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# COLONIAL PEARL.

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## EVENING BEFORE THE WEDDING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ZSCHOKKE.

'We shall certainly be very happy!' said Lady Louise to her aunt, the evening before her marriage; and her cheeks wore a brighter hue, and her eyes were radiant with inward joy. Every one knows who a young bride means, when she says 'we.'

'I don't doubt it, Louise,' replied her aunt; 'and only hope that your happiness may be enduring.'

'Fear not for its continuance. I know myself, dear aunt, and know, that whatever faults I now possess, my love for him will correct. As long as we love, we must be happy; and our love can never change.'

'Ah!' sighed her aunt, 'you speak like a girl of nineteen, on the eve of marriage, with the exhilaration of satisfied wishes, the intoxication of bright hopes, and fond expectations. But remember, my beloved child, that even the heart grows old. The day will come, when the enchantment will be broken, the illusions of love dispersed. When the beauty and grace that charmed us is gone with the freshness of youth, then is it first evident whether we are truly worthy of love. Shadows are ever the attendants of sunshine, even in domestic life. When they fall, then can a wife first know whether her husband is truly estimable; then can the husband first know whether the virtues of his wife are imperishable. The day before marriage, all anticipations and protestations are to me ridiculous.'

'I understand you, aunt; you mean that it is only mutual virtue that can preserve mutual affection and happiness. As for myself, I will not boast; but is he not the best, the noblest? Is he not possessed of every quality necessary to insure the happiness of life?'

'My child,' replied her aunt, 'I acknowledge that you are right; without flattery, I can say that you are both amiable and excellent. But your blooming virtues have been kindly nurtured in sunshine. No flowers deceive like these. We know not how they can bear the storm; we know not in what soil they take root; neither know we what seed is hidden in the heart.'

'Alas! dear aunt, you make me fearful!'

'So much the better, Louise; I would that some good might result from this evening's conversation. I love you sincerely, and will tell you what I have proved. I am not yet an old aunt; an austere, bigotted woman. At seven-and-twenty, I look cheerfully upon life. I have an excellent husband, and a happy family; therefore you will not consider what I say as the splenetic effusions of disappointment. I will tell you a secret; of something which few speak to a lovely young maiden; something that occupies little of the attention of young men; and yet something of the highest importance to all, and from which eternal love and indestructible happiness alone proceed.'

Louise pressed the hand of her aunt, as she said: 'I know what you would say, and I certainly believe with you, that continued happiness and enduring love are not the result of accident or perishable attractions; but of the virtues of the heart, the graces of the mind. These are the best marriage treasures that we can gather; they never become old.'

'Ah, Louise! the virtues can become old and ugly, like the fading charms of the face.'

'Alas, dear aunt! say you so?'

'Name me one virtue that cannot become disagreeable or hateful with years.'

'Surely, aunt, the virtues are not mortal?'

'Even so!'

'Can mildness and gentleness ever become odious?'

'When, with time, they become weakness and indecision.'

'And manly spirit?'

'Becomes rude defiance.'

'And modesty—discretion?'

'Prudery—reserve.'

'And noble pride?'

'Arrogance and presumption.'

'And a wish to please?'

'Becomes sycophancy, and cringing for the approbation of all men.'

'My dear aunt, you make me almost angry. My future husband however, can never so degenerate. One thing will keep him from all by-paths; his own noble mind, his deep and indelible love for all that is great, and good; and beautiful. This delicate perception I think I also possess; and it is to me an innate security for our happiness.'

'And when this changes to a vicious or sickly sensibility? My child, believe me, sentimentality is the true marriage-fiend. I speak not of your sentiment for each other; that may God preserve; but of a sentimentality which may make you a ridiculous or quarrelsome woman. Do you know the Countess Stammern?'

'Who separated from her husband a year or two ago?'

'Yes; do you know the true cause of their separation?'

'No; there has been so many contradictory reports.'

'She told me herself; and as the story is both amusing and instructive, I will repeat it to you.'

'Louise was all curiosity, and her aunt proceeded:

'COUNT STAMMERN and his wife had long been considered an enviably happy pair. Their union was the result of a long and ardent attachment. Beautiful, good, and intellectual; congenial in taste and feeling; they seemed made for each other.'

After their betrothment, some disagreement occurred between their parents, which threatened to put a stop to the consummation of the marriage. The young countess became alarmingly ill from grief; and the enthusiastic lover threatened to destroy himself, like Goethe's Werther, or Miller's Siegwart. However, to restore the countess, and prevent the desperate act of the count, the parents became apparently reconciled. This saved the life of the lovers; but no sooner was the young lady pronounced out of danger, than her parents removed her, and sought to delay their union for an indefinite period. This was not to be endured. The young couple contrived to meet one night, escaped beyond the frontier, and under another government were united before the altar. They returned man and wife, having secured, as they fondly thought, a heaven upon earth. From this time, they seemed models of love and harmony. From morning until evening never separate, they seemed but to think of, and live for, each other. The romance and sentimental tenderness of their love made their existence like life in a faery tale. In winter, as well as in summer, he filled her apartment with significant flowers; and even every article of furniture was hallowed by some association or recollection.'

The second year, this enthusiastic fondness seemed rather an over-strained, false sentiment; but still, in all society, whether in gay routs and balls, or in a small circle of friends, they seemed to see and think only on each other; so much so indeed, as to render themselves almost ridiculous. In the third year, they laid aside this amiable weakness before the world, though at home they love still retained its romantic fondness. In the fourth, they seemed to have recovered from this first intoxication of happiness, so far at least as to be contented apart. They often passed the evening, sometimes the whole day, in company; he here, she there. This, however, but enhanced the pleasure of their reunion. By the fifth year, the count could leave home for a week, without being almost heart-broken; and the countess could bear his absence with fortitude. But their letters to each other, written daily, were as tender and impassioned as those of Heloise. The sixth, they became more sensible; and even when separated for several weeks, were satisfied with a few friendly letters. In the seventh, both felt that they could love sincerely, without its being necessary to assure each other of it, from morning until night.'

So far, all was well. In place of the all-absorbing passion of their first love, there was that abiding affection, that silent confidence in each other, that deeper friendship, which is the height of human happiness. In the eighth year, they had gradually thrown off so much of the selfishness of love, as to become sensible of the claims of the rest of the world, and no longer lived solely for each other, as if they were only sentient beings, and the rest of mankind but pictures or statues upon the stage of life. In nine, they were amiable, sensible people, abroad as well as at home. In ten, they seemed very much like mankind in general, and like excellent people who had been married ten years, and could take care of themselves. They had certainly grown ten years older; so had their love; and, alas! so had their virtues also.'

Next, they began to see the faults and foibles that had heretofore been covered with the mantle of love. They spoke not of them, but viewed each other's errors with kindness and indulgence. Soon, however, came a gentle admonition; but if it wounded the feelings, the offender was sure to make a full and sweet atonement. Then these admonitions came oftener; atonement was not so easily made; yet still harmony prevailed. They lowered occasional irritation, and anger, and differences of opinion;

but they still loved each other, and such things will occur in the happiest unions. At length their mutual feeling dictated avoidance of too frequent contact.

'You are sentimental, and sometimes irritable,' said the count, one day, to his wife, 'So am I. It is useless to have these idle differences. We will not interfere with each other, but each take our own way. We can be sincerely attached, without letting our attachment torment us to death.'

The countess acquiesced in her husband's sensible view of the matter, and henceforth they led an almost separate existence. Rarely meeting, except at meals, no one asked, 'Whence comest or whither goest thou?' In this complaisant manner, they lived in peace and harmony.'

One evening, in the twentieth year of their marriage, they attended the theatre, and were charmed with the delightful picture of domestic life and conjugal happiness which the play represented. They returned full of the feelings which had been excited in their susceptible hearts. The love of their youth seemed revived, and they sat conversing affectionately by the fireside, before supper.

'Ah!' said the countess, 'it would all be charming, if we could only remain young!'

'You, at least, have no reason to regret the loss of youth,' said her husband, tenderly. 'Few women remain so youthful and lovely. Indeed, I can see no difference between you now, and the day of our marriage. Some little faults of temper, perhaps, are discoverable; but that we must all expect; for were it not for these, our happiness would be too great for this earth. Indeed, were I to live my life over again, you would be my choice.'

'You are kind and gallant,' answered the countess, with a sigh; 'but I think what I was twenty years ago, and what I am now?'

'Now a lovely wife—then a lovely maiden! I would not exchange the one for the other,' said her husband, kissing her affectionately.

'We want but one thing, my love, to perfect our happiness,' said the countess.

'Ah! I understand you; an only child, to perpetuate your virtues and graces. Heaven may yet bless us.'

'We should be indeed happy; but then an only child causes more anxiety and care, than pleasure; lest, by some accident, we should lose it. Two children—'

'You are right; and not two, but three; for with two, if we lose one, there is the same anxiety and fear, lest we should be robbed of the other. I trust that heaven will yet hear our prayers, and bestow upon us three children.'

'My beloved friend,' said the countess, smiling, 'three are almost too many. We should be placed in a new embarrassment; for example, if they were all sons—'

'Good! We have five-and-twenty thousand florins a year; enough for us and for them. I would place the eldest in the army; of the second I would make a diplomatist; neither requires much expense; and we have rank, friends, and influence.'

'But you forgot the youngest!'

'The youngest! By no means! He shall be in the church; a canon—perhaps a prebend.'

'What! a priest?—my son a priest? No, indeed! Besides, he has no prospect of advancement.'

'No prospect of advancement?—and why not? He might become an abbot, a bishop, or even a cardinal.'

'Never! I would never be the mother of a monk, and see my son with the shaven crown and dark habit of the cloister! What can you be thinking of? If I had a hundred sons, not one should be a priest!'

'You are in a very strange temper, my dear wife, to withhold your consent to a profession which would not only be for his happiness and advantage, but ours.'

'Call it temper, or what you please, I care not. But I firmly declare, that I shall never consent; and remember, Sir, a mother has some right.'

'Very little. The father has the authority, and superior knowledge.'

'But the father is often wrong; his 'superior knowledge' is not infallible.'

'Ah well! I, at least, do not claim knowledge that I do not possess! and I repeat when the time arrives, I shall act as I think proper, without paying the slightest attention to your ridiculous and unfounded prejudices.'

'I am aware, Sir that you are my lord and husband; but I de-

sire you to know, that I have not yet the honor of being your servant.'

'Nor am I your fool, Madam! I have ever yielded to you—perhaps too much. Ill humor I can bear and forgive; besides little quarrels give variety and incident to life. But this foolishness is too intolerable.'

'Much obliged to you! Practice proves how much you have yielded. I beg to know who has ever given up most? For long years I have endured your faults in silence, and magnanimously pardoned them, as more the errors of education and the understanding, than of the heart. But the most angelic forbearance and amiability can be too severely tried.'

'There you are quite right. Had I not the most forbearing, forgiving disposition in the world, I could not have borne your ill humor and caprice so long. But I must plainly say, that it is too much, to expect me to be the obedient servant of folly. I can bear the yoke no longer.'

'I too will plainly say, what I have long thought, that you are a haughty, self-conceited egotist; a heartless man, always talking of 'feeling' and 'love' which you do not possess. Such people always boast of what they have not.'

'That is the reason you speak so frequently of your amiable disposition, and fine mind. You may deceive others, perhaps; thank heaven, I was undeceived, long ago! Virtue, with you, is nothing more than a feminine affectation. The more intimately I know you, the more does this disgust me. Indeed, I should not be very miserable, if you should wish to return to your family, and leave me in peace.'

'You have anticipated my wishes! A more tedious, conceited egotist was surely never created to amuse a sensible woman; and after a man becomes ridiculous in the eyes of his wife, you must know there can be no greater happiness, than for her to be speedily rid of him.'

'Extremely amiable, truly! All is then unmasked. I take you at your word. Adieu! Truly, it seems like some pleasing dream; in the morning the matter shall be duly arranged.'

