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GENERAL KNOWLEDGE.

A LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE HALIFAX MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, DURING LAST SESSION.

By W. F. Teulon, M. D.

The truth and propriety of Bacon's axiom: Knowledge is Power, the experience of every day witnesseth. And the reason is, that our knowledge is made up entirely of our conceptions of the various powers which originate phenomena in the world, amid which we are placed as observers.

We are not indeed able to add a single new power or fact to those which nature in all her generalizations embodies, nor to originate a single new vice or virtue in all the spheres of her operation: But we may observe, we may register, we may employ, and we may expound those powers, vices and virtues, which do exist, and this kind of activity constitutes what I intend by the phrase, General Knowledge.

Our knowledge must be both general and particular. Every man is supposed to have a profession, and the knowledge which appertains to his profession, whatever it may be, he should be intimately versed in; there can be no plea for ignorance in this department, for the public have a right to expect every practitioner to be acquainted with his proper business, not only up to the period when the course of his education in it expired, and he is said, in a given phrase, to have finished his studies;—but up to the present, so as to include all necessary stores of knowledge which his profession at large may have embodied, since he started on his career of fame: always remembering, that increased knowledge is increased power,—that his studies can never be finished, till further improvement is rendered impossible,—and that when a man ceases to study to advance his profession, he ceases to be worthy of it.

However these remarks might be received outside these walls, I flatter myself that they will not be considered as too dogmatical within them, for the existence of this Institute is a pledge of the wish for advancement to which I have referred, but not of this only, it indicates and promotes a wish for a sphere of knowledge beyond the bounds of a mere profession, for that which I said must exist, under the name of general knowledge, or collateral knowledge, as arising out of a variety of objects extraneous to a person's professional course.

If this kind of knowledge were unnecessary, such an institution could not be needed, for its object is not to teach trades, to train mechanics, or to give professional courses of instruction; but to collect and exhibit those lights which the collateral sciences and arts furnish, so as to originate a thirst, if not a critical taste, for knowledge of every kind.

A fear may, perhaps, be entertained, that thus the attention will be too much divided, so as to create a distracting influence, injurious to a man's profession, and professional interests: and in some instances this fear may be warranted by the discovery that certain persons are so easily led away by new pursuits, and are so prone to enthusiasm, as to constitute every novelty into a passion, to which all else must do homage.

Yet, even this kind of constitution, characterised by a deficiency of judgment, and an undue warmth of emotion, is best corrected by a wider pursuit of knowledge; for either an enlarged acquaintance with the elements and pleasures of science, will sober the predominant emotion of originating new ones, or the emotion itself, indicating a genius for its favourite pursuit, will demand and obtain the general homage, and thus point out through life a professional path.

Should a man's passion for a secondary department of knowledge be less immoderate, it might still not be without danger, as trenching too much upon the time and means, of right belonging to his profession. In this case, prudence should be exercised, and her dictates cannot, perhaps, be better answered to, than by a determination to abstain for a time from the study which has become a pernicious foible; not, however, to spend the time unimproved, but in other pursuits which, though less relished, will be more wholesome.

It is a proof of nature's generosity, that every study is liable to become such a passion as I have alluded to, for it does but evidence the pleasure attending every study. The pursuit in art or science, which governs the whole mind of one individual, may, it is true, have no apparent charms for another; but this is in appearance only, for let the reluctant individual get acquainted, though ever so little, with that to which he is now so indifferent, and he will perceive, in some degree, an attraction which perhaps is destined ere long to bind and detain him in the strongest chains.

Now, the chains which I speak of are but the pleasures of science, and which, from the time when the infant is captivated with de-

light, arising from the thought that he has mastered the alpha and omega of all knowledge, in having learned the alphabet, to that when the same child, now a Leibnitz, a Newton, or a Davy, has constrained reluctant nature to unbosom her profoundest secrets to her ardent admirer, a pleasure has been felt and improved, which is one of the most refined of which our nature is capable, a pleasure which, though justly ranked among the purest, is not only capable of supporting the mind in the onward course of discovery, but of fascinating and absorbing the whole mind, in some instances, in the manner before adverted to.

Great pleasure attends even the anticipation and hope of knowledge. A desire for knowledge exists in every human breast, and what is desired, is always contemplated as desirable. Accordingly knowledge is contemplated as desirable by the child from his earliest years, not indeed knowledge of every kind, but invariably of some kind. And through all the ripening stages of youthful existence, and through the most mature periods of our sublimity progress, we alike partake of curiosity, which is, but the desire to know; and is constantly like hope, associated with agreeable sensations.

It matters not how little or how much we know, this desire and expectation, which is but another expression of attention, is sure to be felt, and the feeling is sure to be agreeable. We may indeed have to complain for ourselves or others, of the harshness of tutors, of the obscurity of language, or of other impediments in the path of knowledge; but all this does but evidence a wish to know, and the absence of that pleasure which belongs to the anticipation of acquirement.

