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MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

The following OPENING ADDRESS was delivered before the Mechanics' Institute, by JOSEPH HOWE, Esqr. at the commencement of the Winter Course, and is published in compliance with a vote passed by the body:

[Continued from p. 363.]

While to the young who hear me, then, I would say, make the most of the season of youth, and of the golden opportunities which many of your fathers were denied—to those who have arrived at manhood I would also say, fancy yourselves still at school—give what hours you can spare to this cheap seminary, which does not interfere with your other occupations—and fear not that reading, reflection, conversation, or even writing, on any subject within the wide range by which man's powers and enjoyments are bounded, is a profligate waste of leisure, or a presumptuous invasion of the rights of any other class. To the spirit of restlessness under the restraints which are imposed by a life of labour—to the mischievous ambition, which too often tempts persons who lack industry to succeed in the honest occupations to which they have been bred, to rush into other professions, or cast about for some lazy road to wealth and eminence, we should offer no food. We seek not to withdraw the Mechanic from his workshop, but to make him more intelligent while he is there, and to multiply his sources of rational enjoyment when he returns to the bosom of his family. The false pride which regards idleness as a privilege, and mechanical pursuits with contempt, it is not our wish to encourage; but the noble self-confidence, and manly independence, which the habit of providing for our own wants and those of our friends—exercising to the highest pitch of exertion the bodily and mental powers, and depending upon our own resources in every untried scene or unexpected difficulty—this is the kind of pride which it has been our object to foster, which it should still be our aim on all occasions to arouse.

And why should not Mechanics, as a class, feel pride in themselves, and in the noble pursuits to which Providence has devoted their lives? The profession of Arms has ever been, and still is, regarded with a degree of admiration, approaching to idolatry—and yet, the triumphs of the soldier, where are they? Except a limited number, and those often won by an undisciplined peasantry struggling for freedom, how few fields are worth remembering, how few battles have produced any permanent advantage to mankind! Of all the intrigues of statesmen, how little can now be traced, in the countries which their diplomacy puzzled or embroiled? But the triumphs of the Mechanic are every where—the noble Ship that circumnavigates the globe, from the solid keel that ploughs the waves to the pennant that flutters in the breeze, is the magnificent work of his hand; the Chain Bridge that unites two islands, and beneath which the proud ship sails, while an army is marching overhead, has been fashioned and reared and sustained by him; and that still more extraordinary bridge, by which oceans are spanned and continents united, the Steam Boat, is flung upon the mighty waves, to dare their violence and baffle their strength, by the swarthy artisan; the Railroad, that annihilates time and space—the Compass that guides the mariner across the waves—the strong Anchor that enables him to ride out the storm, and the Beacon which points to the destined haven—these are the daily and hourly contributions of the Mechanic to the common stock of the world's means of security and enjoyment. The Astronomer cannot gaze into the heavens, or the Geologist penetrate into the bowels of the earth, without his aid; he renews the fading sight of the aged by a simple instrument, and scatters from the Press the elements of all knowledge among the young.

Those who attempt to look down on the men who do these things, must be sadly deficient in understanding; and those who, belonging to this class, are not proud of its fellowships, its station in the general scale, its knowledge, capabilities and influence, notwithstanding the sneers of such simpletons, must fall far below the proper standard of moral courage and true dignity of soul. Among the Mechanics of this town, the Institute has done much to excite and keep alive those feelings of honest pride and self-reliance, without which the objects we seek to secure could never be obtained. The old prejudice which taught that Mechanics were an inferior order of beings, is fast fading away, and giving rise to more correct opinions, among ourselves and among our families. For my own part, I never could see any reason why a Mechanic should not be a Gentleman, in every thing—in mind and manners—in intelligence, and taste, and refinement—in a high sense of honour, and an enlarged activity of intellect,—lacking only what many regard as the necessary supports to the character, the privileges of

idleness, a costliness of attire, and a lavish expenditure upon the vanities and frivolities of life.

If this view be sustained, and I believe it will by the male members of this Institute, and through them, become impressed upon the minds of their fellow workmen, apprentices and friends, the time is not far distant when the Halifax Mechanics will take a much higher stand as a class, and when to be known as one, will be a recommendation to a man wherever he shall remove. That we shall have the aid of the female part of our population, most deeply interested in the matter—as we have always had, in every step of our progress, I confidently expect. A Mechanic's wife cannot fail to be keenly alive to the character, and reputation, and influence, of the order to which her husband belongs. Her range of duties are of the most important and sacred character—it is her's to assist and encourage the man to whom she has linked her destiny, during his hours of labour, or in the intervals of toil; to soothe him in times of sickness and anxiety, to calm his fluttered spirits, and fix his wavering thoughts, during those severe trials and privations, to which all men having a competence to earn, are necessarily subjected. It is her's also, and for her own sake this portion of her duties should not be neglected, to embellish and adorn his dwelling with the evidences and the results of a cultivated taste,—aye, even to adorn her person with the graceful neatness, which shall attract and delight his eye, without wasting his substance; but, above all, it should be her studious care to make his home attractive, to make him feel that it is a sanctuary from the cares, and perplexities, and foibles of life—a scene in which rational improvement and agreeable recreation are to repair the waste of the body and the exhaustion of the animal spirits; and from which the mind is to emerge, strengthened, refreshed and enlarged, to perform, with renewed vigour and added intelligence, the humble perhaps, but the manly and important duties of life. There may be those who believe, that a flower in a Mechanic's window, a garden in the rear of his dwelling—a poem or a tale read to him by his fireside—a book put into his hand at night—or an air sung or even played to him after his evening meal, must necessarily relax his muscles or unnerve his arm: but I entertain a different belief, and know that there are many here who have tried the experiment, and yet are of the same opinion.

If these little embellishments of laborious life were more regarded, the distance which seems to divide the Mechanic from some other classes of society would be materially diminished, and our children (a common practice in Nova Scotia) find less temptation to undervalue and desert the honourable occupations in which they have been reared. If Mechanics are regarded, and above all if they regard themselves, as beings whose energies, unaided and uncultivated by science, are to be wasted in merely manual labour and sensual enjoyment—if to toil with a vacant mind, and indulge the animal passions, in a home where no attempts are made to cultivate the mind, and few appeals are made to the better feelings, be their only aim, their sons will, if nature has given them better capacities, or accident has created better tastes, probably forsake the business which it has cost years to establish, and their daughters will hesitate at marrying into a class whose homes have so few attractions. This should not, it need not be. To combine with the greatest amount of labour, attention to business, and economy, the widest range of intellectual pursuits, and a refined enjoyment of the social pleasures, should be our aim; and let us never be deterred from doing this, by any sneer from those who fancy that all the labour of life should be left to us, and all the enjoyment of it to them. A Mechanic's children, if they think aright, need never be ashamed of their origin, or of their station: they belong to a class whose business it is to create, and not to destroy—to multiply the sources of human enjoyment, not of human misery,—and who have filled the world with marvels, in conception often outrunning the exaggerations of poetry, and rivalling the minute arrangement and wonderful accuracy of nature. A Mechanic's children, if properly taught, will, while they reject with scorn the idea, come from what quarter it may, that they are forbidden to break through the boundaries of caste, or to aspire to eminence in any department of science, or art, or letters, which they may choose—or to dare the highest flights of social or political ambition, if nature has given them the talents to ensure success, will nevertheless regard with the highest respect, and honour with the highest exertion, the useful occupations of their parents, and follow them in a spirit of cheerful industry, unconscious of disgrace. In doing so, they will ever meet encouragement here; and in this Institute, while they are taught the principles by which labour is to be saved, they will never be encouraged to indulge in frivolities for which it must be abandoned.

Among the means by which it has occurred to me that the objects we have in view might be still further carried out, are:

1st. Occasional Lectures from Mechanics, on the several branches to which they have been bred. These might embrace the general history of a particular trade, an exhibition of some of its first rude results, an exposure of the errors by which its advancement was retarded; and biographical notices of the individuals who have been its greatest improvers, ornaments or patrons. The scientific principles upon which it is founded, or the application of which, to some extent, is advisable, might also be explained. An historical sketch of its introduction and progress in this country, might then be given—showing the extent to which it furnishes an article of export, or of domestic consumption, and the bearing of colonial and imperial legislation upon its present condition, or its further growth and extension.

2d. Might not Medals be presented to the Institute, either by patriotic members of particular trades, or by a combination of those interested in their welfare, to be awarded as prizes to Apprentices, for the most perfect evidence of skill and dexterity in the several branches to which they are attached. These medals might be held in charge by the officers of the Institute—the award to be made by the best judges of the article—the prize to be publicly presented, and worn for one year only, unless won a second time by the same individual; but to be returned, to form the subject of a renewed contest, at the close of every year.

3d. By personal efforts to extend the number of our members, and to ensure a punctual attendance throughout the course. It may be said that every body knows that the Institute is in existence, and that they ought to join it without solicitation. This may be true enough, but some allowance should be made for the idleness, parsimony, carelessness, or indifference, to which we are all more or less prone. Some have not joined the Institute because they have not been asked—or because they have imbibed some absurd prejudice, or received an erroneous impression, as to its character and objects. We should not be too proud to leave the former without excuse, or to disabuse the latter; and if each member were but to make one convert, or add one friend, our lists would be enlarged, and our funds made applicable to the furtherance of many subsidiary objects which we cannot at present embrace. A constant attendance is also of some consequence; and although I feel that my own example of late has not entitled me to say much on this subject, yet I cannot but observe, that, as a full house has an enlivening and stimulating effect upon an actor, so is a lecturer cheered by the sight of a crowded audience; while others are tempted to come forward, or put forth their highest powers, by a consciousness of the numbers who are to listen and to judge. It might be as well, also, if notice were given in the newspapers, at the commencement of every course, that strangers from the country are freely admitted; and this might be posted up in the houses where country people most frequent. As the Legislature gives us an annual grant, it is but right that we should make some return to persons from the other counties; and the more that come, the more rapid will be the rise of similar institutions in all the smaller towns. Slick, when he got a clock into a house, was certain that the family would not let it out; and when we once get a man in here, we may be sure he will come again, or never rest satisfied till he has got an Institute of his own.

A fourth suggestion has for its object the enlargement rather of the Museum than of the Institute. It is growing fast, but the question occurs, may it not grow faster? Suppose that each member of the Institute were to consider it obligatory upon him, to present one article every year; and when no other curiosity came in his way, were to order a bird, at his own expense, from Mr. Downs, nobody would feel the cost of the contribution; and yet, in a year or two, we should have, besides a variety of other attractive objects, an ornithological collection quite equal, if not superior, to that formerly gathered, by the exertions of a single family, at Picton. It has occurred to me, also, that if the simple words, "Remember the Institute," were posted up in the cabin of every vessel sailing out of Halifax, they would be the means of largely increasing our stores. Captains and passengers and supercargoes have so much to do, and so many things to think of, when they arrive at foreign ports, that they seldom think how many curiosities they might put into a locker; but their eyes resting continually on "Remember the Institute"—recalling the scenes, and thoughts, and wants, of their native land, they would bring us many things which are now forgotten; and merchants and consignees visiting them on board their ships, and seeing the inscription, would often make them presents of which we should reap the advantage. (To be concluded in next number.)

LAST NO. OF "NICHOLAS NICKLEBY."

This very popular work is brought to a close in the 20th number. It has been published, as most readers know, in monthly parts, experiencing a vast sale, and maintaining its interest without flagging. A new work is announced from the powerful and prolific pen of Mr. Dickens, the first number is to appear in March next. We intend to keep those works, which engage so much of public attention, before the readers of the Pearl, in the most effective way within our reach. To give mere extracts would be to lose much of the interest of the narrative, and nearly all its connecting parts,—to copy the whole would be out of the question, because our space would by no means admit it, and, if it did, all would not be interesting to all readers, and the variety essential to our periodical would be sacrificed. The mean between these extremes, will be to give occasionally a running review, with extracts, as each number comes to hand; thus we may connect the more striking scenes, and secure the thread of the narrative,—giving our readers the gist of the story and its beauties in the smallest compass.—Nicholas Nickleby, and his sister Kate, and their mother, Mrs. Knickleby, are cast unexpectedly among the cares of the world, by the death of the "head of the family," Mr. Nickleby. They repair to London, where Ralph Nickleby, a brother-in-law of the widow, is looked to as a stay, under their destitute circumstances. Ralph is an ably drawn picture of an old usurer,—cold, clever, calculating, with all the features of his class exaggerated, it would appear, to monstrosity, but redeemed in their horror by eccentricity and intellectual power. The other characters, are, Squeers, a sordid monster of a schoolmaster,—Smike, a victim of Squeers,—Newman Noggs, an eccentric "poor gentleman," become drudge to the usurer,—Mr. and Mrs. Mantalini, in the fashionable millinery line,—Crammels, manager of a company of strolling players,—the Brothers Cheeryble, true old English merchants, princely and beneficent to an extreme,—Tim Linkwater, their confidential clerk,—and Madeline Bray, the elegant daughter of an unfortunate, choleric, and sensual man.