'The earlier, the better, my Lord Count!'

And so they parted. The next morning, a notary was sent for; witnesses came; the act of divorce was written and signed by both; and notwithstanding the entreaties and remonstrances of friends and relatives, the separation took place.

Thus was a long and apparently happy union suddenly broken. A ridiculous dispute about the future destinies of three sons, who were yet by no means in the world, had broken a tie which should have been for eternity. And yet both the count and countess belonged to the better class of mankind, and had no faults worse than the frailties to which all are subject.

'Did you call the story amusing?' asked Louise, sorrowfully; 'it has made me very sad. I can easily comprehend how unhappiness and disagreement can affect excellent people; but as you have made me fearful and anxious, can you not encourage and comfort me? What a fate to lose my husband's love!'

'What do you mean?' asked her aunt.

'Ah! my dear aunt; could I always remain young, I might then be certain of my husband's constancy.'

'You are still in error, my beloved child; for even if you should remain beautiful, and blooming, as you are to-day, your husband's eyes would become so accustomed to your loveliness, as to view it with indifference. And yet familiarity is the greatest enchantress in the world, and one of the most beneficent fairies in our home. She knows no difference between the beautiful and the ugly. The husband grows old; familiarity prevents the wife from perceiving the change. On the contrary, should the wife remain young and beautiful, and the husband become old, the consequences might be unhappy; for the old are sometimes jealous and exacting. It is better as it has been ordered, in wisdom and love, by the Almighty Father. If you should become a withered old woman, and your husband remain a blooming youth, how could you expect to retain his heart?'

'Alas! I know not!' sighed Louise.

'I will tell you,' continued her aunt, two things, which I have fully proved. The first will go far toward preventing the possibility of any discord; the second is the best and surest preservative of feminine charms.'

'Tell me?' said Louise, anxiously.

'The first is this: demand of your bridegroom, as soon as the marriage ceremony is over, a solemn vow, and promise also yourself, never, even in jest, to dispute, or express any disagreement; I tell you, never!—for what begins in mere bantering, will lead to serious earnest. Avoid expressing any irritation at one another's words. Mutual forbearance is one great secret of domestic happiness. If you have erred, confess it freely, even if confession cost you some tears. Further, promise faithfully and solemnly, never, upon any pretext or excuse, to have any secrets or concealments from each other; but to keep your private affairs from father, mother, brother, sister, relations, and the world. Let them be known only to each other, and to your God. Remember that any third person admitted into your confidence, becomes a party to stand between you. They will naturally side with one or the other. Promise to avoid this, and

renew the vow upon every temptation. It will preserve that perfect confidence, that union, which shall indeed make you as one. Oh, if the newly married would but practice this simple duty, this secret spring of connubial peace, how many unions would be happy, that are now miserable!'

Louise kissed, fervently, the hand of her aunt, and said: 'I see it all. Where there is not this implicit confidence, the pair remain, even after their marriage, as strangers. They cannot understand each other; and without mutual confidence, there can be no real happiness. And now, dear aunt, what is the best means of preserving female beauty?'

Her aunt smilingly answered: 'We cannot conceal from ourselves that we love and admire what is beautiful, more than what is not; but what peculiarly pleases, what we really call beautiful, is not hair or complexion, form or color. These may please in a picture or a statue; but in life, it is the mind, the soul, which displays itself in every look and word, and charms alike in joy or sorrow. This, too, is expected from, and alone renders worthy of love, a beautiful exterior. We find a vicious man hateful and disgusting, even if polished and elegant in manners and appearance. A young female, who would retain the love and admiration of her husband, after the charms of person which had attracted him have vanished, must keep bright, and in constant play, the graces of the mind, the virtues of the soul. Wisdom and prudence do not always increase with years, while faults and passions generally do. Virtue, however, cannot change. It is the same throughout eternity; unalterable, like its divine author. If, therefore, you would preserve your union inviolate and happy, upon earth, and be reunited to the beloved one in heaven, 'keep your heart with all diligence;' so shall you retain that spiritual beauty, that more perfect loveliness, which your husband will love and admire, long after the cheek has faded, and the form lost its symmetry. I am not a hypocritical devotee, nor an old woman, dead to all the pleasures and enjoyments of life. I am but seven-and-twenty. I enter with avidity into the pleasures and feelings of the world; but I say to you, there is no other security for enduring happiness.'

Louise threw her arms round the neck of her aunt, and kissed her tenderly.

M. L. P.

#### THE RECTOR'S DAUGHTER.

I do not love to speak to many of my poor friend and early playmate, the rector's daughter. There is a sacredness about her sorrow—it has something so almost mysterious in its dispensations—and is borne with a fortitude so touching, and a resignation so saintlike—that it seems ever to me unfitted for ordinary handling, and language an inappropriate exponent of her mournful tale. A grief like Caroline's should have no other interpreter than the sad and solemn characters which it has written on her still beautiful brow. She never weeps—at least none see her weep; and her gentle voice, which from her very childhood had a tone of sadness, is heard by no mortal ears in the language of complaint. What dirge-like music may be uttered in the haunted depths of that wounded spirit is known only to herself and the angels; but to the world, she speaks always calmly—and even cheerfully at times. You who knew Caroline through all her young days, will remember well that, light-hearted as the sweet child was, there was even then at times a sort of shadow on her brow—an air of thought not natural and infinitely touching, in one so young. As she grew towards womanhood, the shadow became permanent without deepening; and the graceful girl, with her long fair hair and somewhat antique fashion of dress, gave us both the impression of one predestined to suffer—

"She was of those whose very morn  
Gives some dark hint of night,  
And in her eye, too soon, was born  
A sad and softened light;  
And on her brow youth set the seal  
Which years upon her brain,  
Confirmed too well—and they who feel  
May scarcely weep again!"

Seated, amid the shadows of a summer evening, in the old oratory which her father had fitted up as a boudoir, for her who was all the treasure that time had left him—ministered to by the breath of the jasmine and the fragrance of the rose—I have gazed at times, on the unconscious girl, when, to my excited imagination, there was something almost apocalyptic in her look; till, as I stepped in upon her, the spirit of prophecy seemed lifted from the forehead, before a smile of welcome that made her face like the face of an archangel. Oh! those happy days in the old rectory!—for Caroline was happy then; and the seeming cloud on her brow (for it had not yet reached her heart) was but the shadow flung from that approaching destiny which has, since, alighted. I cannot, therefore, speak of the rector's daughter to every one: but to you, who knew and loved her as I did myself, I will, at length, fulfil the promise so often made, and narrate the incident which finally darkened her spirit for all the remainder of its earthly pilgrimage.

The early pleasures and early trials of the rector's daughter are as well known to yourself as to me; and you remember well how

rich a volume the sibyl Hope presented to Caroline, when she first emerged from childhood. Year after year tore away some portion of that charmed book; and the perished leaves but enhanced the value of her young heart to those that remained. You remember well how, each after the other, her sisters were laid beneath the old trees in the churchyard; and the channels in which her young affections had been accustomed to run, were, one by one, thrown back into the deep well of her spirit, there to seek fresh outlets, or make the heart a waste. Then, her mother, weary with her long separation from those who were to return no more, went forth to them, and was laid in a grave by their side. From that day, Caroline was a child no more—at least she never again looked like one: and her father, the kind-hearted rector, old in heart, though in the vigour of his years, had none but herself to remind him of all that he had lost, and inherit the accumulated treasure of love which had reverted to his spirit from the cluster of groves in the neighbouring church-yard. And then came happier times to Caroline; and her heart found fresh issues. You remember George P\*\*\*—the play-days of the young cousins—their joint studies—their young attachment—their mature love. You were a witness to the growth of that hallowed and hallowing love, amid the fond and smiling approval of all who had an interest in the youthful pair. Those were Caroline's sunny days!—when the memory of her childish griefs had taken a tone in which indulgence had a charm for her heart, and she seemed, in the bright prospect which was opening up around her to have emerged from the destiny that had overhung her like a prophecy! Something, however, of her latter sorrows I believe you know; for you had not gone forth from amongst us when her new and final trials began. You remember George's departure for Oxford, and the rumors that reached our quiet village, and the hearts that loved him there, of the surrender to the temptations by which he was surrounded. You saw the gradual coming up of that cloud, from the day when it was "no bigger than a man's hand," till it had overspread the entire heaven of that hope in which the rector and his daughter had been blest, and shut out the sunshine from poor Caroline's heart. You know that, when George left Oxford, and flung himself into the vortex of London dissipation, instead of returning to the fond and forgiving hearts that awaited him at the rectory, his reckless career of extravagance had involved the fortunes and bowed down the spirit of his father. But the sequel of that painful story, you know not—and that I am now to relate to you.

It was in the old rectory, Caroline's boudoir, amid the deepening shadows of an autumn eve, that the rector and his daughter spoke together, for the last time, of George P\*\*\*. The old man had marked the sufferings of his child, in her pale and wasted cheek; and, in his earnest desire for her happiness, and with something like a hope that the nobler qualities of her lover might yet come out clear from the shadow by which they were, for the moment, darkened, had forborne to add to her distress, by any comments on the conduct of him to whom she was betrothed. But the profligate student had forgotten the hearts that yearned towards him, amid all his follies; and tidings of his excesses had reached the village, which robbed the rector of his last hope, and made it incumbent on him to dissolve the ill-omened connexion, for the sake of his daughter's peace. In that solemn interview, he exacted a promise from Caroline—given with many tears, but unhesitatingly given—that she would consider the engagement between herself and her cousin as cancelled: and as he kissed her cheek, and bid adieu to her for the night, the poor girl felt that, but for her father, she was, once more, alone in the world. Never had she felt so desolate till that hour; but the morning was to bring a yet deeper desolation to her breast. That night took from her the last heart to which her's clung: for, amid its shadows, the rector had passed away—almost direct, as it seemed, from that painful interview with his sole surviving child—to the presence of those to whom he had mourned so deeply and so long!

Months passed over the head of the bereaved girl, cheered by no incident save the universal sympathy which her orphan condition and unvarying sweetness won for her. The new rector, whose family was large, had been supplied with a more commodious residence than the old rectory house; and by the kindness of the patron, an arrangement had been made, which left her, with her nurse, in possession of the home which had been the scene of all her hopes, and was now for her "the house of memory." Tidings had indeed been received of her former lover, which, no doubt, brought consolation with them—though after the pledge given to her father within the immediate shadow of his grave, they could no longer bring hope. His naturally noble mind had awakened from its demoralizing dream; and the energies of a "spirit finally turned," had directed themselves, at length, to those "fine issues" which were its natural result. His soul had shaken off the foul mists by which its clearer perceptions had been, for a time, so fatally obscured; and, amid the sweet and sacred images that came gliding back into his purified heart, came first and sweetest of them all, the vision of the rector's daughter. Then it was, that he loarned the vow which had come between their hearts, and knew that he and Caroline were separated by the solemn shadows of the rector's grave. In the strength of his redeemed and penitent spirit, he bowed his head to the dispensa-



tion which he felt that he had himself provoked: and lent himself manfully to arrangements in his favour which were making by his friends, and which resulted in once more opening up to him the path of fortune, though far away from the scenes alike of his early hopes and recent faults. Under circumstances of peculiar promise, he was invited to join a commercial speculation in India; and in a few weeks the seas were to ratify that separation between George P\*\*\* and the rector's daughter, which, in her mind, was already consecrated by the grave of her father.

