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AUSTRIA.

BY PETER EVAN TURNBULL, ESQ., F.R.S.

This book describes a portion of an extensive tour made by Mr. Turnbull and his brother in the years '34, '35, and '36.

The travellers passed from Berlin to Dresden, and thence through that frontier country which passes by the name of Saxon Switzerland direct into Bohemia.

"...along a range of elevated ground chiefly covered with trees, we arrived at a road crossing our path at right angles in the midst of a dense forest. This road formed the boundary line: we passed it, and were in Bohemia. On a jutting stone by the way-side sat two wandering minstrels,—the one with a harp, the other with a flute: they used neither—but with rich sweet voices they greeted in beautiful melody our arrival in their native land."

Nothing could have been more characteristic. The Bohemians are passionately fond of music. It comes in with the clear and pure air of their spring, and goes out with the last breath of their warm and genial summer. It is only in the winter months that these rustic bands of wandering minstrels are ever silent.

No vexatious obstructions were offered at the entrance into the Imperial States. The passports were glanced at, and returned with a respectful bow; no trouble was given about the luggage; not a single impertinency was attempted, in the way either of question or notice, by police or fiscal officers. And this was the same everywhere.

The countenances of the people themselves in various parts of Germany were properly made matter of nice observation by our travellers. They found them gradually improve as they proceeded southward. They were better pleased at Dresden than at Berlin; much better at Teplitz and Carlsbad than at Dresden; and as they afterwards descended towards the Italian frontier, they found the Italian character more and more prevalent.

"In Bohemia it is decidedly superior to that which prevails in Saxony. There are fewer broad, flat, sandy-looking faces,—more of expression,—clearer complexion, finer eyes, and narrower and smaller features."

Carlsbad and other principal baths of Bohemia, Teplitz, Marienbad, and Franzbad, form the first objects of interest in the descriptions, and are placed with great vividness and distinctness before the reader. Houses of entertainment in these Austrian watering places seem to realize the very perfection of innocent and tranquil enjoyment.

"Thither may be seen the stately equipage of the feudal prince, and the humble cart-like omnibus with its load of traders, following each other in long and dusty procession, and each depositing its charge to enjoy in common the rural loveliness of nature. Rude tables are laid beneath the broad dark foliage of the elm, the chestnut, and the oak; no spirits may be supplied at these places of sober recreation; but the neat, bright-eyed damsel supplies the portion of coffee or tea, or possibly of light thin effervescing beer, alike to the prince and to the mechanic, the élegant of Berlin or Vienna, and the homely wife of the honest farmer. There they sit in tranquil, unenvying enjoyment, until the shades of evening warn them to return, when the greater number repair to their homes, take a light supper, and are in bed by ten o'clock."

At Teplitz Mr. Turnbull met the King of Prussia, and, recollecting the ease, simplicity, and extreme familiarity of William's habits in his own capital, was amazed to find him, in the Austrian dominions, a very pattern of straight-laced and ceremonious etiquette. This is amusingly described, and there is a mention of the great Humboldt in connection with it, very curious in itself, and very characteristic of Mr. Turnbull.

"He is as indefatigable in business as he is profound in research. Often, at Berlin, have I been at his door before eight in the morning, but he had already gone forth to the active duties of the day; and, after these were passed, I have seen him in the evening, with his gold-key to his button-hole, performing the offices of chamberlain in the ball-room with the readiness and ease of one who had never quitted the precincts of a court. To observe this distinguished man, who has filled Europe with his philosophic fame, standing bare-headed on the walk of Teplitz, beside the seat of the Princess of Leignitz, performing the smaller offices of the courtly attendant, watching her every motion, and running with hat in hand to overtake her, if perchance she might move forward some few steps unobserved,—may excite the smile, and possibly the derision of him who looks merely on the surface of events."

From Prague the travellers went on in the direction of Salzburg, taking Linz by the way, through Budweis and Freystadt. The latter place commences the province of Upper Austria, and the track to Linz, one of the most beautiful and Italian-like cities of

Germany, seems to embrace, with singular picturesqueness, a range of lofty granite hills, amid rich park-like scenery on either side, stretching down from their lofty summits into the Vale of the Danube.

"We were much reminded of some of the richest parts of England—swelling hills, covered with small enclosures, most of them verdant with grass or clover, and the divisions formed of the green hedges with a great luxuriance of trees. Rural cottages, too, were interspersed among them, decorated with trellises of rose and jasmine. We were reminded of the scenery between Taunton and Sidmouth, and of that which delights the eye from the hills of Malvern, but we agreed that both the one and the other must yield, in comparison, to the richness and beauty of the Austrian landscape."

The sudden change of climate and scenery between Linz and Salzburg is marked with good effect.

"As we proceeded, the mountains rose before us with increasing grandeur—the woods were all of pine—the air cold and sharp—the cottages constructed of dark wood, with windows few and deep and small, and rows of large stones along the high projecting shingle roofs, to preserve their position against the fury of the winds. All attested that we had quitted the climate of the Danube, and were at the threshold of the Austrian Highlands."

Everything noticeable in Salzburg is touched upon by Mr. Turnbull, but no very inviting account is given of the city itself, either in its present state or future prospects. The commercial traffic, though still not inconsiderable, is said to exhibit everywhere symptoms of decay. "The university is reduced to a lyceum of two faculties, medicine and jurisprudence:—the central mining establishment for this and the adjacent provinces has been removed into the Tyrol, so that in this capital of a most interesting country, it would, as I was informed, be nearly vain to enquire for a geologist;—and the population, less than twelve thousand, has of late been scarcely on the increase." But notwithstanding the dulness and gloom of this ancient city, the localities of its former splendour possess natural interest, and in its churches and monasteries, more particularly, our travellers found much to notice.

"In that of the Benedictines is the monument of Haydn—and a singular one it is. A mass of rough stone in relief represents a natural rock covered with moss;—it is strewn with loose leaves or books in marble, bearing the titles of the principle works of the composer;—behind these is seen on the rock a small oblong mausoleum, bearing a black slab with this simple inscription. 'Michael Haydn, nato die 14 Sept. 1737: vita functo die 10 Aug. 1806.' This monument has been severely criticised. To me it appeared in good taste and very pleasing. It is simply expressive; and the noblest epitaph which admiration could indite on the great composer, is found in the titles of the works which lie strewn about the rock."

Mr. Turnbull, after leaving Salzburg, descended the salt mines of Hallein, of which a very graphic account is given; passed on, through the southward chain of the Noric Alps, to the beautiful baths of Gastein; and saw, in the little neighbouring village of Bockstein, the working of an auriferous mountain.

"The gold is here found in veins of quartz permeating in various directions a mountain of gneiss, which rises shortly behind the village (Bockstein), to an extreme elevation of 9,800 English feet above the sea. It is worked in a series of horizontal galleries, the highest at an elevation of 8,600 feet, which communicates with one another by shafts, and some of which are of great antiquity. The quartz is severed by blasting, and broken into small pieces at the mine, whence it is conveyed by descending water tubes to Bockstein. Here it is reduced to powder, which is mixed largely with water. The mud thus produced is, by the machinery of water-mills, gently but constantly agitated on a series of planes, nearly horizontal, but slightly inclining downwards, the one to the other; by which action, the lighter part is successively carried forward, while the heavier articles, including the gold and the silver, subside at the bottom. This heavier portion, after repeated similar washings, is subjected to mercury, and the amalgamation conducted in the usual manner. This is the course adopted when the gold is in sufficient grainage to be capable of separation by mere pulverization; in other cases, when it is held in chemical combination, as it frequently is, with arsenic and sulphur, it is sent direct to the smelting-houses at Lend."

The next objects of interest with Mr. Turnbull were the natural beauties of the Salzkammergut, or "property of the old Salt Chamber," a region of mountain scenery situated in Upper Austria, remarkable for its production of salt. Slightly describing these, and detecting various fables told of them by Sir Humphry Davy, our travellers advanced into the province of Upper Syria, "a region of

mountain scenery unsurpassed in grandeur or beauty by any country," and containing, among many other remarkable places, the town of Admont and its noble and far-famed Abbey of Benedictines.

"Wheresoever I have visited Benedictine communities in the various countries of Europe, or even on the western side of the Atlantic, I have found them a body of well-educated, well-conducted gentlemen. They partake, of course, somewhat of the peculiar character of their respective nation, whatsoever it be."

From Admont the tourists passed into the vale of Enns, held to be the most beautiful in Europe.

"The hills in its immediate vicinity are of limestone; finely wooded in most parts, but exhibiting most of rugged rock projecting among the foliage; rising from five to ten thousand feet in height, and combining every picturesque variety of form—the wildly grand with the richly beautiful. But a peculiar feature of this splendid vale is the detachment of its mountain masses into separate groups and single hills; which thus present to the view an ever-varying succession of lateral openings and valleys and vistas, until at length the eye becomes, if possible, cloyed with admiration."

On looking back on the condition of the people and peasantry, in the provinces so traversed by Mr. Turnbull and his brother, whether by the vale of the Danube in Upper Austria, or among the Highland districts of Upper Styria, it is gratifying to observe that in the aggregate they may be said to have the means of existence—food, clothing, fuel—and even of reasonable comfort, always within their reach. The cases of privation that occur, seem to be mainly attributable to particular habits and over-indulgences.

The description of Vienna, and of Viennese society, are careful and elaborate, but Mr. Turnbull surrenders himself to a somewhat too implicit admiration of the "paternal system" of the Emperor.

"No beggars are seen. No appearance of poverty meets the eye. In Germany—and indeed this remark applies nationally to Germany at large more than it does to any other country—no one appears badly dressed. We learnt from master-tradesmen in every branch, that their work-people and apprentices expend very little in their food, and lodge generally three and four in a room, in order that they may be equal, in respectability of appearance, to their superiors. Tractable, sober, and industrious, they are ever willing to work.....no impartial observer will hesitate to admit of the Viennese, and of the inhabitants of the circumjacent provinces, that they are a most happy and enjoying people. Frugal, cheerful, and contented, they seek no alteration in their condition; they know little of their government, but its mild and paternal influences; and they dread change of any kind as fraught with evil. They see their princes mixing among them with the simplicity and kindness of private citizens; and they love them with an affection which they believe (and in my opinion justly believe) to be reciprocal. Their general tone of character forms them for tranquil enjoyment in themselves, and for promoting it in others: and of the lower classes, as well as the higher, I am bound to say that I have ever found them mild, kind and obliging."

Mr. Turnbull has some good remarks on the spirit of exclusiveness which is more or less common in all ranks of German society, and very properly laughs at

"...that egregious personal vanity, that greediness of hereditary or official distinction, which impels the wife of the lowest public functionary to assume a rank and a title from her husband's petty office;—where 'Mrs. Regimental-deputy-quarter-master' holds herself superior to 'Mrs. Imperial-and-royal-districtual-tobacco-stamp-controller,' and where 'Mrs. Princely-Schwarzenburgish-plantation-surveyor' declines to associate with 'Mrs. Prague-privileged-city-fish-market-tolls-deputy-collector.'"

but he might have done well to have carried the same laughing wisdom into a scrutiny of the Government institutions of Austria, relatively to the social position of the governed.

With all Mr. Turnbull's desire to speak favourably of the Emperor, we do not see that he makes out a much better case for him, than those less courteous travellers who have referred to him.

"As far as his powers extend it appears to be his desire to follow up the system and views of his deceased father. Like all the princes of his family, he is simple in his habits, unostentatious, frugal, and benevolent; his tastes are quiet and domestic. Up to the period of our quitting Vienna, he had held no public levee nor private festivities, save for members of his family; neither had any foreigner been presented to him since his accession, except such diplomatic agents as it was incumbent on him to receive to audience. His health, however, had much improved, and was still improving. I have seen him for a couple of hours on horseback reviewing his troops; and few days occurred, when the weather was fine, in which

he might not be met taking his after dinner walk on the walls round the city, either arm-in-arm with the empress or accompanied by an aide-de-camp; and in neither case with any other attendant. He was adopting, also, his father's habit of devoting a part of two days in every week to general receptions, in which the poorest of his subjects might approach him, and personally state their wishes and complaints. Neither his mind nor his body, however, was yet capable of any great fatigue; and on all points of public business he relied mainly on the counsels of his uncle, the Archduke Louis, and of the Prince de Metternich."

From Vienna our travellers proceeded to the south; passing through Baden, Neustadt, Schottwein, Peggau, and Feistritz, to the ancient capital of Styria, the city of Grätz. This place is admirably described, and we were much interested with the notice of the Johanneum, a great national scientific and literary institution of that place, which puts to the blush far greater and civilised cities. Still the "paternal government" is visible.