In prosecuting knowledge in all the wide field of observation and experiment, and in the use of these several means of knowledge placed within our reach, how varied and luxurious a pleasure is realized! Passing from experiment to experiment we are pleased by our discoveries, suggestion follows suggestion, and even our failures are attended with a success which is valuable, inasmuch as from them we can learn the nature of our materials, and the defects of our apparatus, and processes may more in seeking for one thing we often find another, accordingly, some of the most valued results of science have been rather discoveries than inventions, many times arising out of the disappointed intentions of the votary of science.

Every means of knowledge is then a means of delight. Think of the pleasures of school days—what young ambition, what alacrity, what competition enlivened our hearts, as our young feet attempted the Olympian mount; what ever new delight thrilled through our natures, when our tutors, our friends, and, above all, our own consciousness, informed us that we were making progress. And then the thought that we should once be men, men of reputation, useful men, men such as we had delighted to read of; perhaps great men, ornaments of our country; how would it occasion the young heart to palpitate afresh with desire, and expectation, and zeal, in the path of knowledge.

From the schools we descend into the arena of the world, where, surrounded by a cloud of witnesses, we are expected to act our part, and to act it well. Here if our studies in one kind are at an end, in another they are but commenced. Man and nature must be studied, as well as books; and books themselves are adapted to every gradation of age and attainment.

We should often reflect, when we take a book in hand, with emotions of veneration and gratitude to the master minds that have laboured in this department, on the toils and privations they have undergone, and the small rewards they have realized. Think what should we be without them; think how little we appear when compared with them, and think again how shall we emulate and copy them.

There is a pleasure which all may feel, though few describe, in the use of books. Here we can all be great, in keeping company with the greatest, and if we value the book we naturally transfer our esteem to the author; and if we have learned to esteem the author, we cannot but listen with attention to his advice. We can by this means converse with the ancients, from Moses down to Milton; we gain venerable and ennobling sentiments; and by a wonderful process of intuition make those sentiments our own.

I call this process wonderful; for it is known only in its effects. We take up an author on trial, we read, but with no great relish, still, having read so far, we determine to read on; our attention becomes fixed; we gain delight; we reproach ourselves for past negligence, and feel half inclined to go over our task again; we feel increasing delight, and at last close the book with a mixture of reverence and admiration. We may be said to have increased both our love of learning, and our learning itself, in this perusal; yet we do not remember a single proposition that the book contains.

What, then, we may inquire, has transpired? What change has taken place? And, by what process can we have undergone improvement? I can only illustrate the process by analogy. Mind may be said to act upon mind, or its productions, as saline substances upon each other. Let, then, two persons select a group of different salts and dissolve them, then let one of the two add his group to the other, a total decomposition and recombination may be thus effected, and a variety of new salts be the result. Propositions of knowledge may be supposed, in connection with consciousness, to act and re-act in a similar manner. Consciousness is to these what water is to saline substances: without it they are inactive.

Therefore we are warranted in inferring that reading what we may, it will affect our knowledge no farther than consciousness or attention is in exercise. That the mind is improved by the rejection as well as by the acquirement of certain notions. And that these acquired notions are not the integral notions or propositions of the author, whom we consult; but the results of an intellectual decomposition and recombination of the elements of his knowledge.

To this, as before said, our consciousness affords the medium; but books cannot act thus on each other, because they are unconscious. Consciousness is a property of mind, and therefore persons endowed with mind, and engaged in conversation, exhibit in the greatest perfection all the consciousness, and with it the analysis and synthesis which I have spoken of. From conversation or dialogue, then, we frequently find the mind more invigorated and advanced than from reading; and the proceeds of our studies much improved on, by the powers of discourse.

Some very grave remarks are sometimes offered in favour of a very few books, and I would advise the same, provided you cannot get many. But certainly the advice cannot be deemed favourable to acquirement, as distinguished from a liberal access to authors in any or every department. Truly a good student may, with but few books, and those of the best authority, make greater progress than a dull one, with a good library; yet it must be acknowledged the labours under a great disability. It might, as well be recommended to a traveller to visit only a few countries, in order to make a good chorographer, instead of the many, which would make him a much better, if not a perfect one.

Still we must never confound the possession of books with the possession of learning, which I fear is done by many. Perhaps no book should be added to our library until we have read it through; certainly none that we do not intend to read through, and as a general rule, it is advisable to read a work thoroughly without selection. Selection will naturally be of the parts deemed interesting; which are usually those least needed in regard to instruction, as being the best understood already. By taking each part as it comes to hand, you have or acquire an interest, and thus give rise to established knowledge or new accessions of knowledge. The contrary habit of taking up and laying down a book at pleasure, without any consecutive or thorough knowledge, originates a fastidious and dissatisfied taste, having a tendency to destroy the appetite for reading and learning, which should by every means be encouraged and improved.