The closing Part of this work contains Nos. 19 and 20. It opens with a very characteristic picture of Ralph Nickleby, at a moment when his affairs, which had been prosperous in their iniquity for a long period, "take a turn," and he sees discomfiture and shame, and the usual consequences of guilt, throwing their shadows before :

PLOTS FAILING THE PLOTTER.

"Ralph sat alone in the solitary room where he was accustomed to take his meals, and to sit of nights when no profitable occupation called him abroad; before him was an untasted breakfast, and near to where his fingers beat listlessly upon the table, lay his watch. It was long past the time at which, for many years, he had put it in his pocket and gone with measured steps down stairs to the business of the day, but he took as little heed of its monotonous warning, as of the meat and drink before him, and remained with his head resting on one hand, and his eyes fixed moodily on the ground.

This departure from his regular and constant habit in one so regular and unvarying in all that appertained to the daily pursuit of riches, would almost of itself have told that the usurer was not well. That he laboured under some mental or bodily indisposition, and that it was one of no slight kind so to affect a man like him, was sufficiently shown by his haggard face, jaded air, and hollow languid eyes, which he raised at last with a start and a hasty glance around him, as one who suddenly awakes from sleep, and cannot immediately recognise the place in which he finds himself.

'What is this,' he said, 'that hangs over me, and I cannot shake off? I have never pampered myself and should not be ill. I have never moped, and pined, and yielded to fancies; but what can a man do without rest.

He pressed his hand upon his forehead.

'Night after night comes and goes, and I have no rest. If I sleep, what rest is that which is disturbed by constant dreams of the same detested faces crowding round me—of the same detested people in every variety of action, mingling with all I say and do, and always to my defeat? Waking, what rest have I, constantly haunted by this heavy shadow of—I know not what, which is its worst character. I must have rest. One night's unbroken rest, and I should be a man again.'

Pushing the table from him while he spoke, as though he loathed the sight of food, he encountered the watch; the hands of which were almost upon noon.

'This is strange!' he said, 'noon, and Noggs not here! what drunken brawl keeps him away? I would give something now, something in money even after that dreadful loss, if he had stabbed a man in a tavern scuffle, or broken into a house, or picked a pocket, or done anything that would send him abroad with an iron ring upon his leg, and rid me of him. Better still if I could throw temptation in his way, and lure him on to rob me. He should be welcome to what he took, so I brought the law upon him, for he is a traitor, I swear; how or when or where I don't know, though I suspect.'

Ralph finds, unaccountably to himself, that his old confederates avoid him, and show him a very altered front,—he becomes roused to exertion, and resolves to ferret out any secrets that may be in the wind,—and to undermine those whom he suspects of plotting against him. He sets out on such business, and meets with various disappointments,—among the rest he calls on an old fellow-usurer, Gride, who was a party in a recent conspiracy on the person and fortunes of Madeline Bray :

THE USURER'S REPULSE.

"Arrived at the usurer's house, he found the windows close shut, the dingy blinds drawn down: all silent, melancholy, and deserted. But that was its usual aspect. He knocked—gently at first, then loud and vigorously, but nobody came. He wrote a few words in pencil on a card, and having thrust it under the door was going away, when a noise above as though the window-sash were stealthily raised caught his ear, and looking up he could just discern the face of Gride himself cautiously peering over the house parapet from the window of the garret. Seeing who was below, he drew it in again; not so quickly however but that Ralph let him know he was observed, and called to him to come down.

The call being repeated, Gride looked out again so cautiously that no part of the old man's body was visible, and the sharp features and white hair appearing alone above the parapet looked like a severed head garnishing the wall.

'Hush!' he cried. 'Go away—go away.'

'Come down,' said Ralph beckoning him.

'Go a—way!' squeaked Gride, shaking his head in a sort of ecstacy of impatience. 'Don't speak to me, don't knock, don't call attention to the house, but go away.'

'I'll knock I swear till I have your neighbours up in arms,' said Ralph, 'if you don't tell me what you mean by lurking there, you whining cur.

'I can't hear what you say—don't talk to me, it isn't safe—go away—go away,' returned Gride.

'Come down, I say. Will you come down!' said Ralph, fiercely.

'No—o—o—o,' snarled Gride. He drew in his head; and Ralph, left standing in the street, could hear the sash closed as gently and carefully as it had been opened.

'How is this,' said he, 'that they all fall from me and shun me like the plague—these men who have licked the dust from my feet! Is my day past, and is this indeed the coming on of night? I'll know what it means, I will, at my cost. I am firmer and more myself just now than I have been these many days.'

In desperation Ralph goes to the office of the Brothers Cheeryble, and demands information respecting some interferences of these gentlemen, and some allusions which they had made connected with his concerns. They confront him with his old clerk, Newman Noggs, when the following scene occurs :

NEWMAN AT BAY.

Ralph smiled but made no reply. The bell was rung, the room-door opened; a man came in with a halting walk; and, looking round, Ralph's eyes met those of Newman Noggs. From that moment his heart began to fail him.

'This is a good beginning,' he said bitterly. 'Oh! this is a good beginning. You are candid, honest, open-hearted, fair-dealing men! I always knew the real worth of such characters as yours! To tamper with a fellow like this, who would sell his soul (if he had one) for drink, and whose every word is a lie,—what men are safe, if this be done? Oh! it's a good beginning!'

'I will speak,' cried Newman, standing on tiptoe to look over Tim's head, who had interposed to prevent him. 'Hallo, you Sir—old Nickleby—what do you mean when you talk of a fellow like this? Who made me a fellow like this? If I would sell my soul for drink, why wasn't I a thief, swindler, housebreaker, area sneak, robber of pence out of the trays of blind men's dogs, rather than your drudge and packhorse? If my every word was a lie, why wasn't I a pet and favourite of yours? Lie! When did I ever cringe and fawn to you—eh? Tell me that. I served you faithfully. I did more work because I was poor, and took more hard words from you because I despised you and them, than any man you could have got from the parish workhouse. I did. I served you because I was proud; because I was a lonely man with you, and there were no other drudges to see my degradation, and because nobody knew better than you that I was a ruined man, that I hadn't always been what I am, and that I might have been better off if I hadn't been a fool and fallen into the hands of you and others, who were knaves. Do you deny that—eh?'

'Gently,' reasoned Tim, 'you said you wouldn't.'

'I said I wouldn't!' cried Newman, thrusting him aside, and moving his hand as Tim moved, so as to keep him at arm's-length, 'don't tell me. Here, you Nickleby, don't pretend not to mind me; It won't do, I know better. You were talking of tampering, just now. Who tampered with Yorkshire schoolmasters, and while they sent the drudge out that he shouldn't overhear, forget that such great caution might render him suspicious, and that he might watch his master out at nights, and might set other eyes to watch the schoolmaster besides? Who tampered with a sculch like her, urging him to sell his daughter to old Arthur

Gride, and tampered with Gride too, and did so in the little office with a closet in the room?'

Ralph had put a great command upon himself, but he could not have suppressed a slight start, if he had been certain to be beheaded for it the next moment.

'Aha!' cried Newman, 'you mind me now, do you? What first set this fag to be jealous of his master's actions, and to feel that if he hadn't crossed him when he might, he would have been as bad as he, or worse? That master's cruel treatment of his own flesh and blood, and vile design upon a young girl who interested even his broken-down, drunken, miserable hack, and made him linger in his service, in the hope of doing her some good (as, thank God, he had done others once or twice before), when he would otherwise have relieved his feelings by pummelling his master soundly and then going to the Devil. He would—mark that; and mark this—that I'm here now because these gentlemen thought it best. When I sought them out (as I did—there was no tampering with me) I told them I wanted help to find you out, to trace you down, to go through with what I had begun, to help the right; and that when I had done, I'd burst into your room and tell you all, face to face, man to man, and like a man. Now I've said my say, and let any body else say theirs, and fire away.'

With this concluding sentiment, Newman Noggs, who had been perpetually sitting down and getting up again all through his speech, which he had delivered in a series of jerks, and who was, from the violent exercise and excitement combined, in a state of most intense and fiery heat, became, without passing through any intermediate stage, stiff, upright, and motionless, and so remained, staring at Ralph Nickleby with all his might and main.

Ralph looked at him for an instant only; then waved his hand, and, beating the ground with his foot, said in a choking voice.

'Go on, gentlemen, go on. I'm patient you see. There's law to be had, there's law. I shall call you to an account for this. Take care what you say; I shall make you prove it.'

After an ineffectual attempt to get Squeers again in his toils, Ralph returned,—

WEARINESS OF HEART.

"He went home, and was glad to find the housekeeper complaining of illness that he might have an excuse for being alone and sending her away to where she lived, which was hard by. There he sat down by the light of a single candle, and began to think, for the first time, on all that had taken place that day.

He had neither eaten nor drunk since last night, and in addition to the anxiety of mind he had undergone, had been travelling about from place to place almost incessantly for many hours. He felt sick and exhausted, but could taste nothing save a glass of water, and continued to sit with his head upon his hand—not resting or thinking, but laboriously trying to do both, and feeling that every sense, but one of weariness and desolation, was for the time benumbed.

It was nearly ten o'clock when he heard a knocking at the door, and still sat quiet as before, as if he could not even bring his thoughts to bear upon that. It had been often repeated, and he had several times heard a voice outside, saying there was a light in the window (meaning, as he knew, his own candle), before he could rouse himself and go down stairs."

The knocking was that of a messenger from the brothers Cheeryble, requiring his immediate attendance, for the purpose of hearing something in which he was deeply concerned. This was no less, than information, by the mouth of a confessing party, that Smike—the victim of Squeers, and who had suffered a long persecution, in which Ralph, for his own purposes, took an active part, and who had recently died—was the son of Ralph, the fruit of a secret marriage,—neglected in infancy, and hidden out of revenge by a person whom Ralph had deeply wronged. This disclosure gives the guilty man a dreadful shock.

Meantime Nicholas had returned from the country, whither he had attended his poor protege, Smike, and where he had witnessed his last hours. He informs Kate that he loves Madeline Bray, but that he resolves to keep his feelings profoundly secret;—Madeline had become the wealthy ward of his employers, the Brothers Cheeryble, and he considered it an act of ingratitude and unfaithfulness, to make use of their confidence to gain her affections, and blast their prospects concerning her,—he being only a poor dependent. Kate informs her brother, that from similar feelings she had, during his absence, refused the hand of Frank Cheeryble, nephew of the good old men. Nicholas applauds her resolution, and declares that he intends to request his employers to remove Madeline from his mother's roof, where she had resided,—stating his reasons, and explaining his feelings on the subject. On this announcement of his resolution to remove her beloved companion, Kate exclaimed :

ANTICIPATION OF AGE.

"To-day? so very soon!"

'I have thought of this for weeks, and why should I postpone it? If the scene through which I have just passed has taught me to reflect and awakened me to a more anxious and careful sense of duty, why should I wait until the impression has cooled! You would not dissuade me, Kate; now would you?'

"You may grow rich you know," said Kate.

"I may grow rich!" repeated Nicholas, with a mournful smile, "ay, and I may grow old. But rich or poor, or old or young, we shall ever be the same to each other, and in that our comfort lies. What if we have but one home? It can never be a solitary one to you and me. What if we were to remain so true to these first impressions as to form no others? It is but one more link to the strong chain that binds us together. It seems but yesterday that we were playfellows, Kate, and it will seem but to-morrow that we are staid old people, looking back then to these cares as we look back now to those of our childish days, and recollecting with a melancholy pleasure that the time was when they could move us. Perhaps then, when we are quaint old folks and talk of the times when our step was lighter and our hair not grey, we may be even thankful for the trials that so endeared us to each other, and turned our lives into that current down which we shall have glided so peacefully and calmly. And having caught some inkling of our story, the young people about us—as young as you and I are now, Kate—shall come to us for sympathy, and pour distresses which hope and inexperience could scarcely feel enough for, into the compassionate ears of the old bachelor brother and his maiden sister."

