulation, may be stated as follows:

1st. The appointment of a Board of Education, for the examination and licensing of teachers generally. One of the Board to be a "Visitor of Schools," whose duty it should be to make annual visits for purposes of examination, and to report to the Board and the Legislature.

2d. Provision for Teachers competent to give a good English Education.

3d. Provision for Teachers competent to give a Classical Education.

4th. Regulations by which neither the English nor the Classical Department should interfere injuriously with each other.

On the 1st we might remark, that it is a point of much consequence, and perhaps one of more difficulty in Nova-Scotia, than would appear at first sight. It should be composed of persons capable of judging on the various branches,—with minds broad enough to take in the higher and more elegant department, to appreciate that which like beaten gold is adapted for giving a glowing surface—and, at the same time, with understandings sufficiently inured to analysis of every subject, so as to be able to judge of the very essential elements of the various departments,—of the *Science*, the organic basis of the whole;—respecting which many persons, otherwise efficient, are often found defective. Beside this, they should be above the mania which, in some, rages for particular branches, to the prejudice of the rest. The Mathematician will, sometimes, treat with scorn every thing that is not connected with the severe tests to which his studies are subject,—and the linguist will, as foolishly, proclaim, as if to be able to call, grandpapa, in Latin and Greek, as well as in English, was really *learning*, and as if every part of education was vulgar except that which enabled one to read, in the original, Virgil's, and Homer's heroics. Yet, tho' these considerations present difficulties, in the way of an Educational Board, they are, no doubt, far from insuperable,—if the Legislature simply look for persons who are fit for the task, uninfluenced by the motives too fashionable in all public matters:—friendly partialities and considerations of conventional rank.

On the 2nd and 3rd, we would presume to suggest, that the Provincial allowance should be equally divided,—and on the 4th, that the teacher of the English branches, and the teacher of the Classics, should be respectively confined to their departments. At present, a teacher must profess all, before he has a claim to the more respectable stipend. The consequences would be evident to any except the sciolist, or the mere theorist.

To deny that the English branches should be placed on a par with the languages, would be to insult the common sense, although not the conventional notions, of most men intelligent enough and disinterested enough to be judges in the matter. The one takes in all that is really useful in human knowledge,—the science, the philosophy, the acquaintance with nature and art which indeed sublimate the understanding, and link the man with the Creator, as far as intelligence can find out the Deity. The other gives a luxurious and antique gloss to all the other acquirements of the mind,—as the rich and delicate varnish smooths and vivifies and mellows a painting. To set the latter, the last glazing, above the miraculous effects of the laborious pencil, would be an absurdity,—yet scarcely more so, than to set the ability to read a little Latin and Greek, over the power to read the earth and the heavens,—to work the mines of English literature,—to fathom the essences of things,—to

depict, to analyse, to construct—and to lock with a supernatural vision on the universe and all its parts and elements. What wisdom would it be to affix a brand, a stigma, on these branches, and exalt the others on most ricketty stilts! Common school education, forsooth, is this divine acquaintance with the most abstruse and beautiful things of nature and art,—Classical, or first rate, is the wordy acquirement, which is but the mere key to elegant, or partially valuable, information: a key which many of its votaries fail in obtaining,—which a few only use as a mode of entering the Elysium fields to which it gives access,—and which very few indeed practice so as to become familiar, and imbued, with the peculiarities and riches of these domains. This latter department should not be neglected; man is capable of many and greatly varied improvements; but surely that which is as the breath of his nostrils, should not be despised in favour of the fragrance of the occasional bouquet. To continue the present mode, of making the English branches subservient, to the profession of the dead languages,—seems to be to despise the former in favour of the latter,—to neglect the mass of the people who require the former, and to please the fancies of the few who wish to get the latter without paying adequately for them. Give nothing, leave all alike dependant on the public wants, or give to both alike, and place the substantial and intrinsically dignified, on a par with the more airy and pretending. At present, in Provincial school affairs, the man who professes the latter takes rank over the English teacher, no matter how grossly inferior he may be in general knowledge and capabilities.