Although it may be granted that many books besides those of Holy Writ, are worthy of a repeated perusal; yet, all things considered, more interest and profit may be produced by a perusal of new and various works even on the same subject, where the charms of novelty, as respects authorship, and the variations of style and method, will contribute to impress the inquisitive mind more powerfully than the best with which we are familiar. It presents also an additional motive to reading with a critical attention, ripens our judgment or criticism of authors, and their works, and supercedes that unfair partiality, which would encourage a meanness of choice and conception.

It may be considered improvident, and counter to sound discretion, to procure books faster than we can read them, or beyond what we care to read. "Better in the sight of the eyes, than the wandering of the desire." Besides, there are several subsidiary advantages to be derived from the contrary practice: As, 1st. It puts us in the way of the latest and best editions; 2nd. It provides that all we read be new, and therefore interesting; 3rd. It prevents a distracting variety; 4th. It is a zest, and incitement to our diligence in the practice of reading; always stimulating us by the proffer of another new book; 5th. It is inducement to expend our money well, by purchasing only such books as are deserving of our labour, and the true value of which we shall thus realize, by being prompted to make ourselves early and well acquainted with their contents.

I would now take the liberty to say a word or two with reference to Public Libraries, such as the Mechanics and Barratt's.

A small library is often a great evil, being a costly yet insufficient accompaniment. The keeping of books for reference, unless there are a great many of them, is little better than an expensive fallacy: and not to be able to obtain the best authors in sufficient numbers, and keep pace with the rapid progress of our literature, is a manifest disadvantage. We would therefore recommend every aspirant after general knowledge to get attached to a Public Library where he may luxuriate at pleasure among a multiplicity of good authors, and for the cost of one. Yet, even amid this abundance, I would recommend a strict selection and adherence to the principle of reading each work throughout.

Reading aloud should be practised whenever convenient, as a greater help to knowledge, than a more ocular perusal. Besides, we shall interest two persons rather than one, and give some of the charms and advantages of a conversation to the exercise.

(To be concluded next week.)

CRITICISM.

THOMAS A BECKET.

A Dramatic Chronicle. In Five Acts. By George Darley.

If we were asked to describe this book in very few words, we should call it the mistake of a man of genius.

It is neither an easy nor an agreeable matter to quarrel with a writer of this order. In other circumstances we should have spoken of his genius only. We will say why we cannot do so here. Where mistakes not only originate in a wholly erroneous theory, but have a direct tendency to produce wide individual discouragements in the same walk of literature, and do consequent injury to public interests and tastes, it seems a duty to bring them into prominent discussion.

The false theory on which, as we shall endeavour to show, all Mr. Darley's mistakes in the present work are grounded, is thus blazoned forth in the first five lines of his preface.

"Being impressed with an idea that the age of legitimate acting drama has long gone by,—that means to reproduce such a species of literature do not exist in our present cast of mind, manners, and language,—I have under this persuasion spent no vain time upon attempts to fit 'Thomas a Becket' for the public scene."

Mind, manners, language—this is truly a grave and sweeping position. Let us examine it a little. For by what possible means these elements of the human intellect can have become so utterly bereft of power to produce a fine acting drama, we really cannot imagine.

And first for "our present cast of mind." We know that we have suffered a change from the past, but it is even here in habit rather than soul. We moderns analyse, pause, reflect, investigate, pursue elaborate theories, weigh the consequences and the law, and speculate on the various modes of action; the men of an earlier time, heedless of such refinements, acted at once. While we do not hesitate to admit, therefore, that the primitive vigour of all the faculties, untroubled and undistressed by such distracting influences, would naturally manifest itself more frequently than now; we cannot for the life of us perceive how such circumstances should strike at the very root of the existence of our faculties, or even destroy a portion of their capacity. It is still the human heart by which we live, capable of artless feeling, of delirious passion. Pity and terror will last as long as the world lasts, and how can tragedy die as long as the elements of tragic interest live? Why, to admire the writings of the age of Elizabeth, to be stirred and affected by them, as Mr. Darley is, shows us the sharp vitality of the thing whose epitaph he would write.

But we are to look to "our present cast of manners." We do so, and cannot in the least discover how that is possibly to prevent the reproduction of genuine dramatic literature. Here, we presume, Mr. Darley does not refer to tragedy, since he would be answered at once by the fact, that a genuine tragedy depends on its development of the passions, and that manners have as little to do with the matter as possible. Assuming that he refers to comedy, pray why may not our present manners themselves (as well as those of any former times) be made the subject of new dramas of the first class? What on earth should prevent our present manners from being well dramatised, unless indeed the individual deficiency of dramatist or actor? On that it is not necessary now to touch. It is enough that we do not recognise any loss of means in the general fundamental principles of modern mind and manners.

Mr. Darley has one argument still. Our present "cast of language," he thinks, is a stumbling block in the way of any reproduction of legitimate acting drama; and that in this he is at least as earnest as we are, he has shown by most extraordinary personal sacrifices, in the present work. He has willfully set up language as the stumbling block in his own way. The defect of "Thomas a Becket" is its antiquated phraseology. We have thus the two zealous engineer hoist with his own petard. The secret of his error is laid bare by himself. With the light so placed in our hands we fire his whole train of false argument, and blow the superstructure into air.