Kate smiled through her tears as Nicholas drew this picture, but they were not tears of sorrow, although they continued to fall when he had ceased to speak.

"Am I not right, Kate?" he said, after a short silence.

"Quite, quite, dear brother; and I cannot tell you how happy I am that I have acted as you would have had me."

To be continued.

"HEADS OF THE PEOPLE."

This extraordinary, and very English periodical, has completed one volume, in its 13th No. The first No. of a new volume is to be issued in December. It consists of sketches of English classes and characters from a variety of hands. These are sketched with the utmost freedom and many of them with exquisite tact. The work shews John Bull's character in a favorable point of view. It does not exhibit any of that feverish fastidiousness which has occasionally made people of other countries so ridiculous,—ready to fight, en masse, with any individual, who dared to laugh at any part of the whole,—as if their character was such a band-box commodity, that free handling would be its ruin, and as if it had no real sterling points, which could afford some drawbacks on other particulars. John laughs louder than any one else, at caricatures of himself, and at his portraits, though the pimples and freckles which mark his expressive front may be by no means smoothed over. We make some extracts from the number before us. "The Cabinet Minister" is a cleverly conceived and executed sketch. The writer, in his first paragraph, sets out the genius, rank, and power, of the Minister; in his second, he elaborately proves, the meanness, degradation, and contemptible position, of the same subject;—in the third paragraph, his business habits, eloquence, and varied parts, are dwelt on;—in the fourth, he is a goose, a drivell, a dunce;—in the fifth, his motives are eulogized, as something supernatural in their purity;—in the seventh it is demonstrated that moral corruption is the breath of his nostrils;—then he is shown to be, at least, a good private character, and again "condemning proofs" are adduced that his worst points are seen at home. Thus, in a strain of fine satire, the Cabinet Minister is drawn by the painter, not indeed as he, or any body else, is,—but as *different partisans at different sides represent every such public personage*. We copy a couple of paragraphs.

THE CABINET MINISTER.

According to Parties.—"It follows as a matter of course, that, under the guidance of such a minister, "ships, colonies, and commerce," should go to rack—that foreign nations should deride the land they once feared—that the army and navy should degenerate into mere militia-men and Margatehoys—that the church should be undermined, the state undone—and that "finance" should be the plain English for the last word "*finis*." It also follows, as a necessary consequence, that, under such a government, the real glories of the country should be advanced to the highest pitch—that what far-seeing writers call the "political horizon," should exhibit no spot of cloud, whether bigger or less than a man's hand—the neighbouring countries should look with envy and admiration upon that happy land that preserves the rest of the world in profound peace, and enjoys unexampled prosperity itself—that everything should be going on from good to better, both at home and abroad—and thus, that the Millennium is no joke after all!

These things follow as matters of course; for what follows not from a character so contradictory as that we have thus impartially portrayed? A character, which, with no immodesty, we may say is now outlined for the first time; all previous attempts (and they are as many as the minutes in each session of parliament) having egregiously failed—for this reason, that they were founded only on a side view of the Cabinet Minister; the portrait was taken from the treasury benches, or from the opposition benches, or from the cross-benches, instead of being taken from all these at once, and painted, as the great original naturally appears to the

eye of impartiality, in all these different points of view united. A mere bird's-eye view won't do—unless it happens to be the Irish bird that is in two places at once. To survey the subject on both sides, it is necessary to take up a position in at least two counties, and stand like the giant, whom we saw in our youth, "with one foot in Shropshire and the other in Lancashire." This done, all that was obscure becomes clear, all that was unfinished becomes complete, and we obtain the several parts of character that are necessary to make up the whole. We thus discover that the object of our curiosity is not only a sage, but an idiot—not merely a traitor, but a patriot; that he is a saint, an infidel, a deliverer, a betrayer, an enthusiast, a trifler, a moralist, a sensualist, a genius, a blockhead; that he is an abandoned profligate, and a paragon of virtue; a systematic oppressor, and a redresser of wrongs; a forger of chains, and a friend to liberty; the creature of the court, and the champion of the whole world's cause; the most incompetent of all the noodles, and the most venerated of the tribe of Nestors; that he is at once magnanimous and mean; profound and shallow; hypocritical and honest; noble and contemptible; all that he should be, all that he should not be."

Efforts private and public.—"This, finally, may be remarked, that if Cabinet Ministers appear, in too many instances, to have been appointed for the express purpose of shewing us "with how little wisdom the world is governed," few among the governed know how immense is the amount of talent—of sagacity, vigilance, zeal, forethought, invention, and rare power in infinite shapes—hourly and momentarily exercised within the Downing Streets of mighty empires, for the purpose of sustaining Cabinet Ministers in the stations where wisdom is so often done without. Happy would it be for nations, if but a thousandth part of the enthusiasm that is exhibited in a party cause, were now and then—for eccentricity's sake—manifested in the cause of a people. It would suffice to redeem whole empires, and regenerate the world. Ministers ere now have owed their elevation to a red-heeled boot; been wafted to power by the force of a feather waving courtierly; been beckoned to a "more removed ground" by a frail lady's fan; elbowed their way in gallant impudence to glory, or crawled to eminence (the favourite plan) by any path, or through any loophole; but when there, how prodigious the aggregate of the power set in action to support them—in diplomacy, intrigue, plot, counter-plot, cajolery, intimidation, temptation, equivocation, snare, falsehood, flattery and manœuvre, unknown on earth until the advent of the first Cabinet Minister! How vast the genius secretly employed, and how insignificant the open and avowed result! Spirit of the Back Stairs, if thou wouldst but come to the Front Stairs, thou, who sleepest not at all, shouldst slumber half thy time—or all day long, with one eye open. A comparatively idle life—a semi-sinecure should be thine, and yet the nations should be saved! What a deal of trouble and talent honesty renders needless. It is easy for a Cabinet Minister to serve his country and himself, but what pains it costs him to serve himself only!"

The next article in the number is entitled The Hangman, and the sentiment placed under this functionary's engraved portrait,— "A Ridiculous Superfluity," gives the key note to the piece. As a matter of necessity, of example, and of punishment, the writer is against capital executions.

The Exciseman is the next subject,—there is not much in this fit for extract for a colonial public. Happily, the perplexities of the Chancellor have not driven him to cater in these far-away dependencies, and the few tax-gatherers we have, instead of being looked on as monsters, are demi-citizens, at least. One extract will afford a view of the Exciseman as he was, and as he is.

THE EXCISEMAN.

"A century ago, when education was much more sparingly scattered than at present, the Exciseman bore a widely different relation to society than he now does. Of some consequence from the king's commission, and perhaps rendered agreeable by the extent [comparatively speaking] of his information, or a reputation for the humorous, he was then the companion of the village clergyman and apothecary, and not unfrequently honoured by the squire himself—to whose family, perhaps, he might be tutor in writing and figures. But that day—his golden age—has long since passed away, most probably for ever: and the respective curates of spiritual and corporeal health, refusing to recognise him as an associate, superciliously pass him by; while even the landlord of the village alehouse, who of yore delighted to hold the Exciseman's stirrup, and bowed obsequiously as he rode away, no longer pays this tribute of respect.

Since that period, the exigencies of the state have brought taxation to a height unprecedented in the history of nations, and such as none but a country possessing within herself the most stupendous physical and moral resources could possibly have sustained. And it was at that time, when a minister of the crown, from his place in parliament, tauntingly defied his political antagonist to name a single article whereon to impose a new duty, that the Exciseman was looked upon with the greatest jealousy, and had, amid the arduous duties of a laborious life, to struggle energetical-

ly with the angry buffetings of popular antipathy. But the rapid diffusion of useful knowledge—that bright and beautiful feature of the present day!—by reducing the monstrous load of taxes, after years of patient endurance, and removing the veil of prejudice through which the public had so long been accustomed to view the revenue officer, has at length manifested his utility; and the friendly hand of justice points, even yet, to the ameliorated condition which awaits him."

From a delightful article, by William Howitt, entitled *The Farmer's Daughter*, we take some passages.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

Anne Field.—"How sweet that farm-house does look! What fine old trees those are about it! And that dear little window in the gable, with its open casement and its diamond panes. And, oh! surely! yes—that is Anne herself, and I think she is looking this way!"

Then follow the sweetest walks down by the mill; the sweetest moonlight leaps over the sunk fence at the bottom of the garden; the most heavenly wanderings along that old quince walk—such walks! such vows! such poetry of passion! such promises of felicity; and then the old farmer looks over the hedge, and says, "Who's there?" There, this is a pretty go! Off goes Anne like the spirit of a young lamplighter up the garden, through the house, up the stairs at three strides, and there she is, locked and bolted in that dear little chamber, with the little diamond window in the old gable. She has snuk into a chair [it is a very soft one, cushioned comfortably all round, seat, back, and elbows], and very wet is that white cambric handkerchief which she holds to her eyes.

But where is Captain Jenkinson? Oh! he's there!—and he's too bold and too true a lover to fly or sneak. There they stand, face to face, in the moonlight, the tall, slim Captain Jenkinson, and the tall stout Farmer Field, with his huge striped waistcoat, ready to burst with hurry and indignation, and his great stick in his hand. "What, is that you, captain! My eye! What! was that you a talking to our Anne?" "Yes, friend Field, it is I; it is the Captain, that was talking to your adorable Anne; and here I am ready to marry her with your consent, for never shall woman be my wife but your charming Anne!"

How that great elephant of a farmer stands lifting up his face, and laughing in the moonlight! How that "fair round corporation, with good capon-lined" [good Shakespere, pardon our verbal variation in this quotation, in courtesy to the delicacy of modern phrases]—how those herculean limbs do shake with laughter! But, now, as the tears stream down his face, he squeezes the youth's hand, and says, "Who could have thought it, captain—eh? Ha! ha! Well, we're all young and foolish once in our lives—but come! no more on't—it won't do, captain, it won't do!"

"Won't do! won't do! why shouldn't it do, farmer, why shouldn't it do?" "Why, becoss it won't, and that's why—a captain and old Farmer Field's lass—ha! ha! What will Lady Jenkinson say—eh? What 'ull that half-a-dozen of old guardians say—eh? The Honourable Captain Jenkinson and the daughter of old Farmer Field! What 'ull they say—eh? Say I'm a cunning old codger; say I've trapped you, belike. No, no—they shan't say so, not a man-jack of 'em. Not one of the breed, seed, and generation of 'em, shall say old Farmer Field palmed his daughter on a gentleman for his houses and his lands. No, Anne's a tight lass, and John Wright will come at the right time; and when you're married to my lady Fitz-somebody, and Anne's got the right man, come down, captain, and kill us a pheasant, and set up your horses and your dogs here, and we'll have a regular merry do, and another good laugh at our youthful follies!"

But all won't do. The captain vows he'll shoot all the old guardians of a row, and tell his mother to shoot him, if they make any opposition; and the very same night he sticks a note on the top of his fishing-rod, and taps with it at Anne's little window, with the diamond panes, in the old gable; and Anne, jumping from the easy chair, looks out, seizes the paper, clasps her hands, casts down a most affectionate but inconsolable look, and sighs an eternal adieu!—then flying to read the note, finds the captain vowing that "she may cheer up, all shall go right, or that he will manfully drown himself in the mill-dam."

Now, there is a pretty situation of affairs! and all that through incautiously wandering into the country, of a summer's evening, and getting into one of these old-fashioned farm-houses. It would serve them all right to leave them in their trouble. It might act as a warning to others, and place the dangers of the country in their genuine light. But as the captain would be almost certain to drown himself, he is so desperate (and then there must be a coroner's inquest, and we might, at a very inconvenient moment, be called up to serve upon it) we will for this once let things pass—all shall be right. The guardians relent, because they can't help themselves. Lady Jenkinson bounces a good bit, but like all bodies of a considerable specific gravity, she comes down again. The adorable Anne is not drowned in her own pocket-handkerchief, though she has been very near it; and "The Times" announces, that the Honourable Charles Jenkinson, of the Light Dragoons, was married on the 7th instant, to Anne Louisa, the only daughter of Burley Field, Esq., of Sycamore Grange, Salop.

(To be continued.)

REIGN AND CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

DES IDEES NAPOLEONIENNES; PAR LE PRINCE NAPOLEON LOUIS BONAPARTE.