I have said that Caroline seldom weeps; but many and bitter, in those days, were the tears shed by the solitary girl. It was on a winter's evening, in one of those moments when her spirit was awakened by the scene of its utter desolation, that the window of the old oratory was opened from the garden, and George P\*\*\* stood once more, in the presence of the rector's daughter. The buoyant youth of sixteen was changed into a pale and wasted man; and he had come to take the words of forgiveness from the lips of Caroline, ere he parted from her for ever. No one saw their interview; but the old nurse heard the murmur of voices in the boudoir, and the sound of deep and passionate sobbing. What passed between them is known but to God and themselves—save by its result; and that result was what might have been anticipated from such an interview. What could be expected from two young beings, thus thrown together by the old tie which was the only one that time had left—at least, to Caroline? How was the orphan girl to be proof against the passionate pleading of the only heart which still beat in unison with her own? George had the art to persuade his mistress that the promise exacted by her father, in the prospect of his follies, would assuredly have been cancelled in favor of his repentance; and that, if the rector had been with them, that evening, in the oratory where they had so often sat together, he would not have stood between his child and the returning penitent whom she still loved. Caroline's reason and heart alike told her that this was indeed so: and ere the lovers parted on that night, they were once more betrothed. The friends who immediately presided over the fortunes of the orphan, entirely approved of the spirit in which her promise to the rector had been read, and gladly ratified the contract which once opened up a prospect of happiness to her bruised spirit. It was agreed that George should depart for Calcutta, alone: and, so soon as the success of his speculations had been ascertained, and arrangements made for her reception, that Caroline should follow, and become his wife. There were many in the village, however—where Caroline was beloved of all—who looked on this engagement with uneasiness; and prophesied that no good could come of a contract founded on a breach of promise to the dead.

And almost from the first, it seemed as if these forebodings were about to be realized. The ship in which George had taken his passage for India had sailed many months, yet no tidings of it reached England. Week after week of anxious suspense passed away, and the ill-fated girl drooped and faded before this new trial of the heart. At length, however, when the time which had elapsed left no hope in the minds of all others, the spirit of the orphan rallied, under some mysterious impulse, and hope came back to her heart, and bloom to her cheek. Her friends looked on uneasily—for she was obviously sustained by some delusion—and this “hoping against hope” argued an unsoundness of judgment, at which they trembled, but could not wonder. Strange and poetic fancies kept the poor girl happy, through that trying time. Dreams of enchanted islands, at which the ship had, perhaps, cast anchor, wooed by their wondrous beauty—visions of unknown continents, which the crew might have turned aside to explore, accounted to her for the delay. Then, there were times when her fancies took a more sober tone, and drew their salutations of her love's silence from something more like realities. But, amid them all, it never occurred to her to doubt that he would, one day, come back. He might have been shipwrecked, or taken by pirates—but his return was a portion of all her speculations—long after his friends had mourned him as dead! And, for this once, fortune was in alliance with her heart. When all who had hopes embarked in that vessel, save herself alone, had laid them in their graves, came letters, announcing George's arrival at Calcutta. The vessel had been driven far to the southward, by a long prevalence of adverse winds; and regained her course when famine had nearly deprived the crew and passengers of all power to avail themselves of the more auspicious weather. Caroline received the news without surprise—as what she had long expected: but, in the presence of her assured hopes, her tottering mind gradually regained its natural tone. And then came fresh tidings, announcing George's success; and Caroline set sail for India, to be, at length, united to the lover of her youth.

The weather was stormy enough, until the ship, in which she and her hopes were embarked, had reached the tropic latitudes; and, in the excitement of the novel scenes by which she was surrounded, Caroline's thoughts were diverted from dwelling much either on her past sorrows or her future prospects. But when the weather lulled, and a succession of calms and light breezes succeeded to the noise and bustle of fresh gales and heavy seas, a sort of tender melancholy stole over the spirit of the lonely girl. Amid the vast solitudes of the ocean—cut off from all old familiar

ties—the scenes of her orphaned condition came heavily to her heart; and though she strove to look forward to that happiness of which she was sailing in search, yet she had been too long the victim of disappointment to be altogether successful in her strife against that feeling of foreboding, so naturally born of the waste of waters and the torpid air.

It was one evening, after a day of more than usual depression, that Caroline descended to her cabin, in order to seek in sleep a refuge from the heaviness of spirit which she had vainly endeavoured to shake off. She sat long at her window, watching the shadows gradually steal over the world of waters by which she was surrounded; and flung herself, at length, upon her bed, weary in spirit and heavy at heart. But her slumbers were unrefreshing and her dreams disturbed: and, after a troubled sleep, of she could not guess how long, she found herself suddenly awake. Her face was hid in the bed-clothes; and vague and undefinable terror was upon her, which made her flesh creep, and chilled the blood within her veins. Cold drops of perspiration stood on her forehead, and her heart fainted, as the heart of one who stands in the presence of a disembodied spirit! She lay for some moments in this mortal trance; and then, with a presence of mind marvellous in one whose pulse stood still with fear, she argued herself into the conviction that she was under the impression of a nightmare, and, raising her head by a convulsive effort, looked forth into the cabin. The moon shone clear into the small chamber; and between her bed and the narrow window by which it gained entrance—in the direct path of its rays—stood the pale face and wasted form of George P\*\*\*. The moonlight fell around him, like a mantle; and the eyes which had never before turned on her without the expression of love, were fixed on her's with a look of calm and passionless repose. With a loud scream, she buried her face again within the bed-clothes; and lay, she knew not how long, in the sleep of insensibility. When consciousness returned, and she, once more, ventured to look up, the apparition was gone, and the moonlight fell unintercepted on her bed. With a feeling like that of approaching death, she rose from her couch; and, flinging a cloak over her shoulders, ascended to the deck.

It was a beautiful but melancholy night. The moon glided, spectre-like, through the cloudless heaven; and flung, from her nearly full orb, upon the slumbering waters, that pale and mournful light which the young crescent planet never shed. The ship floated through the waters, before a breath so faint as to be scarcely perceptible, save from the creeping motion which it communicated; and, standing on the same tack with themselves, though all but motionless, the yards and shrouds of another ship rose right before her line of vision and the wan moon. Most of the canvass had been taken in; and the two vessels were evidently standing under easy sail, for the purposes of communication with other. As Caroline gazed upon the spars and cordage, with all their tracery defined in the pale moonlight, the strange vessel appeared to her excited imagination like a spectre-ship; and the same mysterious sense of terror crept to her heart, that had chilled its life-blood in the cabin which she had left! But the night-air revived her—and her fear passed away—and a sensation of exceeding tenderness and melancholy took its place. The phantoms of her mother and her sisters passed through her heart—and the echoes of old familiar voices floated to her ear; and it seemed to her as if her destiny were accomplished, and she was beckoned, by invisible hands, on board the spirit-ship that lay white before her, in the moon-beams. She sat on the poop of the vessel, and watched the strange craft that appeared to her heart like some mystery which it was bound to solve: till, letters having been exchanged between the ships, the object of her trance-like interest spread its wings, and glided slowly away through the moonlight. Never before had the lonely girl felt so lone. What was the strange ship to her, that her spirit yearned towards it, and her heart so died within her, to see it depart? All night, she fancied that she heard the sound of wings that went and came between the ships; and when, at length, in the gray of the morning, the stranger faded off into the distance, it seemed to her as if the spectre-ship; had vanished away into some sea grave!

That night at sea it was which left on the forehead of the rector's daughters, the solemn characters whose interpretation you have so often sought from me! The tale is soon told. When Caroline reached Calcutta, there was no one expecting her, and no one to meet her. Three days after the date of his letter, summoning over his bride, her lover had been seized with the fever of the country, and carried off in a few hours. In writing to Caroline, he had recommended her to come out by a vessel which was to sail some months later than that in which, for reasons of convenience, her friends had secured her passage. She was not, therefore, expected so soon; and when he knew that he was dying, he had made it his earnest request that he might be sent home to lie near her, in the old churchyard. His body was conveyed to England, in the vessel which had exchanged letters with the ship on board of which was the rector's daughter; and thus had the two met, for the last time, amid the moonlight solitudes of the sea!

This it is that has weighed more heavily on Caroline than all her sorrows besides. Never has she consoled herself for having misunderstood the warnings of her heart, in that unconscious meet-

ing, and passed forward to India, in search of happiness, while her lover was travelling homeward to his grave! The strangeness of that meeting—strange enough even to you and me, who are but unimpassioned listeners to the narration of an incident so singularly wild—has haunted her heart, like some high and solemn mystery; and it can scarcely surprise you to learn that the poor girl's mind is indelibly impressed with the reality of a visitation from her lover, in her cabin, while the two ships were in company. There are some circumstances, so striking in themselves and so strange in their combination, that it would be worse than idle to argue against the convictions which they leave behind, in the troubled spirit they assail. Caroline returned to England, and has resided since amid the friends to whom her story is known, and beside the graves of her perished hopes: and the memories of that night, acting upon a heart which time has once more tuned to all its early sweetness, have made her the intensely interesting and strangely beautiful being you now see her.

## ELOQUENT EXTRACT.

BY REV. T. IRVING.

“Take up a handful of dust and ashes, and there behold the materials out of which the Lord God Almighty fashioned man—this living form of man, so quick and pregnant with all sensual and spiritual feeling. And if you would know the kindness which your father hath put forth in the works of his hands, look to the tribes, from the worm to the lion, all made of as good materials; in size, strength, fleetness, and durability, surpassing man. But, where is their counsel? where is their government? where is their knowledge? where is their religion? which of them has any fellowship with God, or reasonable intercourse with one another? The other creatures are but the outward endowments of man's senses, to clothe, to feed, to lay the lusty shoulder to his burden, to carry him about, to watch over him in sleep, and to minister in other ways to his entertainment.

“And what is the earth whereon you tread, and which spreads its flowery carpet beneath your feet? And what are its various fruits, with their varieties to sustain, to refresh, and to cherish human life; the corn, the wine, and the oil? And what the recurring seasons of divided time; the budding spring, the flowery summer, the joyful vintage, the lusty harvest; and the homely well-provided winter? And what the cheerful outgoings of morn, and dewy eve, and balmy sleep, and blessed action? What are they all, but the sweet cradle and the blessed condition into which our Father hath brought us, his children? Is there nothing fatherly in all this; in the costly preparation and glad welcome of our coming; and in the motherly bosom of plentiful affection and food stored for us? and in the fruitful dwelling-places to which we are born? Is it nothing, that the range of our mansion is to the starry heaven, and not cooped within the incumbrance of a narrow shell? Is it nothing, that the heavens drop down fatness upon us, and that the river of God's bounty watereth all the garden where we dwell; rather than that we should have gripped the rock for our bed, or found our birth-place in the oozy channels of the deep?

“Let us praise our heavenly Father, that he hath made us with more understanding than the beasts of the field, with more wisdom than the fowls of heaven; that he hath made us a little lower than the angels, and crowned us with glory and honor, and made us to have dominion over the works of his hands, and hath put all things under our feet; all sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field, and the fowls of the air, and the fish of the sea. ‘Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man, that thou visitest him?’ Look upon the treatment you have received at the hand of your Creator, and say if it doth not speak him more than fatherly in his love and carefulness. Our bread hath been provided, our water hath been sure; we have been protected from the summer's smiting heat, and from the winter's blasting cold. The damps of the night have not settled chill upon our raiment, nor hath the pestilence which wasteth at noonday blown its deadly blast across our path. The Lord hath been the length of our days, and the strength of our life, from our youth up to this day. He hath surrounded us with lovely children, to stand in our room when we are gone; and he hath given us a house and habitation among men; and he hath found us in the sight of men more favors than we have deserved. Hath he not hidden your faults from the knowledge of men? Hath he not been very tender to your reputation, which, by a turn of his providence, he could have blasted? Hath he not restrained the wrath of your enemies? No sword hath come up against us; no famine hath pinched our borders; no plague, nor pestilence, nor blasting winds have bitten us; no weapons formed against our liberties have ever prospered! Another year hath told out its months and seasons; but each day hath brought our necessary meals and luxurious entertainments; and each night hath brought its refreshment of dewy sleep; each sabbath hath its rest and blessed ministry of salvation. The heavens have dropped down fatness on our tabernacles. Very pleasant are our dwelling-places, and the places where our lines have fallen, to very good.”

