

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

THE VIRGIN QUEEN.

All hail to thee! queen of the fair and the brave!
 Let the bold song of joy reach the skies:
 Bright, bright o'er the foam of her own subject wave
 See the star of Victoria arise!
 Young queen of the ocean—prophetic our fire
 To hail thee the greatest we've seen;
 Hark! the thundering strain of the old sea-god's quire,
 To welcome Victoria the queen!

May years full of glory and loyalty's love,
 Be thine in thy place of renown;
 To say that we honour thee, means not enough,—
 For Britons all honour the crown.
 But the crown that encircles young beauty's fair brow,
 With fonder devotion is seen;
 And chivalry sheds its roizance o'er the row
 We pledge to Victoria the queen.

Long, long, royal maid, may the olive entwine
 With the laurels that circle thy crown;
 But if war should arouse the old lion again,
 'Twill be to increase thy renown.
 To battle, while rushing, each heart would beat high
 To triumph, as wont we have been;
 Propitious to conquest, our bold battle-cry,
 "Victoria! for England's fair queen!"

Lit. Gaz.

THE DISMAL MAN.

BY WILLIAM COX.

"The sun's eye had a sickly glare.
 The earth with age was wan."—*Campbell.*

Jeremiah Nightshade was born in a dull back street in London, just at daybreak before the fires were lighted, one thick, foggy, raw, chilly, damp, drizzly, utterly comfortless November morning. The dismal appearance of the world when he first popped his head into it made such an impression upon him, that he never got the better of it, and as he grew up, he still continued to look at everything in a very bad light. All matters, great and small, presented themselves to his vision through a hazy and discoloured atmosphere. This earth he regarded as a huge storehouse of sorrows, troubles, trials, and tribulations; and his ideas concerning the next were not by any means of a comfortable character.

Jeremiah Nightshade was never known to smile. He used to look in the dictionary for the meaning of "cheerfulness," and words of similar import; and as for laughter, he regarded it as a singular and most extraordinary natural phenomenon—a strange affection—a spasmodic contraction of the facial muscles—a distressing and dangerous convulsion; and he was wont to say, that if people generally were only aware of the number of their species that had gone off in laughing hystericks, they would be a little more cautious how they gave way to such a senseless and utterly unaccountable propensity.

Jeremiah's face was very long and of a most funereal aspect. He undoubtedly belonged to the very extensive family of the "Croakers," yet he was a good deal unlike the vulgar body of that disagreeable brotherhood. He was not morose, or splenetick, or ill-natured; but simply lugubrious, sad, mournful, melancholy, and most unduly impressed with the calamities of existence. He was no raven—he desired not to croak evil tidings in order to render others unhappy, but naturally and unconsciously infected them with unhappiness, if his humour could be so styled. His horror of anything like merriment or jocularly was much of the same morbid character as that of the old gentleman in Ben Jonson's "Silent Woman," whose dislike of noise is so excessive, that all his ser-

vants have to answer him by sighs, and creep about the house in felt shoes. Having nothing on earth to think about or trouble him in reality, he was, therefore, troubled at all things. Property in the funds to the amount of five thousand pounds, besides ten shares in that capital speculation, the "London Cemetery Company," relieved him from the necessity of struggling against physical wants and difficulties; and the consequence was, that he had full time and leisure to indulge his mental malady which had latterly increased to such an extent, that all in the neighbourhood troubled with an exuberance of spirits, were invariably recommended by their friends to go and take a dose of Nightshade.

Jeremiah was somewhat of a literary turn. His library was not extensive certainly, but then it was grave and solid. Nothing light, or trivial, or amusing was admitted there. "Young's Night Thoughts," "Hervey's Meditations among the Tombs," "Dodd's Prison Thoughts," "Drelincourt on Death," "Blair's Grave," with other works of a similar character, a few volumes of Shipwrecks and Remarkable Calamities, "Buchan's Domestic Medicine," "Harrison's Diseases of the Human Frame," etc. etc., made up the staple of his light literature; and never was he more pleasantly or tranquilly unhappy than when seated over one of those enlivening volumes on a dull, dreary evening, with the rain pattering monotonously on the almost deserted street, the silence of which remained unbroken except by the hollow knocking at, and opening and closing of an occasional door, as some shivering citizens sought shelter for the night in his humble domicile. This suited him exactly, and was what he termed sober and rational enjoyment.

Mr. Nightshade lodged in a house rented by a worthy clock and watchmaker, of the name of Phillips. This man was just the antipodes of Nightshade. He was not unlike a bottle of ginger pop; his body being of the shape of that particular kind of bottle, and his spirits full as light, brisk, and airy as the pleasant beverage contained therein. He arose early and worked late, in order to provide for seven matrimonial tokens which his wife, an industrious woman, (as it would appear,) had presented him with, and he sang and whistled all the time he worked. The shadow of care never fell upon him, except, indeed, when he came in contact and entered into conversation with Mr. Nightshade. This did him good in some shape. It had a sedative effect, allaying the effervescence of his spirits. It regulated him; for his great fault was that he did everything in a hurry, and his watches, like himself, went rather too fast.

It might be expected Jeremiah and he regarded one another as prodigies. They could not at all account for each other. "What can make Mr. Nightshade so unhappy?" benevolently conjectured Phillips, whenever the dolorous visage of Jeremiah darkened his door-way. "What does that man get to laugh at?" soliloquized Jeremiah a dozen times a day, as the hearty laugh of the man of watches ever and anon startled him in the midst of some dismal speculation—"it is awfully thoughtless of him, considering that he has a wife and seven children, and provisions on the rise, too!" But Phillips was not a man of thought—he was a man of action. He did his best for the day, and took no heed for to-morrow; his faith in being provided for was immense. With Jeremiah, on the contrary, "coming events" invariably "cast their shadows before;" and most sombre and gloomy shadows they were. He was ever "perplexed with fear of change;" "doubts and scruples shook him strongly." We are told from high authority that we are all made of clay; yet really it was rather puzzling to think how two such very different

kinds of animals could have been constructed out of anything like the same materials.

A favourite morning employment of Jeremiah's was to gain admission into the different churchyards of the metropolis, and edify himself by reading the inscriptions on the tombstones. He had been twice apprehended on suspicion of being a resurrectionist on the look out, yet he could not resist the temptation of visiting these congenial spots; and this it was that principally induced him to become such an extensive purchaser of shares in the "London Cemetery Company," in order that he might follow the bent of his humour undisturbed. After impregnating himself with grave aphorisms and sepulchral reflections he used to come home to dinner, when, as he had to pass through the shop of the whistling, singing, care-defying watchmaker—the tenor of his thoughts would be interrupted by some such strain as—

"Come, lads, life's a whirligig—
 Round we whisk,
 With a joyous frisk,
 And till death stops the turn of our twirligig,
 Merry go down's the life for me!"

"Eh! Mr. Nightshade. Live and laugh—that's my motto."

"And a very foolish motto it is, allow me to impress upon you, Mr. Phillips; more especially for a man of your years. You cannot in the course of nature expect to live long! Really you astonish me. I would think that the awful reflections which your employment must naturally generate, would—"

"Awful reflections!"

"Yes—awful reflections! Does not every tick of the watch in your hands remind you that you are hastening to the worms? I would think every stroke of the clocks around you would be a warning! Why, sir, you are five minutes nearer your grave since I entered this very shop!"

Jeremiah having just been five minutes in the said shop, the truth of this assertion was undeniable.

"Lord, Mr. Nightshade, I never think of such things. All I want is to make and sell as many watches as will provide for myself and family—God bless them!"

"Really, Mr. Phillips, you are as happy and as thoughtless as a child! It is very unbecoming—very. I will lend you 'Drelincourt on Death.'"

"La! Mr. Nightshade," cried Mrs. Phillips from the inner shop—how you talk! You should get a wife, and a parcel of young, merry faces round you, and then you would have no time for such dismal fancies."

This was too bad of Mrs. Phillips. The mere idea of Jeremiah being the progenitor of "merry faces," was most preposterous.

"A wife!" groaned Jeremiah, as he seated himself in his solitary apartment—"a wife! What to do! To have a light, gadding, giggling, flirting, fantastical woman disturbing and perplexing my solemn thoughts day and night! To find myself chained to a shrew, a vixen, perchance worse! Children! noisy incumbrances that might grow up monsters of iniquity and end their days upon a scaffold! Children! that might have a legal, and not a natural claim upon me! Oh! the contingencies of marriage are fearful! No, no—no wife, no wife!"

How short-sighted are mortals; how irresistible is the passion of love! Six weeks after this anti-matrimonial soliloquy, Mr. Nightshade found himself a married man.

The thing came about in this way. A widow lady of the name of Starling, took lodgings next door to Mr. Phillips. Mrs. Phillips and she were not long in patching up

a sort of womankind friendship or acquaintanceship the visible manifestation of which was, that they now and then went and drunk tea out of each other's cups. It so fell out, that at one of those byson or souchong meetings at the house of Mrs. P., Mr. Nightshade was induced to be present. The widow was decked in the habiliments of sorrow appropriate to her bereaved state, with a countenance to correspond, and Jeremiah thought he had never before seen a woman of such a grave and comely aspect. Moreover, on that eventful evening the widow happened to be afflicted with a severe twinge of the toothache, which imparted to her face a wo-begone expression that rendered it perfectly irresistible in the eyes of Mr. Nightshade, and in the course of the evening she sighed and groaned almost as much as he did himself.

That night Jeremiah went to bed very considerably in love. "Ah!" cried he, as he pulled on his nightcap, "if, I had only such a being to partake my sorrows with me!"

Now, Mrs. Starling was one of those singular women that have no objection to a second husband; and being apprised by Mrs. Phillips of Jeremiah's five thousand pounds in the funds, and ten shares in the Cemetery Company, she consulted the state of her heart, and found she had no earthly objection whatever to becoming Mrs. Nightshade. Having made up her mind, she next set to work to study the peculiarities of her intended victim; and being a shrewd madam, she was not long in finding out his weak side. She saw that the slightest manifestation of cheerfulness disconcerted him amazingly; that a smile made him shuffle on his seat, and that he was as much startled and alarmed at a laugh, as a shy, nervous horse at a vigorous performance on the bagpipes. Accordingly, in his company she was sorrowful exceedingly, and her remarks on matters in general (weather inclusive) were almost as dolorous as his own. Jeremiah felt that he had found a congenial spirit. "Ah!" said he to himself, "how happy (he meant unhappy) we might be together!"