"On the outside of a large folio Wendish translation of the Bible, with good wood-cuts, printed at Wittemberg in 1554, and which is a great local authority, I observed inscribed, in German, the following words:—Not permitted to read this book, save to those who have obtained license from the spiritual authorities."

Mr. Turnbull and his companion subsequently passed through Laybach, Istria, Adelsberg, the caverns of St. Catherine and Magdalena, and other interesting spots among the mountains of Carniola, until they arrived at Trieste, whence they made an excursion into Istria, with an account of which they close their narrative of travels.

The second volume is an elaborate disquisition on the social and political condition of Austria, distinguished by much good sense and good feeling, evidently careful and well-informed, but dashed by a strong political bias, which, though conveyed in a moderate, good-humoured, and gentlemanly tone, detracts not a little from the higher merits of the work. Mr. Turnbull thinks Austria quite safe, even on the frontiers of Italy and of Hungary. We shall have a different and we believe a more correct account to give, in noticing Mr. Paget's Hungarian experiences, but meanwhile we take leave of the author of the agreeable book before us with a grateful sense of the pleasure and information we have derived from his labours.—*London Examiner.*

From the Ladies' Companion.

HARD TIMES.

FLORETTA'S SECOND LETTER TO HER COUSIN.

DEAR COUSIN—And now that I have made all due enquiries about the good people at home, I will, since you request it, continue my adventures in this city. You may remember Mrs. Manly, whom I met at Cousin Sophia Cotton's. She has called upon me, accompanied by her daughter Cornelia, and we were so well pleased with each other, that we have become quite intimate since. They are a charming family—quite a contrast to the worldly people among whom I dwell. He is a merchant of great probity, and is reputed wealthy. His wife and daughters are well-educated women, possessing refined manners, and are, withal, very pious. They live in a handsome house, richly furnished, and move in what is called 'good society.' All this is, however, in moderation, for among their furniture, one never sees useless, expensive articles, nor do they devote much time to company, as this would be incompatible with their religious duties. They are beloved and respected by all, even by persons who have no religion, and who imagine those professing it, to be either fools, or pretending to be better than their neighbours. Yesterday, Uncle and Aunt Bankly, Helen and myself, dined *en famille*, with Cousin Sophia Cotton and her husband. After dinner we repaired to the drawing room, where we seated ourselves around the fire, uncle standing in front, with his back to the fireplace.

'I have some news for you,' he said, 'which I would not communicate before dinner lest it should spoil your appetites.' We expressed our curiosity. 'Charles Manly is declared a bankrupt.'

I uttered an exclamation of dismay. 'Poor girls! what will become of them?'

'Oh, he will go on again,' said aunt.

'Not he; *falling* is not with him as with some others; he is an honourable man who will surrender all to his creditors.' Mr. Cotton winced. 'He will beggar himself rather than retain a cent which he thinks their due.'

'What a silly man!' said Sophia. 'With a family to support he ought to have struggled a little longer.'

'Do you know, Sophia, I admire his conduct,' said uncle. 'He has determined to sell every thing, however, which I think rather severe.'

'Stupid man!' exclaimed aunt.

'I talked to him in the same way—mentioned his family, and asked him if he had not better re-consider the matter. 'Bankly,' he said, 'since you are not willing to allow the honour and piety of my proceeding, I will give you another motive. You will own man seeks first his happiness, and in this matter mine is deeply engaged. I might perhaps have struggled longer, and kept up appearances, but I should have been most wretched while knowing I was diminishing my creditor's property. When heavy losses began to come over me, I feared the event, although still hoping to swim above

the waves; but, when all those houses failed, which owed me so much, I knew, if I continued, it must be by borrowing, and as the result was uncertain, I stopped. I shall sell my houses, reduce my debts all in my power, and trust Providence will show me some means of paying all, in future!'

'What are they to do? Must they starve?' asked Sophia.

'I made the same enquiry,' said uncle. 'We have health and strength,' said Manly, 'and must labour with our hands.'

'How vulgar!' said aunt. 'Pray how are those delicate girls to work for their living?'

'I asked Manly this,' replied uncle. 'Better people than we are, have lived by daily labour,' he said. 'Paul made tents—Lydia kept a shop, and Joseph was a carpenter.'

'Paul, and Lydia!' ejaculated aunt, with contempt. 'Are we to take them as patterns of living? He reminds me of the man who carried Robinson Crusoe about in his pocket, and upon every emergency, resorted to his book to see what Crusoe did before he acted. Really, if the Manlys behave so oddly, I must strike them off my visiting list!'

Mr. Cotton sat, during this conversation, leaning on his hand, looking gloomily in the fire. While her mother was talking to Sophia, Helen whispered to me, 'I think Mr. Manly behaves perfectly right. It is a much more honourable course, than to live in luxury after one has failed, while one's creditors are suffering.'

'I have heard your whisper, Helen,' said Mr. Cotton, raising his head, while Helen coloured scarlet, 'and it has decided me. I have shrunk from such measures, in pity to my Sophia, but surely, she would rather see her husband act the part of an honest man, than that of a mean-spirited creature, who shrinks from his duty. This house and furniture are too costly for the dwelling of a bankrupt.'

'What! you would sell all, and retire to some obscure hole,' I suppose!' said Sophia, aghast!

'We shall be together, dear, and shall have the consolation of knowing we have acted right,' Sophia burst into tears.

'How can you talk thus, Mr. Cotton?' said aunt.

'He speaks like a man!' said uncle. 'If he follow my advice, he will surrender all he possesses to his creditors. I intend to reduce my establishment, and live in a plain, quiet manner until times are better.'

'What do you mean?' exclaimed aunt Bankly.

'I mean what I say, dear, and what I have intended to say for some time past. I shall sell off carriages and horses; discharge some dozens of useless servants, give no entertainments, and reduce my expenses as much as in me lies. Business is at a *stand-still*—I make no money, and spend thousands. Is that a judicious proceeding, while I have a large family, and young children? If I always *take out* and never *put in*, will there not be an end soon, think you?'

'Nonsense, James! there is no need of retrenchment. If business is low now, it will soon revive again.'

'So you ladies imagine, who stay at home and enjoy what we acquire with so much anxiety. We merchants have exhausted every means of increasing business, and I do not really see what I can do—do you, Cotton? Credit system—banking system—every system tried, and still 'hard times'—'money scarce,' is all the cry. The best thing we can do, will be to go and plough.'

After much conversation upon the same subject, our assembly broke up in 'admired disorder,' and we returned home. A few days of stormy weather kept us all in the house. The sky, however, cleared at last, and a bright sun soon dried the streets. Sophia called upon us to invite us to join her in a shopping expedition; Helen declined, but I, thirsting for fresh air, accompanied her. Broadway looked very brilliant. Its shops were filled with rich goods of all descriptions, and its side-walks crowded with ladies, clad in robes of costly silks, furs, and feathers, looking as if the words retrenchment and hard times were never uttered by their pretty Grecian mouths—and if they ever entered their little classic heads, were soon dislodged by a scornful toss, and sent down the wind for the use of more vulgar people.

I soon saw they had been scouted by Sophia. After sundry visits, and much shopping in various parts of the city, our sleigh drew up before a fashionable confectioner's. We entered, and, to my surprise, Sophia ordered confectionary to a great amount. When we had re-entered the sleigh, I said—

'What are you going to do with such a quantity of dulces?'

'I dare say you are surprised,' she replied, 'after all the nonsense Edward said, the other evening, about economy, and such vulgar things. I soon talked him out of it, and gained his consent to give a large party; for I can do any thing with the dear good soul.'

I was so struck with Sophia's weakness, that I could not speak cordially to her for some time. How could she thus abuse the power she possessed, and make use of the very love her husband bears her, to influence him to conduct which her judgment condemns? She saw I disapproved of her proceedings, and we rode on in silence.

'One more shop, Cousin Floretta,' she said, 'and then I will drive you home, as you seem so fatigued.' I declined entering, as I did not wish to countenance her extravagance; but she said she should be very long, as she wished to select an evening dress, and my seat being rather conspicuous, I entered the shop. I stationed myself near the stove, while Sophia advanced to a counter, where

she was soon surrounded by a host of clerks. One of them came to the stove, and stood mending a pen. I was unobserved. A second ran up to him, whispering—

'That is the rich Mrs. Cotton; be sure you put an extra shilling on every yard; she will buy it the sooner, as she detests cheap things.'

'But do you know her husband has failed! Beware how you trust her.'

'Oh, that makes little difference—the ladies seem to spend the same as ever.'

Sophia flew like a butterfly from flower to flower, as they lay spread over the counters. 'Look at this magnificent silk, Mrs. Cotton,' said one clerk, holding it up in every imaginable light—'look at the lovely shade!—it would make a splendid evening dress! After looking at all the silks and velvets, Sophia bought a rich silk, rivalling the brocades of old, and passed on to the laces. Here, after long hesitation between silver and gold, she at last purchased lace sufficient for flounces, and trimming for her dress—broad blonde embroidered with golden flowers—a French pelerine for fifty dollars, seemed to complete her purchases. She was not, however, let off thus. Sundry other articles, highly recommended by the gentlemen of the shop, were bought 'just to be in the fashion.'

A sun screen, however, she purchased from necessity, as the small bonnet which she wore could not defend her eyes from the brilliant sun, which, even in winter, is very annoying to the face. I at length prevailed upon her to leave the shop, and we drove to Mr. Manly's, where I had been long anxious to call. We opened the parlour-door, and, to our surprise, perceived a long range of tables placed across both rooms, passing through the folding doors, loaded with glass, silver and china.

'Hey dey!' exclaimed Sophia; are you going to have a dinner party?'

'Oh no!' said Cornelia, advancing smilingly towards us, 'we are to have an auction.' Surprise and concern kept us silent. 'I suppose you have heard of the unfortunate termination of my father's business,' she continued, 'and we are now selling off every thing in order to pay his debts, and live in a manner more befitting our circumstances!'

Sophia gazed gloomily around, and I saw the idea cross her, that such might soon be her fate. Mrs. Manly, who had been engaged with the auctioneer, now joined us; at her invitation, we followed her across the hall to a small library. Here we were welcomed by Ella, Mrs. Manly's youngest daughter, who was busily engaged cleaning plate.

'Now do tell me what this is all about!' said Sophia, throwing herself, with an air of vexation, into a chair, near the fire, around which we had all seated ourselves. 'Surely, you have heard my husband has become a bankrupt,' said Mrs. Manly, in a gentle, resigned manner.

'Yes, and that you were to sell your house and lot—but why the furniture?'

'Simply because Mr. Manly is in debt, and we hope, by the sale of house, plate, horses, carriages and furniture, he will be enabled to pay all he owes.'

'What are you to do when you have sold all?' asked Sophia, in a querulous tone; 'beg, I suppose.'

'Oh, no, indeed,' said Ella, 'we have charming prospects for the future.'

'Dear girls!' said their mother, wiping a tear from her eye, 'they have acted nobly, and have extracted almost all the bitterness from their father's troubles. We have had our gloomy hours, and the trial was more severe to poor Manly, when he thought of his delicately-nurtured girls; we have, however, left it all to the will of God, who has promised never to leave or forsake those who rely upon him for support. Our friends have all been very kind,' she continued, cheerfully; 'they have offered us houses and money in abundance. We have, however, only accepted the loan of a small but convenient house, belonging to my brother, to which we shall remove soon, and, until Mr. Manly shall again obtain some business, we shall support ourselves by keeping school.'

'Keeping school! what, you, Cornelia, and you, Ella, so delicately reared, to be school-mistresses?' Sophia burst into tears at the idea.

'Why should we be exempted from life's cares,' said Cornelia, when so many are suffering for bread, and for a roof to cover them? 'That we have hitherto lived a life of luxury and idleness, is rather an argument for resigning them. We have had our share of the sweet, and now must not shrink from the bitter.'

'I think you might have reserved something to live on,' said Sophia. 'Your father's creditors are very grasping.'

'You do them injustice, Sophia; they have expressed themselves so well pleased by father's endeavours to pay them, that they have offered him longer time, and insisted upon his keeping the furniture. We shall not need such elegant articles, but father has consented to retain enough of the proceeds of the sale, to furnish our new house decently. Until we obtain scholars, or father something to do, we shall maintain ourselves by needle work. Will you patronise us, ladies?' added Cornelia, smiling.

'How can you talk so, Cornelia?' exclaimed Sophia, petulantly. 'You cannot mean it?'