## INVOCATION TO SUMMER.

Sweet Summer, come! Why linger on the way,  
While, cold and sad, we mourn thy long delay?  
What fearest thou?  
No more rude Winter scowls upon the land;  
The earth is fair; Spring, with a flowery hand,  
Has decked her brow.

The waving woods, arrayed in leafy grace,  
Spread their green boughs, and court thy warm embrace,  
Thy balmy air:  
The verdant lawn prepares the carpet soft,  
On which thy glowing foot has trod so oft,  
And quivering branches scatter from aloft  
Their blossoms fair.

Summer! oh haste, these blushing sweets to see,  
And budding fruits, that perish but for thee!  
Come beaming forth  
From the deep shade of ever-blooming bowers,  
And pour the spicy breath of southern flowers  
O'er the sad north!

This was a spring-tide wish, when breezes chill,  
And frosts untimely, shivered down the hill:  
Warm Summer heard the call, and straitway came,  
With eye of lightning, and with breath of flame:  
The chill north winds, that met the sultry blast,  
Were driven back to arctic realms at last,  
And sighing low,  
Swept round the frozen zone, o'er icy beds,  
Where Winter, stern and unrelenting, spreads  
Eternal snow.

And we, sad mortals! doomed to dire extremes,  
Are scorching, melting, 'neath the fervid beams  
Of summer's fiery sun; and faintly call,  
'Oh! for some ice, to cool our lips withal!  
Oh! for some clouds athwart the burning sky,  
Filled with kind showers; for mother earth is dry;  
And thirst, insatiate, opens his panting mouth,  
To mutter vengeance on the flaming south!  
Ah, dire extremes! Scarce can cold winter leave us,  
Ere summer comes, with heat, drought, dust, to grieve us!

## ROUGE FOR THE LADIES.

## A STRANGE ADVENTURE.

An anecdote of a young English lady of our acquaintance residing at Paris, and who for the first time applied, or rather misapplied, rouge vinegar, may perhaps be acceptable to our fair readers, as furnishing a lesson in the use of that preparation.

The lady was extremely pale, though of remarkable beauty. A female friend of hers, thinking that what required no improvement—for her very pallor was lovely—might perchance be improved by a little colour on her cheeks, presented her with a bottle of the "Vinaigre de Maille." She was engaged to a large party the same evening—indeed her toilet was nearly completed for the occasion, when her friend left her. As is the case with most young ladies when under process of adornment for a party, this one was not ready as soon as she ought to have been. Her aunt was getting impatient, and the carriage was waiting at the door. Twice she had been summoned. Having, with the assistance of her maid put the finishing touch to her toilet, she bethought her of her friend's present. Dismissing the servant, she proceeded in a great hurry to apply the liquid to her cheeks, with a bit of raw cotton. As the vinegar does not colour until it begins to dry, and the young lady was ignorant of this, she was so liberal in the use of the liquid, that in a short time her cheeks became of a most fiery red. In an agony of haste and nervous impatience, she seized a towel and endeavoured to rub off some of the vinegar. This only made the matter worse, by removing the colour which was not quite dry, and spreading it on that part of the face where it ought not to be. Dismayed at the result of her expedient, she rushed to the washing-stand, and with soap and towel gave her cheeks a tremendous scrubbing. The water was not too abundant, but she was lavish of soap and hand-labour. The voice of her impatient aunt was at length heard from the stairs—and supposing that, by this time, the traces of the vinegar were entirely effaced, she ran down stairs, and glided through the hall, sprang into the carriage and ensconced herself on the farther side—hoping that by the time her somewhat infirm and irritable relative had gone over the same ground, her anger would be exhausted.

On reaching the house where they were to be entertained, the servants, as they announced Miss O—, looked at her with a stare of astonishment, which was repeated by the hostess and all her guests. The aunt and niece could not account for this strange reception; but a whisper soon was through the rooms that Miss O—, had been seized with a malignant fever, on her way to Madame P—'s. Every body seemed to shrink from her; whilst she, meanwhile, having no idea of the cause of such conduct, be-

gan to feel considerable alarm and mortification. At length her aunt happened to look her in the face.

"Why! child," said she, "what is the matter with you?" "Nothing that I know of aunty," replied the beauty. "Oh! dear," exclaimed Madame P.—, "Doctor Blache, who is just arrived, says that she must have taken the scarlet fever, and that it is of the very worst kind."

At this moment Miss O— chanced to catch a reflection of her own pretty face in a large mirror opposite to where she stood. It would be impossible to describe the shock it gave her. Her beauty had fled: a strong shining varnish appeared to have been thickly rubbed all over her face, which was covered with streaks and blotches of the most fiery red, intersecting each other in all directions. She was ready to faint, and having forgotten all about the rouge vinegar, was fully persuaded that she was labouring under the most malignant type of scarlet fever. The excitement of her imagination was such as really to give her the feelings of disease, and to heighten her pulse to such a degree that Dr. Blache pronounced her in danger, and advised her that she should be immediately taken home, and put to bed.

Miss O—, more dead than alive, was placed in her aunt's carriage. On reaching home, however, the cause of her strange appearance became known, and was found to have been the application of soap and water to the undried excess of rouge vinegar. The young lady was, however, obliged to hide herself in her room for more than a fortnight, before the traces of her inexperience were effaced; and during this time, a report was prevalent among her numerous admirers, that she was dying of a malignant fever.

From "Rural Sketches."

## FORTUNES OF TUMBLING TOMMY.

BY THOMAS MILLER.

"Never did tranquil hamlet rear a wilder scapegrace than little Tommy, or village green bear a more arrant skip-Jack; his legs, instead of his thoughts, were ever turned heavenward; to him the world was always topsy-turvy, for never was he so happy as when tumbling head over heels, turning somersets, standing on his head upon a pint pot, or walking upon his hands. He was, indeed, a thing of 'shreds and patches,' a very Joseph in his garments of divers colours; every somerset he turned cost his mother a score or two of stitches; she did but little beside mending his clothes, or running from cottage to cottage begging bits of cloth. 'Do, neighbour,' she would say, 'try to find me a bit of something to mend our lad's breeches, for really it takes all my time only to keep him decent; I've hardly laid down my needle, and told him not to split his things so again, before up go his legs over and over, like a windmill-sail, and crack, crack, crack, crack, goes all my stitching, though I've done it with white-a-brown thread of three thicknesses.' Poor Tommy's tumbling was his only pleasure, as he confessed, 'he did it without a thought.'—He went to school, but, poor fellow! he never could have lived had he not been permitted to go out every hour to give his heels an airing; they absolutely quivered again when the hands of the clock were upon the point of twelve or five. How wistfully would he look at the flies, running feet uppermost on the ceiling! I believe from my heart, he envied them during school hours. But, oh! when the school broke loose, when the hour was up, the signal given, the words uttered, 'Boys, you may go home,' to have seen Tommy shoot out;—hop—step—jump, and he had cleared the threshold, and helter-skelter, head over heels he went, never stopping to look; and as to thinking, why, his very brains were prevented from dwelling upon anything for even a moment, so he trusted to some hedge, ditch, wall, or paling to bring him up; nor would his feet remain easy even then, but hang uppermost, and knock and kick, and perhaps take it into their heads to go over and over back again. No marvel that he almost always held his book wrong end uppermost, and was fond of making X's, because they were all legs; if he looked at a picture, he invariably turned it heels upwards, then marvelled why the legs were not pointed skyward; how his face was plashed in wet weather, when he walked home, head downwards, on his hands to keep his shoes clean and not dirty his mother's floor. He believed that man originally walked on his head, and averred, that not half the people would fall in frosty weather, if they looked to their steps and took heed to their ways.

"In vain did his mother inquire, 'What can I do with him? Who would undertake to teach him a trade? He never could settle down into a sober body, unless he enlisted for a soldier, and had the good fortune to lose those whirling legs,—those spinning spindles. However, he left the school, and poor old tailor Markam, having a respect for his mother, said, to use his own expression, 'I'll try what sitting crosslegged with a heavy sleeve-board and a heavier goose will do for him; for if aught in the world will take the devil out of them legs of his, it must be a little heavy ironing on his own knees.' So Tommy went on trial to tailor Markam, and when asked if he could sit cross-legged, he only replied with a grin, and throwing his feet over each shoulder made them meet behind his neck. Fine fun to him was the goose and sleeve-board!—he brought the iron down every time with a force which made the shopboard on which they sat spring again;

the old tailor praised his exertion, and Tommy ironed away until the perspiration streamed from his brow. Unfortunately, however, the shopboard was thin—it was elastic—down went the iron in an instant as soon as he made this discovery; he chattered away like a monkey, swayed himself a few times, until the tailor shook in his seat. There was no resisting the emotion; a fine clear board with such a spring, and not to tumble,—that was more than the legs of a human being like him could resist—so down went the sleeve-board and goose, and up went his heels, and alighted on poor old Markam's chest, and pitched him topsy-turvy into the floor, and as the window was up, out he shot at a bound, and went tumbling all the way home, to the amazement of his poor old mother, and the disappointment of all her hopes. No; tailoring would not suit Tommy, especially if followed on a board elastic as old Markam's; so he was once more at 'a loose end,' emptying his mother's cup-board, then somerseting round the village-green to get a new appetite. In vain did the old woman plead with the glazier, and entreat him to give her boy a trial; but his look was decisive; he pointed to the piles of glass which stood around his shop, shrugged his shoulders and shook his head, saying plainly, that amid such brittle ware there was not room for Tumbling Tommy. Our host at the Blue Bell gave him a trial, but it was of no avail, for if he had to carry home a pint of beer, he set it down twenty times during the journey to show the boys how he could stand on his head on the full pot; too often reaching the doors of his customers, with the ale foam glittering on his elfin locks, or sometimes forgetting himself, he ventured a somerset with a full pot in each hand, making a circle round his head like a water-wheel. \* \* \* The shopkeeper gave him a day's trial, but before night he had both his feet in a hamper of eggs, and was glad to make his escape from the wrath of his master, without pausing to draw out the shoe which stuck in a firkin of butter after one of his somersets. He finished with the old shoemaker, who took him on trial, before noon, by sweeping half the crockery-ware from the mantel-piece, and driving his feet through two panes of glass at the very first tumble. With the barber he fared no better; and before he had been with the blacksmith an hour, his feet were over the bellows' handle, and up and down he jerked at such a rate as blew every spark out of the forge, and made an illumination all over the floor.

"The mountebanks had come to try their fortune at Warten Woodhouse, and had got up a lottery, the highest prize being two guineas in money; the lowest were stated to be worth five shillings; shares one shilling each—tumbling and conjuring gratis. All day long they went drumming and sounding through the village, and having also distributed their bills through the neighbouring hamlets, a vast concourse (for a country place) were soon assembled. A rare show did these mountebanks make around the little circus set apart for their performance; never were so many gown-pieces, cotton shawls, silk handkerchiefs, kettles, boots, shoes, hats, etc. before exhibited in the village; every one who had a shilling to spare tried his luck, and some of them, to use my old grandad's phrase, who had 'more money than brains,' purchased, three or four shares. Well, the prizes were drawn by a peasant lad, well known to them all, and I doubt not as fairly as in customary on such occasions; in short, everybody seemed satisfied who had won a prize, and those who had not, murmured; the two guineas were, however, won by one of our neediest neighbours, whom, I believe, my grandad furnished with the shilling to try his luck. When the prize-drawing was all over, the performance commenced, and you may be sure that Tommy was there as a looker on. The principal tumbler chanced to be a very stout man, considerably too much so for his profession; however, he managed to turn a somerset,—he tried a second, and fell down. Oh! to have seen Tumbling Tommy at the moment! He jumped, he screamed, he clapped his hands with delight, and shouted aloud, 'Ha! ha! I can beat him, I can beat him!' The stout man again arose, and Tommy stood peeping between the legs of a very tall man, and watched his motions with the deepest anxiety. The mountebank made another trial, and accomplished it slowly and clumsily, and then by way of change stood on his head. This was more than our mercurial friend could bear to witness: to stand on his head only: why, Tommy could do that before he was four years old. Like a greyhound slipped from the leash when the game is in view, so did Tommy shoot from under the legs of his tall companion, and, without once halting, made half a score somersets in the circus. The fat man brought himself to an anchor, and sat looking daggers at the intruder; the crowd clapped their hands and shouted,—even those who had drawn blanks joined in the applause. Nor could the master-mountebank keep back his share of praise; the whole circus rang with loud acclaim—a proud night was that for Tumbling Tommy. The performance was at last finished, and next day the mountebank sought the mother of the young scape-grace: he made very fair offers for her son, and held out hopes that if he went through a regular course of tuition, there would be no doubt of his one day becoming a great tumbler. 'No, she couldn't think of letting her bairn live such a tramping life; if he tumbled a bit now and then to please himself; that was all well and good. But he was her own bairn, and as dear to her as if he was ever so steady; no, she couldn't think of letting him leave her.' A day or two however elapsed, and Tumbling Tommy was missing; where he had gone we all



had a shrewd guess; but years elapsed and his mother never saw him again, although he frequently sent her small sums of money, and, at last, more than she required to live on.