The power of the acting drama depends on the appeal it makes to the passions, the imagination, the fancy. To accomplish this successfully, language must be used; but in our entire nature it

is limited to one particular phase of our native tongue, in order to receive strong impressions? Can the present "cast of our language" render a lover comparatively insensible to success or discomfiture in his love; a jealous man indifferent to what appeals to his jealousy? If a truth of any kind has a strong effect in actual life, are we to believe that its ideal representation shall produce no effect at all, because some of the words employed differ from those which of old only expressed the same thing? If this were the case, we might soon expect to find the existence of our human passions depending upon the progressive horn-books; our hearts pinned upon terminology. The mistake originates in a confusion of the permanent substance with the mutable form; the essence with the sound; passion and imagination with the variable modes in which they make themselves manifest.

Let us ask Mr. Darley if he thinks that Shakspeare wrote in the language of Chaucer, that Dryden adopted the phraseology of Shakspeare, or that either of them would write in the peculiar style which characterises their works, if living now. We think that he would answer no to this, if he admitted the possibility of such men living at all in these days. How then justify the course he has taken himself? The rule equally applies to all grades of the art, to all its modifications, to its qualities and achievements, large or little. This is a question he will find more difficult to answer. He has spent no vain time, he says, upon attempts to fit *Thomas a Becket* for the public scene. How much time has he spent in attempts to unfit it for that scene? Also for the most part, vain—since the greater part of his work, if still in form unfitted, upsets the whole theory in its essence by going straight to the heart of the reader. They are strange—these confused mistakes of a man of indisputable genius. They are at least decisive against the truth of his theory.

Shakspeare wrote dramatic chronicles, with the avowed purpose of public representation. It is by his aid—the greatest authority on all these matters—that the high acting drama becomes reducible to two classes—the concise dramas of consecutive action, and the elaborate dramas of mental development. The first are chiefly built upon peculiar emotions, the last upon the general character. The first develop the passions, the last the fortunes chiefly. The first belong to the unwritten history of the human race; the last to the chronicles handed down to us. An author of genius may succeed in the one, and fail, or feel himself unsuited to succeed, in the other; but he should not therefore imagine that what he can do is the only thing to be done, and that what he is unable or indisposed to do, no man can. After all, perhaps, the qualities essential to success in both these departments of dramatic art are nearly allied. It would certainly be difficult to disunite them altogether. —*Examiner.*

WOMAN AND HER MASTER.

The real purpose of this publication is to display the reading and rhetoric of Lady Morgan. Its avowed object, so far as we can discover any definite meaning in a plan imperfectly fulfilled, is to portray the subordinate condition of women in every stage of society; to expound the oppression and injustice to which that subordination has given rise; to show the effect of their reaction upon the unjust oppressor, "Master Man;" and finally, how the exquisite sensibility, and all that sort of thing, of "Woman," has frequently triumphed over the circumstances which surrounded her. What the book really is, may be soon told. It commences with a well-sounding but flashy and common place introduction, that takes a view of the miseries of mankind in past ages; the extent to which they have been alleviated by throwing open "the monopoly of knowledge" in modern times; and concludes with the very just conclusion that there are still a great many evils to be remedied before social wrongs will be extinct and happiness attainable by all. Lady Morgan then plunges into her subject. Taking a survey of women in savage life, first among the aborigines of Australia, then among the Red Indians, and lastly among the Negroes, she paints a dark enough picture of their condition. She next proceeds to the women of the East; instancing the small feet and confined lives of the Chinese, and the occasional suttee of the Hindoo females: after which, she surveys a subject, of which we know very little—the women of Oriental antiquity, including Semiramis. She then goes to Scripture; beginning with Adam and Eve, and arguing the mental superiority of woman from the Devil's having succeeded in tempting her by the promise of "knowledge," and from Adam being doomed to the coarse labour of earning his bread by the sweat of his brow. The character of woman in the world before the Flood, is of course conjectural; and Lady Morgan passes on to her condition under the Hebrews, from Sarah the wife of Abraham down to the deaths of Marianne and her mother under Herod. This branch of the subject is handled at great length, forming, in fact, a series of female biographies, and embracing with their accessories a sort of memoir of Jewish history. Woman in classical antiquity is treated in a similar way—more briefly and generally in Greece, Aspasias being the lady who is considered most elaborately—more fully, in Rome, than even amongst the Jews; the subject beginning with Cornelia and the matrons of the republic, and closing with Helena the mother of Constantine. Here the present work closes; the completion of the subject, being reserved for another publication.