'Certainly, we do, dear Sophia, and we are thankful we have the health and strength to second our father's efforts. Sewing is not

new to us, nor keeping school, as we have always taught a class of Sunday-scholars.

'You are strange people!' exclaimed Sophia; 'for my part, I should die under such a fate. Tell me, how is it you are thus enabled, not only to endure affliction, but to meet it thus cheerfully?'

'Sophia!' said Mrs. Manly, taking her hand, and gazing solemnly in her face, 'it is religion alone which thus lightens misfortune! Oh, how much of the best, and most efficient is lost to those who have not religion to steer them through the breakers of life! To say the sting of death is taken away, will not affect you, as few think of their death-beds, but if you only know how much of the sting and the bitterness of those earthly evils which we all are daily experiencing is rendered harmless by religion, you would leave all to obtain this priceless talisman. I do not advise you to laugh and brave misfortune with a stoic's scorn; that were not a Christian's course, for affliction, we know, is sent by our Father, for a wise purpose, and we should not render ourselves insensible to it; but let us not complain of 'chance or change' in our destiny, for it is the fate of all around, and must be ours. Believe me, dear Sophia, it is not the best wisdom to cling too fondly to a world which is moving away from under us; if we have no grasp above, what woe is ours!'

'I know it is not best to love the world too much,' said Sophia, wiping her eyes, 'but then one must be comfortable. It is very well to talk about it coolly, before hand, but when one comes to live in a small inconvenient house, furnished with common carpets, and no curtains—and poor dinners—and no servants—and, of course, no visitors—oh, dear! my very soul shudders at the picture! much do I fear I shall one day be forced to heed it all.'

'For my part,' said Cornelia, 'I can

'See all these idols of life depart.'

without a sigh, for I feel they were growing around my heart. I was loving, too well, the elegancies and luxuries with which I was surrounded; these beautiful, but idle weeds of life would soon, I fear, have impeded the growth of better plants; they were taken from me by a kind Father, who saw my danger, and I bless the hand which plucked me from the precipice!

The face of Cornelia glowed with holy emotion, as if the heaven towards which she raised her eyes, was shining down upon her.

Sophia gazed at the young Christian with a troubled and wondering look; she was perplexed with all she had heard;—a new world seemed opened upon her—glimpses of better things came to her heart—of spiritual life, opposed to her own worldly one, and she could not hesitate which of these two were the better choice. A deep sigh, and a mournful shake of the head, showed she feared it a hopeless thing for her to obtain that envied state of mind, which elevates the children of men to a communion with their unseen God.

'Dear me!' exclaimed young Ella, who had pursued her work in silence, 'what need is there for all this philosophy and fortitude? What have we lost? a little money! Shall we pine for this 'yellow slave,' when we have life, and health, and love?' She threw her arms around her mother's neck, and kissed her fervently. 'While I have mamma, and father, and sisters and heaps of relations, and my dear Sunday scholars around me,' she continued, with animation, 'what care I if I live poorly, and labour all day?'

'Ah, Ella, you are young yet!' said Sophia, but she gazed upon her pious friends with a look which spoke her admiration and envy of their noble endurance of the evils of their lot, and firm reliance upon their Saviour. As we rode home together, Sophia seemed sad and subdued.

'Those Manlys are inexplicable people to me,' she said. 'I wish I had their fortitude and endurance. Listening to them, has almost induced me to permit Charles to sell all, and live less expensively, until business revives, and his difficulties are over; but then again, I could not support a life of privation as the Manlys could. I am so very delicate I should sink under it—and so very refined, that my soul revolts at the idea of squeezing up in a small house, with corn beef, or pork, or beans for dinner—disgusting!'

Oh, dear, why will not people reflect! If Sophia would not thus crush down her better nature—if she would reflect a moment, she would see the Manlys, in all their poverty, are a thousand times more happy, and more respectable, thus doing their duty, than she can ever be while living in splendour which she is conscious she does not deserve, and ought to resign. Every one acknowledges happiness does not lie in silver and gold, and yet they cling to it, they fasten their souls to it, as if their silver and gold were of purer metal than that of other people, and they might safely trust in it for felicity. Will they not heed the lessons of sages? Will they not listen to the dying testimony of Cræsus, that *millionaire* of old? No; these things were not written for their edification—they pass them over to their neighbours. As Cræsus called upon Solon, I invoke the wiseman of Judea. 'Oh, Solomon, Solomon; would the world would study thy experience more deeply, that they would not so eagerly 'join house to house,' and 'gather silver and gold,' and surround themselves with men singers and women singers, and all the delights of the sons of men.' They would count thy estimate of these things as true, and with thee would join in wisdom's chorus—

'And all this is also vanity!'

Good bye, cousin—or rather, *amen*, for I have sent you quite a homily.

E. R. S.

A SKETCH OF ENGLISH ARISTOCRACY.

From "Ten Thousand a Year"—Blackwood's Magazine.

A DINNER PARTY.

While the lofty door of a house in Grosvenor Street was yet quivering under the knock of a previously announced dinner arrival, one of the servants who were standing behind a carriage which approached from the direction of Piccadilly, slipped off, and in a twinkling, with a thun-thun-thunder-under-under, thunder-runder-runder, thun-thun-thun! and a shrill thrilling whir-r-r of the bell, announced the arrival of the Duke of —, the last guest. It was a large and plain carriage, but perfectly well known; and before the door of the house at which it had drawn up, had been opened, displaying some four or five servants standing in the hall in simple but elegant liveries, half-a-dozen passengers had stopped to see get out of the carriage an elderly, middle sized man, with a somewhat spare figure, dressed in plain black clothes, with iron grey hairs, and a countenance which, once seen, was not to be forgotten. That was a great man; one, the like of whom many previous centuries had not seen; whose name shot terrors into the hearts of all the enemies of old England all over the world, and fond pride and admiration into the hearts of his fellow-countrymen.

"A quarter to eleven!" he said, in a quiet tone, to the servant who was holding open the carriage door—while the bystanders took off their hats; a courtesy which he acknowledged, as he slowly stepped across the pavement, by touching his hat in a mechanical sort of a way with his forefinger. The house-door then closed upon him; the handful of onlookers passed away; off rolled the empty carriage; and all without was quiet as before. The house was that of Mr. Aubrey, one of the members for the borough of Yatton, in Yorkshire—a man of rapidly-rising importance in Parliament. Surely his was a pleasant position—that of an independent country gentleman, with a clear unincumbered rent-roll of ten thousand a-year, and already become the spokesman of his class! Parliament having been assembled, in consequence of a particular emergency, at a much earlier period than usual, the House of Commons, in which Mr. Aubrey had the evening before delivered a well-timed and powerful speech, had adjourned for the Christmas recess, the House of Lords, being about to follow its example that evening; an important division, however, being first expected to take place at a late hour. Mr. Aubrey was warmly complimented on his success by several of the select and brilliant circle then assembled, and who were in high spirits—ladies and all—on account of a considerable triumph just obtained by their party, and to which Mr. Aubrey was assured, by even the Duke of —, his exertions had certainly not a little contributed. While his Grace was energetically intimating to Mr. Aubrey his opinion to this effect, there was two lovely women listening to him with intense eagerness—they were the wife and sister of Mr. Aubrey. The former was an elegant and interesting woman, of about eight-and-twenty; the latter was really a beautiful girl, somewhere between twenty and twenty one. She was dressed with the utmost degree of simplicity that was consistent with elegance. Mrs. Aubrey, a blooming young mother of two as charming children as were to be met with in a day's walk, all over both the parks, was in character and manners, all pliancy and gentleness; about Miss Aubrey there was a dash of spirit that gave an infinite zest to her beauty. Her blue eyes beamed with the richest expression of feeling—in short, Catharine Aubrey was, both in face and figure, a downright English beauty: and she knew—truth must be told—that such she appeared to the Great Duke, whose cold aquiline eyes she often felt to be settled upon her with satisfaction. The fact was, that he had penetrated at a first glance beneath the mere surface of an arch, sweet, winning manner, and detected a certain strength of character in Miss Aubrey which gave him more than usual interest in her, and spread over his iron-cast features a pleasant expression, relaxing their sternness. It might indeed be said that, before her, in his person,

"Grim visaged war had smooth'd his wrinkled front."

'Twas a subject for a painter, that delicate and blooming girl, her auburn hair hanging in careless grace on each side of her white forehead, while her eyes were fixed with absorbed interest on the stern and rigid countenance which she reflected had been, as it were, a thousand times darker than the smoke of the grisly battle-field. But I must not forget that there are others in the room; and amongst them, standing at a little distance, is Lord De la Zouch, one of Mr. Aubrey's neighbours in Yorkshire. Apparently he is listening to a brother peer talking to him very earnestly about the expected division; but Lord Zouch's eye is fixed on you, lovely Kate—and how little can you imagine what is passing through his mind? It had just occurred to him that his sudden arrangement for young Delamere—his only son and heir come up the day before from Oxford—to call for him about half-past ten, and take his place in Mr. Aubrey's drawing room, while he, Lord De la Zouch, goes down to the House—may be attended with certain consequences. He is speculating on the effect of your beauty bursting suddenly on his son—who has not seen you for nearly two years; all this gives him anxiety—but not painful anxiety—for, dear Kate, he knows that your forehead would wear the ancient coronet of the De la Zouches with grace and dignity. But Delamere is as yet too young—and if he gets the image of Catharine Aubrey into his head, it will, fears his father, instantly cast into the shade and displace

all the stern visages of those old poets, orators, historians, philosophers and statesmen, who ought, in Lord De la Zouch, and his son's tutor's judgment, to occupy exclusively the head of the aforesaid Delamere for some five years to come. That youngster—happy fellow!—frank, high-spirited, and enthusiastic, and handsome to boot, was heir to an ancient title and great estates: all he had considered in looking out for an alliance was, youth, health, beauty, blood, here they all were; *fortune*—bah! what did it signify to his son—but it's not to be thought of for some years.

"Suppose," said he aloud, though in a musing manner, "one were to say—twenty-four"

"Twenty-four!" echoed the Earl of St. Clair with amazement, "my dear Lord De la Zouch, what do you mean? Eighty-four at the very lowest."

"Eh! what? oh—yes, of course—I should say ninety—I mean—hem!—they will muster about twenty-four only."

"Yes, then you're right, I dare say." Here the announcement of dinner put an end to the colloquy of the two statesmen. Lord De la Zouch led down Miss Aubrey with an air of the most delicate and cordial courtesy; and felt almost disposed, in the heat of the moment, to tell her that he had arranged all in his own mind—that she was to be the future Lady De la Zouch. He was himself the eleventh who had come to the title in direct descent from father to son; 'twas a point he was not a little nervous and anxious about; he detested collateral succession, and he made himself infinitely agreeable to Miss Aubrey as he sat beside her at dinner. The Duke of — sat on the right hand side of Miss Aubrey, seemingly in high spirits, and she appeared proud enough of her supporter. It was a delightful dinner-party, elegant without ostentation, and select without pretence of exclusiveness. All were cheerful and animated, not merely on account of the over-night's parliamentary victory, which I have already alluded to, but also in contemplation of the coming Christmas; how, and where, and with whom each was to spend that "right merrie season," being the chief topic of conversation.

(To be continued.)

TRANSFERRING OF VITAL POWERS.—A not uncommon cause of loss of vital powers is the young sleeping with the aged. The fact, however explained, has been long remarked, and it is well known to every unprejudiced observer. But it has been most unaccountably overlooked in medicine. I have, on several occasions, met with the counterpart of the following case: I was, a few years since, consulted about a pale, sickly, and thin boy, of about five or six years of age. He appeared to have no specific ailment, but there was a slow and remarkable decline of flesh and strength, and of the energy of all the functions—what his mother very aptly termed, a gradual blight. After enquiring into the history of the case, it came out that he had been a robust and plethoric child up to his third year, when his grandmother, a very aged person, took him to sleep with her; that he soon afterwards lost his good looks; and he had continued to decline ever since, notwithstanding medicinal treatment. I directed him to sleep apart from his aged parent, and prescribed tonics, change of air, &c. The recovery was rapid. It is not with children only that debility is induced by this mode of abstracting vital power. Young females, married to very old men, suffer in a similar manner, though not to the same extent. Those in good health should never sleep with sickly persons.