"Time rolled away, and I had almost forgotten my old play-mate; if I thought of him at all, it was among many others, a mingled mass in which few of the objects stood out distinctly. One day, however, a strange foreign-looking fellow knocked at the door, and looking very hard at me, said, 'Don't you know me?' No, I had no remembrance of that mustachoid, be-whiskered, and sunbrowned face—I had not the honour to know the gentleman. He drew a card from his case and presented it. 'Signior Capriccio, Palua.' Worse and worse; I had no acquaintance with any such person; never remembered to have seen such a name before. What could he mean? There was a sly mockery in his countenance as he exclaimed, 'I'll make you know me!' and throwing up his heels, he turned three or four somersets, nor ceased until he had poked one foot clean through a map of London, making a greater hole in the Thames than ever the tunnel had done, and demolishing both St. Paul's and the Bank, and the whole neighbourhood of Cheapside. I knew him instantly, not by his face, but his feet; there was no mistaking those old familiar legs—they looked all the better for wear: had he but presented them instead of his face at first, I should at once have recognised my old friend Tumbling Tommy. Those very legs which were so despised, which every neighbour prophesied would be his ruin, had carried him safely through a great portion of the world."

Some of the wood-cuts illustrating this volume deserve great praise, equally for the design and execution.

#### A MONUMENT OF A MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

The death of a friend who never spared a fault of my character, nor found a virtue which he did not praise, had cast a gloom over my mind, which no previous deprivation had produced. I remember how sceptical and heart-smitten—not heart-broken—the broken heart always believes—I stood at his grave, while the clergyman touched too little on his virtues, and spoke with a humble confidence, that he would spring from the tomb to an immortality of happiness; and suggested the promises of scripture, and argued with logical precision, from texts and analogies, that my friend should rise from the dead. Despondency is not more the child than the parent of unbelief—deep grief makes us selfish, and the naturally timid and nervous lose their confidence in promises, including their own particular wish, which they yield to them, when the benefit of others is alone proposed. A little learning is dangerous in such matters; I suffered a mental argument upon the probability of an event which I so much desired, to displace the simple faith which would have produced comparative happiness. Those who have contended with, and at length yielded to this despondency, alone know its painful operation.

Occupied with thoughts resulting from such an unpleasant train of mind, I followed into a burying-ground, in the suburbs of the city, a small train of persons, not more than a dozen, who had come to bury one of their acquaintance. The clergyman in attendance was leading a little boy by the hand, who seemed to be the only relative of the deceased in the slender group. I gathered with them round the grave, and when the plain coffin was lowered down, the child burst forth in uncontrollable grief. The little fellow had no one left to whom he could look for affection, or who could address him in tones of parental kindness. The last of his kinsfolk was in the grave—and he was alone.

When the clamorous grief of the child had a little subsided, the clergyman addressed us with the customary exhortation to accept the monition, and be prepared; and, turning to the child, he added: "She is not to remain in this grave for ever; as true as the grass which is now chilled with the frost of the season, shall spring to greenness and life in a few months, so true shall your mother come up from that grave to another life, to a life of happiness, I hope." The attendants shovelled in the earth upon the coffin, and some one took little William, the child, by the hand, and led him forth from the lowly tenement of his mother.

Late in the ensuing spring, I was in the neighbourhood of the same burying-ground; and seeing the gate open, I walked among the graves for some time, reading the names of the dead, and wondering what strange disease could snatch off so many younger than myself—when recollecting that I was near the grave of the poor widow, buried the previous autumn, I turned to see what had been done to preserve the memory of one so utterly destitute of earthly friends. To my surprise, I found the most desirable of all mementos for a mother's sepulchre—little William was sitting near the head of the now sunken grave, looking intently upon some green shoots that had come forth with the warmth of spring, from the soil that covered his mother's coffin.

William started at my approach, and would have left the place; it was long before I could induce him to tarry; and, indeed, I did not win his confidence, until I told him that I was present when they buried his mother, and had marked his tears at the time.

"Then you heard the minister say, that my mother would come up out of this grave," said little William.

"I did."

"It is true, is it not?" asked he, in a tone of confidence.

"I most firmly believe it," said I.

"Believe it," said the child—"believe it—I thought you knew it—I know it."

"How do you know it, my dear?"

"The minister said, that as true as the grass would grow up and the flowers bloom in spring, so true would my mother rise. I came a few days afterward, and planted flower-seed on the grave. The grass came up green in this burying-ground long ago; and I watched every day for the flowers, and to-day they have come up too—see them breaking through the ground—by and by mammy will come again."

A smile of exulting hope played on the features of the boy; and I felt pained at disturbing the faith and confidence with which he was animated.

"But, my little child," said I, "it is not here that your poor mother will rise."

"Yes, here," said he, with emphasis—"here they placed her, and here I have come ever since the first blade of grass was green this year."

I looked around, and saw that the tiny feet of the child had trod out the herbage at the grave side, so constant had been his attendance. What a faithful watch-keeper—what mother would desire a richer monument than the form of her only son, bending tearful, but hoping over her grave?

"But, William," said I, "it is in another world that she will arise"—and I attempted to explain to him the nature of that promise which he had mistaken. The child was confused, and he appeared neither pleased nor satisfied.

"If mammy is not coming back to me—if she is not to come up here, what shall I do—I cannot stay without her."

"You shall go to her," said I, adopting the language of the scripture—"you shall go to her, but she shall not come again to you."

"Let me go, then," said William, "let me go now, that I may rise with mammy."

"William," said I, pointing down to the plants just breaking through the ground, "the seed which is sown there, would not have come up, if it had not been ripe; so you must wait till your appointed time, until your end cometh."

"Then I shall see her?"

"I surely hope so."

"I will wait, then," said the child, "but I thought I should see her soon—I thought I should meet her here."

And he did. In a month, William ceased to wait; and they opened his mother's grave, and placed his little coffin on hers—it was the only wish the child expressed in dying. Better teachers than I, had instructed him in the way to meet his mother; and young as the little sufferer was, he had learned that all labours and hopes of happiness, short of heaven, were profitless and vain.—*Lady's Book for May.*

#### BIBLICAL CRITICISM.

PREACH—The Greek word *Kerusso* from *Keruz*, a herald, or public crier. This is the word used, Mark xvi. 15, 20. and is found in the sacred writings 62 times. It always indicates to publish facts, to make proclamation as a herald.—On the words *Kerusso*, *Evangelizein*, and *Didasko*—the first two commonly rendered to preach, the last to teach, Doctor Campbell, of *Aberdeen*, very justly observes, that the word preach does not, in our idiom, suitably express the precise import of the words employed by the sacred penmen.—He says—"No moral instructions, or doctrinal explanations, given either by our Lord, or his Apostles, are ever, either in the gospels, or in the Acts, denominated preaching."—*Kerusso* signifies to proclaim any news, good or bad. *Evangelizo*, to declare, publish, or announce, good news only.—The word *Didasko*, is properly rendered by the word teach.—It ought never to be confounded with the other terms, whose meaning is so different.—Dr. C. says, "so far is it from being necessary, that the proclamation should be a discourse, that it may be only a single sentence; and a very short sentence too; nay to such brief notifications we shall find the term most frequently applied."—"Again, though the verb *Kerusso* always implied public notice of some event, either accomplished or about to be accomplished, often accompanied by a warning to do, or forbear something, it never denoted either a comment on, or explanation of any subject, or a chain of reasoning in proof of a particular sentiment; and if so, to pronounce publicly such a discourse, as with us, is denominated sermon, homily, lecture, or preaching, would by no means, come within the meaning of the word *Kerusso*, in its first and common acceptation—it is not so nearly synonymous with *Didasko*, to teach as is now imagined." More reverence to the authority of the Bible, and a better acquaintance with its use, and meaning of terms, would prevent many of the laboured harangues, we so often hear, with being substituted for, and confounded with the proclaiming, and enforcing the facts of the Bible—the preaching the way of salvation the New Testament reveals.

#### STATISTICS.

The following whimsical answers are said to have been returned to set of a queries recently issued under a Commission of Inquiry in Ireland:—

Qu.—How many labourers are there in your parish; how many in constant, how many in occasional employment?—

Those who can get work, will work if they can.

Those who can't, beg or steal—that, sir, is the plan.

What is the ordinary diet, and condition with respect to clothing, of the labouring classes?—

The general diet is potatoes and *point*.

For seldom, if ever, they see any joint;

Their clothing is various, as every fool knows,

Some decent, some ragged, without any hose.

At what periods of the year are they least employed?—

What tiresome questions! if ever I knew

Such a big set of asses! Why, when they have nothing to do!

What, on the whole, might an average labourer, obtaining an average amount of employment, earn in the year?—

Do you think with such questions my mind I'd perplex,

Or trouble my head, or my intellect vex.

For an average man—was there ever such stuff?

An average nothing, would be full enough.

What would be the yearly expense of food for an able-bodied labourer in full work?—

And now for this question! to answer it right,

I will send you a man with a fair appetite;

You can feed him a quarter, and judge pretty near

What would be a just average during the year.

Of what class of persons generally are the landlords of cottages or cabins?—

Some taller, some shorter, some black, brown or fair;

Some squint-eyed, some crook'd nose, and some very *quare*.

What is the usual rent of cabins with and without land?—

From one to two pounds they will promise to pay,

But the landlord is glad, after two years, to say,

"I'll forgive you the rent if you'll give up the *key*."

He then gets another: *who acts the same way*.

Of what description of buildings are those cabins, and how furnished? Are they supplied with bedsteads and comfortable bedding?—

A cabin consists of the walls, roof, and floor,

With sometimes a window, and mostly a door,

Their beds are of straw, and instead of a rug

"A slip of a pig" just keeps their feet snug.

Upon what terms are herds usually hired in your parish?—

No flocks in the field, and no herd in the stall

For herdsmen there surely can be little call.

THE LONELINESS OF CELIBACY.—Monsieur Chateaubriand, in a letter to the Countess of Fontanes, the daughter of one of his oldest friends, thus expresses the regrets of a man who has outlived the friends and associations of his youth—"The past is now my only employment—recollections of other days murmur faintly in my ears, like the dashing of waves on a distant shore. When I walk in the woods, I often fancy with the poet, that the welcome voice of some long-lost friend whispers to me in the rustle of a withered leaf. But alas! I have so much to regret, that I know not what to mourn. Left alone, I am busied putting the empty house in order, and closing the doors and windows. When these pious duties are discharged, if my friends, when I shall go hence to join them, ask me what I did here, I will answer, 'I was thinking of you.' There will soon be between us a community of dust, as well as an union of hearts.

"The men of other days, when they grew old, were less to be pitied, and less solitary than those of our own; if they had lost the objects of their affections, at least but little else was changed; though strangers to the youth around them, they were at home in society. But now, a laggard in this world sees not only men die, but ideas; principles, manners, tastes, pleasures, pains, sentiments, nothing is like what he once knew; he is a being of a different species from those among whom he is to finish his days."