Throughout all this long period, the mode of Lady Morgan is

the same: the merits of women are attributed to themselves, their faults to the men. Nor is she much more even-handed with respect to records, making little scruple to set aside authorities when they militate against her views. Lady Morgan adduces as part of the "debris of the history of undated times, through which fragments of a legislation favourable to woman's rights are most apparent," a statement of Herodotus, that in certain African nations, the descent was traced through the female line,—a practice still extant in that continent, and in India too, we believe; but not exactly furnishing a sure proof of the estimation of her sex. In Oriental learning she seems equally at fault. She asserts that "the Emperors of Persia, like those of modern Turkey, are prohibited by Mahometan dispensation from having legitimate wives." The Turkish Sultans had wives till the time of Bajazet, but after his capture by Tamerlane the custom was discontinued, on account of the indignities his wife was exposed to. It was, however, merely a rule of expediency, or rather of pride.

The position of woman is a matter of vast importance, and deserves a much more searching and philosophical inquiry than it is in Lady Morgan's power to give; nor would there be a better subject for an acute and impartial mind than to investigate the respective nature and relation of the sexes; to narrate fairly and calmly the condition and influence of women in various stages of society, so far as it can be traced in the descriptions of foreign travellers, and in the laws and literature of the peoples themselves; and to estimate the reaction of woman's degradation in the general effects upon society. But nothing of this kind, has Lady Morgan attempted: what she has done is to produce a dashing and striking piece of one-sided declamation—extending over a wide field of human history, always fluent, but often false.

Sometimes this declamation is very effective: exaggerated, it is true, and so far unreal that only those striking points are taken which answer her purpose.

We take the following as one of the few approaches to a philosophical remark we have met with, or as indicating any idea that women as a race can have a moral influence for good, and that, as soon as man ceases to exercise mere brute force, his own character very greatly depends upon woman's.

(*Plotina.*) "Remarkable for the dignity of her deportment, and for that moral decency which respects all the exterior forms of life, (the bienséance of positive virtues,) she introduced by her example a censorship of taste, which extended its influence even to the lowest public amusements of the people. The most scandalous licence had been permitted during former reigns, in the theatres and pantomimes; and Titus had endeavoured to suppress this indecency by an edict; but the corrupted people, seconded by the libertine aristocracy, had forced the Emperor Nerva to repeal the edict; and to restore the scandal. It was not until the improving influence of Trajan and Plotina was felt in the circles of Rome, that the people themselves becoming disgusted with their own licence, or, as a modern historian observes, "recevut au sentiment de la pudeur," called upon the government to renew the decree of Titus, and to annul the indulgence of the often too facile Nerva.

"The power of woman over the moral tastes of the public was never more strongly illustrated: and the example should not be lost upon posterity. The women of modern time, who boast the possession of a moral code of purer observance and of a more imposing sanction, have too generally abdicated this power from deficiency in that moral courage, so necessary to resist the tyranny of fashion, and to withhold protection from practices or from persons in vogue, when they are at war with public decency. Society, as at present constituted, is, in this respect, a perpetual compromise between principles and conventions—an attempted reconciliation of the dignity of virtue with the conveniences of sycophancy: and as the fault lies principally with the women, so does the penalty. The condition of public morals has in all ages been decisive of the place and consideration of the sex."

BURNING OF RICHMOND THEATRE.

IN THE YEAR 1811.

The house was fuller than on any night of the season. The play was over and the first act of the pantomime had passed. The second and last had begun. All was yet gaiety; all so far had been pleasure; curiosity was yet alive, and further gratification anticipated; the orchestra sent forth its sounds of harmony and joy; when the audience perceived some confusion on the stage, and presently a shower of sparks falling from above. Some were startled; others thought it was a part of the scenic exhibition. A performer on the stage received a portion of the burning materials, and it was perceived that some others were tearing down the scenery. Some one cried out from the stage that there was no danger. Immediately after, Hopkins Robinson ran forward, and cried out, "The house is on fire!" pointing to the ceiling, where the flames were progressing like wildfire. In a moment all was appalling horror and distress. Robinson handed several persons from the boxes to the stage, as a ready way for their escape. The cry of "Fire! Fire!" mingled with the wailings of females and children. The general rush was to gain the lobbies. It appears from the following description of the house, and the scene that ensued, that this was the cause of the great loss of life.

The general entrance, to the pit and boxes, was through a door not more than large enough, to admit three persons abreast. This

outer entrance was within a trifling distance of the pit door, and gave an easy escape to those in that part of the house. But to attain the boxes from the street it was necessary to descend into a long passage and ascend again by an angular staircase. The gallery had a distinct entrance, and its occupants escaped. The suffering and death fell on the occupants of the boxes, who, panic-struck, did not see that the pit was immediately left vacant, but pressed on to the crowded and tortuous way by which they entered. The pit door was so near the general entrance, that those who occupied that portion of the house gained the street with ease. A gentleman who escaped from the pit among the last, saw it empty, and when in the street, looked back again upon the general entrance to the pit and boxes, and the door had not yet been reached by those from the lobbies. A gentleman and lady were saved by being thrown accidentally into the pit; and most of those who perished would have escaped if they had leaped from the boxes, and sought that avenue to the street. But all darted to the lobbies. The stairs were blocked up. All was enveloped in hot scorching smoke and flame. The lights were extinguished by the black and smothering vapour, and the shrieks of despair were appalling. Happy for a moment were those who gained a window, and inhaled the air of heaven. Those who had issued to the street cried to the sufferers at the windows to leap down, and stretched out their arms to save them. Some were seen struggling to gain the apertures, to inhale the fresh air. Men, women and children precipitated themselves from the first and second stories. Some escaped unhurt; others were killed and mangled by the fall. Some with their clothes on fire, shrieking, leaped from the windows, to gain a short reprieve and die in agonies.