Things were not long in coming to a climax. One evening she succeeded in inveigling him into a *tele-a-tele*, the result of which was, that he groaned forth a declaration of his passion, and she sobbed and sighed an unreluctant consent.

They were married, and a change speedily ensued. The lady's gravity vanished into thin air; and language is inadequate to paint the grief, horror and amazement of the deceived Jeremiah, when he awoke, as from a delusive dream, and found himself irrevocably fastened to a decidedly cheerful woman! a brisk, bustling, vivacious little body, with an illimitable range of tongue! a woman that preferred Liston and the last new farce to "Blair's Grave," and actually laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks at a Punchinello exhibition! A woman, too, fond of company, and blessed with an infinite quantity of relatives, many of them of a facetious turn, and all of whom came to wish the new married couple joy, and crack the jokes usual on such occasions. Nay, more than this Mrs. Nightshade, though she had never read Mary Woolstonecraft, was a zealous advocate for "the rights of women" that is, she had made up her mind to have her own way in all things, and accordingly insisted upon her husband doing just as she pleased, even to the extent of being gay, merry and sociable. She protested against being "moped up," and made Jeremiah go along with her to balls, plays, concerts, and other places of amusement; she kept up a running fire of parties, and had some of the women people of the neighbourhood sipping tea and chattering scandal with her five days out of the seven; nay, she actually, (my spirit is exceedingly sorrowful for thee, Jeremiah!) instead of allowing him his morning stroll among the tombs took him a-shopping with her! This was too much: for of all the impertinencies that a grave, reserved man can be subjected to, that of going "a-shopping" (as they call it) with a fantastical woman, is the most grievous and unbearable.

This unnatural state of things could not last long. It was not to be expected. Such a total change of system was sure to be highly prejudicial, and Mr. Nightshade's health visibly declined apace.

One day she took it into her head to give a party on an "uncommon genteel" scale. The company, however, was more numerous than select! and their mirth was of that hearty, hilarious character which, among certain people, generally accompanies good cheer and no reckoning. A fat cousin of hers, a droll fellow, who told marvellous stories and sung a good comick song, sat next the unfortunate Nightshade. He was one of those gentlemen that do not need any pressing to make themselves "quite at home," and at the end of every joke he kept slapping Jeremiah on the shoulder with the familiarity of an old acquaintance, and inquiring "why the deuse he did not laugh?" Laugh! Jeremiah well knew the danger of such a course of conduct, but he was of a complying disposition, and he tried. The unnatural exertion, as might reasonably have been conjectured, proved too much for him. A bloodvessel burst in the middle of the attempt, and he was immediately carried to bed; although he was thought (by those who did not care much about him) not to be much worse. In the morning, however, when Mrs. Nightshade desired him to get up to breakfast, she received no response, and, on examination, found that during the night his gentle spirit had evaporated, and that she was once more a discounsolate woman. Of course as might have been expected from a lady of her experience, she conducted herself in the most approved manner; that is, first called in the neighbours, and then went into hystericks, which did not, however, prove fatal.

Though the end of Mr. Nightshade was sudden, no inquest was held upon the body, it being the general opinion (whatever might be said about the blood-vessel) that he had made a very natural termination, having, like many a good fellow beside, "come by his death in consequence of matrimony."

MILETUS.

Miletus was a celebrated city of Caria in Asia Minor; but from the intimate connexion of its inhabitants with the confederated cities of Ionia, it is usually classed by geographers among the Ionian cities. It was founded by a colony of Cretans under the command of Sarpedon, the brother of Minos, whom the Carians permitted to erect a city, and was called Miletus, either from a Cretan town, or from an individual of that name. When the Ionians subsequently arrived there under the conduct of Neleus, they put to death or expelled the Carian inhabitants, and occupied the city.

The admirable situation of Miletus and the convenience of having four harbours, one of which was capable of containing a large fleet, at an early period gave it a great preponderance in maritime affairs. Its navigators extended its commerce to remote regions. The whole Euxine Sea, the Propontis, Egypt, and other countries, were frequented by its ships, and settled by its colonies, the number of which probably exceeded that of any other city of antiquity. Several of the kings of Lydia ineffectually attempted to possess themselves of so considerable a city; but finally the Milesians made a treaty with Croesus, whom they probably acknowledged to be their liege lord, and consented to pay him tribute. Subsequently the Milesians withstood Darius and refused to admit Alexander, who at length took their city by assault, but pardoned the surviving inhabitants, to whom he gave their liberty. The Milesians afterwards sided with the Romans during their wars with Antiochus.

St. Paul sojourned here for a short time on his return from Macedonia and Thracia (Acts, xx. 15); and summoned thither the elders of the Ephesian Church, to whom he delivered the affecting charge related in Acts, xx. 17-35. The Milesian Church was afterwards under the direction of bishops, who sat in several councils, and ranked as metropolitans of Caria. This continued as late as the decline of the Byzantine empire, subsequently to which the history of Miletus is very imperfect. The

whole region experienced repeated ravages from the Turks, while they were possessed of the interior country, and bent on extending their conquest westward to the shore. One sultan, in 1175, sent twenty thousand men, with orders to lay waste the Roman provinces, and to bring him sea-water, sand, and an oar. All the cities on the Mæander and on the coast were ruined. Miletus was again destroyed, toward the end of the thirteenth century, by the conquering Othman.

At present Miletus is a very mean place, but is still called *Palat* or *Palatia*, the *Palaces*. The principal relic of its former magnificence is a ruined theatre, which is visible afar off, and was a most capacious edifice measuring in front four hundred and fifty seven feet. The external face of this vast fabric is marble; the seats are ranged on the slope of a hill, and a few of these remain. The vaults, which supported the extremities of the semicircle, with the arches or avenues of the two wings are constructed with such solidity as not easily to be demolished.

The whole site of the city, to a great extent, is spread with rubbish, and overrun with thickets. The vestiges of the heathen city are pieces of wall, broken arches, and a few scattered pedestals and inscriptions, and many wells. One of the pedestals has belonged to the emperor Hadrian, who was a friend to the Milesians, as appears from the appellations of "saviour" and "benefactor" bestowed on him. Another has supported the emperor Severus. Some fragments of ordinary churches are interspersed among the ruins.—*From Illustrations of the Bible, 2 vols. Murray.*

RELIGION is too often represented as a state of melancholy gloom, as a barren desert, in which we are condemned to wander without one object to delight the eyes, or to cheer the heart; as a dreary banishment from all the innocent pleasures and harmless gratifications of the world around us. But it is not in the solitude of seclusion, it is not in austerities of perpetual and monastic penance, that Christianity consists: it is a religion of joy; it promotes the happiness of mankind here, as well as hereafter. Happiness is not only pointed to as an object, but it is inculcated as a duty. They, therefore, form a very erroneous estimate of its doctrines and its duties, who shall represent melancholy as its precept, or enforce severity as its practice. It is the messenger of glad tidings to man, it is the minister of comfort to the afflicted children of mortality; to every discounsolate soul, as to Jerusalem of old, it speaks comfortably; it tells her that "her warfare is accomplished that her iniquity is pardoned." On the other hand, he that would unite the joys of the Lord with the pleasures of sin, he that would combine the purity of the Gospel with the pollution of guilt, will discover too late that he cannot enter into a compromise with the Almighty for the gratification of his passions, and that when the infatuations of sin shall have passed away, no joy will then remain, but a fearful anticipation of the wrath to come. It is in the innocent mind alone, that the happiness of Christianity can take root; and as the purity of the soul is stained with the contagion of guilt, in proportion will its real joys fade off from the polluted surface.—RENSSELL.

TRUTH IS POWER.—Some men say wealth is power, some that knowledge is power, some that talent is power; but there is an apothegm that I would place on high above them all, when I would assert that *truth* is power. Wealth cannot purchase, talent refute, knowledge cannot overreach, authority cannot silence her: they all, like Felix, tremble at her presence. Fling her into the most tremendous billows of popular commotion; cast her into the seven-fold heated furnace of the tyrant's wrath; she mounts aloft in the ark upon the summit of the deluge; she walks with the Son of God, untouched, through the conflagration; she is the ministering Spirit who sheds on man that bright and indestructible principle of life, and glory, which is given by its mighty Author to animate, to illuminate, and inspire the immortal soul: and which, like himself, is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. The Bible, in the school of the parish minister, is as far beyond the phi-

osophy of the schools as the expanse of heaven is beyond the surface of this little earth, and the interests of eternity beyond the trifles of an hour. If ever the cause of truth is to be maintained on earth, it is against a system which dares to invade the liberties of man as an immortal being, and which robs him and his children of their best and noblest privilege, the full, pure, and perfect word of God.—*R. R. Daly.*

RELIGIOUS MEDITATIONS.

“*I would not live alway.*” *Job.*

Who is there in the wide world, that has not, at some time or another of his life, uttered the above sentiment? Whose course has been so unruffled—whose earthly path so flowery as never to have given rise to this declaration? There may be voices, that have never spoken it, but throbs there that heart, that has not felt it? If universal experience has a language, that language is—“*I would not live alway.*” If the sorrows and anxieties of this state tend to draw from us any confession, that confession is—“*I would not live alway.*”

“*I would not live alway.*” So have I said when commerce with this world has chilled my heart and congealed the first pure flowings of affection. Love was once my joy. No situation was so unpleasant that it could not better—no burden so heavy, that it could not remove—no cloud so dark that it could not disperse. Friendship too was my idol. Its look, 'twas complacency's perfect smile—its voice, 'twas earthly melody. But alas, I found that this world was a world of semblance not reality—that characters were often assumed for unworthy purposes. I made that saddest of all discoveries, that there is but little true regard here—that love and friendship seldom find in that citadel of corruption—the human bosom, a fit temple for their abode. And hence, I turned away from them and exclaimed—“*I would not live alway.*”

“*I would not live alway.*” So have I said, when I have met with severe disappointments. I began life with fine prospects and calculated fully upon amassing a fortune, but through the loses of others, I was broken and compelled to surrender all, that I had collected. Again, I laid my plans and again failed. Fortune had no smile for me. Poverty seemed to be my inevitable destiny. Whatever I touched, instead of being changed into gold, withered away. Trials resulted in losses, until I felt anxious to die. Then, I exclaimed—“*I would not live alway.*”

“*I would not live alway.*” So said I, when my friends were torn from me by death. Surrounded by a circle of dear and interesting acquaintances, one might almost wish to have this earth for a perpetual abode. But let death invade it—let the objects of affection be taken from us, and what can keep us from wishing to die? If eternity before had no attractions the removal of our friends to it, makes it so. We long to follow them. We ardently desire to tread in their footsteps and embrace them in their high sphere.