The burning sands of hot climates, even at Carlsfeld, at the Cape of Good Hope, which are so arid and scorched that no water can be extracted from them, are the soil in which the most succulent vegetables of which we have any knowledge flourish. So deleterious, indeed, is a wet season to their growth, that they are destroyed by it. There are also various tribes of vegetables that are destitute of roots, and which can only be supported and nourished by the air, and the moisture which it contains. It is stated that the aerial Epidendron, (*Epidendron flos aeris*), which is a native of Java, is plucked up by the inhabitants, on account of the elegance of its leaves, the beauty of its flowers, and the exquisite odour it diffuses, and suspended by a silken cord from the ceiling of their apartments, where it continues from year to year to put forth new leaves, to display new blossoms, and exhale new fragrance, though fed only by the air.

## THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 14, 1839.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser, 1st June.

## MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

**ARRIVAL OF THE GREAT WESTERN—THIRTEEN DAYS' PASSAGE.**—The steam-packet Great Western, Capt. Hosken, arrived at the Quarantine last night at 11 o'clock, having received a pilot at half past 9 o'clock. She made the run from Bristol in *thirteen days and eight hours*, having made the shortest Western trip across the Atlantic that we have on record.

By the Great Western we have London papers to the evening of the 17th of May—London Prices Current to the same date—Liverpool papers to the same, and Bristol to the 15th, all inclusive.

We had no expectation that the possession of office and power by the Tories would be of long continuance; but we certainly did as little expect that their entrance and their exit would both be included within forty-eight hours. Such however, was the fact.

On Tuesday the 7th May the Whigs resigned, as our readers know, and both houses adjourned to Friday. The Queen, according to the London Herald, was deeply affected when Lords Colchester and Melbourne announced to her that the Whig majority was extinct—affected even to tears.—Her Majesty wished to send for Lord Normanby, and entrust to him the formation of a new cabinet: but Lord Melbourne honestly advised her to call in the Duke of Wellington, and place the country unreservedly in his hands.

The Duke waited upon the Queen, and advised her to place the formation of a new cabinet in the hands of Sir Robert Peel—thinking it most proper that the prime minister should be a member of the House of Commons. On Wednesday, therefore, Sir Robert was appointed First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer,—receiving, of course, *carte blanche* for the ministerial arrangements.

Thursday the cabinet was constructed as follows:

Lord Chancellor, Lord Lyndhurst.

President of the Council, Duke of Wellington.

First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Robert Peel.

Foreign Secretary, Earl of Aberdeen.

Colonial Secretary, Lord Stanley.

Home Secretary, Sir James Graham.

These arrangements were announced in the Morning Post of Friday.

But on Thursday night the Peel ministry was already at an end. The actual causes of this event are differently related by the Whig and Tory papers—The former alleging that Sir Robert, with an extent of exactness that was scarcely courteous, and certainly not prudent, demanded the immediate dismissal of all the ladies composing Her Majesty's household; and that the Queen indignantly refused compliance with this demand, saying, "I would rather be reduced to the level of a subject, than be deprived of the society of those to whom I am personally attached, and who have been the friends of my childhood."

The Tory journals, on the other hand, say that the demand of Sir Robert was only for such a proportionate change in the household appointments as should give evidence to the country that the ministers enjoyed her Majesty's confidence, and that parties who had ceased to be responsible could no longer exercise an influence upon the royal mind. The Times gives the names of the ladies whose removal was considered by Sir Robert indispensable; namely, the Duchess of Sutherland and the Countess of Burlington, both sisters to Lord Morpeth, Lady Charlemont, and the Marchioness of Normanby.

Be this as it may, however, both parties insisted, and Sir Robert accordingly tendered his resignation, which was at once accepted, and the Queen recalled Lords Melbourne and John Russell to their post.

In the meantime it is clear that Sir Robert has committed a blunder—unless indeed he was satisfied that he could not sustain himself, either with the present House of Commons or with the result of a new election—which perhaps is the real truth of the matter. But if he actually expected and intended to remain in office, his movement respecting the household was premature. By waiting for such accessions of strength in the House of Commons as time might give him, and by gradually effecting the changes he thought necessary, he would at once have spared the Queen's feelings and gained the power to compel her acquiescence; as it is, he has given her Majesty the advantage, by treating her with apparent harshness, and enlisted the sympathies of the country in her behalf—as is abundantly shown in the multitudes of addresses pouring in from all parts of the kingdom, approving and applauding her course, and expressing the warmest satisfaction with its result.

Sir Robert Peel, it appears, suggested the necessity of a resignation of the ladies attached to the Queen's household, and on the tender of the resignation of Lady Normanby, Her Majesty re-

fused to accept it, saying "I have deferred, and am always willing to defer, to the wishes of the People, but I will not give up every thing to a Party, nor be the slave of a Faction."

The conduct of the Queen was received generally through England with the greatest marks of approbation. The late attempt of Sir Robert Peel, says the London Sun of May 17th, to constitute himself Mayor of the Palace, and play the part of Viceroy over the Queen, has roused, as was to be anticipated, the indignation of the people from one end of the country to the other. We know not which feeling is just now most predominant in the popular mind—abhorrence of the projected despotism of the Tories, or admiration of the firm, high minded resistance of the Queen.

The explanations, it will be seen, were made in the House of Lords on the 14th; and both houses were subsequently adjourned to the 27th.

The papers, as may be supposed, abound with rumors of approaching cabinet changes. We give the following, from the Standard (Tory) as a specimen:—

Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston, and Mr. Spring Rice, it is said, retire from the cabinet, and are to be raised to the peerage. Lord Morpeth to succeed Lord John Russell at the Home-office, and as leader in the House of Commons; Lord Durham to be Foreign Secretary; Mr. Charles Buller, Under Secretary; Mr. Poulet Thompson to be Chancellor of the Exchequer.

That Lord Durham will come in we think not very improbable, as his quarrel with the Court seems to have been made up; for we observe that he was present at the Queen's first state-ball for the season, on the evening of the 10th.

The Ministerial candidate for the Speakership is Mr. Shaw Lefevre. Mr. Goulburn was to be nominated on the part of the Tories.

**THE CHARTISTS.**—We regret to say that the ministerial changes were followed in various parts of the kingdom by tumults and riots, in some instances attended with bloodshed. In Birmingham and Manchester things assumed a very threatening appearance, and it was reported that serious riots had broken out there, as well as in the Staffordshire potteries. These reports happily proved incorrect as to the two great towns, but at the potteries there were violent commotions, lasting three or four days, and compelling a resort to the most decided measures. The cavalry and yeomanry were called out, and finally succeeded in repressing the rioters, but not until they had been obliged to fire upon them several times, wounding a number of persons.

Eighteen of the rioters were taken and conveyed to a place of safety. One letter says that the troops were firing, at intervals, nearly the whole night.

Considerable numbers of the agitators had been arrested in London and other places—mostly leaders. Among the arrests we notice that of one Vincent, who has taken a very active part in fomenting the disturbances at various places.

In London on the night of the 16th, thirteen of the Chartists were arrested, after some resistance. They were in concealment—six of them armed with formidable pikes.

Considerable quantities of arms and ammunition had been sent off from the Tower, for the use of the military in various parts of the kingdom where the Chartists had assembled in large numbers—especially in Somersetshire, Yorkshire, Lancashire, Staffordshire and Wales.

The London Courier states that in the riot at Lane End (the potteries) three of the rioters were killed and forty wounded.

Fourteen or fifteen vessels were lost in the ice near Domesness, on the 25th of April. The crews of ten of them were saved—the others perished.

The News by the Great Western, (says the New York Express,) is considered decidedly unfavorable. Cotton, the great staple, continued to decline, and was about 1½d. sterling lower, than the highest point it had previously reached. The sales had fallen off seemingly, owing to the unfavourable state of the trade at Manchester, and the working of short time. The effect has been to paralyze the market. Holders generally had prepared their minds for a decline, but they did not anticipate the trade to be in so bad a state. It is needless to say that there are no sales, and that it will take a day or two for the market to become in any way settled.

The Court of Exchequer has given judgment in the Case of the Canadian prisoners, and declared that the return of the writ of habeas corpus was complete, and that the men were in proper custody. They will therefore be transported to a penal colony.

The trial of the Earl of Sterling has resulted in an acquittal on the charge of forgery. The Jury found, however, that some of the documents produced by him in support of his claim to the title were spurious.

## HOUSE OF COMMONS, MAY 14.

Before five o'clock, the House of Commons was crowded as it is within a few minutes of an important division.

Lord John Russell rose and suggested that Sir Robert Peel, having failed in his endeavour to form a Ministry, should explain the circumstances of that failure before he himself should state the reasons for the resumption of the Government by the former Ministers.

Sir Robert Peel said, he had reserved for this place and this occasion the explanation of the circumstances under which he had relinquished his attempt. He proceeded to say, that the Duke of Wellington having been sent for by the Queen on Wednesday the 8th of this month, and invited to assist in the formation of a Government, had advised her, that as the chief difficulties were to be dealt with in the House of Commons, the Prime Minister should be a Member of that House; and on his Grace's suggestion, Sir Robert Peel was then summoned. When he waited on her Majesty, she expressed her great regret at parting with her late Ministers, who, she said, had given her entire satisfaction; but their resignation had made it necessary for her to consider the formation of a new Government. Having received her commands, he communicated, on the same evening, with eight of his friends—the Duke, the Lords Lyndhurst, Aberdeen, Ellenborough, and Stanley, Sir James Graham, Sir H. Hardinge, and Mr. Goulburn. He next day submitted their names to the Queen, and acquainted her that the Duke, while he placed his services wholly at her disposal, would rather lead the House of Lords without an office, than undertake a department of the Administration. She however, expressed a wish that he should hold an office, and Sir Robert Peel assured her he had no doubt that the Duke would forego his own personal inclinations at her desire. No material question arose at that time as to the form of the Administration, or the conduct of the Government. On Thursday occurred the difficulty or misconception, which led to his relinquishment. It related exclusively to that portion of the household offices which ladies were filling; for on the subject of those household offices which were held by members of either House of Parliament, she had conceded all that could be wished.

The Right Hon. Baronet entered at considerable length into an explanation of his views and circumstances connected with his attempt to form a Ministry. Early on Friday morning, (he continued) I had the honour to receive the following letter from Her Majesty:—

"Buckingham Palace, May 10th, 1839.

"The Queen having considered the proposal made to her yesterday by Sir Robert Peel to remove the ladies of her bed chamber, cannot consent to adopt a course which she conceives to be contrary to usage, and which is repugnant to her feelings."

In three hours after the receipt of Her Majesty's note, I addressed the following letter to Her Majesty:—

Whitehall, May 10, 1839.

"Sir Robert Peel presents his humble duty to your Majesty, and has had the honor of receiving your Majesty's note of this morning.

"In respectfully submitting to your Majesty's pleasure, and humbly returning into your Majesty's hands the important trust which your Majesty had been graciously pleased to commit to him, Sir Robert Peel trusts that your Majesty will permit him to state to your Majesty his impression with respect to the circumstances, which have led to the termination of his attempt to form an administration for the conduct of your Majesty's service.

"In the interview with which your Majesty honoured Sir R. Peel yesterday morning, after he had submitted to your Majesty the names of those whom he proposed to recommend to your Majesty for the principal executive appointments, he mentioned to your Majesty his earnest wish to be enabled, with your Majesty's sanction, so to constitute your Majesty's household, that your Majesty's confidential servants might have the advantage of a public demonstration of your Majesty's full support and confidence, and that at the same time, as far as possible, consistently with that demonstration, each individual appointment should be entirely acceptable to your Majesty's personal feelings.