"Who can picture," says a correspondent of the Mirror, "the distress of those, who, unable to gain the windows, or afraid to leap from them, were pent up in the long narrow passages." The cries of those who reached the upper windows are described as heart-sickening. Many who found their way to the street were so scorched or burnt as to die in consequence, and some were crushed to death under foot after reaching the outer door.

Add to this mass of suffering, the feelings of those who knew that they had relatives or friends who had gone to the house that night. Such rushed half frantic to the spot, with the crowds of citizens from all quarters; while the tolling bells sounded the knell of death to the heart of the father or mother, whose child had been permitted to visit the theatre on that night of horror.

"As my father was leading me home," said Mr. Henry Placide, "we saw Mr. Greele, exhausted by previous exertion, leaning on a fence, and looking at the scene of ruin. For all was now one black mass of smoking destruction. 'Thank Heaven!' ejaculated Greele, 'thank Heaven! I prohibited Nancy from coming to the house to-night.' She is safe."

Nancy was his only daughter, just springing into womanhood, still at the boarding school of Mrs. Gibson; and as beautiful and lovely a girl as imagination can picture.

Mrs. Gibson and the boarders had made up a party for the theatre that evening; and Nancy Greene asked her father's permission to accompany them. He refused, but unfortunately added his reason—"The house will be crowded, and you will occupy a seat that would otherwise be paid for. On these words hung the fate of youth, innocence and beauty. "I will pay for your ticket," said the instructress; "we will not leave you behind." The teacher and the pupil were buried in the ruins on which the father gazed, and over which he returned thanks for the safety of his child. He went home and learned the truth.

An instance of the escape of a family is given. The husband, with three children, were in the second boxes; his wife, with a female friend, in another part of the house. The wife gained a window, leaped out, and escaped unhurt. Her friend followed, and was killed. The father clasped two helpless girls to his breast, and left a boy of 12 years old to follow. The boy was forced from his father, and ran to a window, sprang out and was safe. The parent, with his precious charge, followed the stairway, pressed upon by those behind him, and those who mounted on the heads and shoulders of the crowd before them; he became unconscious, but was still borne along; he was taken up, carried to his bed, and opened his eyes to see all his family safe.

On the contrary, Lieut. Gibbon, of the navy, as exemplary in private life as in the service of his country, and on the brink of a union with Miss Conyers, the pride of Richmond for every accomplishment and virtue, was swept into eternity, while exerting himself to do all that man should do in such trying circumstances. He was with his mother at the theatre, and carried her to a place of safety; then rushed back to save her in whose fate his own was bound up. He caught her in his arms, had borne her partly down the staircase, when the steps gave way, and a body of flame swept them to eternity.

Friday the 27th of December, 1811, was a day of mourning to Richmond. The banks and stores were closed. A law was passed, prohibiting amusements of every kind for four months. A day was set apart for humiliation and prayer. A monument was resolved on, to be erected to the memory of the dead and to the event—Dunlap's History of the American Stage.

THE GIANTS CAUSEWAY

Nothing can be more beautiful than the banks of the Bann along which we for some distance proceeded. About a mile from the town

is the famous salmon-lean, and in the vicinity is also to be seen a curious range of basaltic pillars called 'Graig-a-Haller.' Having dined here, we hired a car to Portstewart, a small village pleasantly situated immediately on the sea coast, and a good deal resorted to as a bathing place. The localities are in general very romantic, though they exhibit every variety from the gently sloping beach to the lofty and precipitous crag. As the coast is here exposed to the full sweep of the Northern Ocean, a north-westerly gale of wind, lashes the sea into a scene of wild beauty which many a tourist would wait for six weeks to observe. The present evening was misty and rainy, the sea lazily heaving with scarce a breeze to raise a ripple on its bosom, but its reflux waters, dashing with a continuous roar against the bold dark rocks which in general line the coast.