As an historical essay, as an eulogium on Napoleon and on the past, there is nothing to censure, and not much to gainsay in this work. In a pious tribute from the collateral heir of a great name to the memory of its illustrious founder, one cannot find even a little exaggeration misplaced. The long list of benefits, which it enumerates as procured for France by Napoleon, need be curtailed or questioned in a few particulars; whilst its account of his aims and intentions, derived from family tradition, must be precious and correct. But if this glowing picture of Napoleon's reign be held up for the purpose of comparison with the present and in order to shame it, if the Imperial system of government be recommended as something worthy of repetition and fit to replace the present constitution of France, then indeed we have much not only to criticize, but to contradict.

Napoleon's system, it is almost commonplace to repeat, was a great military system, and nothing else. It was not altogether of his choice. He found war raging, the Conscription in the laws, himself borne to power by the support of the army, and the adhesion of its chiefs, whilst his sole title was that of military success. He was, therefore, obliged to complete what circumstances had begun. He organized the country as one vast barrack, rendering the spirit, aim, and institutions of the laws, all military. The first jacket which a boy put on was a uniform; the first element of his education was to wield a military weapon; the last resource of his age was the pension of an invalid. As to the institutions, in which he aped those of liberal countries, his Senate and his Tribunal, the French themselves know well and avow what farces they were. There was neither liberty of the press, nor of education, nor of thought; and if a few young civilians of talent did rise up, exempt from military spirit, the efforts by which they sought to arrive at distinction show the immense difficulty of their task. Comenin began by translating Horace to prove his harmlessness, and Count Mole exercised his youthful pen in an *Essay on Despotism*.

A regime, in fact, more degrading to free intellect than that of Napoleon could not be found. Its great excuse is, that it was temporary, that it was organized for a certain purpose, and that it was not destined to endure. It is indeed a great blessing and a wise arrangement of Providence, that a vast, agricultural, wealthy, civilized country, cannot be organized long for the purposes of offensive war. For a short time its redundant and unprovided population, in flocking under military banners, form a highly adventurous and formidable army. But when these are consumed, and when continued war takes the corn from the farmer, and the peasant from the plough, the obligation to furnish the military contingent becomes a tax too onerous and too painful to be supported. A poor, a mountainous, or a pastoral country, may indeed supply soldiers as long and as often as they are demanded, but the scanty population and resources of such a country render its warlike propensities little formidable. Thus the uncivilised barbarian has the propensity to invade without the power; the inhabitant of civilized countries may have the power, but not the will, to enter upon the career of conquest at the price of so many sacrifices.

The snows of Russia are accused of having overwhelmed the arms and fortunes of Napoleon. But his system was expiring of itself, or it would have recovered that blow. The Duke of Wellington marks in his dispatches, at the date of the Austrian marriage, the seeds of its decay. The great warriors and able men of the empire, whether generals or civilians, were produced during the republic, and by the all-awakening crisis of the last years of the last century. Napoleon's reign and patronage produced nothing beyond mediocrity in every line, the military not excepted. His latest created marshals marked their conduct by defeat and treason. His last levies no longer possessed the ardour and the staunchness of the republican soldier.

Even considered as a military system, therefore, the regime of Napoleon was not a normal or a permanent one. His political institutions were well adapted for the great aim of concentrating all the wealth and force of the state into the hands of its great ruler, and of claiming public opinion to the ear of the Emperor. But how long this system of *despotisme illustre* would have continued to satisfy the French is very doubtful. The advantages of such a regime, that is to say, of a Dictatorship in favour of liberty, are evident and unquestioned, as long as there are privileged classes to reduce to the just level, as long as there is a social revolution to complete, and new interests to defend. The absolute power of the King of Prussia has swept away the aristocracy of the north of Germany more efficaciously than a Prussian Parliament could have done. The divorce between the aristocracy and the Church, achieved in Austria by Joseph the Second, would have been impossible had the House of Lords and Commons sate at Vienna. In the same sense the reign of Napoleon was most useful as a continuation, under Dictatorial power, of the government and principles of the revolution. The old French aristocracy, had it returned in 1796, had life enough left to rescize privilege and power, whereas Napoleon, by keeping it under wa-

ter twenty years longer, and raising up a new and popular aristocracy in its place, put it beyond the power even of Bourbon Princes to revive aught of aristocracy, except what was harmless and ridiculous. All the benefits which Prince Louis enumerates and attributes to Napoleon, in this sense, as the continuator of the revolution, are correct; are too well known to need being cited; and these benefits extend not merely to France, but to Germany and Italy, whilst subject to French arms.

But whether the system which worked all this good would not have outlived its task and worked evil, is another question. The democracy may allow its interests, its feelings, its power, and its cause, to be concentrated in, and represented by, one eminent individual for a certain time, but not for a dynasty or a life. Prince Louis declares that Napoleon would have become liberal in peace; that he would have given liberty of the press, liberty of election, liberty of all kinds. This is impossible. He could no more have consented to this than he could consent to the dismemberment of the empire. In peace a liberal party must have risen in France; even though the freedom of the press and tribune was denied them; against them, and on the side of the Court, would have been arrayed the military party and the soldiery; and it is no difficult matter to foresee the tendency of these conflicting bodies.

In order to have become more liberal, Napoleon and his dynasty must have undone their past institutions, and not merely reformed, but gone counter to their spirit. Centralization, concentration of all power, influence, and activity, in the hands of the government, form the essence of the Imperial System. From education to snuff-making, all was monopoly therein. Individual effort, private industry, was checked, and nothing allowed that the administrative hand did not set in motion and keep going. The spirit of freedom and of the times, even in France at present, is directly the contrary of all this. The general cry is freedom, freedom of commerce, freedom of education, and the great struggle that of local influence against centralization. In vain does the Government, seeking to follow the old traditions of the Empire, endeavour to be the alpha, the centre of all enterprise. The Chambers and the country resist, and will not entrust the administration even with the making of a railroad. In judicial affairs and legislation, the struggle of the Liberal party is to obtain the jury in political trials and those of the press, to which, of course, the Imperial system is opposed. If a public functionary or a magistrate in France commit any violence or injustice towards a citizen, Napoleon's laws and institutions deny the citizen the right of prosecution unless permission be first obtained from the Conseil d'Etat. This impunity of every one invested with authority is another grievance, which the French Liberals would see removed by substituting English ideas of liberty and jurisprudence for Imperial ones. These are a few hastily chosen instances, out of an host, all of which prove the present tendency of the French to be against the system of government held up for admiration in the *Idees Napoleoniennes*.

But, whilst thus rejecting the system and ideas of Napoleon as unfit and unwise to be recuscitated in the present state, wants and tendencies of the French, we are far from denying the aptness and excellence of the greater number of his institutions for the time that he reigned, and for the cause, whose triumph was his first object. Nay, several, not closely connected with his policy, must long continue to heap benefits on France, and remain as monuments of his genius and enlightened benevolence. His Code, his Institute, and his Normal School, are alone sufficient to render the name of Napoleon immortal.

The great objection, however, to the resuscitation of Napoleonic ideas is, that they are entertained, in France, solely by the war or movement party, whose sole aim is to run once more a muck against Europe, in order to wash out some pretended stains received in 1814 and 1815. To a considerate Frenchman the victories and conquests which illustrated French arms from 1793 to 1810 might suffice to obliterate the stain, if stain it could be considered, of subsequent reverse. But Napoleon's ideas are unfortunately those of domination, and tend directly towards a renewal of that military struggle which convulsed Europe at the commencement of the century. Now it is much to be feared that, whatever be the fortune of such a struggle, its result cannot be propitious to the extension of freedom in Europe, or to its consolidation in France.—*Examiner*.

FINE ARTS.

A SUMMER'S DAY AT HAMPTON COURT, BEING A GUIDE TO THE PALACE AND GARDENS.—BY EDWARD JESSE, ESQ.

This is an addition to Mr. Jesse's many pleasant manuals of sport and recreation, which, if more of a mere guide book than we expected, is not likely on that account to be less welcome to those for whom it is designed. It is appropriately dedicated to Lord Duncannon, to whose influence we owe the late regulation, by which the public are admitted without reserve to view whatever is curious or interesting within the walls of Hampton Court Palace. It is one of the merits of our present ministry, and not the least, that they have shown themselves anxious to promote, in various ways, the amusement and recreation of the people. They

have their reward in such results as Mr. Jesse properly adverts to in this brief dedication.

"That the privilege conferred on the public is daily estimated by them, is proved by the great accession of visitors who daily avail themselves of the indulgence. The most laborious have their moments of leisure, and to such more especially your lordship has opened a source of innocent recreation, by affording them opportunities of contemplating many works of art and genius, from which they were formerly in a great degree excluded.

"Your lordship in this instance has achieved an object always deemed important by all legislators, by adding to the sum of human enjoyment, and doing what must eventually tend to refine the manners, and raise a taste for higher objects of pursuit among the working classes of the community."

Mr. Jesse prefixes to his detailed account of the palace and its treasures, its pictures and its gardens, a brief sketch of the drive from London. Interesting places are pointed out and pleasant recollections waked up from books. This we may describe as a new chapter to Mrs. Barbauld's instructive sketch of "Eyes and no Eyes, or the Art of Seeing." Mr. Jesse will not have a visitor go to Hampton Court (unless he goes by railway) and see nothing but Hampton Court. This would be travelling with dingy spectacles. There is Kingston House to look at and think of as he goes along, once the abode of the eccentric Duchess of Kingston, now the frequent abiding place of the eccentric Baron Brougham. There is the large red house of the once famous Duchess of Portsmouth, which makes us think of hot suppers and of poor Charles the Second's last indigestion. There is Kensington Palace, the seat of successive monarchs. There is Holland House, the seat of successive wits and statesmen; the picturesque resort of all that has been eminent or interesting in English story or literature for the last two hundred years; the "house of call" for the Fairfaxes, the Warwicks, the Carlises, the Sacklins, the Buckingham, the Steeles, the Walpoles, the Burkes, the Sheridans; the place where Charles Fox was educated, where Addison died, and where the noble and accomplished biographer of Lope de Vega still happily lives, to grace it with his classical tastes and generous sympathies. Then there is Hammersmith, where Bubb Doddington lived, and Richardson the novelist, and poor Catherine of Braganza the wife of Charles the Second, and rich Mrs. Margaret Hughes the mistress of Prince Rupert, and where there was a ghost, and is a suspension bridge, and, what is still more curious, a convent of real Benedictine nuns. We next pass on to Kew, where old George the Third, Mr. Jesse tells us, was very happy, and, somewhat oddly adds, first heard of the death of his grandfather; but which has more interesting memories for us as the residence of Robert Dudley Earl of Leicester, of Charles Brandon Duke of Suffolk, and of the pleasant Sir Peter Lely; and because in its pretty little churchyard on the green lie the remains of Gainsborough and Zoffany. Why is there no monument to Gainsborough? Richmond breaks upon us next, the delight of every Londoner; with its recollections of our more chivalrous kings, the Edwards and Henrys, who held tournaments there; the abode of Thomson and Collins; and the place where Jeanie Deans and the Duke of Argyle had that famous interview with Queen Caroline. We now pass rapidly up the river banks, thinking of Pope and the Countess of Suffolk, and Lady Mary Wortley, and the Duchess and Wharton, Kitty Clive, and Horace Walpole, till we arrive at the old Palace of Hampton Court built by Cardinal Wolsey.

Here we could not fail to pause, even were it not the end of our journey, for a host of classic memories, a crowd of most worshipful society, fairly arrest us at the door. We will not anticipate the pleasure Mr. Jesse has provided for his visitors by describing one of these. From the "full-blown" dignity of Wolsey who set no bounds to his pomp within the walls, as he afterwards set no bounds to the tears and moans with which he deplored its loss—to

"Thou, great Anna, whom three realms obey,
And sometime's counsel tak'st, and sometimes tea,"

within these same walls aforesaid—all have proper service done them, and a right allegiance rendered. The building is also minutely described, as well in its ancient as its modern state, and the most curious part of this description is the account of Wolsey's withdrawing room. An illustrative catalogue of all the pictures closes the work.

From this catalogue we take one or two extracts to show the kind of notices interspersed, and the interest they possess.

"The two large pictures above the smaller ones represent the embarkation of Henry VIII at Dover, and the meeting of that king and Francis I of France in the field, called the Cloth of Gold, near Calais. The pictures are not only historically very interesting, but a curious fact is connected with one of them.

"After the death of Charles I, the Commonwealth were in treaty with a French agent, who had expressed his desire of purchasing these pictures for the King of France. Philip, Earl of Pembroke, who was a great admirer and an excellent judge of painting, and considered these valuable pictures an honour to an English palace, came privately into the royal apartments, cut out

that part of the picture where King Henry's head was painted, and putting it into his pocket-book, retired unnoticed. The French agent, finding the picture mutilated, declined purchasing it. After the Restoration, the then Earl of Pembroke delivered the mutilated piece to Charles II, who ordered it to be replaced. On looking at the picture in a side light, the insertion of the head is very visible.