LEGISLATIVE ANECDOTE.—The following extract is from the speech of Mr. Proffit of Indiana, in Congress, a few days since:

"Mr. Speaker, this passage between my colleague and the gentleman from Pennsylvania, reminds me of a circumstance which occurred in the Indiana Legislature. I had made some remarks, sir, upon a subject of some importance. I was followed by a gentleman in opposition, who immediately commenced misrepresenting my language. I corrected him, sir. He received my explanation apparently in all sincerity, but continued to misrepresent me. I again, sir, with some little warmth, corrected him; and complained of the course he seemed determined to pursue. The gentleman, after a moment's hesitation, cast an imploring look upon me, and with much candour said: "Well, Mr. Proffit, I know that you did not exactly use the language attributed to you; but, sir, I have been for six weeks preparing a speech on this subject, and, in order to give it effect, it is necessary for some person to use the language attributed to you. I know of no person who can stand it better than yourself, and so you must excuse me." (Great laughter.)

CATHEDRAL AT MILAN.—This cathedral is a most astonishing work of art. It is built of white marble, and cut into pinnacles of immense height and utmost delicacy of workmanship, and loaded with sculpture. The effect of it, piercing the deep blue with solid groups of dazzling spires, relieved by the depth of this pure Italian heaven, or by moonlight, when the stars seem gathered among those clustered shapes, is beyond anything I had imagined architecture capable of producing. The interior, though very sublime, is of a more earthly character, and with its stained glass and massy granite columns loaded with antique figures, and the silver lamps that burn for ever under the canopy of black cloth beside the brazen altar, and the marble fret-work of the dome, give it the aspect of some gorgeous sepulchre. There is one solitary spot among these aisles, behind the altar, where the light of day is dim and yellow under the storied window, which I have chosen to visit, and read letters there.—*Shelley's Letters from Italy.*

AMELIA.

BY JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

St. Aubyn was a young man of moderate fortune,—accomplished, unsophisticated, and of quick sensibilities. A student, and fond of retirement, he had selected for his summer residence a small fishing hamlet, on the romantic coast of Devonshire; where, between his books and the sea-shore, along which he loved to ramble, his time passed any thing but heavily. Here he had resided about a month, when the little community received an addition, in a young lady and her mother, who joined it for the purpose of a temporary residence. St. Aubyn stepped back, in surprise, when issuing one morning from the cabin in which he lodged, he beheld two females, in the attire and with the air of fashion—the one leaning upon the arm of the other—approaching the humble portal whence he had just emerged. He bowed, however, and passed on.

He had scarcely more than glanced at the strangers, but transient as was his survey of them, he saw that one of them was an invalid—the younger.

It was broad day before forgetfulness cast her spell over the excited spirits of St. Aubyn, nor was it broken till high noon. He arose, emerged from his chamber, and took an anxious survey of the habitation opposite. The room appeared empty. He partook of a slight repast; and sallying out, made his way to the shore. He had not proceeded far, when, turning a point, he beheld the elder female about a hundred yards in advance of him, standing still, and looking anxiously up towards the cliff. He followed what appeared to be the direction of her eyes, and saw the younger, half way up, reclining on her side. Something appeared to be amiss. He quickened his pace; and, joining the former, learned from her, that her daughter, attempting to reach the top of the cliff, had incautiously turned, and unaccustomed to look from a height, was prevented by terror from proceeding or descending; that, from the same cause, she had slipped down several feet; and that she herself durst not attempt to go to her assistance. St. Aubyn had heard enough; he bounded up the steep. As he approached the fair one, modesty half overcame terror, and she made a slight effort to repair the disorder into which her dress had been thrown by the accident. St. Aubyn assisted to complete what she had effected but imperfectly; he encouraged her, raised her, and propping her fair form with his own, led her, step by step, down to the beach again. Nor, when she was in perfect safety, did he withdraw his assistance—nor did she decline it; though, as apprehension subsided, confusion arose, colouring her pale cheek to crimson, at the recollection of the plight in which she had been found. Her ankle was slightly sprained, she said, having turned under her when she slipped. What was this, if not a warrant for the proffer of an arm? At all events, St. Aubyn construed it as such, and escorted the fair stranger, leaning upon him, back to her lodgings. From that moment, a close intimacy commenced. They were constantly together—sometimes accompanied by the mother—more frequently, and at last wholly, alone. Communing in solitude, between the sexes and in the midst of romantic scenery, where there is no impediment, no distaste on either side, is almost sure to awaken and to foster love.

St. Aubyn loved. The looks, the actions, all but the tongue of Amelia, assured him that his passion was returned. Her health had improved rapidly; the autumn was far advanced, and the evenings and nights were growing chill. The mother and daughter now talked of returning to town; a day was fixed for their departure; and on the evening of that day, St. Aubyn threw himself at the feet of the lovely girl and implored her to bless him with her hand. Yet, though she did not deny that he had interested her—though her eyes and her cheek attested it—and though the hand which was locked in his, locked his as well—though she suffered him to draw her towards him, by the tenure of her graceful waist,—still her reply was, 'I will not marry yet.'

St. Aubyn did not require to ask if his visits would be permitted in town; he was invited to renew them there. An excursion to Paris, however, on matters of pressing necessity, respecting the affairs of a friend, prevented his return for a month. At the expiration of that time, he found himself in London, and with a throbbing heart repaired to the habitation of his mistress, on the very evening of his arrival. The house was lighted up; there was a ball; yet he could not overcome his impatience to behold again the heroine of the little fishing hamlet. He rang at the same moment when a knot of other visitors came to the door, and entering along with them, was ushered into a ball-room, the footman hurriedly announcing the names of the several parties. The dance was proceeding. It was the whirling waltz—

The dance of contact, else

Forbid abandoning to the free hand
The sacred waist; while face to face—
Doth kiss with breath, and eye embraceth eye.
Your traced coil relaxing, straighten—round
And round in wavy measure, you entwine
Circle with circle—till the swimming brain
And panting heart, in swoony lapse give o'er!

It was the waltz, and the couple consisted of a man of the town and—Amelia!

The party who had entered with St. Aubyn immediately took seats; but he stood transfixed to the spot where his eyes first

caught the form of his mistress in the coil of another. She saw him not. With laughing eyes and cheeks flushed with exertion, she continued the measure of licence, her spirits mounting as the music quickened, until she seemed to round her partner, who freely availed himself of the favorable movement of the step, to draw her towards him in momentary pressure. They at length sat down amidst the applause of the company. St. Aubyn fairly writhed! He retired to a quarter of the room where he thought he should escape observation, and threw himself into a chair.

'Who think you, now, is the happy man?' said one of the group of gentlemen who stood within a few paces of him.

'Why who if not Singleton?' replied another—he waltzed himself into her heart. This is the twentieth time I have seen her waltz with him.'

'Oh! another will waltz him out of her heart,' interposed a third; she is an incorrigible coquette from first to last.'

Here the party separated. St. Aubyn scarcely knowing what he did, after sitting abstracted for a few minutes, rose, and passed out of the ball-room.

He descended the stair-case with the intention of quitting the house; but the supper-room had just been thrown open, and the press carried him in. Nor was he allowed to stop until he reached the head of the table. Every seat but two, close to where he stood, was occupied. 'By your leave, sir!' said a voice behind him. He stepped back; and the waltzer led his mistress to one of them, and placed himself beside her. St. Aubyn would have retreated, but could not without incommoding the company, who thickly hemmed him in. Amelia drew her gloves from the white arms they so little enhanced by the covering; the waltzer assisting her, and transferring them to the custody of his bosom. His eyes explored the table in quest of the most delicate of the viands, which, one after another he recommended to her, until she made a selection. He pressed so close to her, that it would have been the same had both been sitting in one seat. She was either unconscious of the familiar vicinity, or she permitted it. The whispering continued; the word 'marriage' was uttered—repeated—repeated again. St. Aubyn heard her distinctly reply, 'I will not marry yet,' as she rose, and turning, met him face to face!

'St. Aubyn!' she involuntarily exclaimed. St. Aubyn spoke not save with his eyes, which he kept fixed steadfastly upon her.

'When did you join our party?'

'While you were waltzing,' returned St. Aubyn, with a smile.

'And how long have you been standing here?'

'Since supper commenced. I made way for your partner to hand you that seat, and place himself beside you.'

'You have not supped!—sit down and I will help you!'

'No!' said Aubyn shaking his head and smiling again.

'My mother has not seen you yet—come and speak to her.'

'No; I have not a moment to spare. I leave town immediately.'

'When?'

'To-night!—Farewell!' said he, turning to go.

'You surely are not going yet?' earnestly interposed Amelia.

'I must not stay, emphatically rejoined St. Aubyn. 'For one object alone, I came to town. That is disposed of. The necessity for my departure is imperative. Remember me to your mother. Good night!' he added moving toward the door.

'Have you been well?' she inquired, almost tremulously. He continued his progress as fast as the throng permitted him—affecting not to hear her. She followed, laid her hand upon his arm, and stopped him.

'You surely are not well now,' she said in a tone of solicitude.

'No,' he replied, passing on till he reached the door.

'St. Aubyn!' she exclaimed, heedless of those who surrounded her, 'stay a little longer—an hour—half an hour—a quarter of an hour.'

'St. Aubyn stopped; and turning, looked upon her with an expression so tender, yet so stern, that she half shrunk as she met his gaze.

'Not a moment!' he replied; I should be only a clog upon your pastime. I do not waltz!—then snatched her hand—raised it to his lips—kissed it—and dropping it, hurried down the stair-case, and departed.

Amelia at once perceived the awkwardness of her situation, recovered her self-possession, and with well dissembled mirth affected to laugh.

'A poor lunatic,' she exclaimed, 'whom I pity notwithstanding his extravagant aberrations of mind. He is innocent in his madness. But come, let us forget him.'

The dance was resumed. She was the queen of the mirthful hour that shone, surpassing all. She laughed, she rallied, she challenged, she outdid herself—her spirits towering the more, the more the revel waned. Party after party dropped off, still she kept it up till she was left utterly alone; and then she rushed to her chamber, and cast herself upon a couch dissolved in tears.

She loved St. Aubyn. Vanity had been touched before—but never sentiment, till she visited the little fishing hamlet on the coast of Devonshire. At first, she could not but persuade herself that St. Aubyn would not return; but a month put that point at rest. She drooped. Society, amusement, nothing could arouse her into her former self. Her partner in the waltz in vain solicited her to stand up with him again. She declined the honor; his visits were discouraged. Her mother anxiously watched the depression of

spirits that had taken possession of her, and seemed daily to increase. The winter passed without improvement—the spring. Summer set in—bloom and fruit returned—but cheer was a stranger to her heart. Change of scene was recommended to her. She was asked to make a choice of the place whither she would go; she replied with a sigh 'to the little fishing hamlet.'

She and her mother arrived there early on a Sunday morning; and re-occupied the identical lodgings which they had taken before. The land-lady, a kind-hearted creature, expressed her surprise and sorrow at the altered appearance of her young lodger.

'Ah, the young gentleman would be sorry to see this; though he has had his turn of sickness too; but he is now quite recovered.'

'Mr. St. Aubyn?' breathlessly enquired Amelia.

'Yes!' replied the landlady, 'that same handsome, kind young gentleman.'

'Merciful Heaven! is he here?' she vehemently demanded.

'He is, my lady,' returned the landlady.

'Mother!' she exclaimed as she turned upon the latter a look of which pleasure was painted for the first time since the momentous night of the ball. 'Where does he lodge?' asked Amelia, turning to the landlady.

'In the same place. He came back about a month after he left,' added the landlady. 'Poor young gentleman!' she continued, 'we all thought he had come to die among us; so pale, so melancholy. He would keep company with no one, would speak to no one, and at last he took fairly to his bed.'

Amelia laid her head upon her hand, covering her eyes; her tears had begun to flow.

'But the daughter of our neighbor who had a rich brother that sent his niece to school, and had determined to adopt her, having completed her time, came upon a visit to her father, shortly after the return of the young gentleman, and her mother made her go to him constantly to divert him; and he grew fond of listening to her, and well he might, for a sweet young creature she is, and at last his health took a turn, and he was able to quit his bed and to walk, as he used with you, my lady, rambling whole hours along the shore with her.'

'The eyes of Amelia were now lifted to the landlady's face. Her tears were gone, all but the traces of them; they seemed as they were glazed. The landlady had paused at the sound of several voices and a kind of bustle without; and now ran to the window.

'Come hither ladies!' she said, 'they are just coming out!'

Amelia, by a convulsive effort, rose, and hastily approached the window with her mother.

'Here they come!' resumed the landlady. 'The young gentleman, at last, fell in love with his sweet young nurse, and offered to marry her. She had already fallen in love with him: she accepted him, and this very morning they are going to church! There they are! look! did you ever see so sweet a sight? What a couple! God bless them! They were made for one another!'

The landlady started and looked around. Amelia had fallen in a swoon upon the floor. With difficulty they recovered her. In an hour her mother was on her way with her from the little fishing ground.