At an early hour on the following morning, we proceeded towards the causeway, and made our first pause at Dunluce Castle, a striking and extensive ruin, standing on a high and precipitous neck of land, with one of its sides a mere continuation of the high and rocky bank. The only approach to this wild keep of the ancient chieftain is by a narrow walk, about 14 inches wide, which crosses a deep chasm, each side of the frowning ravine being lined with rocks. Having crossed this giddy pass we enter the castle, which, while it afforded a complete retreat from the bustle of the world, must have bidden defiance also to the lawless marauders of the time. We pryed into almost every apartment and recess, not forgetting the room which Maw Roe, the bushie or fairy, is said to sweep every night; a fiction derived from the fact that the room constantly appears as if just swept from the strong draught of wind which scours through this as well as other apartments of the ruin. Beneath the castle is a cave, into which we descended to hear the melancholy moan of the waves as they lash the upper walls, creating a dismal sound, as if the spirits of the place were mourning over the desolation which time's ravages and man's neglect had caused in the crumbling edifice above.

Crossing again the dizzy pass, we drove on to Bushmills, in the vicinity of which we engaged a boat to take us to the Causeway. Having embarked accordingly with four stout rowers, and a very intelligent and attentive guide, we first entered the Dunkerry Cave, about 60 feet in height and 26 feet wide, and penetrating by a narrow aperture to a distance inland. In this wild and gloomy cavern, we lay for a few minutes rocking in our boat: to complete the wild interest of the scene, a bugle was sounded, and the multiplied responses of the echo were startling and beautiful; but when a pistol was fired, as was done twice, the noise and reverberations were so loud and fearful that a general dislocation of the surrounding rocks was apprehended.

A little beyond Dunkerry cave we disembarked and walked over rocks and craggy ledges towards the Giant's Causeway. Here I must confess, that the Causeway apart from the natural curiosity it presents, in the singular pieces of columnar stone of which it is composed, it is the least striking part of the wild and magnificent scenery with which these coasts abound. It derived its name from a tradition among the natives that the Giants commenced it as a road to Scotland, but being expelled by the ancient Irish chieftains, left it unfinished. The Causeway consists of three promontories, as they may be called, jutting out a little distance into the sea, composed of perpendicular pieces of basaltic rock, about two and a half feet high, and ten inches in diameter, generally of a hexagonal shape and fitted together—a slight crevice between each, just enough to point out the separation—with so much nicety as to rival the most careful workmanship of art. When these little columns are separated from each other, the ends exhibit sometimes a convex surface, and they are piled upon each other in this manner to the height of thirty and in some cases nearly fifty feet. They exhibit the appearance, as nearly as possible, of a gigantic honeycomb; and in one spot, close to the precipitous bank, a succession of these basaltic pillars has received that name. Connected with the curiosities of the Causeway is the Giant's Loom, a sort of colonnade rising to the height of six and thirty feet; and on the opposite side, in the face of the cliff, is a cluster of pillars called the Giant's Organ, to which they bear a very close resemblance.—Here also we have the Giant's Well, a spring which gushes up from amongst the pillars, and where a damsel is always at hand to furnish you with a draught. In the immediate vicinity of the Causeway are also pointed out the Giant's Chair, the Nurse and Child—The Giant's Grandmother, &c. all bearing a striking likeness to the objects after which they are named.

A little onwards, on a very high and steep cliff are seen what are denominated the Chimney Tops—a few columns which it is said the Spanish Armada, in sailing past this coast, mistook for Dunluce Castle, and directed against them in consequence a brisk cannonade. Adjacent in a little bay—since called Port-na-Spagna—a wrecked vessel belonging to the Armada is said to have been wrecked, and the bones of the lost crew are stated even now to be sometimes found.

The next point of particular interest, we come to is Pleaskin—a semicircular precipice of extraordinary beauty, rising more than 350 feet from the sea, and presenting, as it were, tier above tier, a great variety of strata. Dark rock fringed at their base with incessant foam, first rise some distance above the level of the sea, after which there is a verdant slope of nearly 200 feet. Hereupon a wide stratum of red ochre, stands a magnificent range of basaltic columns 45 feet in height, and above these is a bed of

black irregular rock 60 feet thick, which forms the base of another pile of basaltic pillars of nearly equal height—the whole forming an amphitheatre of great magnificence and beauty, and altogether a piece of scenery unequalled on this interesting coast. On one side of these stupendous colonades, is what is not inaptly termed the Giant's Pulpit, and jutting out from another portion of the bank is a mass of red ochre, bearing the name of the Lion's Head. About a mile beyond Pleaskin, Benger's Head, said to be the northern extremity of Ireland (from which—being 330 feet in height—we obtain a good view of the opposite island of Rathlin or Raebary, as well as of the jutting extremity of the Mull of Cantyre in Scotland). We continued onwards in our boat, the progress of which was now much aided by a favourable breeze; to Carrick-a-Rede, passing on the whole route, a coast of varied and romantic beauty. Carrick-a-Rede is chiefly remarkable for a rope-bridge thrown over a chasm, about 90 feet high and 60 wide—wild and craggy rocks on either side, and a foaming ocean below. Getting again into our boat, we rowed to the entrance of a small cave, which, it is said, is an exact resemblance of Fingal's Cave in the nearly opposite island of Staffa, presenting the same columnar pieces of basalt which compose the Causeway, and neighbouring banks, in perpendicular, horizontal, and oblique positions.