"It may be fairly doubted whether Holbein painted these pictures. They are too coarse; besides, he did not arrive in England till six years after the interview depicted, and therefore could not have taken the many excellent English portraits which are introduced into the pictures, at that time. It is, however, immaterial, as their intrinsic merit, and historical interest, will always demand attention."

Again—

"Queen Elizabeth in a fantastic dress.—*F. Zucchero*. Queen Elizabeth was in the habit of wearing dresses of every country. In the picture before us her romantic turn appears. She is drawn in a forest, a stag behind her, and on a tree are inscribed mottoes, which, as we know not on what occasion the piece was painted, are not easily to be interpreted."

Jesse, among many instructive remarks on the Cartoons takes the opportunity of expressing his strong opinion against their removal from Hampton Court.

"In examining the cartoons, the purpose for which they were destined should always be borne in mind, namely to be wrought in tapestry. This occasions the composition to be simplified, the masses to be large, and the several figures to be distinct from each other. The colours also are expressly chosen, so that the variety, splendour, and dyes might be taken advantage of, which are peculiar to the various shades of dyed wool and silk used in tapestries.

"It is to be regretted that these glorious works have, in part, sustained very serious damage. Considering, however, the dangers to which they have been exposed since they were painted, it is a matter of wonder that they are not in a far worse condition than they really are. When they were sent to Arras, in order that tapestries might be worked from them, the weavers began the destruction of the cartoons by cutting each of them perpendicularly into six or seven slips, in order to work more conveniently after them. While the tapestries were admired at Rome, the cartoons themselves remained for a whole century in total oblivion at Arras, and it is said were deposited in a cellar. Rubens, who knew their value, at length called the attention of Charles I to them, when only seven were to be found in such slips. The others appear to have been torn to pieces in that state, for only some miserable fragments of them have ever come to light. Charles I bought these seven, partly, it is supposed, with the intention of having tapestry woven after them. However that may have been, it is certain that they were roughly treated until William III first took the precaution of having the slips joined together, and put in stretching frames, to rescue them from gradual destruction, and to enable the public to enjoy them in the present gallery, which he built for them.

"The state apartments are open to the public on every day of the week, except Friday, when they are closed for the purpose of being cleaned. The hours are from ten o'clock in the morning until six o'clock in the evening from the 1st of April to the 1st of October, and the remainder of the year from ten until four."—*Ibid.*

THE FAITHFUL DOG.

Mr. Gough was a young man belonging to the Society of "Friends," who took an interest in the mountain scenery of the Ake district, both as a lover of the picturesque, and as a man of science. It was in his latter character, I believe, that he had ascended Helvellyn at the time when he met his melancholy end. From his local familiarity with the ground—for he had been an annual visitant to the lakes—he slighted the usual precaution of taking a guide; and, probably, under any clear state of the atmosphere, he might have found the attendance of such a person a superfluous restraint upon the freedom of his motions, and of his solitary thoughts. Mist, unfortunately—impenetrable volumes of mist—came floating over (as so often they do) from the gloomy fells that compose a common centre for Fasedale, Langdale, Eskdale, Borrowdale, Wastdale, Gatesgarthdale, (pronounced Keskadale,) and Ennesdale. Ten or fifteen minutes afford ample time for this aerial navigation: within that short interval, sunlight, moonlight starlight, alike disappear; all paths are lost; vast precipices are concealed, or filled up by treacherous draperies of vapour; the points of the compass are irrecoverably confounded; and one vast cloud, too often the cloud of death even to the experienced shepherd, sets like a vast pavilion upon the summits and the gloomy coves of Helvellyn. Mr. Gough ought to have allowed for this not infrequent accident, and for its bewildering effects, under which all local knowledge (even that of shepherds) becomes in an instant unavailing.—What was the course and succession of his dismal adventures, after he became hidden from the world by the vapoury screen, could not be ever deciphered by the most sagacious of mountaineers, although, in most cases, they manifest an Indian truth of eye, together with an Indian felicity of weaving al-

the signs that the eye can gather in a significant tale, by connecting links of judgment and natural inference, especially where the whole case ranges within certain known limits of time and space; but in this case two accidents forbade the application of their customary skill to the circumstances. One was, the want of snow at the time, to receive the impression of his feet; the other, the unusual length of time through which his remains lay undiscovered. He had made the ascent at the latter end of October—a season when the final garment of snow, which clothes Helvellyn from the setting-in of winter to the sunny days of June, has frequently not made its appearance. He was not discovered until the following spring, when a shepherd, traversing the coves of Helvellyn, or of Fairfield, in quest of a stray sheep, was struck by the unusual sound (and its echo from the neighbouring rocks) of a short, quick bark, or cry of distress, as if from a dog or young fox. Mr. Gough had not been missed: for those who saw or knew of his ascent from the Wyburn side of the mountain, took it for granted that he had fulfilled his intention of descending in the opposite direction into the valley of Patterdale, or into the Duke of Norfolk's deer park on Ulleswater, or possibly into Matteredale; and that he had finally quitted the country by way of Penrith. Having no reason, therefore, to expect a domestic animal in a region so far from human habitations, the shepherd was the more surprised at the sound, and its continued iteration. He followed its guiding, and came to a deep hollow, near that awful curtain of rock called *Striding Edge*. There, at the foot of a tremendous precipice, lay the body of the unfortunate tourist: and, watching by his side, a meagre shadow, literally reduced to a skin and to bones that could be counted, (for it is a matter of absolute demonstration that he never could have obtained either food or shelter through his long winter's imprisonment,) sat this most faithful of servants—mounting guard upon his master's honoured body, and protecting it (as he had done effectually) from all violation by the birds of prey which haunt the central solitudes of Helvellyn:—

"How nourished through that length of time
He knows—who gave that love sublime,
And sense of loyal duty—great
Beyond all human estimate."

THE OLD ENGLISH ARCHER.

BY M. JAY.

When the red deer roamed in his native pride
Through the depths of the sylvan shade;
And the wild boar brushed with his bristly hide
The dew from the greenwood glade—
There dwelt in the midst of his native wood
With the stag and the timid doe,
The yeoman bold, whose sire of old
Had fought the Norman foe.

He wished not for wealth, nor a courtly throng
To flatter and bend the limb;
The cry of the fawn as it bounded along
Was far sweeter music to him.
He lived in peace in his forest home,
In the shade of some old oak tree;
And Prince or Priest, at a jovial feast,
Was never more blithe than he.

Clad in a jerkin of Lincoln green,
And armed with a good cross-bow,
Through the woods in the morning shewn
Merrily he would go;
And swift as a ray from the summer sun
His arrow would fly from the string,
When he spied a doe in the vale below,
Or a wild bird on the wing.

When the sun had set in the western sky,
And the moon shone clear above,
He wandered forth in the silent groves
With the maid he had sworn to love.
And the King on his gilded throne of state,
And the Peer in his guarded tower,
Might have envied the light of that tranquil night,
And the bliss of that holy hour.

LEICESTER SQUARE.

Leicester square is a celebrated spot on the map of London. It is the site of old Leicester Place, built by the great Earl, and the dwelling of his and other distinguished families. James' unhappy daughter Betsey, also George the Second's pouting son Frederick, died here. It was tenanted once by Prince Eugene; and the square itself has been honored by the residence of Hogarth, Reynolds, Hunter the Surgeon, and other eminent persons. It was once, too, the very centre of fashion, and all elegant London paraded its magnificence upon this square. Then 'the heaven's breath smelled woefully,' and so it does now, toward evening; and shops displayed their glitter of gems, and cashmeres, and all

manner of millineries, tempting princely customers. Here 'rich Spencer's tapering leg,' cased in the finest silk, mounted its gorgeous equipage while gny and gartered ears gazed breathless upon the airy step, the fierceful mein, the sparkling 'eye, the purple lip;' and Leicester's chariot swept like a 'harnessed meteor' through the square, and grooms in painted coats, as the Hours, 'doff'd the world aside' to let it pass. Alas! the greasy eating-house or gambling den, now occupies the palace of the Sydney's, and the foot of nobility is no more heard upon its pavement. Smutty coal-heavers now throng, and sweeps as black as Bugg Jargal, where 'round the coaches crowded white-gloved beaux;' the heroes of Blenheim have surrendered to the French, and plots of campaigns and fortresses are succeeded by the *Batterie de Cuisine*. While the Parisian English inhabit the elegant Rivoli, and Place Vendôme, the French have here their separate quarter, like the Jews, the meanest of London. A bronze statue, in the centre of the place, is all that is left of its ancient gentility.—"The American in London."

A CELEBRATED CHARACTER.

The beginning of last week an exceedingly well known character departed this life, namely "Old Jack," the gigantic and venerable swan, with whom the public have been so long acquainted, on the canal, in the inclosure of St. James's park, at the advanced age of seventy years. Old Jack was hatched some time about the year 1770, on a piece of water attached to old Buckingham house, and, for many years, basked, in the sunshine of royal favour, Queen Charlotte being extremely partial to him, and frequently condescending to feed him herself. When the pleasure gardens in St. James's park were laid out, Jack was removed. His immense size, sociable disposition and undaunted courage have often excited the admiration of the public. Jack's strength and courage were, indeed, astonishing; frequently he has seized an unlucky dog, who chanced to approach the edge of his watery domain, by the neck and drowned him; and, on one occasion, he seized a boy, about twelve years of age, who had been teasing him, by the leg of his trousers, and dragged him into the water up to his knees. Jack, however, never acted on the offensive, but always on the defensive, and, if not annoyed, was exceedingly tractable. But the march of modern improvement affected poor Jack as much as it had affected thousands more pretending bipeds. The Ornithological Society was formed, and a host of feathered foreigners found their way on the canal, with whom Jack had many a fierce and furious encounter, and invariably came off successful; but a legion of Polish geese at length arrived, who commenced hostilities with Jack immediately. Despising every thing like even warfare, they attacked him in a body, and picked him so severely that he drooped for a few days, and died. The body of poor old Jack is to be stuffed for one of the scientific museums.—*London paper.*

HOME.—I have travelled some little in my day, and I never yet saw the place over-seas where I could say, here will I live and die. My steps have been arrested by beautiful spots—by savage spots—by great and luxurious cities; a week, a month, I could spend in many,—a year in some, and spend it happily; but not life—not all my days. This may be prejudice; but it is the only prejudice I have no wish to part with. I know of no pleasure that will compare with going abroad, except one—returning home. I pity English colonists, wherever I find them, whether at Tours, at Pau, or Lausanne, or Brussels, or Nice, or Florence. They all talk of delightful climates and delicious wines, and cheap living, and excellent society; and yet, I believe, there may be but two or one among them all, who, if they dared to appear poor, would not turn their backs upon the climate, and wines, and society of foreign lands, and seek the shores of England. Travelling is a charming recreation, but after all, England, to an Englishman, is the only country to live in.—*Derwent Conway.*

Let your reputation be framed, your credit raised, and your affairs put in order while you are young. In a future season of life it must be more troublesome or too late. Charles V. used to say, that 'fortune favoured young people.' In the outset of life, almost every one is ready to lend a helping hand; in this respect young people have many advantages; but when age approaches such assistances are not found. The fascinating charms and influence of youth are fled; reason and truth may remain, but they do not govern the world.

The Colonel of a regiment of militia down east, was informed lately that one of his sons had run his sword through his body. On inquiry, he found that he had sold the sword for liquor, which he had drunk.

The following from the Kalamazoo (Michigan) Gazette, is a specimen of the original mode of 'dunning' in the 'Far West.' 'DO YOU TAKE? I would respectfully let all persons know, who are indebted to me, that I am in a clinch, and have no knife to cut the rigging. Unless those indebted to me pay up immediately, I shall make them as intimate with the Sheriff as I am myself.'

For the Pearl.

LITERATURE.

A work, for some time expected in Canada, entitled, *Trifles from My Portfolio*, has recently appeared in Quebec. The author is a staff Surgeon, it appears, and belonged to the 66th Regt. during its campaigns. From a notice made of the work in a Quebec paper we would suppose it to be interesting, thickly interspersed with incident, and description, and, in the main, highly respectably written. A long extract is given, containing an account of an interview with Napoleon, at St. Helena. We take a brief passage, which contains an estimate of Napoleon's character.