In a month she dressed her in a shroud!

SKETCHES OF MEHEMET ALI.

BY PRINCE PUCKLER MUSKAL.

On the 8th of March last we find the Prince landing at Camaran, up the Nile, to visit the only sugar manufactory in the country, the productions of which are purchased here for three times the price at which the foreign sugar may be had at Cairo. The place selected for this establishment lay unfortunately between the ruins of Hermopolis and Antinoe, and the two celebrated porticoes, lately in perfect preservation, before which Denon fell on his knees in rapture, were blown up with gunpowder that the stones might be made use of to forward the sugar boiling process. To make the matter worse, there is an inexhaustible stone quarry at a short distance, but this would have cost a little more trouble. One must remember the Turkish education and former ignorance of the Viceroy, to pardon him for such a piece of barbarism; but it is evident, notwithstanding the assertions of some journals, that many generations must pass away, before the Egyptians will have a proper idea of their antiquity. The sugar refinery is superintended by a very intelligent Frenchman, who is to receive for his trouble 30,000 francs, besides his expenses.

At his next landing place of importance, (Siout, the capital of Upper Egypt,) he overtakes the Pacla, whose party had started from Alexandria before him:

'The ride to Sioue, in a splendid evening, through the luxuriant vegetation which, on three sides, surround the capital of Upper Egypt, was delightful; and most picturesque the appearance of its towers and mosques, illumined by the golden rays of the sun, and standing out from the grand back ground formed by the vast range of white mountains of Lybia, distinguished by their mysterious garlands of immeasurable catacombs.'

'The Viceroy had chosen for his dwelling a white-washed mansion at the entrance of the town, in the courtyard of which we found a company of soldiers in green uniform, who honoured me with a salute. His Highness greeted me in a most cordial manner. He looked remarkably well, in high spirits, and not in the least fatigued by his long land journey from Cairo, during which

although he is seventy years of age, he had passed from eight to ten hours a day in the saddle. He stated that he had been highly satisfied with the state of this province, where, for two years, he had had 85,000 men employed in the repairs of the long neglected canals, and in the same period 32,000 millions of bricks had been made and baked in the sun. He had also at length succeeded in inducing the inhabitants to make large purchases of cattle in Sennaer, though, as in every new undertaking, he had found great difficulty at first. He had set the example by becoming himself a purchaser to a considerable amount, and offered to lend sums of money, without interest, for the purpose, to all persons who could offer good security. "In Sennaer," he continued, "the cattle is in such abundance, that a camel seldom costs more than four Spanish colonati, an ox for two, and a sheep only four piastres (one franc). There, capital only is wanting."

Here is another trait :

"On the following morning I was invited to take with the Viceroy a *dejeuner a la fourchette*, and was rather surprised to find every thing served in the European style, since on the occasion of my dining with him at Pizeo, all was completely Turkish. His Highness demeaned himself at table with all the elegance of an English dandy; and I now learned for the first time, that it was some years since he had adopted many European customs in the interior of his household, although he retained those of his native country on all public occasions. A trace of Turkish manners was, however, still visible in the court remaining standing around him while he dined. One little delicate attention paid to me I must not omit mentioning, as it was very remarkable in a Turk and a great man. He had ordered a *fauteuil* similar to his own to be brought for me; and when it appeared that no such one was to be procured in the town, he had his own taken away, and two simple rush-bottomed chairs placed at the table. Trivial as this matter may be thought, it still serves to give some idea of Mehemet Ali."

And now we have a charming picture of Egyptian scenery :—

"My way lay, for three English miles, through rich fields, which for fertility and excellent cultivation could not easily be equalled in Europe. In the immense plain which stretches out between the two ranges of mountains, the eye could not discover the smallest spot unemployed. In this respect it resembled Malta and Gozo, but with the difference that there a stony soil had to be painfully forced into fertility, whilst here its abundant riches renders all trouble but that of throwing in the seed unnecessary. Every kind of corn appeared in the highest perfection. The barley required still fourteen days to ripen, but the flax was already cut, as well as the bersim, a sort of fat clover; the peas and beans were quite ripe, and as sweet and well tasted as the best I have ever met with in Europe. The villages succeeded each other so quickly, as to be never out of sight in the landscape; horses, camels, oxen, buffaloes, sheep and goats, were scattered about grazing in great numbers, and all in fine condition—dark groves of palms varied the light green of the fields, through which we caught occasional glimpses of the silver Nile, radiant in the light of the burning sun. It was a picture full of splendour and luxuriance, but the violent pain I was suffering prevented me from yielding myself fully to its enjoyment, and I was glad enough to see at length the long row of green tents, with all their gay oriental decorations, which announced the presence of the Viceroy, and his suite of 300 men and 500 animals."

This portrait is graphic :—

"The travelling arrangements of the Viceroy are admirable: two sets of tents, fifty in number, with all necessary furniture, and two complete kitchen apparatus, were made use of alternately, so that there never was any need to wait, but the habitation and the meal were always ready on our arrival at the appointed spot. Half an hour before sunrise, the Viceroy mounted his horse, but, with the exception of his immediate attendants and the Governor of the Province through which he was journeying at the time, no one was obliged to accompany him; the rest followed at their leisure. Much less of ceremony and restraint was observed than I had expected, and although an affectionate respect for the ruler was always visible, it was free from the slightest tinge of fear or embarrassment. It would indeed be scarcely possible to find in so exalted a station, a more amiable old man than Mehemet Ali—so cheerful and equable in temper, so punctual and exact in all his proceedings (a common virtue in princes); so simple, natural, and wholly free from any kind of pretension; so gentle, and almost child-like in his manners, that it is scarcely possible to recognise in him, the scourge of the Mamelukes, the conqueror of the Sultan, the creator of a mighty empire, the man who has long passed in Europe for the most unfeeling tyrant of this age."

From the following, it would seem that the old gentleman is by no means a hard money man.

"Do you know," said he as I entered, "I have just been issuing a decree for a bank in Cairo, for the capital of which I have advanced a million of Spanish dollars, and to this fund I mean to add all the property reserved for my children still under age. This bank will, according to the custom of the country, lend money at twelve per cent. and pay ten per cent. for sums borrowed. I hope soon to witness the good effects of this measure; enterprising men will obtain the means of carrying on their speculations, and the people will perhaps unlearn their stupid habit of hiding every para they can lay by. No one under me need fear for the security of

property honestly come by, and they will find out, I trust, that it is better to use it than to allow it to be dead. A man," he continued, "died here lately, who had held a petty office, and was scarcely considered in tolerable circumstances, yet he left behind him 60,000 gazi, in ready money."

On another occasion:

"To my inquiry whether a regular navigation of the cataracts of the Nile were possible, he answered quickly. 'Certainly. Every thing is possible; but I have no time to think of any such thing; I must leave that to my children; there is little time remaining for me to do any thing.'

"I contended against this view, and remarked that his uncommon vigour and activity showed he had still many years of active exertion before him. 'No, no!' said he. 'Should I live longer than is necessary to bring my affairs into tolerable order, I intend to retire from the scene, and give over the government entirely to my son Ibrahim. Notwithstanding your obliging observations concerning my age, seventy years, believe me, bring their burden with them. I begin to long for rest. But we ought now to be moving, and we have no time to lose.'

"The Viceroy's horses stood already saddled before the door of the tent, and, as if he would disprove his own words, the fine old man sprang into his seat like a boy, and rode on so fast, that we, with our tired animals, could not keep up with him. He had already supped, and was again busy with his despatches, when we arrived at the night quarters, where I found assigned to my use a tent still more spacious than that I occupied in the morning. I sought my couch without loss of time, contrary to the example of Mehemet Ali, who does not go to bed till twelve, although he rises at four in the morning."

These sketches are vivid, and let us into the real character of Mehemet. It is evident he has been grossly misunderstood.

LEAVES OF ANTIQUITY; OR, THE POETRY OF HEBREW TRADITION.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY MRS. C. M. SAWER.

THE PSALMIST.—The royal singer of Israel had just sung to the praise of his Deliverer one of his most beautiful songs, and the echo of that holy air, which daily awoke him at the rising of the sun, was yet lingering in his harp strings; when Satan stood before him and inclined the heart of the king to pride in his songs. "Thou Almighty," said he, "hast thou one among all Thy creatures who praises Thee more sweetly than I?"

Behold a grasshopper flew in at the open window, before which he had outstretched his hands, and alighting upon the hem of his garment, commenced its clear morning carol. A crowd of grasshoppers soon gathered around it; the nightingale flew in; and in a short time all the nightingales vied with each other in singing praises to their Creator.

The ear of the king was opened, and he understood the song of the birds, the voice of the grasshopper, and all living things; the murmur of the brook, the rustling of the grove, the echo of the morning star, and the transporting sound of the rising sun.

Lost in the exalted harmony of the voices, the incessant and unwearied praising of the Creator, he was dumb, and felt that in his songs he was inferior to the grasshopper, which yet chirped upon the hem of his garment. Humbled, he took his harp and sung: "Praise the Lord all ye his creatures; praise the Lord, oh my soul, and all that is within me praise His holy name."

DAVID AND JONATHAN.—When, worn out by the cares of his kingdom, and with sorrowings over his children, the son of Jesse slept in his grave, behold there first met him in the dark valley of death, Jonathan, the friend of his youth. "Our covenant is eternal," said he to the form of the old king; but I cannot extend to thee my right hand, for thou art stained with blood—with the blood even of my parental house, and art laden with the sighs of my son. Yet follow me;" and David followed the heavenly youth.

"Alas!" said he to himself, "a hard condition is the life of man, and a harder yet the life of a king. Would that I had fallen like thee, oh Jonathan, while my heart was yet innocent, and in the spring of my years; or would that I had remained a minstrel shepherd upon the plains of Bethlehem! A glorious life hast thou lived meanwhile in paradise; wherefore did I not die with thee."

"Murmur not," said Jonathan, "against Him who gave thee the crown of thy nation, and made thee the father of an eternal kingdom. I saw thy labour and thy sorrows, and have here awaited thee;" saying this he led him to a stream in paradise.

"Drink," said he, "from this fountain and all thy cares shall be forgotten; wash thyself in this stream, and thou wilt become young and more beautiful than thou wert in thy youth, when I won thy love, and we swore together the covenant of fidelity. But plunge deep into its waters; they flow like silver, and must purify thee like fire."

David drank from the holy fountain and washed himself in the crystal stream. The draught released him from all the cares of earth; but the waves of the stream penetrated deep within him; like fire they glowed in his inmost soul, until, like his heavenly friend, he stood there purified from sin.

To the youth Jonathan now reaches his harp, and sweeter than here below he sung now beneath the tree of life: "David and Jo-

nathan lovely in life, in death also are not divided. Lighter than the eagle, swifter than the roe upon the hills. Ye daughters of Israel! weep for us no longer; we are clothed in the ornaments of our youth. I rejoice in thee, my brother Jonathan. I had joy and pleasure with thee when below; but here thy love to me is greater than our youthful love." They kissed each other, and swore, inseparable, now the covenant of truth forever.

THE JEWS.

Baron Geramb gives a far more favourable character of the Jews at Jerusalem than is usual with travellers in the East:—

"The Jews of Jerusalem are in general well educated, and not deficient in attainments; they understand several languages; almost all of them speak Spanish and Italian. The school, in their synagogue, though inferior to that which they have at Tiberias, which is the most celebrated of all, is directed by masters who devoted themselves with zeal to the instruction of the youth committed to their care. * * * I have never seen a Jew asking charity; I have never seen one covered with the rags of wretchedness, which are but too frequently met with among the Arabs and the Christians; and this is owing less to the relief which the poor receive from the rich, or from that which foreign synagogues transmit to their indigent brethren, than to activity and industry. The Jew is a stranger to that slothful fondness for rest, so common among the people of the Levant, whose indolent and useless life is the principal cause of indigence. The Jew employs himself; he spreads out, sometimes upon a tottering stone, wares, of such small value, that you are utterly astonished that he can hope to derive any profit from them; but, should he even sell no more than will enable him to procure a morsel of bread, that appears to him preferable to the shame which he would feel in holding out his hand. There are Jews of all trades, of all professions; my tinman is a Jew. As I have occasion for a good many tin boxes and cases, to hold valuable objects, I see him frequently; and his assiduity and indefatigable activity, always fill me with fresh surprise. A quality, peculiar here to this class of persons, is a civility, which forms a singular contrast with the rude, uncouth behaviour of the other inhabitants. Have you lost your way? are you seeking a street?—a Jew, be sure, will offer to conduct you; he will even accompany you for a considerable distance; and, too proud to ask for pay, too fond of gain to make an absolute sacrifice of it, when you have reached the place to which you are going, he will look at your hand, he will cast an eye at your pocket—if you choose to take the hint, well and good."