"On your Majesty expressing a desire that the Earl of Liverpool should hold an office in the household, Sir Robert Peel requested your Majesty's permission at once to offer to Lord Liverpool the office of Lord Steward, or any other which he might prefer.

"Sir Robert Peel then observed, that he should have every wish to apply a similar principle to the chief appointments which are filled by the ladies of your Majesty's household; upon which your Majesty was pleased to remark, that you must reserve the whole of those appointments, and that it was your Majesty's pleasure that the whole should continue as at present, without any change.

"The Duke of Wellington, in the interview to which your Majesty subsequently admitted him, understood also that this was your Majesty's determination, and concurred with Sir Robert Peel in opinion that, considering the great difficulties at the present crisis, and the expediency of making every effort in the first instance, to conduct the public business of the country with the aid of the present Parliament, it was essential to the success of the commission with which your Majesty had honoured Sir Robert Peel, that he should have that public proof of your Majesty's entire support and confidence which would be afforded by the permission to make some changes in that part of your Majesty's household which your Majesty resolved on maintaining entirely without change.

"Having had the opportunity, through your Majesty's gracious consideration, of reflecting upon this point, he humbly submits to your Majesty that he is reluctantly compelled, by a sense of pub-



his duty, and of the interests of your Majesty's service, to adhere to the opinion which he ventured to express to your Majesty.

"He trusts he may be permitted, at the same time, to express to your Majesty his grateful acknowledgements for the distinction which your Majesty conferred upon him, by requiring his advice and assistance in the attempt to form an administration, and his earnest prayer that whatever arrangements your Majesty may be enabled to make for that purpose may be most conducive to your Majesty's personal comfort and happiness, and to the promotion of the public welfare.

War Office, May 10.—52nd Foot, Lieut. Col. R. Murray, from the half pay of the Coldstream Foot Guards, to be Lieut. Colonel Vice J. Ferguson, who exchanges; Major-W. Blois to be Lieut. Colonel by purchase, Vice Murray, who retires; Capt. R. French to be Major by purchase, Vice Blois; Lieut. Hon. R. P. French to be Capt. by purchase, Vice French; Ensign C. N. Dennison to be Lieut. by purchase, Vice French.

LORD DURHAM'S REPORT. The Grand Jury of the Newcastle District, U. C. at the Assizes lately held in that District, have upon their oaths, presented Lord Durham's report as a libel, because the "said book or pamphlet is calculated to excite public contempt and odium against the government and magistracy of this province."

There were 50 sail of American vessels in Georgetown, on Saturday last, all full laden with herrings, from Magdalen Islands, and estimated to have on board 20,000 barrels. They sailed on Sunday Evening.—P. E. Island Gazette, June 4.

AMERICAN FISHERMEN TAKEN.—6 by the Victory, Capt. Darby—1 by Mr. Matthew Forrester—and 2 by Mr. J. G. Marshall, of Guysborough, 9 in all. If this sort of things goes on for a year or two, old Treaties will begin to look like living records of mutual obligation. In order that it may go on, the process of condemnation should be as little expensive as possible. We hope that the men who run the risk and have the trouble of making seizures, will be allowed to reap the largest share of the proceeds.—Nov.

Saturday last, June 8, being the anniversary of the settlement of Halifax, by Governor Cornwallis, the Nova Scotia Philanthropic Society, who hold that day as their festival, proceeded in the steamer Sir Charles Ogle, to the Prince's Lodge, Bedford Basin. They were accompanied by the band of the 8th Regiment, and the day was spent in the utmost harmony and good-fellowship.—Times.

To Correspondents.—"Alice Gray" by G. M. R. has been received.—Marion's request has been attended to.

DIED.

On Wednesday morning, after a short illness, Louisa Maria, youngest daughter of Mr. James Lucas, aged 10 years.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED.

Saturday June 8th—Brigt. Breeze, Tucker, St. Eustatia, 11, and Bermuda 8 days—rum, sugar, and molasses to J. & M. Tobin; schr Lady, LaVache, Boston, 7 days—ballast; H. M. Ship Edinburgh, Captain Henderson, Bermuda, 7 days; Am. barque Elizabeth, Swan, Charleston, 10 days—cotton, and naval stores, bound to Liverpool, G. B. put in leaky; schr Favourite, Crowell, Barrington—shingles; Unity, Bay Chaleur—fish to Creighton & Grassie; Ann, Magdalen Islands—herring, bound to St. John, N. B. left schr Rambler hence—reports two American fishing vessels seized by Mr. Marshall and taken to Guysboro.

Sunday 9th—Schr Unity, Smith, Paspeliac, B. C. 8 days, dry fish to Creighton & Grassie; Algerine, Crowell, St. John, N. B. 7 days, molasses to J. L. Starr; Two Sons, Orthodox, and Ann, Barrington, dry fish; schr Ann, Magdalen Isles, herring, bound to St. John; Zenous, do. do. bound to Brier Island; Polly, Day, Liverpool, N. S. 1 day, bound fishing; Queen Charlotte, P. E. Island; brigt. Eliza, Malten, St. John's, N. F. 9 days—dry fish and herring, to J. & T. Williamson.

Monday, 10th—Brigt. Hilgrove, Bell, Ponce, P. R. 17 days—molasses to Saltus & Wainwright.

Tuesday, 11th—Schr True Brothers, Slocomb, Liverpool, N. S. Mailboat Lady Ogle, Stairs, Boston, 60 hours; Am. brig Echo, Small, Philadelphia, 5 days—flour, meal, etc. to D. & E. Starr & Co and R. Noble; schr. Havard, Dixon, St. George's Bay, 13 days—200 blbs. herring, to Fairbanks & McNab; Am. schr. Hyderabad, Brown, of Woodbury, U. S. seized by Govt. schr. Victory, for breach of Revenue law, at Beaver Harbour; Mailboat Roseway, Burney, Bermuda, 6 days—Passenger Capt. White.

Wednesday, 12th—Am. Schrs. Eliza, Morton, of Bristol, Batle, Willes, seized by Govt. schr. Victory, for breach of the Revenue law; brigt. Kate, Leslie, Demerara, 20 days—125 puns. 4 hds rum, to W. Roach, and T. C. Kinnear.

Thursday, 13th—Schrs. Splendid, Swaine, Xagan, 25 days—sugar, to J. Allison & Co; Transcendant, Kemble, Port au Prince, 20 days—coffee and log-wood, to Fairbanks & Allison.

Friday, 14th—H. M. Steamer Columbia, Thomson, Barbadoes, 21 days and Bermuda 7 days.

Catalogue of the principal Books

(CONTINUED.)

To be sold at Auction, for the Rev. Thomas Taylor, BY W. M. ALLAN.

HISTORY, etc. continued.

- Humboldt's Travels
- Tegg's Historian's Companion
- Voyages of Com. Columbus
- Morrell's Voy. and Discoveries
- Mariner's Tonga Islands, 2 vols
- Elliott's North of Europe
- Bayley's West Indies
- Coleridge's " "
- Cornwall's Travels in the East, 3 vols.
- Irving's Columbus, 2 vols.
- Kay's Castrina
- Ellis's Polynesian Researches, 4 v.
- Campbell's Travels in Africa, 2 vols.
- Russell's Tour thro' Germany, 2 vols.
- Conway's " Switzerland, 2 vols.
- Residence in Normandy
- Stewart's Three Years in America 2v
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\* \* \* The time for the sale of books by auction, we have not been enabled to fix during the week, but hope to satisfy our friends in that respect in our next number.

A PUBLIC SALE OF TEAS will take place at the Warehouse of the Agents to the Honorable East India Company, on Friday the 21st June, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon. Catalogues will be prepared, and the Teas may be examined three days previous to the Sale. S. CUNARD & CO. Agents to the Honorable East India Company. June 7.

J. R. CLEVERDON, WATCH MAKER, HAVING commenced Business in the shop lately occupied by the late Mr. La Baune, begs leave to inform his friends, and the public in general, that he hopes by unremitting attention and long experience in the above business, (both in England and Halifax) to obtain a share of their patronage. Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, etc. for sale. May 31.

SPICES, DRUGS, &c. RECEIVED by recent arrivals and for sale low by the Subscriber—White Pepper, cases Cinnamon, Liquorice and Indigo, barrels Raze Ginger, Nutmegs, Currants, Salsaparilla, Soda, blue Vitriol, Alum and Copperas, boxes Arrow Root, Lozenges, Sugar Candy, Raisins, Windsor Soap, Black Lead, Starch, and Crown Blue, Olive Oil, in small packages; kegs of Salt Petre and Mustard, with a general supply of Drugs, Chemical and Patent Medicines, Apothecaries' Glass, Trusses, Lancets, etc. (6m) GEO. E. MORTON. Halifax, May, 1839.

A NEW GROCERY AND PROVISION STORE. THE SUBSCRIBER has commenced Business in the shop at the corner of JACOB'S and WATER STREETS, where he intends keeping a General Assortment of GROCERIES, PROVISIONS AND OTHER GOODS, suitable for Town and Country use, which he intends selling at a small advance for cash, and solicits a share of public patronage. He has on hand,— Wheat and Rye Flour, Corn Meal and Indian Corn, Rice, Navy and Ship Bread, Crackers, Beans, Oatmeal, Molasses, Sugar, Teas, Coffee, Chocolate, Butter, Pepper, Allspice, Nutmegs, Cinnamon, Starch, Soap, Candles, Tobacco, Slop Clothing, Broad Cloths, Flannels, Cotton Warp, Corn Brooms, Tobacco Pipes, boxes Raisins, Almonds, Walnuts, a small quantity of excellent Pork for family use, together with a variety of other articles. WINTHROP SARGENT. Halifax, May 3—5w.

DRUGS, SEEDS, TEAS. THE SUBSCRIBER having by the late arrivals completed his extensive SPRING SUPPLY of the above, together with Spices, Dye Stuffs, Perfumery, &c. (Among the latter Farina's Eau de Cologne) Combs, Brushes, etc. PAINTS and OILS, etc. The whole are offered for sale on the most reasonable terms, at his Drug Store, near the Market. JAMES F. AVERY. May 10 6w

SCOTT'S VENEERING, STAVE AND SIDING MILLS. THE Subscriber having established the above Mills at Hillsborough, Bear River, Nova-Scotia, for the sole purpose of sawing Mahogany, Boards, Plank and Veneering of every description, and Staves for wet and dry Barrels; Hogshead, ditto ditto. Also, Siding from 5 to 18 feet long, and 4 to 10 inches wide, one edge thick the other thin. The Machine for sawing Staves and Siding is of a different construction from any now in operation. The Staves and Siding are much smoother than any ever sawed; the Staves will be sawed bilging, or straight and edged to suit purchasers. N. B.—The Subscriber will keep constantly on hand a good supply of wet and dry Barrels, Hogsheads, do. do. All orders thankfully received and punctually attended to. WILLIAM H. SCOTT. For orders apply at the Mills at Bear River, or to Mr. Henry Blakee, Agent, North Market Wharf, St. John, N. B. Halifax, April 5th, 1839.

NOTICE. THE SUBSCRIBERS having entered into Co-Partnership under the firm of VIETS and LONGLEY. They beg leave to inform their Friends and the Public, that they will in future conduct business under the above Firm; and respectfully invite their attention to their selection of DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, etc. etc. which they will dispose of Cheap for prompt Payment. B. VIETS, N. F. LONGLEY. Digby, April 1, 1839.

THE PEPTIC PILLS IN HALIFAX. SOLD only at the Book Store of Mr. John Munro, fronting the south-east gate of the Province Building. Frederick W. Morris, sole inventor and proprietor. All letters for advice left at Mr. Munro's Store, and enclosing a fee of not less than 20s. will be immediately attended to. May 31.



## THE PILGRIM CHILD.

A STRANGER child, one winter eve,  
Knocked at a cottage maiden's door ;  
"A pilgrim at your hearth receive—  
Hark ! how the mountain-torrents roar !"  
But ere the latch was raised, "Forbear !"  
Cried the pale parent from above ;  
"The pilgrim child, that's weeping there,  
Is Love !"