“*I would not live alway.*” So I said as I closed my Bible, after reading a description of the “*New Jerusalem.*” It was in twilight's pensive hour that I sat at my window with this book before me. My fancy wandered far away. I thought that I could hear the music of Paradise. The canopy above seemed to be transparent, and I thought I could see the ranks of the redeemed. Who can dwell upon Heaven, and not be desirous to die? Who can stand upon Pisgah and look out upon Canaan and not say—“*I would not live alway?*”

Who would live alway? Who is so wedded to this world as not to desire another? Where is the warrior who does not sometimes wish for peace? Where is the mariner that does not desire the harbor? And can it be, that mortals, who are in a state of continued warfare—who are ever tossed upon the ocean of life, can it be that they would not wish the seal of immortality to be impressed upon their brows? Who would not exult, that there was a time, when the weeping eye shall dry its tears—when the heart shall cease its throbbings?
FLOARDO.

For the Pearl.

SUMMER EVENING.

The gorgeous Sun sinks in the western main,
And casts o'er nature's face his parting ray;
Gilds with his farewell smiles the rural vane,
And yields his beauties to the evening—grey
Receding fast—his glories far excel
The painters art, in color's vivid show,
Nor can the poets art the beauties tell
Which in the fair expanse of evening glow.
The glad horizon flames before the eye
The clouds appear in richest robes arrayed
Celestial tints light up the ambient sky,
In grand irregularity displayed.
Now, fan the gentle zephyrs; soft they flow.
Natures exhausted strength to recreate
Inhale their freshness as they kindly blow
Ye plants, and trees, that for their influence wait
Ye that have borne the suns directer heat
Inspire the breeze; the cooling draught receive
Revive,—and let your fragrance now complete,
Exhale, our wearied spirits to relieve.
The bird's fly twittering to the shady groves
And chirp their cordial fondness to their mates
There they retire, and now renew their loves,
As mutual amity each heart elates.
The giddy quats dance gaily in the air—
The harmless cattle bleat or low their praise
To that kind hand which doth their rest prepare
And all around the streams of love conveys.
Now hath the glorious orb of day with all
His gorgeous pomp from this our hemisphere
Retired;—and now the dews begin to fall,
Blessing the earth with many a kindred tear;
Like some kind friends who when we need her aid
Opening a heart compassionate and kind,
With sympathies from soul to soul conveyed
Replacing grief;—reviving each frail mind.
Ungrateful man plods homeward from his toil,
His sullen eyes retrace the accustomed ground
Reluctant, like the uncultivated soil
Where many weeds, but little fruit is found.
O sinful creature! ever to forget
The source of blessings every evening new;
Whose truth and mercy for thee friendly met
Whose love and goodness bounds thy every view.
Not thus unwilling is that Father's hand,
Unless when chastisement his hand employs;
His gifts are numerous as the ocean's sand:
At once the fount and substance of thy joys.
While speechless nature strives, to mean his praise,
Shall man, refuse to add a thankful note?
Man the base object of God's richest grace,
Be last, to God his talents to devote!
Oh tell it not in Gath! Let not the sound,
For shame, be heard in Askelon's proud streets!
But let his love be felt by all around;
Till every heart and lip his praise repeats!
Above the horizon,—far in prospect placed,
Last in the train of Day, the Evening Star,
Sweet Hespera!—with beaming beauty graced
Appears resplendent in her glittering car!
More brilliant than the purest gem that flames
In the bright circlet of a monarch's crown;
Flushing at intervals prismatic beams,
Shines lovely, Venus in her going down.
Adieu,—thou fairy-green of even-tide
Whether thou art,—as ancient poets tell
Supreme, the lovers art to rule and guide;
To enchant them by thy soul confining spell
Or not?—yet sure in this thy placid hour
Devoted souls in love, are wont to stray
Associated by that pleasing power
By which half man, binds t'other to his sway.
'Mid twilight view the rippling stream below
The hawthorne hedge, with honeysuckle twined,
The sylvan rose—the plants that clustering grow—
The lonely tower, with arches ivy-climbed,
Mouldering beneath the wasting hand of time,
Whose turrets still have braved the battering wind,
Where dwelt the Hero of romantic rhyme,
Where ghastly shades their sleeping bones can find.
Now the lone bat flaps his dull cumb'rous wings,—
The bird of night screams out her hideous note,

The auguring raven bids portentous things,
The toad keeps watch before the laboured moat,—
Envenomed reptiles, roam unseen within
Yon antiquated mansion of the gay;
Which tells of fallen greatness, which has been
And nods its gloom across the travellers way.
TEULON.

A HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPE.

“The summit of the ridge is quitted by a narrow passage, the entrance to which has, in other times, been guarded by a fort built upon the rocks beside it; and, from this spot, the traveller can look down upon the plains of Rossillon, and distinguish the road corkscrewing down the mountain into the valley many thousand feet below. Few roads, even in the higher Pyrenees, are more rapid in their descent than this, and none of them narrower, and worse defended, without any parapet and hanging like a shelf on the mountain side. Having passed the old fort, and put the drag chains upon the wheels, the conductor set off full gallop down the descent. The lady screamed; but, with the noise of the diligence, and the rain which fell in torrents, no one could hear her but myself. She shut her eyes, seized hold of me, and fortunately for herself, fainted. The rocks were almost over our heads; and, when we were going down at this rate, an immense block, of perhaps 20 or 30 tons weight, detached from its resting-place by the rains of the preceding night, came over the mountain side, and, dashing upon the narrow road a few hundred yards in advance of us, carried one half of it into the valley. Here was a pretty situation to be placed in—a fainting lady in my arms, with the knowledge that a few seconds would decide whether we were to pass the breach which had been made, or accompany the rock in its descent. To pull up was impossible; the rate at which we were going, and the impetus given to the carriage, totally precluded it, even had there been harness for the horses to hold back with, which there was not. As we approached, a cry of horror came from those in the *blanquette*,* who could see the danger, and I thanked God that the lady was insensible to it. What, if any of the leaders swerved from the path; what, if the conductor had not a steady head, and still steadier hand—were thoughts of the moment. I threw the lady upon the seat; and, climbing through the window of the coupe to the side of the driver, urged him to keep the heads of the leaders well to the rock; so that they (if it was yet possible to pass) might not see the danger, and start from it. Most fortunately, he was a steady fellow; he did as he was desired; and we galloped over the remaining shelf, barely broad enough for the wheels to run upon: and, turning round, I could see an additional portion of the road roll down the precipice, from the shock which the diligence had given it. The danger was seen and passed in the tenth part of the time which I have taken to narrate it; and we arrived in safety at the bottom.

“I have seldom found myself in a situation of greater danger; no exertion of my own could here avail in extricating me, which, when I could employ, I have always found effectual in stunning the unpleasant feelings upon such occasions. At the bottom of the descent is the village of Caudies, where the lady was soon revived, and the driver had the assembled villagers round him, listening to his story, which lost nothing by being told by a Frenchman; but, in this case, there could be no embroidery—it was not possible to make the danger greater, short of our having actually rolled into the abyss. I suggested the propriety of sending over the ridge, to give warning on the other side of the accident, and of the impossibility of crossing; and a party set off for the purpose.”—*A Summer in the Pyrenees.*

PEDANTRY.—Ignorance I can bear without emotion; but the affectation of learning gives me a fit of the spleen
AFFECTION.—The tie that binds the happy may be dear; but that which links the unfortunate is tenderness unutterable.

* The upper part of a diligence.

From the Metropolitan.

E M B L E M S.

An evening-cloud, in brief suspense,
Was hither driven and thither;
It came I know not whence;
It went I know not whither:
I watch'd it changing in the wind,
Size, semblance, shape, and hue,
Fading and lessening, till behind
It left no speck in heaven's deep blue.

Amidst the marshall'd host of night,
Shone a new star supremely bright;
With marvelling eye, well-pleas'd to err,
I hail'd the prodigy;—anon,
It fell;—it fell like Lucifer,
A flash, a blaze, a train—'twas gone!
And then I sought in vain its place
Throughout the infinite of space.

Dew-drops, at day-spring, deck'd a line
Of gossamer so frail, so fine,
A fly's wing shook it: round and clear,
As if by fairy-fingers strung,
Like orient pearls, at Beauty's ear,
In trembling brilliancy they hung
Upon a rosy briar, whose bloom
Shed nectar round them and perfume:

Ere long, exhaled in limpid air,
Some mingled with the breath of morn,
Some slid down singly, here and there,
Like tears, by their own weight o'erborne;
At length the film itself collapsed, and where
The pageant glittered, lo! a naked thorn.
What are the living? Hark! a sound
From grave and cradle crying,
By earth and ocean echoed round,—
“The living are the dying!”

From infancy to utmost age,
What is man's line of pilgrimage?
The pathway to Death's portal:
The moment we begin to be,
We enter on the agony;—
The dead are the immortal;
They live not on expiring breath,
They only are exempt from death.

Cloud-atoms, sparkles of a falling star,
Dew-drops, or films of gossamer, we are:
What can the state beyond us be?
Life?—Death?—Ah! no—a greater mystery;—
What thought hath not conceived, ear heard, eye seen;
Perfect existence from a point begun;
Part of what God's eternity hath been;
Whole immortality belongs to none
But HIM, the first, the last, the Only One.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The Mount, near Sheffield, June 5, 1837.

NATURE.

Nature affords at least a glim'ring light;
The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.
But as the slightest sketch, if justly trac'd
Is by ill-coloring but the more disgrac'd;
So by false learning is good sense defac'd,
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs Nature meant but fools.
In search of wit these lose their common sense,
And then turn critics in their own defence;
Each burns alike, who can or cannot write,
Or with a Rival's or an Eunuch's spite,
All fools have still an itching to deride,
And vain would be upon the laughing side.—Pope.

Advice is—What every body wants,
What every body asks,
What every body gives,
But which nobody follows.