After an unsuccessful attempt against the Switzers, Duke Leopold laid siege to the city of Soleure. But a sudden rise in the Aar, which flows through a part of the city, not only injured his preparations for the siege, but endangered the bridge by which the different parts of his camp were connected. To prevent this misfortune, Leopold caused the bridge to be loaded with heavy stones, and to be occupied with his soldiers. Upon this, the bridge gave way, and the soldiers were thrown into the river. When this happened, the citizens of Soleure forgot all past injuries. They saw in their drowning enemies only unfortunate fellow men; came to their assistance with their boats, and, at the risk of their own lives, saved them, carried them into their city, and, after warming and feeding them, sent them back to the camp of their master. The Duke, touched by their magnanimity, appeared with thirty knights before the gates and requested admittance. He entered, made peace, and presented a banner to the citizens, in token that his enmity had been conquered by their generosity.

As the passage to India is now subject to no risk except those of the steambot, a recapitulation of the time and cost from London may be useful:—

	Days.	£
From London to Paris.....	2	4
In Paris.....	1	1
From Paris to Chalons.....	2	3
From Chalons to Lyons.....	1	1
From Lyons to Avignon.....	2	3
From Avignon to Marseilles.....	1	2
From Marseilles to Alexandria.....	14	28
From Alexandria to Suez.....	6	12
	30	54

The fare by the steambot to Bombay is £80; but if the cabin berths be all engaged, surplus passengers are allowed to sleep on deck, and to have the other accommodations, on payment of £60. The expense to Bombay, £134.

The Paris correspondent of the Star says. Louis Philippe has sent the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour to Prince Albert. He has sent Queen Victoria an autograph letter, congratulating her on her marriage.

The Sultan appears much pleased with the Prince de Joinville, and made him a present of three handsome swords, two pipe mouth-pieces, adorned with brilliants, several Arab steeds, besides a number of other valuable things.

The prevalent mania, at present, is the fashion of ladies having walking sticks? They are exceedingly beautiful—some of ivory, some of ebony, some of Indian cane—being almost covered with arabesques of gold. The tops are of gold, richly carved—sometimes jewelled.

THE ART OF RISING.

"The art of rising," said Mr. Horatio Luckless, "the art of rising! I wish I had it; but, alas! I do not at present see my way clear. Here I lie, and for the life of me I cannot get up. Pump court is never very bright; and we have had a succession of mornings which its oldest inhabitants never remembered. As Dr. Johnson says, "I shall die convinced that the weather is uncertain." It must, I fear, be getting late, but I cannot tell whether my laundress has been here yet. I hear nothing but the clank of those disagreeable pattens, which the washerwomen will wear, in spite of the request of the benchers to take them off when walking through the inn; and here I lie, remote from all the world, with not one soul to care whether I sleep out the whole of the day or no. I wish some one would make me get up, I would go through a good deal; I wish to be thoroughly roused. I have been all but out of bed several times, but have only ended by drawing the clothes tighter round me. I wish I had more resolution. It is certainly a great deficiency in my character. I have many good points, but I cannot get up in the morning. I make vows in vain every night; I go to bed early on purpose; this I am able to accomplish, but I cannot get up a bit the sooner. See that window now; see the horrid fog looking in at me. Could any one even imagine a morning like this? Nothing can be worse except tomorrow morning. Yet I have heard that a man can accustom himself to get up at four if he tries, and here I am snug at half-past nine. Yet, if I had any inducement to rise, I think I might be able. If I had any thing to work at, then how willingly I would stir; but as it is, get up I cannot; I have not 'the art of rising.'"

At this moment, something with a heavy sound was dropped through the valve of the outer door, and fell into the passage. This might not have attracted any observation from Mr. Luckless, but it was accompanied with a clink, which even to his unaccustomed organ conveyed a sound which nature has contrived to be one of the most pleasing to the human ear. To throw back the bed-clothes, to seize his trousers, to put them on, to rush to the passage, was, in the language of the most fashionable novels, "the work of a moment." And what did Mr. Luckless see? Could it be? If it was not the thing itself, it was certainly very like it. It had the exact shape of a brief. He turned it on its face; it was a brief; and thus was it endorsed: "In the Common Pleas, Wolf vs. Lamb. Brief for the defendant. Mr. Horatio Luckless. Two guineas. With you, Mr. Serjeant Talfourd. Jenkins and Snagg." And on a slip of paper which accompanied it were these words:—"This cause stands No. 4 on the list for to-day." And where were the two guineas? Was he deceived in the sound of money? No, they were neatly wrapped up in a piece of white paper, and they lay on the floor. How beautiful they looked! how superior to any other Sovereigns the gold seemed! and how much more lovely than any other silver the two shillings looked. They were, in fact, well worth half-a-crown each, and he wouldn't have parted with them on any account for that sum. How charming Her Majesty's profile looked on them as he turned them over! This was sacred gold; it was the first he ever had received; it must be set apart and handed down to his children as an heir-loom, for children he might now think of. Jenkins and Snagg! How many soft emotions were raised by the former name! It might not be a very musical one, but it was English—Saxon to the backbone. If the respectable house of Jenkins and Snagg took him by the hand, his fortune was made.

All this did he ejaculate in his shirt and nether habiliment, when suddenly he thought of the mysterious slip of paper. "This cause stands No. 4 on the list to-day." The deuce it did! and he had not read a word of it. What was to be done? Now he took the brief up, and read a little of it; next he put on a boot. Then he read again the interesting endorsement, in which his own name appeared so conspicuously; then he began to shave. All this took up some time, and his anxiety rather retarded than forwarded his operations. In less than an hour, however, he was dressed and ready, but he had had no breakfast. Appetite, indeed, he felt but little: he was too much pleased, too nervous to eat. Taking up his valued brief in one hand, and a crust of bread in the other, he told his little boy, who had by this time arrived, with something of an important air, that he was going to the Common Pleas, and thither did he bend his path with hasty steps. He shouldered his way through the groups of witnesses, clerks, and idlers, generally found loitering about the doors of the court, slipped on his wig and gown, and pushed into court with a look which seemed to say that the affairs of this world rested pretty much on his shoulders. He first ran to the paper of causes, and found, with dismay, that the cause of Wolf vs. Lamb was actually on; the jury, in truth, in the act of delivering their verdict. He was just in time to hear the foreman say—"We find for the plaintiff, damages £100," and to encounter in the well of the court, the displeased face of his client, Mr. Jenkins. He had no opportunity to speak with his leader, who was in the next cause which was called on. He found that of the three causes which had stood before that of "Wolf vs. Lamb," the first had been undefended, in the second the record had been withdrawn, and the third was submitted to arbitration. Mr. Jenkins came round to him for his brief, which he had scarcely been able to read, and on receiving it said to him with gravity, but with some good nature, "Allow me, Mr. Luckless, as an old member

of the profession, to remind you, that the only way to get on at the bar is to learn the art of rising."—*Legal Observer.*

For the Pearl.

SACRED MELODY.

Mortal! o'er thy lot repining,
Lift above thy tearful eyes;
Earthly ills, our hearts refining,
Fit us for our native skies;
Earthly joys when most declining
Seem to bid us most to rise.

If thy heart too proudly clingeth
To this changeful world of ours,
Marvel not if sorrow springeth
E'en from out its fairest flowers:
Earthly love too surely bringeth
Darkness o'er its brightest bowers.

Think how oft thou blindly swerest
From the light and life divine—
Think how little thou deservest,
While so large a share is thine,—
And, if God thou rightly servest,
Thou wilt then no more repine!

J. MCP.

Queen's County, 1840.

For the Pearl.

STANZAS.

On yesternight how dark the sky!—
The sea with madness swelling,—
When angry winds went roaring by,
And loud their wrath were telling:

The Moon lay hid behind the cloud,
The Tempest's anger dreading,—
The stars seem'd gather'd in the shroud
Night's genii then were spreading.

Now still's the sea,—and clear's the sky,
For Nature tir'd seems sleeping;
And, while Diana soars on high,
Yon stars her watch are keeping.

—An emblem *that* of life below,
Where gloom is e'er prevailing;
But *this* methinks a type doth show
Of that for which we're sailing.

Halifax.

ORLANDO.

MATHEWS AND THE SILVER SPOON.—Amongst Mathew's pranks of younger days, that is to say, when he first came from York to the Haymarket theatre, he was invited with F—— and some other performers to dine with Mr. A——, now an eminent silversmith, but who at that period followed the business of a pawnbroker. It so happened that A—— was called out of the parlour at the back of the shop during dinner. Mathews, with wonderful celerity altering his hair, countenance, hat, &c. took a large gravy-spoon off the dinner table, ran instantly into the street, entered one of the little dark doors leading to the pawnbroker's counter, and actually pledged to the unconscious A—— his own gravy-spoon. Mathews contrived with equal rapidity to return and seat himself (having left the street-door open) before A—— re-appeared at the dinner-table. As a matter of course this was made the subject of a wager. An *eclaircissement* took place before the party broke up, to the infinite astonishment of A——. Rabelais never accomplished a neater practical joke than this.

MATHEWS' YORKSHIRE SERVANT.—Soon after Mathews had married the present Mrs Mathews, he paid a visit to his mother, who was in an infirm state of health. Mathews brought a bumpkin of a servant lad from York, who frequently formed a capital model for many of his master's admirable representations of rustic ignorance. This fellow was always in error. One day Mrs. Lichfield sent him with her compliments to inquire how old Mrs. Mathews was. The York lad went up stairs to Mrs. Mathews, Junior, and delivered the message thus: "Missus Lichfield's compliment, marm, and she wants to know *how old you be?*"

A WATCHMAKER'S RUSE.—A poor Watchmaker came down to settle at *****. The village was populous. This person was utterly unknown; but he rather ingeniously hit on a project to procure employ. He contrived, when the church door was opened daily to send up his son (a lad of address) to the church tower unseen, and to alter the clock. This the boy was enabled to do by a slight knowledge of his father's business. This measure, of course, made all the watches in the neighbourhood wrong so repeatedly, (and every one swears by his church-clock), that the owners sent them to the new comer to be cleaned and repaired. This *ruse* established the artisan.

WOMAN.—Nature has given woman an influence over man more powerful, more perpetual, than his over her; from birth to death,

he takes help and healing from her hands, under all the most touching circumstances of life: her bosom succours him in infancy, soothes him in manhood, supports him in sickness and in age. Such influence as this, beginning at the spring of life, and acting in all its most trying moments, must deteriorate or improve man's character, or must diminish or increase man's happiness, according to the moral and intellectual gradation of woman. Thus, upon her improvement in particular, depends human improvement in general.

A STUDENT AT GOTTINGEN.—The lowest estimate at which a student can respectably pass through at Gottingen, is 300 rix dollars yearly, or about £50. This is too low, I think. It may be done for it, by pinching and screwing, but 350 rix dollars is commonly the lowest, while the greater number spend 400. Average it at 350, and the University, (with 1500 students, 36 professors, besides the extraordinary professors, and the *doctors privation docentes*), must circulate about £90,000 a year in Gottingen. Half of those who spend this money are foreign to Hanover, and these have most to spend, so that the University brings annually into Gottingen above £50,000. The mere rent of rooms let to the students is near £4000.

A late number of the Liverpool (Eng.) Mercury says that a Temperance Tea party, consisting of 2000 persons was held at Preston, in the splendid rooms of a new spinning mill belonging to Messrs. Horrocks and Co. on Christmas Day. The following was the bill of fare:—863 lbs. rich currant bread, 210 lbs. plain do. 140 lbs. crackers, 80 lbs. butter, 70 lbs. brown sugar, 70 lbs. white do. 35 lbs. coffee, 14 lbs. tea, and 105 qts. cream; and to give light on the subject, 300 mould candles were brought into requisition.

SHERIDAN, AND HIS SON TOM.—Tom Sheridan, when a lad, was one day asking his father (the celebrated Richard Brinsley) for a small sum of money. Sheridan tried to avoid giving any, and said, "Tom, you ought to be doing something to get your living. At your age my father made me work. My father always—" "I beg your pardon, sir," interrupted Tom: "I will not hear *your* father compared with *mine*."