The desirableness of keeping the English and "Classical" branches distinct, under separate teachers, or in separate schools when only one teacher is employed,—will be apparent to those who recollect the difficulty of one person teaching all with effect,—the proneness which teachers, in common with others, have, of making some particular pursuit a hobby to the comparative neglect of other branches,—and the refuge which even the name of Classical learning is, to some who are incompetent in other matters; they are *learned*, according to common parlance, if they profess the languages; defects or neglects in other departments are excused on account of their devotion to "the Classics,"—and the merest skimming over the surface, of all that is valuable in Education, is sometimes borne with, if the sound of Latin and Greek, stately, makes an imposing chaos in the School-room.—Much might be said on this text, but the mere enumeration of a few suggestions may suffice, as they will lead those capable of forming an opinion, into the train of thinking which caused the present remarks.

To recapitulate, what appears desirable at the present time is,—the appointment of a really competent Board to examine and license teachers,—the equalization of the English and Classical departments, by not granting anything in favour of the latter over the former,—the providing for efficiency in the two great divisions of Education, one comprising Science, Philosophy, and the Arts,—the other, the Languages,—by ensuring that the one shall not be merged into the other.

Much might also be said on the threefold view which perhaps should always be taken in Educational affairs: 1st. the *improvement* of the mind, as regards morals and piety; 2nd. the expansion of the understanding, by the impartation of *information* on a variety of subjects; 3d. the creation and increase of *capability* in working with the pen, the pencil, the mathematical instruments, the mechanical powers,—in using words or lines or substances in the most skilful manner. To enter on this view, however, would be to go much beyond the purpose of this paper,—although its mention need not be omitted.

Objections to the above suggestions, respecting a Nova Scotia system, exist;—to some they will, perhaps, appear of much weight,—and we may as well state them, as leave the task to others.

A single Board for the examination of Teachers, would give trouble to applicants, if personal attendance were essential. Such attendance would be desirable; but the submission of testimonials, and of answers to a series of examinatory questions, furnished by the board, might be sufficient in particular instances. Again,—if the present mode of combined Common and Grammar Schools be set aside, the Classics must be altogether kept out of some districts where there are no Academies or Colleges,—and, consequently, some of those who now get acquaintance with the languages, would be confined to the English branches,—for many parents, who would aim at giving their youth all that combined Schools afford, would not incur the expense of an Academic or Collegiate finish to what the good English School had commenced.

Time only, by the growth of the Province, can remedy this,—yet it remains a question whether such a state would be, *really*, an *evil* to the population,—and if it were, whether it would not be one so slight, as to be well compensated by the good which would be done by the establishment of valuable English schools, in many places which now exhibit very different circumstances.

**MODES OF ENJOYMENT.**—The modes of enjoyment which men individually, and in classes, pursue, would form a curious study. It might be seen that much of it is a resort to the excitements of savage life, much very silly, much very like laborious and not very pleasant work,—and that a great deal of it, if required on compulsion, would be considered very oppressive and painful. The moral nature of the enjoyments alluded to, is left out of the question, although that might form matter for very important enquiry.

"The sports of the field" are an important item, with many, in the list of active enjoyment. A late English paper gives an instance of this mode of "pastime," under the title "splendid run with Mr Robertson's hounds." This affair of splendour consisted in a fox hunt, which occupied two hours, over a space of 23 miles. It occurred in the vicinity of Berwick upon Tweed, and the creature pursued, being hotly pressed, crossed the river, made a desperate effort for his life, and was eventually torn to pieces by the dogs, on the Scotch shore. A philosopher would think such an affair curious occupation for a number of gentlemen to find high enjoyment in. A twenty mile ride after a fox and a parcel of dogs, to see the former run to death and devoured! The staving does not sound very brilliant or rational,—yet we are assured by the enthusiastic writer, that Lords and gentlemen were delighted, that the tact of the "first whip" did him "immortal credit," and that the whole thing was quite astonishing and unprecedented.

Another paragraph informs us, that in honour of the arrival of the Hon. R. Forbes, at the seat of his ancestors, from India, a deer hunt was given at Castle Forbes. In this foray on the "dappled fools" of the forest, seventeen were killed in one day, beside those which were wounded and made their escape, and one torn to pieces by the dogs. Who, removed from the influence of such scenes, would suppose that this slaughtering affair was a christian and rational mode of honoring an event, in the nineteenth century?