RETRIBUTION.—I repeat that language of fearful discrimination, “*whatsoever—a man soweth—that—not something else—that—shall he also reap.*” That which you are doing—be it good or evil, be it grave or gay—that which you are doing to-day and to-morrow—each thought, each feeling, each action, each event; every passing hour, every breathing moment, is contributing to form the character by which you are to be judged. Every particle of influence that goes to form that aggregate, your character, shall, in that future scrutiny, be sifted out from the mass, and shall fall particle by particle, with ages perhaps intervening—shall fall, a distinct contribution to the sum of your joys or your woes. Thus every idle word, every idle hour, shall give answer in the judgment. Think not, against the closeness and severity of this inquisition, to put up any barrier of theological speculation. Conversion, repentance, pardon, mean they what they will, mean nothing that will save you from reaping, down to the very root and ground of good or evil, that which you have sowed. Think not to wrap that future world in any blackness of darkness or any folding flame, as if, for the imagination to be alarmed, were all you had to feel, or fear. Clearly, distinctly shall the voice of accusation fall upon the guilty ear; as when upon earth, the man of crime comes reluctantly forth from his hiding-place, and stands at the bar of his country's justice, and the voices of his associates say “*thou didst it!*”

A TRAGEDY IN REAL LIFE.

The vicinity of the northern provinces of the kingdom of Naples to the apal territories, and the ease with which malefactors of both countries, respectively gain an asylum by passing the frontiers; opened a door to the commission of the most flagitious acts. Conversing one day, at Portici, on this subject, with Lady Hamilton, she related to me the following story, I shall endeavour to give in her own words:—“About the year 1743, a person of the name of Ogilvie, an Irishman by birth, who practised surgery with great reputation at Rome, and who resided not far from the ‘Piazza di Spagna,’ in that city; being in bed, was called up to attend some strangers who demanded his professional assistance. They stopped before his house, in a coach; and on his going to the door, he found two men masked, by whom he was desired to accompany them immediately, as the case which brought them admitted of no delay, and not to omit taking with him his lancets. He complied, and got into the coach; but, no sooner had they quitted the street in which he resided, than they informed him that he must submit to have his eyes bandaged; the person to whom they were about to conduct him, being a lady of rank, whose name and place of abode it was indispensable to conceal. To this requisition he likewise submitted; and after driving through a number of streets, apparently with a view to prevent his forming any accurate idea of the part of the city to which he was conducted, the carriage at length stopped. The two gentlemen his companions, then alighted, and each taking him by the arm, conducted him into a house. Ascending a narrow staircase, they entered an apartment, where he was released from the bandage tied over his eyes. One of them next acquainted him, that it being necessary to put out of life a lady who had dishonoured her family, they had chosen him to perform the office, knowing his professional skill; that he would find her in the adjoining chamber, prepared to submit to her fate; and that he must open her veins with as much expedition as possible; a service, for the execution of which, he should receive a liberal recompense.

“Ogilvie at first peremptorily refused to commit an act so highly repugnant to his feelings. But the two strangers assured him, with solemn denunciations of vengeance, that his refusal could only prove fatal to himself, without affording the slightest assistance to the object of his compassion; that her doom was irrevocable, and that unless he chose to participate in a similar fate, he must submit to execute the office imposed on him. Thus situated, and finding all entreaty or remonstrance vain, he entered the room, where he found a lady, of a most interesting figure and appearance, apparently in the bloom of youth. She was habited in a loose dress; and immediately afterwards,

female attendant placed before her a large tub filled with warm water, in which she immersed her feet. Far from opposing any impediment to the act which she knew she was sent to perform, the lady assured him of her perfect resignation; entreating him to put the sentence passed upon her into execution, with as little delay as possible. She added, that she was well aware no pardon could be hoped for from those who had devoted her to death, which alone could expiate her trespass; felicitating herself that his humanity would abbreviate her sufferings, and soon terminate their duration.

“After a short conflict with his own mind, perceiving no means of extrication or of escape, either for the lady or for himself; being moreover urged to expedite his work by the two persons without, who, impatient at his reluctance threatened to exercise violence on him, if he procrastinated; Ogilvie took out his lancet, opened her veins, and bled her to death in a short time. The gentleman having carefully examined the body, in order to ascertain that she was no more, after expressing their satisfaction offered him a purse of zechins, as a remuneration; but he declined all recompense, only requesting to be conveyed away from a scene, on which he could not reflect without horror. With this entreaty they complied, and having again applied a bandage to his eyes, they led him down the same staircase, to the carriage. But, it being narrow, in descending the steps, he contrived to leave on one, or both of the walls, unperceived by his conductors, the marks of his fingers, which were stained with blood. After observing precautions similar to those used in bringing him thither from his own house, he was conducted home; and at parting, the two masques charged him, if he valued his life, never to divulge, and if possible, never to think of the past transaction. They added, that if he should embrace any measures, with a view to render it public, or to set on foot an inquiry into it, he should be infallibly immolated to their revenge. Having finally dismissed him at his own door, they drove off, leaving him to his reflections.

“On the subsequent morning, after great irresolution he determined at whatever risk to his personal safety, not to participate, by concealing so enormous a crime. It formed, nevertheless, a delicate and difficult undertaking to substantiate the charge, as he remained altogether ignorant of the place to which he had been carried, or of the name and quality of the lady whom he had deprived of life. Without suffering himself however to be deterred by these considerations, he waited on the secretary of the apostolick chamber, and acquainted him with every particular; adding, that if the government would extend to him protection, he did not despair of finding the bones, and of bringing to light the perpetrators of the deed. Benedict the Fourteenth, [Lambertini,] who then occupied the papal chair, had no sooner received the information, than he immediately commenced the most active measures for discovering the offenders. A guard of the *sbirri*, or officers of justice, was appointed by his order to accompany Ogilvie; who, judging from various circumstances, that he had been conveyed out of the city of Rome, began by visiting the villas scattered without the walls of that metropolis. His search proved ultimately successful. In the villa Papa Julio, constructed by pope Julius the third, [del Monte,] he there found the bloody marks left on the wall by his fingers, at the same time that he recognized the apartment in which he had put to death the lady. The palace belonged to the duke de Bracciano, the chief of which illustrious family and his brother, had committed the murder on the person of their own sister! They no sooner found that it was discovered, than they fled to the city of London, where they easily eluded the pursuit of justice. After remaining there for some time, they obtained a pardon, by the exertions of their powerful friends, on payment of a considerable fine to the apostolick chamber, and under the farther condition of affixing over the chimney-piece of the room, where the crime had been perpetrated, a plate of copper, commemorating the transaction, and their penitence. This plate, together with the inscription, still continued to exist there till within these few years.”—*Wrazall's Historical Memoirs.*

THE SONG OF THE SEA SHELL.

BY MRS. ABDY.

I come from the ocean—a billow passed o'er me,
And covered with sea-weeds, and glittering foam,
I fell on the sands—and a stranger soon bore me
To deck the gay halls of his far-distant home:
Encompassed by exquisite myrtles and rose,
Still, still, in the deep I am pining to be;
And the low voice within me my feeling disclose,
And evermore murmurs the sounds of the sea.

The sky-lark at morn pours a carol of pleasure,
At eve, the sad nightingale warbles her note,
The harp in our halls nightly sounds a glad measure,
And Beauty's sweet songs on the air lightly float:
Yet I sigh for the loud-breaking billows that tossed me,
I long to the cool coral caverns to flee,
And when guests with officious intrusion accost me,
I answer them still in the strains of the sea.

Since I left the blue deep I am ever regretting,
And mingled with men in the regions above,
I have known them the ties they once cherished forgetting,
Oft trust to new friendship, and cling to new love.
O! is it so hard to preserve true devotion!—
Let mortals who doubt seek a lesson of me,
I am bound by mysterious links to the ocean,
And no language is mine but the sound of the sea.

Metropolitan for July.

FROLICS OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

It would hardly be thought, *a priori*, that the Stock Exchange London, that scene of immense, and, too often, perilous, nay, fatal speculation, should be as frolicsome a place as the play-ground of a school, or a bear-garden, where all the bears are young and have their troubles to come. Yet such it appears to be, and the general accuracy of the following picture we believe there is no reason to doubt.—*Ed. Metropolitan.*

“The first impression of a stranger on entering the Stock Exchange, were he not previously otherwise informed, would naturally be, that instead of being met to transact important business, they had assembled for the express purpose of having a little fun and frolic together. You not only hear them uttering, in addition to the sounds just alluded to, all other sorts of sounds, some of which partake a good deal of the zoological character, but you see a large proportion of them playing all manner of tricks at each other's expense. One of the most approved of these tricks, if we are to judge from the extent to which it is practised, is that of knocking one's hat down over one's eyes. This pastime, I believe, they call ‘eclipsing,’ or ‘bonneting.’ If the hat only goes down so far as not to prevent altogether the use of one's luminaries, it is, I presume, called a partial eclipse: but when the application of one's hand to the crown of the hat is given with such vigour as to force it down over the optics of the party who chances to be at the time the person played on, it is called a total eclipse. How far it can be so called with propriety, is at least a debatable point; for I have been assured by those who have undergone the somewhat unpleasant experiment of eclipsing, that if they saw nothing else, the severity and suddenness of ‘the whack,’ to use Stock Exchange phraseology, has made them see stars innumerable. How many crowns of best beavers, have been so completely ‘knocked in,’ as to render the hats ever afterwards unwearable, by means of the process of eclipsing, is, I suspect, a question which the most skillful calculator in the house could not undertake to decide. The cases from first to last of the destruction of hats in this way, must be innumerable; but the ingenuity of some of the members has discovered other means of assisting the hatters, where the eclipsing plan fails of effect. The members in question are remarkably expert at knocking the hats of other members off their heads altogether, and then kicking them about on the floor until they are shattered to pieces. So marked indeed are the hat destroying propensities of some of the members, that a stranger would come away with the impression, that they were in the pay of the leading city hat-manufacturers. Query—Are they so?

“The dexterity which many of the members have acquired from long practice, at playing all manner of tricks

with the hats of each other, is really surprising, and would were they inclined to accept it, procure them an engagement at any of the theatres. By wetting the fore-part of their fingers, applying them to the hat of the party to be operated on, they unconsciously to him, can make it let go its hold of his head; and then, before it has quitted his cranium entirely they give it another ‘touch,’ as they call it with the aforesaid fore part of their fingers, which sends it spinning through the place a distance perhaps of forty or fifty feet.