The spring-tide came, and once again,  
With garlands crown'd, a laughing child  
Knock'd at the maiden's casement pane,  
And whispered "Let me in," and smiled.  
The casement soon was opened wide—  
The stars shone bright the bower above ;  
And lo ! the maiden's couch beside  
Stood Love !

And smiles, and sighs, and kisses sweet,  
Beguiled brief Summer's careless hours ;  
And Autumn, Labour's sons to greet,  
Came forth, with corn, and fruit, and flowers,  
But why grew pale her cheek with grief ?  
Why watched she the bright stars above ?  
Some one had stole her heart—the thief  
Was Love !

And Winter came, and hopes, and fears,  
Alternate swelled her virgin breast ;  
But none were there to dry her tears,  
Or hush her anxious cares to rest.  
And often as she opened the door,  
Roared the wild torrent from above ;  
But never to her cottage more  
Came Love !

From *Minstrel Melodies*.

## THE EMPRESS CATHERINE.

At the time of Jegor's embassy at the Russian imperial court, in the reign of Catherine II., a stranger of the name of Suderland filled the office of treasurer to the empress. One morning he was informed that his house was surrounded by soldiers, and that the commanding officer requested an audience.

This officer, whose name was Relieu, came in then with an appearance of the utmost consternation ; "Mr. Suderland," said he, "it is with indescribable grief that I see myself called upon to perform on you an execution of a most horrible nature, oh ! horrible in the extreme ! and I am totally ignorant of what crime you can have been guilty, to have incurred the mighty displeasure of her most gracious majesty." "I ! what have I done ?" replied the treasurer, in amazement, "What in the world do you mean ? I know no more than you do, what I can have done. And what is that dreadful execution you speak of ?" "Sir," answered the officer, fetching his breath, "I really have not courage to mention it—is fearful."

"Have I then lost the confidence her majesty trusted in me ?"

"Oh, if that were all, you would not see me so afflicted. Confidence may be regained : an office may be restored."

"Well," asked Suderland, "am I to be banished—banished to Siberia ; oh, tell me, is that my dreadful fate ?"

"It might be possible for you to return from there. That is not it."

"Am I then to be cast in a dungeon ?"

"That were preferable."

"Gracious Heavens ! am I then to suffer the knout ?"

"It is a dreadful torture ; but you might recover—it is not that."

"Oh ! for the mercy of heaven, no longer keep me in doubt—am I then to die ?"

"My gracious sovereign," replied the officer, trembling with emotion, "ordered me to have you—good heavens ! how dreadful—to have you—stuffed !"

"To be stuffed !" exclaimed the astonished treasurer, "to be stuffed ! Either you must have lost your senses, or her majesty must be in a dream. Surely you never received this order without remonstrating on its barbarity ?"

"Alas ! my poor friend, it was all to no purpose, 'Go,' said her majesty, 'and recollect that it is your duty to execute what orders I deign to give you !'"

It would be impossible to depict the amazement, the anger, the fear, the despair of the poor treasurer, that one short quarter of an hour was granted him to put his affairs in order ; and it was with extreme difficulty that permission was given him to write a short note to Earl Bruce. His lordship having read this note, stood transfixed, as may be supposed, with astonishment ; he lost no time in requesting an audience of the empress, to whom he revealed the contents of Suderland's note.

Catherine, hearing this strange recital, was at a loss to imagine

what it could be that could have given rise to this extraordinary circumstance. "Good heavens she exclaimed, "run, run, my lord, and be in time to deliver my poor treasurer from his terror."

The earl hastened to Suderland's house, fortunately, in time to save him ; and on his return found the empress laughing to her heart's content ; her majesty had discovered the cause of this estrangement. "I see now," said she, "how it is : my poor little favourite dog, that I had christened *Suderland*, after my treasurer, who had made me a present of it, lately died, and I gave orders to have it stuffed this morning."

## SUBTERRANEOUS CHAPELS,

IN THE CHURCH OF SANTA CHIARA.

"I YESTERDAY," says Lady Blessington, "witnessed an exhibition of an extraordinary nature, one to be seen only in a country like this, where superstition mingles in even the most sacred and solemn things. A community is formed at Naples, each member of which, during his life, subscribes an annual sum, in order that, after death, his remains should be deposited in one of certain vaults, the earth conveyed into which has the peculiar quality of preventing decomposition, and of preserving bodies as if dried by some chemical process. But the preservation of what was intended to decay, is not the only object of this institution, nor the only mode of applying its funds. The exposure, on a certain day of the year, of the frail wreck of mortality, thus strangely rescued from corruption, attired in the habiliments worn by the deceased when living, is secured by the subscription ; the number of annual exhibitions being dependent on the amount of the sums received. Can anything more preposterous be imagined?—nothing, I am quite sure, more disgusting can be beheld. Three or four subterraneous chapels, in the Church of Santa Chiara, divided only by partitions, are dedicated to this extraordinary exhibition, which presents one of the most ghastly scenes ever disclosed. All the sublimity of death disappears, when the poor remains of his victims are thus exposed ; and instead of an appalling sight, they offer only so grotesque a one, that it is difficult to believe that the figures before one ever were instinct with life, or that they are not images formed of brown paper, or Russia leather, dressed up to imitate humanity. The subterraneous chapels are guarded by soldiers. The altars are arranged in the usual style of those in Catholic chapels ; innumerable torches illuminate the place ; and an abundance of flowers and religious emblems decorate it. Ranged around the walls, stand the deceased, unhappily disinterred for the occasion, and clothed in dresses so little suited to their present appearance, that they render death still more hideous. Their bodies are supported round the waist by cords, concealed beneath the outward dress ; but this partial support, while it precludes the corpse from falling to the earth, does not prevent its assuming the most grotesque attitudes. Old and young, male and female, are here brought in juxtaposition. The octogenarian, with his white locks still flowing from his temples, stands next a boy of six years old, whose ringlets have been curled for the occasion, and whose embroidered shirt-collar, and jacket with well-polished buttons, indicates the pains bestowed on his toilette. Those ringlets twine round a face resembling nothing human, a sort of mask or discoloured leather, with fallen jaws and distended lips ; and the embroidered collar leaves disclosed the shrunken dark brown chest, once fair and full, where, perhaps, a fond mother's lips often were impressed, but which now looks fearful, contrasted with the snowy texture of this bit of finery. This faded image of what was once a fair child, has tied to its skeleton fingers a top, probably the last gift of affection ; the hand, fallen on one side, leans towards the next disinterred corpse, whose head also, no longer capable of maintaining a perpendicular position, is turned, as if to ogle a female figure, whose ghastly and withered brow, wreathed with roses, looks still more fearful from the contrast with their bright hue. Here the mature matron, her once voluminous person reduced to a sylph-like slightness, stands enveloped in the ample folds of the gaudy garb she wore in life. The youthful wife is attired in the delicate tinted drapery put on in happy days, to charm a husband's eye ; the virgin wears the robe of pure white, leaving only her throat bare : and the young men are clothed in the holiday suits of which they were vain in life ; some with riding whips, and others with canes attached to their bony hands. A figure I shall never forget, was that of a young woman, who died on the day of her wedding. Robed in her bridal vest, with the chaplet of orange flowers still twined round her head, her hair fell in masses over her face and shadowy form, half veiling the discoloured hue of the visage and neck, and sweeping over her, as if to conceal the fearful triumph of death over beauty. Each figure had a large card placed on the wall above the places they occupied ; on which was inscribed the names, date of their ages, and death, with some affectionate epigraph, written by surviving friends. It would be impossible to convey the impression produced by this scene : the glare of the torches falling on the hideous faces of the dead, who seemed to grin, as if in derision of the living, who were passing and repassing in groups round them. Not a single face among the ghastly crew presented the solemn

countenance we behold in the departed, during the first days of death ; a countenance more teaching and eloquent than life ever possessed : no, here every face owing to the work of time, wore a grin that was appalling ; and which, combined with the postures into which the bodies had fallen, presented a mixture of the horrible and the grotesque, never to be forgotten. Around several of the defunct, knelt friends, to whom in life they were dear, offering up prayers for the repose of their souls : while groups of persons, attracted merely by curiosity, sauntered through this motley assemblage of the deceased, pausing to comment on the appearance they presented."—From *Lady Blessington's "Idler in Italy."*

## GLEANINGS.

*Celebrated Oaks.*—The oldest oak in England is supposed to be the Parliament Oak (so called from the tradition of Edward I. holding a Parliament under its branches), in Clipstone-park, belonging to the Duke of Portland, this park being also the most ancient in the island : it was a park before the conquest, and was seized as such by the conqueror. The tree is supposed to be 1,500 years old. The tallest oak in England was the property of the same nobleman ; it was called the "Duke's walking-stick," was higher than Westminster Abbey, and stood till of late years. The largest oak in England is called the Calthorpe Oak, Yorkshire ; it measures 78 feet in circumference where the trunk meets the ground. The "Three Shire Oak," at Worksop, was so called from covering parts of the counties of York, Nottingham, and Derby. It had the greatest expanse of any recorded in this island, dropping over 777 square yards. The most productive oak was that of Gelonos, in Monmouthshire, felled in 1810. Its bark brought £200, and its timber £670. In the mansion of Tredegar-park, Monmouthshire, there is said to be a room 42 feet long and 27 feet broad, the floor and wainscot of which were the produce of a single oak tree grown on the estate.

A curious and remarkably rare case of complete transposition of the organs of respiration, circulation, and digestion, was recently witnessed at the School of Medicine at Nancy. On opening the body of a patient about 38 years of age, who died in the establishment, of consumption, it was found that his heart was on the right side, and that the whole system of circulation corresponded with this extraordinary disposition ; the lungs presenting but one lobe, instead of three on the right and two on the left ; the liver being on the left, the spleen on the right, the cardiac or entrance of the stomach, on the right, and its lower orifice or pylorus, the duodenum and cæcum, on the left.—*Galignani*—March, 1839.

*Remarkable Longevity.*—In a small town in Massachusetts, containing less than 1,000 inhabitants, there are living almost within a stone's throw of each other, no less than 13 persons whose united ages amount to 1,071 years, making an average of 82 years, to each person, the youngest 79, the oldest 92. For a series of years a very large proportion of the deaths in this town has been of persons whose ages averaged about 83 years. In one year there were 14 deaths in the town, and of those 11 were of persons whose ages averaged over 83 years.

The first Greek musicians were gods ; the second heroes ; the third bards ; and the fourth beggars.—*Dr. Burney*.

*Wisdom of Candour.*—A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.—*Pope*.

If any one can convince me of an error, I shall be very glad to change my opinion, for truth is my business ; and right information hurts nobody. No : he that continues in ignorance and mistake, 'tis he that receives the mischief.—*Marcus Antoninus*.

The earliest herbal was printed for Peter Treveris, in Southwark, 1529—a thin folio : the next, printed by John King, 1561 : but there was a book called "The vertuose Boke of Distillation," by Jerom of Brunswick, containing a large herbal, printed by Laurence Andrew, 1527.

*EPICRAMS.*—An epigram should never be extended to eight lines. Four lines ought to be the *ne plus ultra* ; if only two so much the better. Here is one uttered by an old gentleman, whose daughter Arabella importuned him for money :

"Dear Bell, to gain money, sure silence is best,  
For dumb Bells are fittest to open the chest."

Another, on a lady wearing the miniature of an unworthy person around her neck :

"What, hang from the neck of a lady ?" cries Bill,  
"Were ever such folly and impudence known ?  
As to hanging, indeed, he may hang where he will,  
But as to the neck, let it be by his own."

Another by Dr. Jenner, sent with a couple of ducks to a patient :

"I've despatched my dear madam, this scrap of a letter,  
To say that Miss — is very much better :  
A regular doctor no longer she lacks,  
And therefore I've sent her a couple of quacks."

\* To impale and to stuff are expressed by the same word in the Russian.