Another kindred mode of *enjoying* time, is exhibited by the sportsman, who, gun on shoulder, perambulates a country, climbing ditches, wading through morasses, seeking what he may shoot, and frequently returning after a day's extreme fatigue, with nothing worth a sixpence, in his bag,—or if he had "sport," with something very inferior to what his poulterer would furnish for a couple of shillings, and which he has purchased, at wear and tear and expense of time, powder and labour, which he would, no doubt, value, if he could estimate in a pecuniary manner anything of so much consequence to a person of his rank, at more than so many pounds.

The angler, also, drags his feet along muddy banks, for hours together, thinking his time and trouble well remunerated, if he brings home a few trout, which his servants would be sorry to take in exchange for the cold meat that is lying about his larder; and which he looks on as complacently, and with as much cause, as his baby does on its first playthings.

Then there is the votary of pleasure who moves in attitude and flings his feet about most grotesquely, from midnight to morn, calling it dancing and rare sport,—also, and much worse, the riotous bacchanalian, drowning common sense, at the cost of morning horrors and keen repentance,—and a host of others, who need not be enumerated, but who curiously display what odd and childish employments are resorted to for recreation, and are dignified by the name of pleasure.

The question is, what are the pleasures which a sensible man could fully satisfy his own mind in pursuing, and could fully justify in the words of truth and soberness. Instead of attempting the enumeration of these, we allude to a few departments, in which, no doubt, those qualified to speak, would say that dignified and rational enjoyments should be sought: Religion, Natural Philosophy, Science, Literature, the Fine Arts, acquaintance with nature's wonderful and beautiful scenes, and the physical exercise requisite for keeping mind and body in wholesome vigour. These crude remarks may appear folly or heresy to some; but, according to the school boy's copy, there are "many men of many minds," and some may agree in our views.

**CONTENTMENT.**—One fine moonlight night, it is said, Napoleon and his family, went from the palace of St. Cloud, into the gardens which surround it,—to enjoy a canopy and an atmosphere which no palace could give. As the moon rode high amid her subject stars, and the fleecy clouds elegantly contrasted the deep blue of heaven, Napoleon and his party reclined on the grassy turf, allowing animal enjoyment to displace the cares of State for a brief moment. After some remarks on the fortunes of his life, the Emperor declared that, however odd it might appear, he would resign all his power for the Shepherd's humble existence and enjoyments. Under the same soft influence of the season and the scene, and inspired by the frankness of his master, the grand Admiral said that he would change his feet for the Gondolo of a Venetian boatman, and would sing the songs of Tasso, rather than issue the orders of sailing and battle. The King of Holland desired to *serre* his country as a watchman of Amsterdam;—in that capacity his duties and his responsibilities would be light,—and he could sleep sweetly on his pillow when the hour of labour was passed. The King of Spain wished to be a citizen of one of the cities which called him its Monarch, to have a small income, and a pleasant hunting ground,—while the Princess Borghese desired to be a flower girl of Vincennes. Napoleon gazed at the moon as these confessions followed his own,—and then rose, and returned to the precipices of ambition. It might be useful to enquire, had we opportunity, how the after history of each of these personages, warranted the wishes of the moonlight night at St. Cloud. The chief of the circle, at all events, can be easily followed, and we may estimate the probable difference between the departing hours of the Shepherd, surrounded by his beloved and loving family, imparting their gentle consolations,—and those of the dying pris-

er at St. Helena, estranged from wife and child, and raving of the dreadful circumstances of the battle.

Many, no doubt, make desperate exertions to get amid the mountain peaks of existence, forgetting that they compose the regions of snows and volcanoes,—and that the humble vale frequently, has much more valuable attractions.

The great matter to be desired is, a position in this life, for which the individual is adapted, where he feels he can walk honourably, and which he can make the pathway to another and a better existence.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.—English news has been brought to Dec. 10th, by an arrival at St. John, N. B.