TOM DIBDIN AND THE LOZENGE.—Tom Dibdin had a cottage near Box Hill, to which, after his theatrical labours, he was delighted to retire. One stormy night, after Mr. and Mrs. Dibdin had been in bed some time, Mrs. D. being kept awake by the violence of the weather, aroused her husband, exclaiming, "Tom, Tom, get up!"—"What for?" said he,—"Don't you hear how very bad the wind is?"—"Is it?" replied Dibdin, half sleep, but could not help punning, "Put a peppermint lozenge out of the window, my dear. It is the best thing in the world for the wind."

TREATING A BANK NOTE WITH DUE RESPECT.—The Philosopher relates a characteristic anecdote of an out-at-elbows poet, who, by some freak of fortune, coming into possession of a five-dollar bill, called to a lad, and said—"Johnny, my boy, take this *William*, and get it changed." "What do you mean by calling *William*?" inquired the wondering lad. "Why, John," replied the poet, "I am not sufficiently familiar with it to take the liberty of calling it *Bill*!"—*Bost. Post.*

When George II. was on a sea excursion, there appeared signs of an approaching storm. The noise occasioned on deck by the preparations to meet it, called his Majesty from below to inquire into the cause. On being informed that they were "preparing for a storm," his Majesty's instant commands were, "Double my guards."

There is no calculating the good which a single benevolent action will do. A penny properly bestowed often brings gladness to a drooping heart. We should ever cultivate a habit of doing good, and of speaking kindly and encouragingly to the poor. This will cost us but little—but there is no telling the amount of happiness it may confer.

Washington once called upon an elderly lady, whose little grand daughter, at the close of his call waited on him to the door, and opened it to let him out. The general, with his customary urbanity, thanked her, and, laying his hand gently upon her head, said, "My dear, I wish you a better office." "Yes, sir—to let you *in*!" was the prompt and beautiful reply.

That man will never be proud who considers his own imperfections, and those of human nature.

A TRUE SENTIMENT.—"Our children, at home or abroad, are mirrors in which our own characters may be seen."

Persons of accidental or shadowy merit may be proud; but in-born worth must be always as much above conceit as arrogance.

A Rhinoceros, belonging to the N. Y. Zoological Institute, died recently. The animal was valued at 15,000 dollars.

A Frenchman named Mons. Alexandre is now in Egypt, teaching the natives to dance.

"Please, Sir," said a poor, bewildered Benadick, on a certain busy Whitmonday—"Please, Sir, you're marrying me to a wrong woman." "Never mind that," replied the minister; "you can settle that afterward."

We should ever carefully avoid putting our interest in competition with our duty.

To be universally intelligible is not the least merit in a writer.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 18.

TEMPERANCE.—The new excitement in Ireland is one of much interest to the philanthropist, and the philosopher. That vast masses of people, moved by moral influences, suddenly and simultaneously, should resign that which has been considered a source of enjoyment for centuries, and which has been interwoven into the national manners,—which has formed a fruitful theme for the poet, and the politico-economist,—which has given point to the humourist, and gall to the denouncer of the country,—is indeed deserving of deep attention.

The interest of the Temperance reformation, as exhibiting a curious phase of human character, and proving how rapidly and unexpectedly great changes may occur—is, happily, secondary to the excellent influences which are experienced by the individuals who compose the phenomenon;—while it astonishes the philosopher, gives cause of deep speculation to the press, in all its ramifications,—and attracts the notice of dwellers in palaces,—it gives elevation of character to the peasant, and cheerfulness and comfort to the cottage.

On this subject we subjoin the following extracts from a letter by E. C. Delavan, dated March 21st, to the Editors of the Albany Argus, as exhibiting some of the wonderful effects of the reformation, and anticipations of the results:—

“The Dublin Weekly Register of February 1st states, ‘that the number already enrolled on the Total Abstinence pledge amounts to 600,000.’—Later statements give the number as one million, and not an instance yet known of backsliding.

“The Limerick Chronicle says, ‘that the deposits in the Saving’s Bank have nearly quadrupled in three months.’ In Cork not a drunken person was seen in a fortnight.

“The Liverpool Mercury states: ‘That, already ‘the distillers in Ireland in consequence of the overstock of whiskey (caused by the temperate habits of the Irish people), are now seeking a mart in the West Indian and Portuguese markets.’

“At the Waterford quarter sessions, the Chief Magistrate congratulated the grand jury upon the absence of crime in the city since the visit of the Rev. Father Mathew.

“It is supposed that a great proportion of those who have listened to the powerful arguments of Father Mathew and his associates, though they may not have signed the pledge, practice upon its principles. The Irish and English papers which have reached me by the recent arrivals, are filled with the history of this wonderful moral reformation, and with speculations as to the influence it is to have on the future prospects of Ireland.—Unless England adopts and follows out the same principle, Ireland in my opinion will become the most powerful of the two countries.

“The London Times sees rebellion in the present temperance reform in Ireland!! The Irish press, admitting the charge, says, ‘Yes, there is to be a rebellion in Ireland; nay, it has already commenced; but it is a rebellion of truth and righteousness, which have long been groaning under the tyranny of custom. It is a revolt against the dominion of the animal appetites of the people; it is treason against the sovereignty of a degrading vice. The people are resolved to cast off the foul usurper, and enthrone moral rectitude in its stead. May they never ground their arms until success has crowned their efforts.’”

WAR.—Several American papers, received by last Mail, have leading articles on the Boundary topic, and the rumours which exist respecting a Boundary war. These seem peaceably inclined, although, as might be expected, mixing up a good quantity of braggadocio with their speculations. The New York Gazette, in an article on the subject, says:—

“Once a year regularly, just as the sap begins to run in the big maples, and the snows among the highlands are sending off their annual tribute to the ocean—when there is such a breaking up of ice and frost, and such floods in the streams, that no mortal enemy could get from the St. John’s up the Aroostook, or from Mars Hill over towards the western Penobscot—we have a flare-up in the Maine legislature about the everlasting Eastern Boundary”

The Gazette goes on to argue that neither country wishes for war, and that neither is in a situation to prosecute hostilities. To sustain this view, the unfinished, and exhausting war with the Indians is pointed out, on the American side,—and, on the British, the troubles in the East, the Chartists, and the delicate position of the Canadas. The Gazette then proceeds to make light of the matter in dispute, except as a question of right, and says, that the whole of New Brunswick is not worth a struggle, and that they would not take a present of the Canadas. We do not trust much to the pretended contempt of the Colonies,—at the best, it is as the fox crying, “Sour grapes,” but it may be a false cry to lull into security when peace is not intended. We cannot believe that war will occur, and we trust that all friends of the true glories of Britain, and the good of mankind generally, will deprecate such a possibility; but the people beyond the line should not depend too much on the causes which they say will ensure peace, and in so doing urge matters beyond endurance. The China difficulties could be easily arranged, or allowed to bide their time,—some concessions to the Chartists would negative the danger in that quarter, demands for men would

draught many of them into the army, or, at the worst, they would, in their maddest mood, be easily held in check by the roused spirit of the other classes of the people. As to Canada, no doubt, the comparatively few who would go to the last in a struggle against Great Britain, could be negated by a portion of those who would rally round the Imperial standard, leaving the military perfectly free for the enemy outside the borders. Of the other Provinces little need be said,—it is superfluous to remark, that they would, to a man, have no sinew, pecuniary or physical, which would not be devoted to the Parent State, in a struggle which they would believe was distinguished by right and justice and wisdom on the one side, and on the other by a desire to encroach and bully, and to force institutions which have not been found superlatively good.—But as regards the Americans, what fearful risks would they run, in drawing the sword, at the present time!—a line of Indians, like a Prairie fire, on one frontier,—British Grenadiers along another,—a fleet on the coast,—and, in the centre, myriads of slaves ready to rise for freedom at the smallest chance of success! May the U. States be kept from that species of madness which is said sometimes to precede destruction.

A Detroit paper, published in Michigan, asserts that letters from authorities in U. Canada, to the Indians on the shores of Lake Superior, had been intercepted,—and that they consisted of invitations to rendezvous on an Island in Lake Huron, with promises of presents, and prospects of employment. Considering the view that is taken of the employment of Indians, against any portion of white and civilized men, we are inclined to suppose that the statement is untrue or exaggerated. There are redeeming features in all modern wars;—though nation fights with nation, each does not consider the other as an herd of wild beasts, to be exterminated, no matter how savagely;—certain feelings, and principles, and classes, are respected, and thus war, except on brief and extraordinary occasions, is not altogether divested of some of the better feelings of humanity;—but the hostile Indian is, or was, as the wolf of his native woods,—cunning and swift to do mischief, and insatiable in his ferocity.

The trial of Wood, the Confectioner, for the murder of his daughter, has resulted in a verdict of Not Guilty, on the ground of insanity. It will be recollected, that the unfortunate man, in a paroxysm of feeling, occasioned by the secret marriage of his daughter, killed her by means of fire arms, in Sept. last, in the City of New York. Several witnesses proved facts by which it would appear that Wood had been for a long period subject to fits of nervous excitement, during which he had not the use of his reasoning faculties. He remains in the Lunatic Asylum.

A LETTER from the Captain of the Ship Fanny, of Boston, on her passage from Liverpool to New Orleans, discloses a daring and dreadful scheme which had been formed, by two of the crew, to seize the ship, and kill all else on board. The Fanny sailed on the 31st of January, with a crew of eleven men and three boys. On the night of the 12th February one of the crew informed the Captain, that he and two others had conspired to destroy all else on board, by surprise, and in detail,—steer the ship under the land at night, scuttle her, and get on shore in the boat, with the expected booty in specie. The two chief conspirators were immediately seized, and heavily ironed, and are to be delivered up to the authorities at New Orleans. The plan was daring and most bloody, and, the Captain thought, would have been effected only for the information received. One of the two pirates hurt his arm in a gale, and it is supposed that this was the cause of their imparting the designs to a third person, and, ultimately, of the saving of the crew. On what slight matters do great results sometimes depend!

A paragraph from the New York Sun, headed “The Barry Case,” informs the readers of that paper, that Mr. Barry laid a complaint before the Legislature of the State, against the Judge who decided against him, respecting the guardianship of his child. Mr. Barry seeks the impeachment of the Judge. The Judiciary Committee of the Legislature has required explanations from Judge Inglis. It will be recollected that Mr. and Mrs. Barry had separated,—that their infant remained with the latter,—that Mr. Barry obtained its possession, but was afterwards induced to surrender, and to wait the decision of the Court, and that that decision was, that the child should remain with its mother during pending proceedings.

A Philadelphia paper gives a description of a display, designated The Triennial Parade of the Philadelphia Firemen, which must have been imposing, and which illustrates the importance and efficiency of that department. Upwards of fifty companies joined in procession, several numbering over one hundred members. They were attended by bands of music, banners, mounted marshalls, outriders, and all the pomp and circumstance which could be brought into requisition. One engine in the procession was only a few days completed, and cost nearly £600.

MECHANICS’ INSTITUTE.—Rev. Mr. McIntosh continued on Pneumatics, last Wednesday evening. The nature of the atmos-

phere was again illustrated by a number of very beautiful experiments.—The room was crowded. We do not recollect a session in which the attendance has been so large at this time of the year. We trust that this evinces a rapidly growing taste for such enquiries. A love for literature and science would be a happy change, from apathy, or a devotion to chitlith frivolities. Mr. John Chamberlain will lecture next Wednesday evening on Geology.—The lectures of the Session will close on Wednesday eight-nights, with an Address from Doctor Grigor.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.—Some good recitations marked the exercises of last Monday evening. Subject for next Meeting —

COLONIAL.—Quebec papers furnish the particulars of the death of Dr. McDonnell, R. C. Bishop of Kingston, Upper Canada. The Bishop died at Dumfries, Scotland. He was well known in Scotland and in Canada, and made himself conspicuous in behalf of Government during the first outbreak of political contention in the Canadas. He offended many of his own communion, by taking a decided part early in the quarrel; but it appears that he saw the danger which impended, and endeavored to avert it, while some supposed him a mere political partizan. A letter from Earl Gosford, to Mr. Rolph, the Emigration delegate from Canada, thus alludes to the Bishop’s death:—“On public, as well as private grounds, his loss must be deeply deplored—to Canada indeed irreparable, and at a moment too, when the knowledge, judgment, experience, integrity, and philanthropy, which he so eminently possessed, were greatly needed in the settlement of its affairs: that country can scarcely expect to find his like again! I had the happiness and satisfaction of knowing him intimately—and in honesty of purpose, in spotless integrity, manly mindedness, and in benevolence of feeling, he was not to be surpassed.”

The Montreal Gazette gives a list of eleven Military Moose hunters, who, in excursions from that town, killed, during the month of March, twenty-six Moose. What a wanton waste of life, this appears, among the stately denizens of the forest.