"Napoleon always appeared to me a being of an unique character—isolated—unapproachable—*svi genis*, or rather a genius in himself. Possessing a daring and comprehensive mind, which could at the same time conceive the most magnificent schemes and designs, and embrace all the prospective steps and minute details necessary for their accomplishment, he found himself at once pushed on by fortune, into an elevated station and then raised himself to the highest by consummate political talent and military skill, directing the chivalrous devotion of masses of enthusiastic soldiers. But, as has been well said, Lord though he was of France, and almost of Europe; he was never thoroughly master of the little world within; for the fierce Italian passions would boil up in his bosom, and overboil, without effectual constraint. At length, rendered giddy by the immense elevation he had attained and the constant whirl of his perilous prosperity, he yet soared higher—but the ascent could not always last, and he began to totter to his fall. One fatal false step was on the domes of the Escurial, and another, still more fatal, on the towers of the Kremlin. Long and bravely, and tenaciously, notwithstanding, did he cling to his lofty position; and when he found himself falling, attempt to regain it with astonishing power of resilience—but the fiat had gone forth against him, and it was all in vain. At length he tumbled down hopelessly and far ever, without the smallest sympathy from mankind to soften his fall."

This passage exhibits comprehension of view, and smoothness of style, but is it not rather deficient in its rhetorical figures? The comparison of the "Lord of France and almost of Europe," an over-boiling utensil, is degrading instead of exalting to its subject, and vulgarises the passage in which it occurs. But immediately after, we have the boiling cauldron taking a very sublime flight. This flight is illustrated by a harsh metaphor, one which has such appearance of literal expression, and is so odd and ludicrous in its images, that the sublimity provokes a smile, and "tumbles down" to caricature. We have the "little corporal" taking one step, to the top of the Pope's palace at Rome, and another, still more fatal, to the domes of the Czars at Moscow. Finding his footing insecure—as how else could it be, in dragon boots among the thin air and slippery marbles of the Russian house tops—he holds on like "grim death," until the fiat having gone forth, he tumbles down, and finding no angel hands to bear him up, is dashed to atoms. Now had Napoleon been merely described as climbing some metaphysical height, such as "fame's proud steep," the metaphor would have been passable enough; but to name the elevations that he figuratively clambered among, and these, roofs of certain dwelling houses, in certain cities, is a most odd and unauthorized license. It sinks the metaphor, and brings forward the literal, and, by the drollness of the picture, as we before intimated, turns the whole into caricature. How much more effective would a spirited statement of the real facts of the case be,—or, if a more poetical strain were essential, poetry in accordance with its own laws. A second volume of the "Trifles" is to contain sketches of Upper and Lower Canada, which, no doubt, will be amusing and instructive. The notices of the first, are loud in its praises, and we have no doubt that it will be considered, generally, a welcome addition to the copious supplies of military literature, which late years have furnished.

For the Pearl.

POETRY.

In a late paper of St. John, N. B., the subjoined note and lines appeared under the head Poetry.

"The following lines were written by a Novascotian on board the steamer at Louisville, in April last, on her passage from New Orleans to a beautiful little village called Donaldsonville, sixty miles above the "Great Southern Emporium," on the banks of the Mississippi.

TO THE MISSISSIPPI.

Flow on in thy majestic grandeur—flow,
We'll stem thy current spite of every wave;
Not lisp'ing winds, nor tempests when they blow,
Can stay the boat that thro' thy billows lave
'Tis Man that rules: his power is supreme,
And dares the vengeance of thy mighty stream.

Flow on and murmur like the evening bird,
That weeps when dewdrops on the lilies rest;
'Tis music, since no other notes are heard,
And darkness frowns upon thy heaving breast;
Whilst tranquil Peace reposes on each shore,
And seems to smile at thy perpetual roar.

Flow on unchanging thro' the length of age;
Thy course is onward as the march of time—
No aged furrow can thy strength assuage,
But onward, onward—thou art still sublime.
List! what's that sound that bursts upon the ear?
You swelling wave, that breaks in wild despair!

Flow on while slumber yields to us her balm;
The howling wind—the spray that dashes round
Like a fond mother lulls us into calm,
Whilst thro' thy bosom fairy-like we bound—
Or like the sea gull on the ocean wide,
That scorns the wave which dashes by its side."

Some matters are noted for their great size, others for their delicate minuteness,—some for their elegant truthfulness, and others for their grotesque dash of caricature,—each in its way is worthy of notice, and it is only the dull and purely mediocre, the neither very high nor very low, that has no features of its own but a mere appropriation of other men's wares covered with original dress, that is too mawkish for attention. With this view we have copied the lines above, as a fair specimen of the grave caricature,—painting that may be taken in earnest, as it appears by the ignorant, but that to the initiated, exhibits a rich strain of hyperbole or irony.

The third and fourth lines of the first stanza may be cited as an instance;—who but a keen observer of what does not exist, and a wag to boot, would talk of lisp'ing winds? To lisp is to speak with a too frequent application of the tongue to the teeth. A common man would not know how the winds could have tongue or teeth,—but the writer of the address to the Mississippi,—knew, that the winds are said to "lift up their voices," and how could they do this,—how could they, in common language, "give tongue" if they had not that useful member. Again, as to teeth, what more frequent than to hear of a biting wind when a blow is experienced from the north-east of a morning in January, and the "barber" is making the waters send up vapours like a cauldron? If a wind may be said to bite, how could it bite without teeth,—and if it has tongue and teeth, why not one of these too frequently touch the other,—and, as a consequence, why should not "rude Boreas" be a lipser as well as a "blustering railer?"—Yet a writer of mediocrity would be unaware of all this, and would tremble to use such an epithet as lisp'ing in connection with such a fine, powerful, but unsubstantial, agent as the Wind. The remainder of the lines under consideration is as good as the part just noticed. We are told that, neither lisp'ing winds, nor tempests when they blow, can stay the boat. The author is not bold enough to dare the tempests in all their moods, it is only, when they blow, that the boat defies them. Some might be puzzled to understand what a tempest could be when it did not blow,—but the poet's fine frenzy ascertains matters incomprehensible to common intellect.

Again, in the fourth line, your carefully correct, but creeping author, would decline sacrificing grammar to rhyme, and would write *laves*, instead of *lave*; and, moreover, would not see how the boat could be said to wash through the billows, and therefore would not use either the term, *lave* or *laves*. But the poet under consideration was not to be so shackled, and so he preserved his rhyme; and surely, if the boat herself did not wash, as she dashed along, many on board her did. By a well known figure of speech, one object may be expressed when another is understood; thus we say, John reads Milton, when a book written by Milton is meant,—and how much more poetic to speak of the boat, washing, although it really did not, than of Sambo the cook, or others who actually did perform ablutions as they moved along. We cannot, however, say so much for the fifth line, we fear it borders on profanity. To call man's power *supreme*, in contact with the elements, is rather an exaggeration. In the sixth also we are somewhat puzzled to account for the *vengeance* of the river. Pouring down from its mysterious founts, with all its auxiliary streams rejoicing to swell its volume, as it hastes to the ocean, what cares the Mississippi though man's steamer should crawl up its mighty highway? The poet, however, the man what really did steam in the Louisville, ought to know.

A poetic surprise occurs in their first line of the second stanza. The mighty stream, is told to flow and murmur like,—like what,—plain, prosaic reader,—guess,—like behemoth, like leviathan? Like fiddle-sticks; no such thing,—like, says the poet,—like "the evening bird." That is a rhetorical "ha ha" indeed, and the poor reader is so confounded by the fall, that he is doubtful whether he should laugh or cry,—whether he should applaud the ingenuity of the framer of the trap, or denounce him as an unnatural trickster. The Mississippi *murmuring* like, the evening bird, is nevertheless prime in its way; a poor plain matter of fact man, would no more compare the fresh water monster, 2000 miles long, to the nightingale or the whip-poor-will, than he would compare the "Great Western" to Dame Durdon's tea pot. Such flights only belong to the bold and brave in the realms of poesy. We have written too rapidly, however, in our admiration,—the bird could not have been either nightingale or whip-poor-will, for we are told that the feathered individual alluded to, weeps when dew drops are on the lilies,—and as neither of these birds do this, nor any other that we have ever heard of, we must wait some further revelation on the subject before the ornithological novelty can be named.

We must plead obtuseness, as to the compliment in the next line. What would Phil's think of Damon, if while she sang for his pleasure he were to say, "Tis music, because no other sound is heard, and darkness frowns upon thy heaving breast?" We

cannot fathom the excellencies of one another here, and must only be silent and satisfied in our limited comprehension.

How palpable, though, is the next figure. A great man is sometimes said to have come to this continent in three ships,—his importance being intimated by the impossible exaggeration of his transit. So the personification of Peace is said to repose on both shores of the Mississippi at the one time, smiling at the roar of its mighty neighbour. It cannot be that Peace was gigantic enough to reach across, making a footstool of one shore and a pillow of the other, for then the "Louisville's" way would have been barred by something worse than a sand-bank,—the figure must be, as we before intimated, one of exaggeration by impossible dilation.

In the next stanza we are told that no aged furrow can assuage, the river's strength. It is not very apparent how furrows could or should assuage vigour, neither how a furrow could be supposed aged when its very existence is described as impossible. Here also we must acknowledge our defective vision for such "imaginings."

Another surprise claims attention in the last line of this verse. The waters of the Mississippi have been described as grand, mighty, musical, unchanging, unfurrowed, sublime, and yet,—we are told that its wave "breaks in wild despair." Why? Despair at what, or for what? In vain we ask the question, we are baffled, and give it up in despair of a solution.

The majestic open of the last stanza is very striking. The tourist, on his route, orders or permits, the Mississippi, to "flow on" while he sleeps. How considerate!—what damage to commerce would result, had he told the mighty stream to, tarry still, while he lay down to slumber. The beneficence, however, like a great deal of the article, is tinged, we find, with some interested motives,—for the howling wind, and dashing spray, increased, or caused by the motion of the river, is said to act the part of a fond mother to the traveller. These two, by the bye, the wind and the spray, are treated as some advertisements offer to treat two apprentices,—as one of the family. Both only form one mother; and while lulled in this mother's arms, the gentle traveller becomes fairy-like, and then, very like a gull; which, very unlike gulls in general, scorns the wave that dashes by its side. The gull, by the way, must be very large, or the wave very small,—for though a common gull could dash or splash by the side of a wave, a common wave could not well be said to dash by the side of a gull. Parts of it might, but not the whole, for it could not be a wave at any part of the gull's side. Enough about gulls, however, lest the author might suspect that we wished, figurately, to make a gull of him: we only add in conclusion, that when he writes again on the scenes which have been happy enough to come under his notice, may we be favoured with a glance at his poetry.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 22, 1839.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.—Latest arrivals from Europe bring London dates to the 20th Oct. It appears that a crisis of some consequence was expected in the money market, and trading departments. Some would make this news wear a very gloomy aspect, but when we recollect how prone people are to "make the most" of such things, particularly if fears or interest influence them,—and also the wealth and resources of England, and the many stormy seasons which her commercial institutions have gallantly weathered, we are inclined to trust that the foregoing shadows will be found more serious than the substance.

Nothing of consequence has come to hand respecting U. States affairs.

All seems quiet in Canada, and we trust that the approaching winter will not be marked by any such frontier atrocities as were exhibited in former periods. The possible alteration of the seat of Government from Quebec to Montreal, provided the Canadas are united,—the proposed union of the Provinces,—and the question of the dissolution of the U. Canada Assembly before its natural termination, occupied the pens of controversialists. On the latter it is thought that the prerogative will not be exercised. The union meets with many objections: it is said that it would not negative the French power in L. Canada, for that so large a number of the U. Canadians would support them in political measures, that a majority of the whole would be found to continue agitation. The U. Canadians, or many of them, desire the annexation of Montreal to that province, but not the proposed union.—Respecting the removal of the seat of Government, the comparatively exposed situation of Montreal is urged against such a step,—and as a matter of convenience to have the capital in a central position, it is argued, that in the union of Scotland or Ireland with England, the alteration of the seat of Government from London to a more central situation, was never thought of. Quebec, it is said, is the key of Canada, and should, as such, retain its present political importance.—Halifax may soon be said to be the Quebec of the Lower Provinces, and it will, we trust, increase rapidly in general prosperity. Within Nova Scotia everything continues its usual aspect

of peace and safety. No great evils to annoy, no dangers to dread, a steady progression experienced, and a future teeming with improvements anticipated.