“There are various other pastimes, which are practised daily on the Stock Exchange besides those I have mentioned. Occasionally you will see walking-canes, umbrellas, etc. moving about through the place, to the imminent hazard of the heads of members. Chalking one another's backs is one of their most harmless expedients, when in a larking humour. The figures sometimes made on these occasions are of so odd a character, as to be equally beyond the pale of Euclid's mathematics and the tailorifics of any German knight of the thimble, or any other distinguished professor of the ‘fitting’ art. It is scarcely necessary to say that when a person's back is thus well chalked he cuts a very odd figure. Not long ago, two of the gentlemen of the house mutually chalked each other's back with every conceivable variety of stroke, without the one knowing that the other had been playing any of his odd tricks. The other gents, or at least that portion of them who most keenly relish a little frolic, had, of course, their laugh at the expense of both parties, while they individually richly enjoyed the affair, thinking they had achieved a wonderful exploit in having got through the chalking process without the party chalking being aware of the trick that had been played him. When others looked into their faces and laughed heartily, they each fancied it was in the way of giving them credit for their dexterity, and congratulated themselves accordingly. Little did either suppose the other gentlemen were laughing at, instead of with them. But perhaps the most amusing part of the affair, was that of the two chalking parties laughing most immoderately at each other, and winking at the other gentlemen around them, by way of self-gratulation at the ridiculous figure the one had been the means of making the other look. When the discovery was made of how they had tricked each other, both were mortified and crest-fallen in the greatest degree.

“On particular days the more frolicsome gentlemen of the Stock Exchange have particular amusements. The 5th of November is a great day for fun amongst them. I am not aware that, like the boys in the streets they dress up a Guy Fawkes for the occasion. If ‘Guy’ has ever been paraded through the house, I have not heard of the circumstance; but crackers are quite in vogue among them on every anniversary of the escape from the gun-powder-plot. Last 5th of November, the number let off was incredible. Members went with their pockets literally crammed with them, and there was nothing but an everlasting ‘rack, rack, rack,’ from ten till four o'clock. They were flying in every direction; sometimes exploding about members feet, at other times about their ears and all parts of their bodies. The number of perforations made in the clothes of some of the more unfortunate members was so great, that certain parts of their garments had the appearance of targets. To such an extent was the joke carried as to render it impossible to do any business worthy of the name.

“But to see the mischievous larking capabilities of certain gentlemen on the Stock Exchange to advantage, one must be there when a stranger chances to go in amongst the members. It is surprising how keen-scented they are in finding out the hapless intruder; and the moment the discovery is made, and the cry of ‘Fourteen Hundred,’ is heard, they pounce upon him like so many——, I shall not say what. He finds himself instantly surrounded, as if he were some criminal of the first magnitude, and the parties around him officers of justice, commissioned to take him into custody. He looks about him, wondering what is the matter, or rather wondering what there can be about him which not only attracts all eyes, but all persons

towards him. He has not time, however, to form a conjecture on the subject, when he finds himself equipped, not partially but totally. Before he has time to raise his hat, so as again to see the light of heaven which finds its way into the place, he feels some ten or a dozen hands, as if the paws of so many bears, pulling him about in every direction. Possibly he feels them tearing the clothes off his back; and from the rough usage he receives, he very naturally fears they will tear him in pieces. Many a luckless wight has gone to the Stock Exchange with an excellent coat on his back, and, come out with a jacket. To dock an intruder, is, by some of the members, deemed an illustrious exploit. There is one thing however to be said in favour of the parties who chiefly distinguish themselves in this way in Capel Court, which is, that they never have recourse to Lynch law when dealing with the intruder. It is but right also to do them the justice of mentioning, that they never patronise the tarring and feathering process.

“Many amusing anecdotes are related of the treatment which strangers have experienced, who have had the misfortune to enter the forbidden place. Not long ago, a friend of my own ignorant of the rule so rigidly enforced for the expulsion of strangers, chanced to visit as he himself phrased it, the Stock Exchange. He walked about for nearly a minute without being discovered to be an intruder, indulging in surprise at finding the greatest uproar and frolic prevailed in a place in which he expected there would be nothing but the strictest order and decorum. All at once, a person who had just concluded a hasty but severe scrutiny of his features, sung out at the full stretch of his voice, ‘Fourteen Hundred!’ Then a bevy of the gentlemen of the house surrounded him. ‘Will you purchase any new navy five per cents, sir?’ said one, looking him eagerly in the face. ‘I am not——’ The stranger was about to say he was not going to purchase stock of any kind, but was prevented finishing his sentence by his hat being, through a powerful application of some one's hand to its crown, not only forced down over his eyes, but over his mouth also. Before he had time to recover from the stupefaction into which the suddenness and violence of the ‘eclipse’ threw him, he was seized by the shoulders and wheeled about as if he had been a revolving machine. He was then pushed about from one person to another as if he had only been the effigy of some human being instead of a human being himself. His hat was all this while down over his face; he having neither presence of mind nor time to restore it to its usual position on his head; but even had it been otherwise, all concern for the hat must have merged in deep anxiety for himself. After tossing and hustling him about in the roughest possible manner, denuding his coat of one of its tails, and tearing into fragments other parts of his wardrobe, they carried him to the door where, after depositing him on his feet, they left him to recover his lost senses at his leisure. His first feeling on coming to himself again, was one of thankfulness that he had not realized the fate of the frog in the fable, which was stoned to death by the boys on the banks of the pond, for no other reason in the world than that of a resolution to gratify their own propensities for pastime. He says he would as soon enter a lion's den, as again cross the threshold of the Stock Exchange.”

SLAVEHOLDING REPUBLICANS.—Upon the soil of America there are upwards of two millions and a half of human beings, men like ourselves, made in the image of God, and capable of the high exercises of intellect and the pure joys of devotion, who are held in cruel and degrading bondage. We confess that we know no terms sufficiently strong to express our loathing of the men who are the advocates at once of republicanism and slavery; the sturdy defenders of their own rights, and the reckless violators of the rights of others. To hear the language of freedom and of tyranny issue from the same lips is sufficiently astounding, but when there is added to this the profession of a religion which is based on mercy, and whose whole spirit is love, our surprise is turned into indignation, and we want words to express our contempt and scorn.—*Eclectic Review.*

From Conversations on Nature and Art.

MANUSCRIPTS OF HERCULANEUM.

Mrs. F.—Before we leave the subject of Manuscripts, I must tell you something of the papyri discovered at Herculaneum.

Henrietta.—Thank you, Aunt; I should so much like to know all about the Herculaneum and Pompeii MSS.

Mrs. F.—Not Pompeii, Henrietta, for those which were found in that city fall into powder as soon as touched. Those of Herculaneum alone are in a state to be unrolled, and the difficulty and delicacy of the undertaking render it a most laborious and ingenious operation.

Esther.—Where were these papyri found?

Mrs. F.—In prosecuting the excavations at Herculaneum the workmen came in 1753 to a small room which had presses all round it, and one in the centre, containing books in both sides, but the wood of the press was so completely carbonised that it fell into pieces when touched.

Esther.—How did they know they were books?

Mrs. F.—The order in which they were found, carefully arranged one over the other, was the only circumstance which excited attention, and convinced the workmen that they could not be wood or cinders. Upon closer examination characters were discovered upon them, which the learned immediately occupied themselves in endeavouring to decipher.

Hen.—Were there none in any other parts of the city?

Mrs. F.—Probably there may have been many lost to us, but as they were in a mass with rubbish, lava, etc. they could not be recognised: for you must recollect that the excavations of Herculaneum are about 100 palmi under ground: indeed the accumulated mass of lava and ashes has buried the city at depths from 70 to 112 feet; and so completely filled up the town, that all the work is carried on with pickaxes. It is to this room (which was in a country house) not being entirely choked up, that we owe the fortunate circumstance of their preservation. A few more were found in the portico of the same house, preserved in little portable boxes, and some others in another room in the same habitation; making together 1756 manuscripts, all written upon papyrus. Various were the means employed to unroll them: some were cut into two longitudinally, by which a small portion of the characters were rendered visible: in short, they were subjected to all kinds of attempts, until Father Piaggio discovered the present manner of unrolling them.

Hen.—What is it?

Mrs. F.—The papyrus is laid upon cotton, supported by a piece of pasteboard, which lies upon two semi-circular pieces of metal. The workman begins by glueing small pieces of goldbeater's skin upon the back of the papyrus until the whole of the exterior of the roll is covered. He then attaches three threads to the end of the goldbeater's skin, and suspending them to the top of the frame, proceeds with the point of a needle, to detach from the roll two or three lines of the end of the papyrus, which has been made of a tolerable consistency by the addition of the goldbeater's skin. As soon as these lines are unrolled, the same operation of applying the goldbeater's skin is repeated, until, by the greatest patience and diligence, the whole MS. is gradually unrolled.

Hen.—But then, Aunt, they can only read one side of the page.

Mrs. F.—Fortunately, the manuscripts are generally only written upon one side of the papyrus, otherwise the operation would be impossible. There is however one papyrus which is written on both sides. It would appear to be an original manuscript; and the author having filled the end of his volume before he had arrived at the conclusion of his subject, has written three pages on the other side of the papyrus. I also saw, in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, a Josephus in papyrus, which is said to be of the fourth century, and is also written upon both sides of the paper.

Est.—How did the ancients arrange their books? because it must have been very difficult to distinguish one from another, among so many rolls?

Mrs. F.—Those found in the kind of press or bookcase which I have described, were arranged horizontally along the shelves. Their titles were either written on the end of the papyrus or upon a piece of papyrus paper fastened to the middle of the papyrus. Some papyri were found tied up in bundles; others in the double rows, as if the last reader had left them open where he left off reading; and some in a box, as I have before mentioned, that they might be carried about in safety. From the blank paper which is often found round the papyri, it would appear that each volume had a sheet of blank paper rolled around it, in order to protect the fragile material of which it was composed. The marks of the lines ruled for the guide of the copyist are still visible; and the ancients appear to have had their large paper copies of their works, as well as the moderns. The size of the Greek MSS. is generally smaller than the Latin; the former being from 8 to 12 inches, the latter from 12 to 16 broad. Some are 110 pages long, others upwards of 62 feet (75 palmi) by measurement.