The Queen announced her resolution of entering into the marriage state, at the special meeting of the Privy Council held in November. Her Majesty stated to her Council, that she had not come to the conclusion without mature consideration, and that she trusted, with the divine blessing, the important step would conduce to her own domestic felicity and the interests of the country. Her Majesty's message concluded by saying that she was persuaded her resolution would be most acceptable "to all her loving subjects"—She might have excepted those of her *loving* subjects, who loved not "wisely but too well," and who, from aspiring indecorously to her hand and her palace, became acquainted with the grasp of the police officer, and the walls of a prison. The Royal Marriage, which was expected to take place in April next, will, it is hoped, put an end to this mania.—Sir John Colborne had been elevated to the peerage.

Much suffering is said to exist among the poor of Paris.

From the United States we have the President's Message. It is pacific, but not very particular, on every topic: the Boundary and the Canadas receive the President's attention,—on the first he anticipates an early and amicable adjustment of the controversy; on the second, the aggressions are strongly condemned, and their renewal is considered improbable. Resolutions had been introduced into the Senate for the peremptory settlement of the question between Great Britain and the United States, respecting the claims of the former on the territory of Oregon. Disputes between Georgia and Maine, respecting the surrender of some fugitives from the former, had led to an enactment, by which the vessels of Maine are subjected to 100 days quarantine, and other restrictions, on entering the ports of Georgia.

The U. Canada Council and Assembly had passed the resolutions recommended by the Governor General's Message, respecting the Union of the two Provinces.

LEGISLATURE.—The Nova Scotia Legislative Session commenced on Dec. 30. His Excellency opened the proceedings by a speech, in which the following were the chief topics: the passing of a Grand Jury law to remedy neglects in choosing Grand Jurors during the past year. The despatches from the Colonial Secretary in reply to the applications of the delegations. The Atlantic Steam Packets, and the improved modes of internal communication, which the new arrangements rendered desirable. The Militia, Education, Fisheries,—and Provincial Penitentiary, Orphan House, and House of Industry.

The business hitherto transacted in the House of Assembly can be very briefly detailed.

On Dec. 30, various Committees were appointed. Jan. 1, no business was transacted. Jan. 2. The Answer to His Excellency's speech was passed. The Grand Jury Bill was forwarded, and a Committee was appointed to enquire into the causes of the neglect of the law of 1838. Jan. 3. Some routine business was attended to. Bills introduced, petitions presented, and Chairmen of Committees of the whole House appointed. Jan. 4. The Jury Bill passed through a Committee of the whole. Copies of Despatches were laid before the House; and correspondence connected with them. These were read, and ordered to be printed. Jan. 5. Sunday. Jan. 6. The report of the Assembly's Delegates was read, and the thanks of the House were voted, without division, to the delegates. Jan. 7. The House met and adjourned. Jan. 8. A resolution in favor of Assessment for purposes of Education, introduced a conversation, in which opinions seemed generally in favor of the mode. Notice of Bills was given, and some Petitions presented. The House has been chiefly occupied in routine business; Committees are making progress in matters before them; some days generally elapse at the commencement of Sessions, before the main subjects are taken up.

TEMPERANCE.—Extracts from the Prize Essay will be continued in our next. We are pleased to see indications of the growth of Temperance principles, altho' they may not be exhibited, as was the custom some months ago, by large assemblages at Temperance Meetings. Those who do attend, should not be disheartened at apparent neglect, but should recollect that the continuous, unobtrusive, but deep stream, does more to fructify the land, than the cataract which thunders in the wet season, and deserts its bed in times of drought.

The last received Montreal Courier thus prefaces extracts from the Judge's charge, which was recently noticed in the Pearl:

"Brandy, Gin, Rum—Scotch Whiskey—Cordials.—The following sentence was pronounced on an unfortunate wretch, convicted of the murder of his wife, by Judge EDWARDS, at New York. The gentlemen who daily drink until they feel mellow, jovial, and all that; and those bipeds, who are not gentlemen, but who practice

in the same way, diurnally, will not injure themselves by its perusal. We don't give the whole of the sentence, but just so much as is likely to prove instructive and serviceable, to the worshippers of JUGGERNAUT."