UNITED STATES.—The crops in the West are represented as very abundant. Second crops of apples were gathered in some places. A great abundance of produce was experienced in Maine. Another *American Slaver*, the schr. *Butterfly* of N. York, arrived at N. York, recently, from Sierra Leone, prize to H. M. brig *Dolphin*.

The Hungarian Singers, four in number, were exhibiting in Boston, and giving much delight by their exquisite performances.

A Boston paper announces that several cases of small pox were in that city, and urges the necessity of inoculation or vaccination, on the citizens.

A Committee had been appointed, by the American Institute, we believe, to test the merits of Life Boats. This Committee made a report which contains some interesting facts, we subjoin extracts:

The men were transferred, four persons, to Francis' large Life Boat, measuring 20 feet long, 5 feet beam, with stationary Trip cylinders; her power is computed to sustain 3,500 lbs. iron, or dead weight, 230 persons. After placing the boat in a suitable position regarding depth of water, etc. etc., an attempt was made to upset her by her crew of four persons, in which they failed. One other effort was directed to be made to upset her which was successful, but immediately on relinquishing their hold, she righted with a celerity of motion that proved beyond a doubt its great buoyant principles.

If this boat ship a sea, or otherwise fill, there are six openings in the bottom to let the water out, viz: four scuttles, 13 inches by 5, and two brass crew boxes, opening two 4 inch holes, which it is said will relieve her in two minutes. While the men are inside and the apertures are open, allowing a full flow of water in and out of the boat, the oarsmen propel the boat with the same velocity as though she was tight.

Francis' Life Boat was invented in 1816, and an improvement made by him in 1837, consists in adding to the number of sections of copper cylinders, charged with hydrogen gas and atmospheric air, together with the construction of the cylinders adapted to the form of the boat; if by a shot, one or two sections on both sides of the boat are perforated, sufficient buoyance will be left to sustain all that may be required for boarding, or any exigency, as their are eight sections on either side of the boat.

The first Life Boat of which your committee have any knowledge, was constructed by Mr. Greathead, in England, in 1740. She had 700 lbs. of cork. The whole buoyant power of Greathead's boat was around the top, which, when upset, prevented her righting. Another objection to her was, that as soon as the cork became saturated with water, it lost all its buoyant quality, and when thus saturated was subject to rapid decay.

An improvement in Francis' Life Boat was introduced after the loss of the steam boat *Home*, in 1836, which was, to run his copper cylinder, charge with hydrogen gas, through the inner surface of his boat to the gunwale. Previous to this time his principal buoyant power was near the gunwale, which prevented her turning back when upset.

Mobile had been placed under martial law, and many arrests had occurred on suspicion respecting the late fires. The health of the city had not improved, owing, it is thought, to the fatigue and exposure and anxiety occasioned by the conflagrations.

Sickness had declined in New Orleans, but several attempts had been made to set fire to the city.

A man named Michael Walsh was killed by one of the locomotives on the Harlem Railroad, on Nov. 4th. He and others, were walking on the track, and getting confused on the alarm being given that the engine was approaching, he jumped in the way instead of the reverse, and was crushed to death.

An accomplished coiner, a professed Dentist, was recently arrested in Cincinnati. He dealt in *Mexican* and *Spanish* dollars, and five dollar pieces, and did something beside in the note line.

The *New York Gazette* plainly shows that it is electioneering times in that commercial emporium. Scarcely a paragraph in the paper but what boils over with the usual zeal, and the catch sentences of the lines are visible wherever you turn. The string of missiles opens with, "your last chance, Whigs,"—"for the sake of free institutions throughout the world do your duty to-day." Next,—"If the Whigs are not willing to live under the domination of the Goths and Vandals they must go to the polls,"—"if at sundown this evening you are debarred from the privilege, (of voting) let the world know it." Then, "there is a deep game of iniquity playing in the Whig wards." "Arouse for the struggle to-day, bring up the old guard,"—"Strain every fibre of your strength to the utmost tension, and to-morrow this paper will tell you, that your country is safe," &c., &c. Thus it works, after the manner of Sterne's barber, who would not say, try the wig in a pail of water, but, dip it in the ocean and it will not lose a curl. Our republican neighbours, not only move their own world energetically, in their elections, but sometimes, either forget the rest of the world or think the whole is engaged looking on at them.

The U. S. Gazette mentions an invention which promises to be very useful. It consists of water wheels placed at the locks of canals, on which the water running to feed the lower levels acts, driving "endless wires" which are attached to the canal boats, and draw them from lock to lock. The plan goes by the name of wire ponies.

An Albany paper remarks, that the last three years war with

England cost the U. States about \$90,000,000, while the three years war with the Florida Indians cost nearly half that sum. The former was with the most powerful nation in the world, and resulted in some credit to the Republic,—the latter has been with a remnant of a poor tribe, and a few run away negroes.

The whigs, it appears, have lost the elections in New York. The Siamese Twins, it is asserted, have commenced farming, in company, in North Carolina.

Multum in Parvo. A modest professor of New York, purposes to teach "the whole circle of 52 Arts Sciences and Languages" etc. in a few lessons each,—by means of systems whereby more knowledge is acquired in one year than in 52 on the old plan, and at one twentieth the expense!" the school master appears to be indeed abroad, for his beats home hollow. The next American improvement may be to fill a horn with learning, and blow it into a disciple's head at one heat.

Intelligence from Vera Cruz states that the French brig *Naiade* had just received on board the last instalment, amounting to £150,000, due by Mexico to France.

A very severe gale of wind was experienced at Buenos Ayres on Aug. 28. Several men were lost from the shipping. A large schooner of the French Blockading Squadron went down at her anchors, with all hands. There did not seem to be any prospect of a speedy arrangement between the State and France.

It is said, that the French Government intend to occupy the whole coast of the Mediterranean; an expedition was in progress against the Bey of Tunis. This potentate is called on to give up his frontier fortress, and pay the full arrears of tribute formerly paid to the Bey of Algiers.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—Doctor Grigor continued on Phrenology last Wednesday evening. The lecture comprised a further view of the advocates and opponents of the Science, and of the vast body of facts which has been accumulated as the foundation and the proof of the system. After the reading of the lecture, the Doctor explained the organs etc. of Phrenology, pointing out many peculiarities on numerous cast and skulls with which the lecture table was furnished.

We expect to commence publishing the Doctors Lectures, in the Pearl, week after next.

Doctor Tenon lectures on next Wednesday evening. Subject, Saline Substances.

THE FIRST SNOW OF WINTER, has not, this season, quickly followed "the last rose of Summer." We have enjoyed a splendid Autumn and Fall, and on many days of the past week parlours were endurable without fires. Last night, "silent and soft," the feathery shower descended, and this morning the peculiar garb of winter, half an inch thick, made a not unpleasing novelty to schoolboys. They could scarcely glean a snowball however, for by the time breakfast was over, the mild temperature was quickly dissipating the visiter, and by noon not a flake, except in some cold nooks, or on the Dartmouth Hills, was visible.

STEAMER.—The Hon. Samuel Cunard arrived last evening in 20 hours from St. John, N. B. by way of Windsor. A paper which was received by the same route, and with which Mr. Keefer has favoured us, contains resolutions passed at a special meeting of the Committee of the Chamber of Commerce St. John, on Nov. 19. The resolutions speak in terms of high eulogium of the enterprise of Mr. Cunard, in connection with the Atlantic line of Steamers, and thank him for his public services. Mr. Cunard returned a suitable answer.

Mr. Whitney's steamer, *North America*, has commenced running to Boston.

MARRIED.

Last evening, by the Rev. J. Martin, Mr. James Halliday Parks, to Miss Mary Lowe, both of this place.

On Saturday evening last, by the Venerable Archdeacon Willis, Mr. G. T. Ellis, to Miss Eliza C. Davis, both of this town.

On Saturday evening, by the Rev. John Marshall, Mr. Abdiel Kirk, to Margaret, daughter of the late Francis Mulock, Esq.

On Monday evening, by the Rev. John Martin, Mr. George Edward Pace, to Miss Elizabeth Lintop, both of this town.

DIED,

At New York, Oct. 11th, after a severe illness, Mr. Charles H. Haverstock of Halifax, in the 24th year of his age, youngest son of the late Mr. Alexander Haverstock of Sackville.

On Sunday evening, Mrs. Ann Ritchie, Matron of the Poor's Asylum.

At Upper Canada, Joshua McRae, son of the late Alexander McRae, of Halifax, N. S. in the 35th year of his age.

On the 7th of October, at his residence, Pittferrane, Fife, Admiral Sir Peter Halkett, Bart. G. C. H. aged 74 years.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED.

Sunday, Nov. 17th—Schr. *Eagle*, Wilson and Hazard, Crowell, St. Stephens, N.B.; schr. *Hazard*, Potter, Boston, 8 1-2 days—flour and cornmeal, to J. Esson and others; Am. brig *Harrietta*, Clements, Yarmouth, 22 hours, to T. Bolton; brig *Lady Chapman*, Gilbert, Kingston, Jan. 28 days; Am. brig *Echo*, Stephens, Philadelphia, 6 days—

flour and bread, to R. Noble and others; schr. *Forrest*, Doane, New York, 20 days, raisins to Creighton and Grassie; *Amaranth*, Coffin, Berbice, 36 days, rum, to D. & E. Starr & Co. put into Barrington 10th inst. and landed Capt. Coffin, sick; left brig *Industry*, Lovett, to sail in 3 days for Yarmouth.

Monday, 15th—Schr. *Rifleman*, Power, New York, 7 days, beef, pork, etc. to S. Binney and others; Hugh Gorman, St. John's, N.F. 14 days, dry fish, etc. to J. Allison & Co. left schrs. *Harmony* and *Nine Sons* for Halifax.

Tuesday, 19th—Schr. *Mary*, Argyle, dry fish; brig *Flotilla*, Thompson, New York, 5 days, rice, flour, etc. to Frith Smith & Co.

Wednesday, 20th—Govt. schr. *Victory*, Darby, Yarmouth, 36 hours; barque *Diamond*, Rees, Demerara 26 days, left Corsair, Trial and *Mary Ann* of and from this port; brig *Florence*, Ryder, Alexandria, flour to G. P. Lawson; schr. *Friendship*, Doane, St. Stephens, 3 days, shingles; brig *Leslie*, Gault, Londonderry, 54 days, ballast, bound to St. John N. B. lost foremast and mainyard on the 1st inst.; schr. *Eleanor Archibald*, Sutherland, Boston, 5 days.

CLEARED.

Thursday, 21st. schr. *Ion*, Hammond, St. John, N.B. rum, sugar, etc. S. N. Binney, and others; Betsy, Graham, Pictou, general cargo; Am. schr. *Helen*, Drew, Petersburg, US. coal, by S. Binney; brig *Hypolite*, Morrison, St. John, N.F. general cargo.

AUCTIONS.

BY DEBLOIS & MERREL,

To-morrow, Saturday, at 12 o'clock, at Collin's Wharf,

TO CLOSE SALES,

7 hhds. Bastard Sugars,
9 PUNS. HIGH PROOF RUM,

Nov. 22.

SCHR. PACKET.

BY J. H. REYNOLDS,

On Brown's Wharf, on Monday next, at 12 o'clock.

The Cargo

Of the above Vessel, just arrived from Antiganish, consisting of

Beef, Pork, Butter, &c.

Halifax, Nov. 22.

Pale Seal Oil,

BBLS and Hhds of SEAL OIL, of the very best quality, for sale at a low rate. Apply to
ROBERT NOBLE.
November 22.

Stoves! Stoves!

CANADIAN heavy cast **STOVES** for Churches, Kitchens, and Halls—For sale by the Subscriber at his Auction Store, near the Ordnance, viz.

Largest size double close Canada Stoves, for Kitchens, Single Close ditto, 4x2, 3½x2½, 3x2 and 2½ by 1½ feet. ALSO, on hand, from New York and Boston, an assortment of Franklin and Cooking Stoves; a further supply daily expected.
Oct. 11.—2m. J. M. CHAMBERLAIN.

Seasonable Goods,

Landing, *Ex Prince George from London:*

PILOT Cloths, Flushings, fine and Slop **CLOTHING**, Blankets, and a variety of other articles in

50 Packages,

Received as above, and for sale on reasonable terms by
Nov. 1, 1839. 3m. J. M. CHAMBERLAIN.

Just Published,

And for sale at the Stationary Stores of Messrs. A. & W. MacKinlay, Mr. John Munro, and at the Printing Office of W. Cunnabell, Marchington's wharf,

Cunnabell's Nova Scotia Almanack for 1840.