Hen.—What a ragged torn looking thing it must have been.

Mrs. F.—True; but when you take into consideration the difficulty of the task, it is wonderful that the unrolling is ever effected at all. If the glue be put on in too large quantities, it will probably remove a portion of the next layer of the papyrus; a breath of air will carry away all these pulverized particles, and dust is so fatal, that one manuscript having become covered with dust, it took a whole year to remove it.

Est.—Then, what is done with those that are unrolled to prevent such an accident?

Mrs. F.—They are put into frames with glasses over them, and are eventually hung up in the Museum. One has been left in its whole length in order to give an idea of the original form and extent of the MSS. but this system has not been followed, it being more convenient for the draughtsmen and interpreters, to divide the papyrus into several fragments, as they require to turn the page in different lights in order the better to decipher the characters. The manuscript is first passed to the draughtsman, who copies the characters with the greatest exactness, so as to render it a complete facsimile of the original; his copy is then submitted to the inspection of the interpreters, who having approved of it, pass it to the engraver; he having engraved it, returns it to the interpreters, who then publish it in their learned and elaborate work.

Hen.—How many manuscripts are unrolled?

Mrs. F.—Of the 1756 papyri found at Herculaneum, 210 have been entirely and usefully unrolled; 127 have been partly opened; but the work has been suspended from finding them illegible; and 205 could not be unrolled because they were not sufficiently compact to bear the application of the goldbeater's skin; 27 have been presented by the government to England and France; 23 have been used for the purposes of experiment; and 1164 remain untouched: so they may yet contain much that is valuable and interesting.

Frederick.—What are the subjects of those which have been unrolled?

Mrs. F.—This library was found in what appears to have been the country house of an Epicurean philosopher, and the works which have been as yet deciphered are naturally those of his school: all I believe are writings which were before unknown to the moderns; and when we reflect upon the number yet to be unrolled, we may hope that great riches are still concealed in this unique collection. Whatever may be, however, the intrinsic value of the writings already published, they may yet serve to elucidate others of greater interest; and therefore, the plan which the Academy adopt, of publishing every fragment which they unroll, is the most prudent, the most useful, and the most likely to lead to beneficial results.

THE FRENCH REIGN OF TERROR.—The sun of liberty was in eclipse while the crested hydra of the coalition glared round the horizon; the atmosphere was dark and sultry; there was a dead pause, a stillness in the air, except as the silence was broken by a shout like distant thunder, or the wild chant of patriotic songs; there was a fear, as in the time of a plague—a fierceness as before and after a deadly strife. It was a civil war raging in the heart of a great city as in a field of battle, and turning it into a charnel-house. The eye was sleepless; the brain heated. Sights of horror grew familiar to the mind, which had no other choice than that of being either the victim or the executioner. What at first was stern necessity, or public duty, became a habit and a sport; and the arm, inured to slaughter, struck at random, and spared neither friend nor foe. The soul, harrowed up by the most appalling spectacles, could not do without them, and "nursed the dreadful appetite of death." The habit of going to the place of execution resembled that of visiting the theatre. Legal murder was the order of the day—a holyday sight—till France became one scene of wild disorder and the revolution a stage of blood.—Hazlitt's *Life of Buonaparte*.

THE ARTS.—When the miscellaneous estimates are brought forward, the Chancellor of Exchequer will move the first, and Sir R. Peel the second, of the following estimates:—An estimate of the sum required to be voted in the year 1837, for the purchase of pictures for the National Gallery, £9,035. 'Mercury and the Woodman' (Salvator Rosa), £1,680; 'Holy Family' (Murillo), and 'The Brazen Serpent in the Wilderness,' (Rubens), £7,350." "An estimate of the sum required to be voted to enable the trustees of the British Museum to purchase certain Etruscan vases, part of the collection of the Prince of Canino, £1,200."

The accession of the Queen to the British throne has caused various alterations in law forms and proceedings. In one writ which came down to this city a ludicrous mistake was made in the date, as follows:—"In the year of our Lady 1837," instead of "our Lord."—*Wes. Lumin.*

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1837.

TO THE LADIES.—With all due respect and gallantry we ask our fair readers to what country they export their written effusions, for of the competency of a number of them to compose for the press, there can be but one opinion. Whether do they send their poetic fragments, their interesting tales, their graphic sketches of country, and all the delightful and entertaining views of men and things, which float in the female mind, and in what distant publication do they appear? We should like to ascertain the name of the favoured periodical, but in the meantime ladies, what think you of the Pearl? Is it not neat enough in appearance for your choice contributions? Would not some of your beautiful literary pieces add lustre to its pages? Some of the papers of our neighbours are graced with the products of many a feminine pen, while our poor Pearl cannot boast of a single original article from a lady. Come ladies we present ourselves as candidates for your literary favours—only send us a few and we promise to allot to them the most conspicuous part of our paper—they shall appear in the most beautiful dress for we will give our printer double charge concerning them—nay if we had letters of gold, they should be appropriated to this ornamental purpose. Can the ladies withstand our tempting proposals? Can they refuse our very polite and gallant request? Let the stationers prepare themselves, for they will shortly be besieged for crow quills and fine paper. We are fully prepared for all contingencies of this kind, and with all confidence we shall expect to receive many of the interesting views of our fair readers.

PROVINCIAL PROSPERITY.—Favoured as is the province of Nova Scotia with so many advantages for trade and commerce, we have sometimes wondered that her progress in wealth and prosperity should be so remarkably slow. The wealth of her merchants, the salubrity of her climate, and the general industry of her inhabitants, should we think, have raised Nova Scotia higher in the scale of commercial countries than her present elevation. Where so much capital abounds, so much peace and contentment prevail, and such wide fields of industry present themselves on every side, what can be the reason, that she does not put forth all her energies, and advance with rapid strides to the goal of fortune and success? Were we indigent and altogether destitute of the means wherewith to commence the race of prosperity—or were we like miserable Spain involved in anarchy and bloodshed from coast to coast—or finally were no chances offered for spirit and perseverance to range over the above problem would be easy of solution. But with facts so opposite and overwhelming, the case cannot be decided with such facility. Other countries with fewer advantages have taken the lead of us, while they seem determined, if possible, to continue to outstrip us. Shall it be so always? We think not. We think we can perceive indications in society of a decided improvement in the aspect of our affairs. In a word we think the people are beginning to awake to a sense of their duty. Symptom after symptom is being developed of a determined purpose in the community to exert all its powers for the welfare of the country. These indications of good we hail with delight. At present these signs may be few and feeble, but every day they will multiply and gather strength, and eventually will overcome all obstacles. When this shall be the case, our importations from the mother country will be, doubtless, materially diminished. That we must, however, for a long series of years depend on Great Britain for many articles of manufacture is certain—and to a limited extent this is not to be deprecated as an evil, but is to be considered rather as a solid benefit to the country. While however just views of national wealth will conduct us to this conclusion, they will also as strongly point out the great disadvantages of importing anything and everything into the province. The propriety of this course when Nova Scotia was in her infancy we will not dispute, but

past her nonage who will undertake to deny that it is not a great barrier to her improvement and prosperity. What, are we such imbeciles that we can do nothing for ourselves? Are our hands so imperfectly constructed that they cannot make a single article from a piece of broadcloth down to a shoe or a shoestring? Or are we so devoid of tact and resolution, that we cannot open new channels of trade for industry to do her utmost? We cannot, we will not believe it, and yet must not a stranger think so, when looking over the list of our imported articles. The immense quantity of shoes, (to notice but one article) brought into the country is enough to stagger the faith of any person in provincial talent and competition. But we are glad to believe that in some measure our reproach is to be wiped away in this respect, as we perceive by advertisement in some of the papers, that a Boot and Shoe Manufactory is formed, with the avowed design of opposing this importing system. This is taking a bold and determined stand, but but not more so than the necessities of the community required. The public surely will support so praiseworthy a design. But while we wish the proprietor's of this manufactory abundant success, we shall feel grievously disappointed if it do not lead to other and still greater efforts in the manufacturing line. It is with this view we have penned these very hasty remarks, certain of commendation by all the lovers of their country and well-wishers of our provincial prosperity.

PLOUGHING BY STEAM.—While passing through our academical studies, we remember to have been greatly delighted with the views communicated by the principal of the Academy to his pupils, concerning the usefulness and value of steam power as applied to the art of navigation. On one occasion after he had interested us on this subject, he quaintly remarked, "this is ploughing the water by steam but you will one day see the ploughs running across the fields by steam." And this prophecy is coming to pass as this article proves:—

A very successful and interesting exhibition of ploughing by steam took place at Red Moss, near Harwick; on Thursday week. Any description of the process could convey but a very imperfect idea how the work is performed; suffice it to say the engine is not locomotive, but remains stationary while the plough is at work, and that the plough is set in motion by means of two long flexible belts of iron, revolving round another wheel in a frame firmly fixed on the moss, at such a distance from the engine as may be proposed to make the furrow. The ends of these belts are fixed to the two ends of the plough, and pull it to and fro, for it does not turn in working, but cuts a furrow both when it recedes from, and returns to the engine. This operation was most satisfactory, the plough turning a furrow eighteen inches broad, nine inches thick, and more than 300 yards long, in less than four minutes, and that with a precision which no common plough could equal. The moss, when thus turned, is harrowed, manured with charred peats reduced to powder, and being sown with grass seeds, or clover, produces excellent crops, as was very satisfactorily proved by those luxuriantly growing on the spot. As peats also serve admirably for fuel for the engine, the moss itself supplies all the requisites for its own improvement.

STEAM COMMUNICATION WITH INDIA.—The arrangement between Government and the East India Company for monthly communications by steam-vessels between England and India, viz, the Red Sea, is, that Government shall defray all the expense of the voyage out to Alexandria, and half the expense of the voyage from Bombay to Suez, besides half the expense of the steam-boats; receiving the postage on all letters transmitted by this medium. Mr. Waghorn being appointed deputy agent at Egypt, half the charge of his appointment is also to be paid by Government.

From the Acadian Telegraph.

The appointment of a day of public Thanksgiving to the Almighty, for the signs of an abundant harvest, with which he has blessed the Country, has been suggested by some American papers. If the authorities should not think well to adopt the suggestion, nothing exists to prevent congregations and individuals from acting in its spirit. There is indeed much to be thankful for: What would our feelings be under another such season as the last? What should they be when joy and gladness cover the hills of the land, instead of gloom and fearful forebodings?