A Temperance Meeting will be held at the Old Baptist Meeting House next Monday evening, at half past 7 o'clock.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—Mr. A. McKinlay, President of the Institute, delivered a very interesting lecture, illustrated by beautiful and very successful experiments, last evening, on Heat; the room was crowded. Geo. R. Young, Esq. will lecture next Wednesday evening, on Ancient and Modern Public Speaking.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.—Joseph Howe, Esq. delivered an interesting lecture, last Monday evening, on the Map of Nova Scotia,—pointing out the peculiarities and resources of the Province. Next Monday evening the debate, adjourned from Monday week, is to be resumed.

Halifax, 9th January, 1840.

His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor was pleased to give his assent to a bill entitled, "An Act to continue and amend the act for the regulation of Juries and to render valid the proceedings of certain Grand Juries."

TRURO TEMPERANCE MEETING,

A Meeting of the inhabitants of Truro and the neighbourhood, having been convened for the purpose of forming a Temperance Society, George R. Grassie, Esq. was called to the Chair.

The Chairman having explained the object of the meeting, and Mr. Wm. Dill being appointed Secretary, several Resolutions were unanimously adopted.

1. Moved by E. S. Blanchard, Esq. and seconded by A. G. Archibald, Esq.

2. Moved by Doctor Lynds, and seconded by Doctor Carritt.

3. Moved by the Rev. William McCulloch, and seconded by the Rev. Daniel McCurdy.

4. Moved by Alexander Bent, Esq. and seconded by Mr. John S. Archibald.

The three first of these resolutions went to express strongly the feelings of the meeting, as to the benefits to be derived from the forming of Temperance Societies, and the fourth expressed the duty of the Meeting to unite for the formation of a Society in that place.

Rules were then framed for the government of the Society, to which upwards of Fifty of the most respectable inhabitants of the County subscribed their names. And the following gentlemen were unanimously elected as office-bearers of the Colchester Temperance Society.

President—George R. Grassie, Esq.  
Vice Presidents—Dr. Lynds, and Mr. Robert C. Blair.  
Committee of Management—Dr. Carritt, A. G. Archibald, Esq., Mr. John Dunlap, Mr. R. O. Christie, Mr. Charles Tucker, Mr. John D. Christie, Mr. Charles Blanchard.  
Secretary and Treasurer—Mr. Wm. Dill.  
Truro, Dec. 20, 1839.

CHINA.—The very unfortunate state of affairs between the British and the Chinese, seems far from being adjusted. Smuggling had recommenced, and more vigorous measures for the suppression of the outrage, were expected to be put in force.

The French papers state, that Lord Palmerston had signified the intention of the British Government, to cause a blockade of the ports of the Chinese Empire.

UNITED STATES.—In Congress, on Dec. 30, several ineffectual attempts were made to suspend the rules of the House of Representatives with the view of offering resolutions restrictive of petitions for the abolition of slavery.

The Michigan Gazette says, that a wild youth, about four feet high, is running at large in the vicinity of Fish Lake. It is supposed to be a child which strayed from some emigrating party, and has grown up in the wilderness. It is said to be covered with a coat of chestnut coloured hair, to run with great velocity, to swim rapidly, and to yell frightfully when pursued.

The coroner of New York, held 633 inquests, from the 1st January, 1838, to the 1st January, 1839; since which latter date, he has held 682.

The new York Express says, that within three weeks over 1,500,000 dollars worth of woollen goods had been re-shipped back to England.

Last Miramichi Gleaner gives an account of the destruction by Fire, on Christmas morning, of a Brewery, Distillery, Oat and Flour Steam Mill, Drying Kiln, &c. the property of Mr. G. Rennie. Two small dwelling Houses were also destroyed, but the flames were confined to these premises by great exertion of the inhabitants.

STORM AND SHIPWRECK.