MARRIED.

Sunday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Cogswell, Mr. N. Sarre, a native of Jersey, to Miss Sophia Hornish, of this Town.
On the 8th inst. by the Ven. Arch. Willis, G. W. Daniel, Esq. to Jane, widow of the late Wm. Deblois, Esq.
At P. E. Island, on Tuesday, the 24th ult. by the Rev. John Shaw, the Rev. Benjamin Scott, Baptist Missionary, Lot 49, to Clementina, third daughter of the late Mr. Samuel Bagnall.

DIED.

At Middleburgh Mass. March 9, 1840, aged 36 years, Mrs., wife of Elder Robert Dickson, late of Nova Scotia.—Her last end was pensive.
On Sunday morning, in the 73d year of his age, Mr. Michael Creamer.
On Friday morning of dropsy, Mr. D. McSweeney, late warden in H. W. Naval Yard, in the 41st year of his age.
On Friday morning, after a tedious illness, Hetty, consort of John Howe, Esq.
At Yarmouth, on the 3d inst. Lieut. James Fox, keeper of the Yarmouth Light House, and formerly of the Royal Navy.

CAUTION!

JUST received a few PATENT BAR FOLIOS, for the preservation of Sheet Music. Persons desirous of preserving their music will do well to apply immediately at the Book Store of
ARTHUR W. GODFREY.

April 18.

NEW BOOK STORE.

NO. 88 & 89, GRANVILLE STREET.

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

- Dilworth’s, Fenning’s, Carpenter’s, and other Spelling Books,
- Murray’s and Lennie’s Grammar,
- Pot, Foolscap, Demy, and Post Papers,
- Red, Black, and Blue Writing Inks,
- Printing Ink in canisters of 8 and 16 lbs.
- Coloured and Demy Printing Paper,
- Scott’s Poems,
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- Bibles and Prayer Books, handsomely bound in Morocco,
- Very cheap School Books, with plates—and Testaments,
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- Lead Pencils, and Indian Rubber,
- Sealing Wax and Wafers, and Wafer Stamps,
- Wafer Seals, with mottos and names,
- Copy Books, Memorandum Books, Ledgers, Blotters, &c.
- Slates and Slate Pencils.

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

ARTHUR W. GODFREY.

February 22.

JUST PUBLISHED.

“THE LETTER BAG OF THE GREAT WESTERN,”

And for sale at the Bookstore of

ARTHUR W. GODFREY

TO THE MEMORY OF A SCHOOLFELLOW.

I knew thee in life's morning when
The world was gay to thee,
And thou didst look upon it then,
As 'twere from sorrow free!
Oft through the fields, in boyish mirth,
Together we have stray'd,
Dreaming that nought upon the earth
Could make our hearts afraid.

And we were happy in our glee,
All reckless as we were;
And ne'er was known to thee or me
One agitating care.
But years rolled on, and with them came
The maddening stir of life—
Ambition's never-finished game
With disappointment rife!

And then our paths apart we trode,
Thou far away didst roam;
The wide, wide sea, was thine abode,
Mine, my own native home.
Years rolled apace, and oft I thought
If thou didst think of me;
And then the gushing tear would start,
As I did think of thee!

And once again our schoolboy sports
I gaily acted o'er—
And then the saddening tear arose,
That we should meet no more!
Yet we did meet: but oh how changed
Thy cheek's remembered hue!
Alas! 'twas sad thy haggard brow
And sunken eye to view!

Thine anxious mother, to light up
That eye, once more was fain:
She fondly hoped that, on thy cheek
The rose might bloom again.
But no! consumption's withering hand,
Up on thy form was laid
And now—thou sleep'st, in quiet, where
We, in our childhood played!

The bubbling brook that once we loved,
The tomb turf now doth lave:
The willows we have often climbed,
Are nodding o'er thy grave.
The peaceful spot where thou art laid—
Where we have often met—
Our childish sports—our gleesome hours—
I never can forget.

Farewell, my friend! thy morning's sun
Untimely set, shall rise
To shine once more, pure, calm and bright,
In never clouded skies.
And there, the hope I'll fondly own,
That we again may meet,
There—where a parting ne'er is known,
And welcoming is sweet!

LONDON PORTER BREWERS.

EXTRACT FROM AN ARTICLE IN CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

Barelay, Perkins and Company, have the most extensive porter brew-house in London. Their establishment is one of old standing, being the same which formerly yielded a noble fortune to Samuel Johnson's friend Thrale. The quantity of porter now annually brewed by this house amounts to between three and four hundred barrels. The following six brewing companies, Hambury's, Reid's, Whitebread's, Meux's, Combe and Delafield's, and Calvert's, produce also very large quantities, the issue of none being less than one hundred thousand barrels a year, while it is double that quantity in several of the cases. But neither a knowledge of the amount of the annual manufacture, nor an estimate of the stock and consumption of hops and malt, will lead us to anything like a fair idea of the capital embarked in one of these concerns. The cause of this may be in part explained. The hop and malt rooms are natural and obvious quarters for the employment of the wealth of these brewing-houses. But the funds of the same parties are absorbed also in less obvious ways. The most of the licensed brewing-houses in the city are connected with some brewing company or another, and hence are called "tied houses." The brewers advance loans to the publican on the security of his lease, and from the moment that necessity or any other cause tempts him to accept such a loan, he is bound to the lending party. Indeed, the advance is made on the open and direct condition that he shall vend the lender's liquor and his alone. The publican, in short, becomes a mere retail agent for the behoof of one particular company. They clap their sign above his door, and he can no longer fairly call the house his own. The quantity of money thus lent out by the London brewers is enormous. One house alone, we know from good authority, has more than two hundred thousand pounds so employed. Perhaps

the reader will have a still better idea of the extent to which this system is carried, when he is told that a single brew-house has fifteen thousand pounds worth of sign-boards stuck up over London—rating these articles, of course, at their cost prices. This explains what a stranger in the metropolis is at first very much struck with, the number of large boards marked with "Whitebread's Entire," "Meux's Double Refined," or "Combe and Delafield's Brown Stout House," that meet the eye in every part of London, from side to side of the building on which they are placed, and if the house presents two ends, or even three, to public view, the massive letters adorn them all. What an idea this in itself gives us of the wealth of these brewers! A handsome fortune laid out in sign-boards!

The stables of one of these establishments, when filled with their allotted tenants, constitute one of the very finest sights that can be seen on the whole premises. As the brewers keep the very best of horses, it is in their stables that the beauty of the breed can be seen to perfection. They are kept in the very highest condition, plump, sleek, and glossy. The order maintained throughout these large establishments extends to their stabling arrangements. In Whitebread's, we observed the name of each horse painted above his stall, and were told that every one of them knew his designation as well as any biped about the place. Some of the most extensive breweries employ about one hundred such horses, to disseminate their produce through all parts of the city and its suburbs.

LIFE ON BOARD THE GREAT WESTERN.

We have heard many speculations, and read many paragraphs, in relation to the manner of living on board the Atlantic steamers. In nine cases out of ten, the descriptions have been eulogistic, but fault-finding and grumbling have occurred in one or two instances: We happened to be conversing upon the subject a day or two ago, with a friend who came over in the Great Western, when, by way of illustrating a remark, he produced the following bill of fare, written out by the Steward, for October 31st, 1839.

BILL OF FARE, FOR THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1839.

BREAKFAST.

6 dishes Beef Steaks,
6 do Mutton Chops,
6 do Pork Steaks,
9 do Brown Stews,
6 do Fricasee,
8 do Fish Balls,
6 do Salmon,
6 do Hominy,
Corn Bread,
Hot Rolls,
6 Broiled Chickens.

DINNER.

6 tureens Turtle Soup,
8 dishes Turtle Steaks,
8 do Stews of Turtle,
8 do of Turtle Pies,
8 do of Fricandeux Sweet Bread,
6 do of Mutton Chops, caper Sauce,
4 do Roast Beef,
4 do do Mutton,
4 Roast Turkeys,
4 do Geese,
4 do Pigs,
4 pair of Olive Ducks,
4 do of Roast Fowls,
2 Meat Pies,
4 pair Boiled Fowls,
2 dishes Boiled Mutton,
2 do do Corned Beef,
2 do do Hams,
4 do do Tongues,
4 do do Macaroni.

VEGETABLES.

8 dishes Carrots,
8 do Turnips,
8 do Parsnips,
6 do String Beans,
8 do Mash Baked Potatoes,
20 do Plain Potatoes,
8 do Cold Slaughter,
8 do Beets.

PASTRY.

6 Plum Puddings,
6 Raspberry Roll Puddings,
6 Rice Puddings,
6 Macaroni, frosted,
6 Apple Pies,
6 Cranberry Pies,
6 Mince Pies,
6 Gooseberry Pies,
6 Danson Pies,
6 Brandy Fruit,
6 dishes of Pears,
6 do of Egg Plums,
6 Ice Cakes,
Fruits Assorted.

WM. CRAWFORD, Steward.

DR. IVER ON HORTICULTURE.—Horticulture, in its simplest form, treats of the improvement of the qualities of vegetables, flowers, and fruits: or, in other words, it is the art which comprehends the various methods of producing all sorts of fruit, vegetables, and roots, herbs and plants, for the support and luxury of mankind.—It is the most perfect and productive mode of cultivation, confined

wi hin narrow limits. In its highest departments, it assumes the character of the elegant arts, and teaches the disposition of grounds and gardens.

Its moral tendency.—"The practice of horticulture has a happy influence on the morals of the community. The contemplation of whatever is beautiful serves to refine the taste and elevate the mind. The beauties of the fine arts, painting and sculpture, may find a substitute in the forms of vegetable life not less curious or beautiful. The beauties of the garden are within the reach of the great mass of the population.

It becomes the philosopher, the politician, the moralist; indeed it is incumbent on all classes of society to encourage gardening in our country; amusements of a moral tendency should be preferred. The objection on the score of morals, brought against some of the amusements of large cities, cannot be urged against horticulture. It is believed that a public exhibition of fruits and flowers every month in those parts of the year which are favourable, would have a good moral tendency, and excite emulation among the cultivators, and would be accompanied with a very trifling expense, if a general interest were once excited.—*Am. paper.*

The following passage is from the Editor's 'Note Book,' in the Knickerbocker:—

"Where is the antique glory now become,
That whilom wont in woman to appear?
Where be the brave achievements done by some?
Where be the battles, where the shield and spear,
And all the conquests which them high did rear,
That matter made for famous poets' verse,
And boastful men so oft abash to hear?
Been they all dead, and laid in doleful herse?
Or doen they only sleep, and shall again reverse?"

We can answer Mr. Edmund Spencer's interrogation, by an authentic anecdote of a modern English woman, wherein it will be seen that the brave achievements of females in the olden time have been equalled by deeds of high moral emprise, "done by some" of the present era. Captain Sir Robert Barelay, who commanded the British squadron in the battle of Lake Erie, was horribly mutilated by the wounds he received in the action, having lost his right arm and one of his legs. Previously to his leaving England, he was engaged to a young lady, to whom he was tenderly attached. Feeling acutely on his return that he was but a mere wreck, he sent a friend to the lady, informing her of his mutilated condition, and generously offering to release her from her engagement. "Tell him," replied the noble girl, "that I will joyfully marry him, if he has only enough of body left to hold his soul." Is not here matter as worthy of "famous poets' verse" as half the records of the chivalric age? Is it not a far nobler theme than the feats of Amazons, and the exploits of men or women of a later day? or even the much-vaunted deeds of errant knights, whose blacksmiths' bills, for mending shabby armour, all the way to Palestine and back, have not been "settled" to this day? We leave the verdict with the reader.

DEMORALIZATION OF SWEDEN.—It is a singular and embarrassing fact, that the Swedish nation, isolated from the mass of the European people, and almost entirely agricultural or pastoral, having in about 3,000,000 of the individuals, only 14,925 employed in manufactories, and those not congregated in one or two places, but scattered among 2037 factories; having no great standing army or navy; no extended commerce; no afflux of strangers; no considerable city but one; and having schools and universities in a fair proportion, and a powerful and complete church establishment, undisturbed in its labours by sect or schism; is, notwithstanding, in a more demoralized state than any nation in Europe—more demoralized even than any equal portion of the dense manufacturing population of Great Britain. This is a very curious fact in moral statistics.

Every regenerate person is like Lazarus, the brother of Martha and Mary, whom Jesus Christ raised from the dead; for he also is raised from the death of sin, and out of the grave of his own corruptions, and set at liberty to live the new life of faith and love, through the resurrection power of the same incarnate God.

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