Three new members have been added to the New Brunswick Executive Council. The names of these gentlemen

are,—Hon. George Shore of Fredricton,—Charles Simonds, Esq. Member of Assembly for the County of St. John, and Speaker of the House,—and Hugh Johnson Esq. Member for Queen's County. The latter gentlemen may continue to occupy seats in the House of Assembly.

A Surveying Party started from St. John on Aug. 16, consisting of Dr. Gessner, Capt. Egerton, Mr. Levinge, the Hon. Mr. Cholmondely, of the 43rd. Regt. and five Indians with canoes. They went in the steamer for Salmon river, and intend to proceed overland to the Richibucto, and down that river to the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

A first number of the P. E. Island Colonial Herald, printed at Charlotte Town, has been received,—and is most creditably executed; the printers and proprietors are J. B. Cooper & Co.

UNITED STATES.

A terrible accident occurred on the Portsmouth and Roanoke Rail road on Aug. 11. A company of 150 ladies and gentlemen from places in the vicinity, came down the Railroad intending to visit Portsmouth, Norfolk, &c., and to return next day. About a mile and a half from Suffolk, between 9 and 10 o'clock, they met a locomotive and train of cars, and the two lines of vehicles ran together with a horrible crash. They were going at the rate of 10 or 12 miles an hour. The effects of the collision were dreadful. Three young ladies were so injured, that they died 15 minutes after the shock; another lady, an infant, and a negro girl died before 3 o'clock, and 4 or 5 other deaths were expected to result. Several, besides, were badly wounded.

ANOTHER.—On the 8th of August, near Hancock, Washington Co. A stage coach was precipitated down a precipice of 42 feet. Three persons were killed and others badly wounded.

MARRIED.

On Thursday evening, 10th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Parker, Mr. P. Miller, to Miss Lucy Reeves, of Dartmouth.

DIED.

On Thursday last, Mr. Andrew McMinn, senr, aged 78 years, an old and respectable inhabitant of this town. Funeral will take place from his late residence, Dartmouth, on Saturday, at 2 o'clock, where his friends and relatives are respectfully requested to attend.

On Monday evening last, Sarah Jane Bolton, infant daughter of Mr. William Wilson, aged three months and 13 days. 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVALS.

AT HALIFAX.—Friday, Aug. 18.—Robin Hood, Annapolis. True Brothers, Siacomb, Liverpool, schr. Catharine, Ring, Trinidad, to W. Pryor & sons, Mermaid, LaVache, St. John, N. B.; Meridian, Kimble, do.; Alert, Scott, Nassau, to W. Lawson, jr.; Jean Ann, Therige, Quebec, to Saults & Wainwright; Sarah, Tooker, Yarmouth; Spanish brig Isabella, Aquilla, Porto Rico, to Creighton & Grassie; brig Hugh Johnston, Eaton, Matanzas, to D. & E. Starr & Co. Am. brig Norfolk, Matthews, Philadelphia, to John Clark, Coquette, Wilkie, Kingston, Jun. to W. J. Starr; H.M. Champion; Com. King, Pictou, 8 days.

Saturday, Aug. 19.—Schr. Mariuer, Gerrard, Boston, to T. & L. Piers, H. Fay, and others.

Monday, Aug. 21.—Brig Harriet, De Roche, Arichat, to Debleis & Merkell; schr. Elizabeth, Landry, St. John's, N.F. to S. Binney and Creighton & Grassie; Wm. Walker, Smith, St. Andrews, to S. Binney; Am. schr. Leonidas, Kelly, New York, to J. H. Braine and others. Isabella, Swinore, Quebec, to A. Murison.

Wednesday, Brig Acadian, Lane, Boston, 5 1/2 days—to J. Clark and others. Schr. Industry, to sail next day. Brig General Grant, Trinidad, to Frith, Smith and Co. Schr. Mahone Bay Packet, Cronan, Straits of Belleisle, to D. Cronan. Left schrs Dove, Cindrella, Edward and Margaret, to sail in 3 weeks for Halifax.—The schr. Emerald, Fa. ell, hence 17th July, 10 days out, in a heavy sea, with light winds from S.S.W., carried away her foremast and mainmast head.—had to bear up for Halifax, arrived here.

Thursday, Schr. Ann and Margaret, Margaret's bay. Suowbird, Shelburne.

Friday, brig. Abeona, Mason, Demerara, to J. Ross.

CLEARANCES.

AT HALIFAX.—Friday, August 18.—Brig Elizabeth, Green, Boston, by the master, brig Planet, Ritchie, Mediterranean. 19th, Pictou, Deane, New York, by R. D. Clarke. schr. Eight Sons, Jacobs, West Indies, by J. Fairbanks. 21st, schr. Planet, Williams, New York, by W. Donaldson. 22d, schr. Jean Ann, Thivierge, Quebec. Meridian, Kimball, Newfoundland, by G. P. Lawson. brittanica, Covill, St. John, N.B. by G. C. Whidden and others. Enterprise, S. L'Isanc, Miramichi, A. Fraser and W. A. Black and Son, North America, nears, N.F. to Fairbanks and Allison. brig Loyal, Wm. Facobel, do. Creighton & Grassie. schr. W. Walker, Smith, St. Andrews, S. Binney.

MEMORANDA.

Yarmouth, Aug. 11.—The schooner Frances, Fielos, lately ashore on Mud Island, arrived in this harbour, on Wednesday, bound to St. John, N. B.; she is very leaky, and pumps kept constantly in operation.

Brig Dapper, Dickson, dimasted off Barbadoes on 1st July. The schr. Mary Alice, McLean, was lost at St. Lucia, on the 9th July, in a gale—captain and crew saved.

The Mail Boat Margaret, hence, was ashore at Bermuda, but has been got off with the loss of false keel, &c.

A severe hurricane at St. Lucia, on the 20th July, drove all the vessels in port out to sea. A Steamer supposed to be lost. Spoken off Whitehead, 4th inst., brig Pleides, from Halifax for Quebec.

PASSENGERS.

In the Alert from Nassau, Messrs. F. Allen and Captain Kenny.—In the Margaret for St. John's N. F. Mrs. Archibald and 2 children, Mrs. Morris and Mr. J. Richardson. In the Lady Ogle for Bermuda, Mr. Wainwright, sr.—In the Roseway for Boston, Mr. A. B. Jennings.—In the Pictou for New York Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Haverstock, Miss Rule, Miss Nugent; Messrs. R. D. Clark, Ross, Fitzpatrick.—In the Acadian from Boston, M. Sweeney, Esq. and Lady, from Montreal, Mrs. Carrol, Miss Craig, and Messrs. Bell, Cochran, and Morton, and Dr. Fraser, of Pictou, and 10 in the steerage.

SALES at AUCTION.

SUPERIOR CLARET, SEGARS, &c.

BY WILLIAM M. ALLAN,
At his Room, on TUESDAY, 29th August, at 12 o'clock:
25 cases containing 1 doz each Superior MEDOC and St. JULIAN
Claret Wine,
30 M. REAL HAVANNAH SEGARS,
8 pans. Demerara RUM.
August 25.

Evening Sales by Auction,
AT R. D. CLARKE'S

WAREROOMS,
Every THURSDAY EVENING, commencing at half past Seven o'clock.
FOR the Sale of BOOKS, SILVER, GILT and PLATED WARE, JEWELLERY, WATCHES, Fancy, Ornamental, and other GOODS. Terms, always cash.
Articles for Sale must be sent the day previous to the Sales. Liberal advances will be given if required.
August 4.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE
COLONIAL HERALD,

AND

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND ADVERTISER,
A Loyal, Constitutional and Independent
Weekly Newspaper.

In submitting a new weekly newspaper to the judgment of the public, it becomes a duty incumbent upon its conductors to state candidly and fairly what are the objects contemplated by its publication.

The professions of Prospectuses are generally and justly regarded with considerable suspicion, therefore we shall for the present make no formal avowal of our Politics—these shall be gradually unfolded as events arise; but we have no hesitation in stating, that our design is, to establish a Journal absolutely and essentially free, bold and uncompromising, ready at all times to support sound principles and useful measures, regardless of Party, and regardful alone of Truth and Honesty—having ever before us the sound maxim, that "that alone is the best policy which secures the greatest happiness of the greatest number."

To go into the whole range of subjects which will necessarily form the contents of such a work as the present, would be tedious and uninteresting. Selection, in a Weekly Paper, is the art in which its conductors ought to excel; and perspicuity of statement and expression, combined with a luminous arrangement of matter, ought to be the aim of their labours. In the news department it shall therefore be our constant object, to present a faithful chronicle of Public events, whether foreign or domestic, literary or political, condensed and arranged in such a manner as to comprise every thing important in the fewest words, compatible with clearness and fidelity.

Independent of our own selections, our columns shall always be open to receive such communications as may tend to give our Paper an Agricultural character. It shall be our ambition to secure for our Journal, among Agriculturists, a friendly reception, and to make it the humble instrument of promoting the comfort and happiness of the practical Farmer.

Original communications, particularly if calculated to convey information and instruction, will be promptly attended to; while the utmost possible care will be taken to exclude from our pages every thing offensive to religious or moral feeling. With no other ends to serve than those of Justice and Truth—no ambition but to be useful—we put forward our claims to a share of public favour; and from the kindly disposition which has already been evinced in behalf of our undertaking, we have no doubt that our expectations of its success will be realized.

Published by J. B. COOPER & Co., at their Office, corner of Pownal and Water Streets, Charlottetown. Terms, 15s. per annum, payable half-yearly in advance.

Subscriptions received at this Office.

THE YOUNG QUEEN.

"This awful responsibility is imposed upon me so suddenly, and at so early a period of my life, that I should feel myself utterly oppressed by the burden, were I not sustained by the hope that Divine Providence, which has called me to this work, will give me strength for the performance of it."—*The Queen's Declaration in Council.*

The shroud is yet unspread
To wrap our crowned dead ;
His soul hath scarcely hearkened for the thrilling word of doom:
And Death, that makes serene
Ev'n brows where crowns have been,
Hath scarcely time to meeten his for silence of the tomb.

St. Paul's king-dirging note
The city's heart hath smote,—
The city's heart is struck with thoughts more solemn than the tone !