On Friday the 29th Nov. the east coast of Scotland experienced a severe storm. On Friday afternoon about five o'clock, a vessel was observed, at a considerable distance from the coast, apparently labouring under great distress and in vain attempting to round Fifeness. The raging of the storm, and the darkness of the night, prevented the Coast Guard on shore from keeping the vessel in sight; but the only survivor of the crew gives a sufficient account of the deplorable catastrophe. The vessel was the Petrel, of Stockton-Tees, bound from Dalhousie to Stockton with timber. She was a new brig of about 200 tons burden. After night closed in, the captain and crew did every thing in their power to keep the vessel at sea, but in vain. She was gradually driven by the force of the gale towards the shore. At about 1 o'clock they let go both anchors, which were immediately dragged, and shortly afterwards the vessel was thrown with tremendous force on the rocks. The crew took to the rigging, but in a moment a resistless sea broke over the Petrel, and with awful violence split her in two, fair along the deck. In the dreadful confusion of that terrible crisis the survivor dropped from his place on the rigging upon a log floating upon the surface

of the water. On it, however, his life was exposed to dreadful hazard. The cargo was tossed about by the waves as if the immense logs of wood were light as straws, and the risk of being crushed to death in their collision was described as ten times greater than that of drowning. The poor fellow, however, clung to his last hope, and was at length thrown, in an exceedingly exhausted state upon the beach. With the greatest exertion he managed to crawl a short distance from the sea; and, exposed to the bitter blast of that dreadful night, almost dead with fatigue, cold and hunger, he awaited the dawn of morning. It displayed a fearful prospect to the inhabitants of the neighbourhood. The vessel was literally dashed to pieces, and the shore, to a great extent, was strewn with fragments of the wreck, and portions of the cargo.

The bodies of six of the crew, and that of a lady, were found on the beach, and the poor fellow, the sole survivor of the merciless havoc of the storm—was discovered, almost insensible, crouching behind a dyke near the shore. His name was found to be Henry Thomas, a native of Wales. The vessel in her homeward voyage, touched at Stromness, being wind bound, and the lady whose body was found, had embarked at that port. Her trunk was cast on shore, and on being opened, there were found inside, a valuable gold watch, £400 in bills, and a quantity of wearing apparel. The six cast on shore were fine stout fellows about thirty years of age. Altogether there were nine of the crew, with one passenger. A black man and a boy are still missing. The officer of the Coast Guard states that he never saw such a shipwreck in his experience—the vessel being literally shivered to atoms. The surviving seaman has met with the most kind attention, and no doubt, will be enabled to proceed to his native place by means of a subscription among the benevolent inhabitants of the district, whose sympathies are powerfully excited in his behalf. The dead bodies will be decently interred. Great exertions are being made to secure as much of the cargo as possible.—Dundee Courier.

MARRIED.

On Sunday, Dec. 22nd, by the Rev. Mr. Uniacke, Mr. John Harris, to Miss Elizabeth Vinecove, both of this place.

At Hammond Plains, on Thursday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Gray, Mr. James Melvin, to Miss Susan L. Johnson, both of that place.

At Rawdon, on the 24th December, by the Rev. George W. Morris, Mr. Thomas Moxon, junr. to Miss Lucy L. second daughter of Benjamin Smith, Esq.

On Wednesday evening, January 1st, by the Rev. Mr. Cogswell, Mr. Wm. Polute, of Windsor, to Miss Cecilia M. Bowll, of Halifax.

On Tuesday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Loughnan, Mr. Andrew Murphy, to Miss Margaret Ann, only daughter of the late Lieutenant Ridgway, R. N.

On November 22nd, by the Rev. Mr. Buxter, Mr. Alexander Currie of Tatanagouche, to Sarah, eldest daughter of Mr. Solomon Bude, of Onslow.

December 19th, by the same, Mr. Daniel McCallum, to Miss Margaret Irving, both of Onslow.—December 31st, by the same, Mr. Alexander McNutt, merchant, of Onslow, to Esther, eldest daughter of Mr. James Barnhill, of same place.

On Tuesday evening, by the Rev. John Martin, Mr. William Scott, to Susan, second daughter, of the late Mr. Matthew Sitchell of this town.

At the parish of Sussex, New Brunswick, 5th Dec. last, by the Rev. Nelson Armstrong, Mr. Alexander Teacles, to Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas McLellan.

DIED.

At Dartmouth, on Friday evening last, in the 86th year of age, Mrs. Mary Hatfield.

At New Orleans, of yellow fever, on the 20th of August, Mr. Henry A. Campbell, a native of Halifax.

On Wednesday, January 1st, after a long and painful illness, which she bore with fortitude and resignation to the divine will, aged 60 years, Mrs. Mary Kennedy a native of the County of Waterford, Ireland. She has left a numerous family to lament the loss of a kind and indulgent parent.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

PORT OF HALIFAX.