Containing Lists of the Executive and Legislative Councils, House of Assembly, Sittings of the Supreme Court, Justices of the Peace, Barristers and Attorneys, Officers of the Provincial Revenue, Officers of H. M. Customs, Land Surveyors, Banking companies, Insurance companies, Mills, Stage Coaches, Steamers, Clergy, Academies, Merchants Private Signals, **EQUATION TABLE OF TIME**, the Navy, Army, Staff of Provincial Militia, &c. &c. with a variety of miscellaneous matter, and **INDEX.** Nov. 1-

Canvas and Cordage.

A FRESH SUPPLY of **CANVAS** and **CORDAGE** received per *Acadian* direct from the Rope Walk of the *Gourock Company*. ALSO, Per Brenda,

Pilot Cloths, Flushings, Flannels, Blankets,

Brown Cloth, Prints, Springfield and Manchester Warp, Mackerel, and Herring Nets, Sulmon Twine, Nails, Spikes, Paints, Oils, Shot Gunpowder, and many other articles suitable for the season, all of which the Subscriber offers for sale on moderate terms.
Oct. 18.—2w ROBERT NOBLE.

Keefer's Reading Room

ESTABLISHED OCTOBER, 1836.

THE SUBSCRIBERS to the above are respectfully notified, that their **SUBSCRIPTIONS** for the next year (1840) are now due.

Gentlemen wishing to subscribe, will please hand in their Names to the Proprietor.

October 4.

CHARLES KEEFLER.

From the Banner of the Cross.

"THIS ALSO SHALL PASS AWAY."

An Eastern sage, being requested by his sovereign, to furnish a motto for a signet ring, which should be suitable alike for prosperity and adversity, wrote these words—"This also shall pass away."

When morning sunbeams round me shed
Their light and influence blest,
When flowery paths before me spread,
And life in smiles is drest;
In darkling lines that dim each ray
I read, "this too shall pass away."

When murky clouds o'er hang the sky
Far down the vale of years,
And vainly looks the tearful eye
Where not a hope appears—
Lo! characters of glory play
'Mid shades—"this too shall pass away."

Blest words that temper pleasure's beam,
And lighten sorrow's gloom;
That early sadden youth's bright dream,
And cheer the old man's tomb;
Unto that world be ye my stay—
That world which shall not pass away.

Burlington, Oct. 14, 1839.

B. D. W.

BEN BAHOUA THE ROBBER.

The regiment was recruiting among the natives, when a man presented himself and offered to enlist. His high stature, handsome frame, vigorous limbs, and martial demeanor, struck our Colonel, who admitted him without further examination. He was put into the squadron of which I was chief *Marechal des Logis*.

As the Arabs keep no registers of births, marriages, and deaths, and they, therefore, can give no information upon themselves and their families, I was obliged to proceed to an interrogatory before I entered him upon the regiment rolls.

Thy name?—Ben Bahouia. Thy age?—Manarschi (I don't know?). Thy profession?—Sarako (a robber). Well, exclaimed I, this fellow has no *mauvaise honte*! He flings his title of robber at your face just as another would the title of Duke!

This exclamation, uttered in French, escaped my man, who might have taken it amiss. I continued my questions.

Ben Bahouia was of the Ben Amer tribe, a turbulent and warlike one, which hitherto had maintained itself free and independent, in spite of the vicinity of the Douairs and Simelabs, our most devoted allies. His father had, like him, exercised the profession of robber; but had long ceased to be a man of execution in order to become an adviser in the same line. He had betaken himself to diplomacy, while active business devolved to his son.

"The trade is, I suppose, at a stand," said I to Ben Bahouia, "since thou have come to serve with the French?"

"Alas! no, the competition is too great; the Gharabas alone monopolise it. "But," added he, "I shall have my turn with them. Plunder is desirable, and so is revenge! Woe to the conquered! Woe, above all, to such of the Gharabas as shall fall under my blows: they shall pay dearly for the injury they have done my craft."

Ben Bahouia, whose fame had preceded him in the regiment, was soon on friendly terms with his new comrades. He served with zeal and he behaved well; my distrust of him gradually ceased, and made room for a lively interest. I ended by reposing confidence in him, and never had any cause to repent. Often would I make him talk about his past life, when he would tell us of robberies worthy of the most illustrious adepts in that school. Among the stories which appeared to me most distinguished for dexterity and boldness, I shall mention one for the authenticity of which I can vouch. Let Ben Bahouia himself tell it:

"I knew that a caravan coming from Oran was proceeding to Tlemcen with precious tissues, from Tunis, and blood horses, which Assam Bey was sending as presents to Mustapha. How resist the temptation of having my share of such rich offerings? One piece only of those rich stuffs was worth at least a thousand *boedjoux*. It was enough to make all the women of my tribe go mad with delight. The horses were of still greater value; they were worthy of figuring in the stables of an Emir. My mind was soon made up, and my plan resolved. I cautiously followed the caravan; but in the two first nights the travellers kept so good a look out that I could not deceive their vigilance. At length a favorable opportunity offered. The night was dark, thin and soaking rain had fallen since morning. I stripped, and creeping like a snake through the bushes towards the spot where the horses were fastened together, I reached, unperceived, the centre of the caravan. It was a good deal to have reached this point, but was not enough. I had to seize a horse and fly, avoiding the

* The Arabs cannot tell their age even approximatively.

† An Algerine coin, worth about 1s. Cd., English money.

bullets of the centinels, who crossed one another as they walked up and down with their shouldered muskets.

"Still protected by darkness, I hastened to make up with some thick branches and my garments (which I had taken care not to leave at the place I had thrown them off) a sort of imitation of a man covered with my *bournois*. I next tied a string around it, and crept a little farther off, in order to proceed in safety with my mechanical operations.

"When the two sentinels came up together in their walks, I gave a good shake to my mute auxiliary. On perceiving an object that moved, and had a human shape, the sentinels cried, 'Who's there?' No answer was returned, as you may well suppose. None being returned to a second 'Who's there?' the two Arabs fired off their muskets upon my harmless robber, when, quick as lightning, I leaped upon a horse which I had previously separated from the rest, and vanished from the sight of the terrified sentinels. The Borgias bought my horse for 800 *boedjoux*. It was not much, but I was not master of the market."

Ben Bahouia now pretends that he has grown rusty: in action hangs heavy upon him, and he impatiently awaits the expiration of his three remaining years, to rush into the plains and resume his wandering life, being still most jealous of the Gharabas' monopoly.—*French Periodical*.

FATALITY OF FASHIONS.

It is a startling fact that human life is shorter in New England now than it was fifty years ago. There are diseases now which were hardly known then, and which bring thousands to a premature grave. What is the cause of all this?—Has our climate essentially changed? No—unless it be for the better. The cause is to be found doubtless in the corrupting fashions of the times, which regulate the food and the dress of people, and which make idleness more respectable than honest sturdy industry. We deprecate those fashions; they are rapidly leading us as a people into those excesses which have proved the ruin of other and earlier nations. It is time this subject were looked into with as much solicitude and care as politicians look for the causes of civil liberty and the public good.

In olden times— in the days of the revolution, when sons worked willingly in the forest and the fields and partook of the simple but substantial fare of their own farms; when daughters wore thick shoes, loose gowns, and laboured at the spinning wheel and loom, such diseases as consumption and dyspepsia were seldom or never known. Doctors were rare acquaintances then. But now, if a young man would appear respectable, he must carry a green bag to court, rather than a meal bag to mill; he must wield a yard stick, rather than a hoe or shovel; and as for young ladies—alas! it would soil their lily hands and be an irreparable disgrace to be seen cleaning houses or be caught at a wash tub. Their shoes must be of kid thin as wafers; their chests must be pent up in corsets as closely as a Chinese foot, and their time must be spent in spinning street yarn, thumbing the piano forte or discoursing sentimental songs. These fashions are prejudicial to human life and health. Oh, that fashion would ever take the right direction, and go upon the maxim of sanctioning nothing which interferes with the laws of health. Then would the hopes of our country brighten, and individuals would enjoy an amount of comfort which is now too willingly but blindly sacrificed in false taste.—*Main Cultivator*.

THE GALVANIC TELEGRAPH AT THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.—The space occupied by the case containing the machinery (which simply stands upon a table, and can be removed at pleasure to any part of the room) is little more than that required for a gentleman's hat box. The telegraph is worked by merely pressing small brass keys (similar to those on a keyed bugle), which acting (by means of galvanic power) upon various hands and placed upon a dial-plate at the other end of the telegraphic line, as far as now opened, point not only to each letter of the alphabet (as each key may be struck or pressed), but the numerals are indicated by this means, as well as the various points, from a comma to a colon, with notes of admiration and interjection. There is likewise a cross (x) upon the dial, which indicates that when this key is struck a mistake has been made in some part of the sentence telegraphed, and that an "erasuro" is intended. A question—such, for instance, as the following—"How many passengers started from Drayton by the ten o'clock train?" and the answer, could be transmitted from the terminus to Drayton and back in less than two minutes. This was proved on Saturday. This mode of communication is only completed as far as the west Drayton station, which is about thirteen miles and a half from Paddington. There are wires (as may be imagined) communicating with each end, thus far completed, passing through a hollow iron tube, not more than an inch and a half in diameter, which is fixed about six inches above the ground, running parallel with the railway, or about two or three feet distant from it. It is the intention of the Great Western Railway Company to carry the tube along the line as fast as completion of the rails takes place, and ultimately throughout the whole distance to Bristol.

The machinery and the mode of working it are so exceeding simple that a child who could read would (after an hour or two's instruction) be enabled efficiently to transmit and receive information.

MUSK.—Of all odours the most intolerable to those who do not use it is musk. Many persons are inconvenienced by it to such a degree that they could not stay for five minutes in a room containing the minutest quantity of it. It is also the odour which adheres the longest. A coat upon which musk has been thrown will smell of it at the end of two years, though it has been during the whole time exposed to the open air; but in apartments it will endure almost for ever. The late Empress Josephine was very fond of perfumes, and, above all, of musk. Her dressing-room at Malmison was filled with it, in spite of Napoleon's frequent remonstrances. Twenty-five years have elapsed since her death, and the present owner of Malmison, M. Hagerman, has had the walls of that dressing-room repeatedly washed and painted; but neither scrubbing, aquafortis, nor paint, has been able to remove the smell of the good Empress's musk, which continues as strong as if the bottle which contained it had been but yesterday removed.

JOHN KEMBLE'S ONLY PUN.—When it was understood that Sir James Dowther, afterwards Lord Lonsdale, was to be elevated to the peerage, as a reward for offering to furnish government with a seventy-four gun-ship, completely equipped, at his expense, a lady said to Mr. Kemble, "Dear me, sir, what a whimsical thing this seems altogether; I wonder what title they can give for supplying a ship: what can they call him, Mr. Kemble?" "Why, madam," replied Mr. Kemble, "I should think he will be called lordship."

GEORGE III. AND LORD BATEMAN.—In March, 1781, Lord Bateman waited upon the king, and with a very low bow begged to know at what hour his majesty would please to have the stag-hounds turned out. "I cannot exactly answer that," replied the king, "but I can inform you that your lordship was turned out about two hours ago." The Marquis of Caermarthen succeeded him.

When General Burgoyne was once at a play, which was most indifferently performed, he called one of the actors and asked him the name of the piece.—"The Stage Coach, sir," replied Buskin. "The next time you play it," said the General, "I must ask to be an outside Passenger."

A Dutchman, from the West, went to pay his Excellency the President of the United States, a visit. He happened to call just as the President and four others were sitting down to dine. The President asked him to be seated, at the same time enquiring if there was anything new or strange in his country.

"No I think not, except dat one of my cows hash five calves."

"Ah! indeed—and do they all suck at one time?"

"No, sar"—replied the Dutchman, "four on em sucks, while do tudder looksh on, shusht as I tush."

The hint was so significant that a clean plate was immediately ordered, and the Dutchman seated at the table, where he partook of a comfortable dinner with his excellency the President.

COMFORT OF CHILDREN.—Call not that man wretched who, whatever else he suffers as to pain inflicted, pleasure denied, has a child for whom he hopes and on whom he doats. Poverty may grind him to the dust, obscurity may cast its darkest mantle over him, the song of the gay may be far from his own dwelling, his face may be unknown to his neighbors, and his voice may be unheeded by those among whom he dwells—even pain may rack his joints and sleep may flee from his pillow; but he has a gem, with which he would not part for wealth defying computation, for fame filling a world's ear, for the luxury of the highest health, or for the sweetest sleep that ever sat upon a mortal's eye.—*Cole-ridge*.

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