A shadow sweeps apace
Before the nation's face,
Confusing, in a shapeless blot, the sepulchre and throne.

The palace sounds with wail,
The courtly dames are pale—
A widow o'er the purple bows, and weeps its splendour dim ;
And we who clasp the boon,
A king for freedom won,
Do feel eternity rise up, between our thanks and him.

And while all things express
All glory's nothingness,
A royal maiden treadeth firm, where *that* departed trod !
The deathly-scented crown
Weighs her shining ringlets down—
But calm she lifts her trusting face, and calleth upon God.

Her thoughts are deep within her—
No outward pageants win her
From memories that in her soul are rolling wave-on wave ;
Her palace walls euring
The dust that was a king—
And cold beneath her tender feet, she feels her father's grave.

And one, as fair as she,
Unrecked of cannot be,
Who held a lifeless babe instead of all a kingdom's worth !
The mourned, blessed one,
Who views Jehovah's throne,
Aye smiling to the angels, that she lost a throne on earth.

And eke our youthful Queen
Remembers what has been,
Her childhood's peace beside the hearth, and sport upon the sod !
Alas ! can others wear
A mother's heart for her ?—
But calm she lifts her trusting face, and calleth upon God.

Yea ! call on God, thou maiden
Of spirit nobly laden,
And leave such happy days behind, for happy-making years !
A nation looks to thee
For steadfast sympathy—
Make room within thy bright clear eyes, for all its gathered tears.

And so the grateful isles
Shall give thee back their smiles ;
And as thy mother joys in thee, in them shalt *thou* rejoice ;
Rejoice to meekly bow
A somewhat paler brow,
While the King of kings shall bless thee by the British people's voice !

E. B. B.

CHARACTER OF THE LATE KING.

All is now over. The good old King of England is relieved from earthly trouble—from mental anxiety, domestic and political—from bodily suffering, such as it was terrible to witness. Death has done its worst on what was mortal of King William, and the memory of his inoffensive nature will protect that portion of him which bade defiance to death from the shafts of human envy, vengeance, or malignity. The monarch whose loss we now deplore had committed no wrong, had provoked no enemy, and in the tomb need fear no slander. The events of the late King's life afford no fit materials for the biographer. They are already familiar to the whole world, and partake so much of the common-place of history, both individual and political, that if they were now, for the first time, to be made

public, it would be difficult to ingraft upon them any novel or striking interest. The simplicity of William IV.'s career before his accession to the crown corresponds with that of his original mind and disposition. There was no involution or complexity in either. He met with no adventures on a wide scale. He displayed no gross, no great, nor memorable attributes. There was no guile in his nature, nor obliquity in his course. He was not a man of genius nor of superior talent, nor of much refinement, but he was diligent, nay laborious, in his application to that which he conceived it to be his duty to comprehend,—sincere in his declarations, and swayed in his decisions mainly by a regard to right and justice. If the features of his character had little in them of an historical shape or colour, still their bent and texture were indisputably good; he had all those tendencies which contribute to domestic comfort and enjoyment—affectionate to wife and children to brothers and sisters—steady in his attachment to the friends of his early life, and indefatigable in his efforts to serve them, whether by purse or influence. William IV. manifested on the throne the best qualities of a private English gentleman, exercising throughout his reign the most unaffected and liberal hospitality, the most active charity, the most neighbourly kindness, and social cordiality and cheerfulness. He bore himself in every instance like an honest and well-intentioned man—one who, had he done nothing for the cause of public liberty, could, even as an individual of high station in the country, have been ill-spared in times like these—and who well exchanged a title to the admiration of mankind, for an undisputed claim to their esteem and their affections.—*Times.*

We would not irreverently intrude into the chamber of death, but the parting hour of a good man needs no veil to protect it from the observation of all. His Majesty's death was such as the wisest will wish for himself; such as cannot be described without honour to him whom we have lost—without a melancholy gratification to those who were nearest and dearest to him—without profit to all, to the more prudent as well as to the thoughtless. Though suffering much from pain and exhaustion, the King preserved his faculties unclouded to the last. He died surrounded by his weeping family, and surrendered his generous spirit to "his Father, and our Father; to his God, and our God;" in an humble but assured hope of mercy through the merits of that Mediator who bought him with his blood—Since the day of his happy union with that best of women and of wives, who supported his dying pillow with even more than feminine tenderness and love, the King had progressively advanced in the seriousness of his religious views—until for some years past the considerations of eternity engrossed the whole man, not to the exclusion of secular duties—for such he observed with strict punctuality—but to the sanctification of these duties by making their conscientious discharge, as every pious will man make it, a part of his religion—Even in the most awful crisis of life—on the eve of its termination—the reward of such a state of heart in part descended to support him through the unimaginable change; and it was observed by all around the dying Monarch, that though his body grew more feeble from day to day, and though nature was too manifestly racked by pain, his mind became more active, vigorous, and serene, as if strengthened and illuminated by the dawn of that higher state of peace and joy to which the nearly emancipated spirit was gently approaching. Oh! that men would compare scenes like this with the clouds and the tempests—the hurry, darkness, alarm, of a *death-bed repentance*. His Majesty was within two months of completing the seventy-second year of his age—within about three weeks of completing the nineteenth year of his marriage—and wanted but six days of having reigned seven years. His Majesty had, by his marriage two children; both died in infancy.—*Standard.*

The best King which the house of Brunswick has given to the British nation yesterday put-off the mortal for the immortal crown. As a Monarch, neither of the preceding four can be for an instant brought into comparison with William the Fourth; nor is it more certain that his personal virtues, his frank and simple manners, and his kindly and amiable intentions towards all, equally distinguished his character from the portraits which history has justly given of his race. He was as far superior as a sovereign to his father, and his father's predecessors, as he was superior as a gentleman, and we need not say as a sovereign also, to his brother whom he succeeded.—*Constitu.*

Of the late King we will only now say that the evil (if any intentional evil be caused) of his reign will be "interred with his bones;" the good, and the incipient means of greater good, which during his sovereignty were attained by the people, "will live for ever."—*True Sun.*

It is from contemporary opinion that the future historian must derive the materials of his judgment upon the character of the Sovereign who lies enshrouded where the royal standard of England droops over the proud battlements of Windsor Castle. May not the chief points of his character as a British King be summed up on the page of history in some such words as the following. Brought up on that element which is the peculiar source of Britain's supremacy, and which is best calculated to render the mind familiar with

danger, the late King, though not possessed of splendid talents, had a vigour of character, a decision, and a manly frankness which could not fail to command the respect, to win the love, and secure the confidence of the people of England. The combined qualities of firmness and conciliation he eminently displayed in his conduct as the ruler of a great nation in times of no ordinary difficulty and peril. He yielded to the popular voice all that it was right and easy to yield, but he had both the enlightened purpose and the fixed resolve to protect the people, even against the impulse of their own passions, by firmly discountenancing their unreflecting demands—In pursuing the generous purposes of an enlightened patriotism, he knew how to distinguish between the clamour of faction and the reasonable desires of the country, making it the object of a wise solicitude to leave unimpaired to his successors the constitutional grandeur of the throne—the sanctity of the national altars—the independence of the peerage, and the liberties of the people.—*Herald.*

We need not attempt to draw either the private or the public character of a Sovereign so well known to his subjects, and who neither had nor deserved to have one enemy either in his domestic circle or the wide world. No prince who ever sat on the Throne of this or any other kingdom had fewer detractors, and he has gone to his last home universally honoured and beloved. The frank free-hearted manners which distinguished the late Sovereign, previously to his accession to that high dignity, he preserved on the throne; and if he won the hearts of his subjects by the kindness of his disposition, he gained their esteem by his devotion to the public welfare. We have had before one Sovereign who bore, in our estimation, a most enviable title, and it will probably hereafter be assigned to his late Majesty; like Anne, he will be called the "good" King William. However much parties may differ as to the measures which have been passed in his reign, no person will deny that he possessed a steady and unflinching desire to perform his duties, and to promote, to the extent of his means, the happiness of the nation. Nor can any man say that his Majesty has been less successful than the most illustrious of his predecessors. If none of the glare of military glory—if none of the renown which belongs to that profession which he adorned in early life and always loved—was gathered during his short career, it would be difficult to find in the whole history of the monarchy another seven years of greater domestic prosperity, or when greater efforts were made to improve the condition of the great mass of the people. There may be—and it cannot be denied that there are—great differences of opinion as to the effect of those measures; but no man can deny that the great principle which has distinguished the policy of the whole of his Majesty's reign has been to increase the liberty, promote the civilization, and extend the power of the great bulk of the nation. In his time was embodied into a legal form the democratic principle—too long overlooked or decried—of giving political power to those who possess natural power and William IV., honoured as the good King, will be remembered as the Great Reformer. . . . It is said by one of our contemporaries, "that he was not a man of genius nor of superior talent, nor of much refinement, but he was diligent, nay laborious, in his application to that which he conceived it to be his duty to comprehend—sincere in his declarations, and swayed in his decisions mainly by a regard to right and justice." But one species of genius, one superior talent, his Majesty seems to have possessed in a remarkable degree for a Sovereign. He knew how to adapt himself and the principles of his policy to new circumstances. We must, therefore, give his late Majesty great credit for the general tranquility, the greater prosperity, and the improvement, both social and political, for which his reign has been remarkable. What may have been the precise effect of his personal influence we pretend not to decide; but the example of his private life, his liberal hospitality, and his active benevolence, his dislike of intrigues and his hatred of strife, have not been without their influence in preserving and promoting kindly feelings in the highest circles, in assuaging the bitterness of personal and party differences, and in producing that national tranquility which a more ambitious Monarch might have done much to disturb.—*Courier.*

LUMBER AND SHINGLES.

THE Subscriber has for sale at his wharf, in Upper Water Street, 100 M. feet best pine LUMBER. Also, 400 M. best prime Miramichi SHINGLES, previously advertised.
ROBERT H. SKIMMINGS.
August 5, 1837—4w.

PRINTED every Saturday, for the Proprietor. By Wm. CUNNABELL, at his Office, corner of Hollis and Water Streets, opposite the Store of Messrs. Hunter & Chambers. HALIFAX, N. S.

TERMS.—Fifteen Shillings per annum—in all cases half to be paid in advance. No subscription taken for less than six months.