ARRIVED.

FRIDAY—Brig Isabella, Moser, St Kitts, 38 days—ballast, bound to Liverpool, N S; schr Hiram, Donne, Martinique, 57 days, via Barrington—molasses; Am brig Pandora, Elliot, Philadelphia, 15, and Holmes' Holte, 6 days—flour, meal, bread, &c. to Robert Noble; schr Lark, Vanhorn, Yarmouth, 4 days—beef and pork; brig Argus, Walmsey, St. Domingo 26 days—coffee, logwood, &c. to Fairbanks & Allison.

SATURDAY—Schr. Thistle, Port Medway—lumber; Rival Packet, McLean, Liverpool, N S.

SUNDAY—Am schr. Caroline, Baxter, New York, 7 days—flour, beef, &c. to D & E Starr & Co. and J. H. Braice.

Monday—Millboat brig Roseway, Burney, Boston, 55 hours—has 5 of the crew of brig. Shelburne, of Liverpool, N S; Am packet brig Acadian, Jones, Boston, 55 hours—pork, flour, &c. to D & E Starr & Co. R. Noble, and others; lugt brig. Portree, Simpson, to sail in 8 days; schr. John Thomas, Brookman, for Halifax next day.

TUESDAY—Brig. Chaldedony, Durkee, Barbice, 53 and Barbadoes, 40 days to D & E Starr & Co, spoke, 25th ult. brig. Paragon, Lovett, Dominica, 26 days, in lat 35 50, lon 62 1/2 who reported brig. Commerce, Hemcon, sailed 9 days previous, and schr Adelaide, Hilton, in company for Yarmouth; also brig Leander, Cann, from Barbadoes, for Yarmouth, had been in company and bore up for Bermuda. Spake, 1st. inst. lat. 41 32, lon 61 21, barque Ann, of Plymouth, 5 days from St. Andrews, bound to London, had lost maintop-sail and gibs, bulwarks and water casks stove.

CLEARED.

FRIDAY, 3d—Brig Reindeer, McCott, B W Indies—dry and pickled fish by G P Lawson; Atlantic, Chase, Province Town, U S—cordwood by S Binney; brig Starr, Cocken, Jamaica—assorted cargo by D & E Starr & Co.; brig. Inverness, McDonald, Cork—lumber, staves and oil by W. F. Reid and W. Lawson, junr. 4th—Victor, Hurd, Boston—cordwood and coals by G. P. Lawson.

MEMORANDA.

PORT MEDWAY, Dec. 18—Sailed, brig Queen Victoria, Phillips, B W Indies; barque Wanderer, Robson, for Newcastle.

AT YARMOUTH, 27th ult.—Barque Tory's Wife, Bichean, hence, 15 days.

FALMOUTH, Dec 2—Off the port, the Lalg from Halifax, with the loss of foremast, bowsprit &c.

SALEM Dec. 26—Sailed brig. Rob Roy, Frith, for Barbadoes.

SAVANNAH Dec. 8—Sailed brig. Belle, Hall, Demerara.

AT ST. VINCENT Nov. 16—Brig. Pearl, West, hence in 21 days.

AT MATANZAS 10th ult.—Brig Humming Bird, Godfrey, for Halifax, waiting cargo.

Schr. Eclipse, Marshall, at Antigua hence, about the 17th Nov.

AT LIVERPOOL G B. Nov. 6—Rowena, Cape Breton, eid. 16th brig Pilot Roberts, Demerara.

JUST RECEIVED.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has just received, and has for sale at his Store, No. 88 and 89, GRANVILLE STREET, a large and extensive assortment of

VALUABLE STATIONARY, BOOKS, &c.

Which he offers for sale, at very low prices, for cash or approved credit.

January 10.

ARTHUR W. GODFREY.

MORE ANNUALS.

ON SALE AT NO. 88 & 89, GRANVILLE STREET.

THE GEM—the Pearl—the Violet—the Gift—the Token and Atlantic Souvenir—the Youth's Keepsake.

ARTHUR W. GODFREY.

January 10, 1840.