CURE OF A HYPOCHONDRIAC

"Now, my dear," said Mrs. Woodsum faintly to her husband, "the time has come at last. I feel that I am on my death-bed, and have but a short time to stay with you. But I hope I shall be resigned to the will of heaven. Those things are undoubtedly all ordered for the best—and I would go cheerfully, if it was not for my anxiety about you and the children. Now don't you think, my dear," she continued with increasing tenderness, "don't you think it would be best for you to get married again to some kind good woman that would be a mother to our dear little ones, and make your home pleasant for all of you?"

She paused, and seemed to look earnestly in his face for an answer.

"Well I have sometimes thought, of late, it might be best," said Mr. Woodsum, with a very solemn air.

"Then you have been thinking about it," said Mrs. Woodsum, with a slight contraction of the muscles of the face.

"Why yes," said Mr. Woodsum, "I have sometimes thought about it, since you have had spells of being so very sick. It makes me feel dreadful to think of it, but I don't know, but it might be a matter of duty."

"Well, I think it would, said Mrs. Woodsum, "if you can only get the right sort of a person. I want a kind, sensible, and independent woman, and I hope you will be very particular about who you get, very."

"I certainly shall," said Mr. Woodsum, "don't give yourself any uneasiness about that, my dear, for I assure you, I shall be very particular. The person I shall probably have is one of the kindest and best-tempered in the world."

"But have you been thinking about any one in particular, my dear?" said Mrs. Woodsum.

"There is one, that I have thought for a long time past, I should probably marry, if it should be the will of Providence to take you from us."

"And pray, Mr. Woodsum, who can it be?" said the wife, with an expression a little more of earth than heaven returning to her eye. "Who is it, Mr. Woodsum? You haven't named it to her, have you?"

"Oh, by no means," said Mr. Woodsum, "but, my dear, we had better drop the subject—it agitates you too much."

"But, Mr. Woodsum, you must tell me who it is—I can never die in peace till you do."

"It is a subject too painful to talk about," said Mr. Woodsum, "and it don't appear to me it would be best to tell names."

"But I insist upon it," said Mrs. Woodsum, who had by this time raised herself up with great earnestness, and leaning upon her elbow, while her searching glance was reading every muscle in her husband's face. "Mr. Woodsum, I insist upon it."

"Well, then," said Mr. Woodsum, with a sigh, "if you insist upon it, my dear—I have thought that if it should be the will of Providence to take you from us to be here no more, I have thought I should marry for my second wife, Hannah Lovejoy."

An earthly fire at once flashed upon Mrs. Woodsum's eyes—she leaped from the bed like a cat, walked across the room, and seated herself in a chair.

"What!" she exclaimed, in a trembling voice, almost choked with agitation, "what! marry that sleepy slut of a Hannah Lovejoy! Mr. Woodsum, that is too much for flesh and blood to bear. I can't endure that—nor do I want a Hannah Lovejoy to be the mother of my children. No, that's what never shall be. So you may go to your ploughing, Mr. Woodsum, and set your heart at rest."

"Susan," she continued, turning to one of the girls, "make us more fire under that dinner pot."

Mr. Woodsum went to the field, and pursued his work, and when he returned at the dinner hour, he found the family dinner well prepared, and his wife prepared to do the honors of the table. Mrs. Woodsum's health from that day continued to improve, and she was never afterwards visited by the terrible illness of the hypochondriac.

ORIGINAL.

CRITIQUES ON SHAKSPEARE'S DRAMAS.

(Continued from page 212.)

V. MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Has this in common with others of his pieces, such as "All's Well that Ends Well," "Much Ado about Nothing," and the "Merchant of Venice," that the main action is diversified and contrasted with lively interludes, which are most skilfully embroidered upon it.

Schlegel has remarked, that Shakspeare, in this instance, brings his poetry into closer relation with criminal justice than he is generally in the habit of doing—all the personages of the piece, from the pure Isabella down to the brutal Barnardine, coming into collision with it.

There is considerable improbability in the conception, and not a few incongruities in the execution. The idea of a sovereign throwing aside his dignity, entrusting his kingdom to others, and considering from under a disguise the conduct of his substitutes, is somewhat too forced. It reminds us indeed of Haroun al Raschid, but is justified by no event which we know of in European history. This circumstance is rendered still more unnatural by the conduct of the piece. The pretext under which the Duke resigns the government is, that his substitutes should apply a vigorous remedy to the disorders which had blown up too rifely during his reign. But how this object is attained by the denouement, in which all the guilty—the brutal Barnardine not excepted—are pardoned, would be hard to say. Upon the whole, this Duke, with all his good qualities, has the fault of preferring a winding to a straight path, as is evident by his whole conduct from first to last. For instance, why that complexity of the fifth act?—why suffer Isabella to be suspected of false witness?—why conceal Claudio's fate so long? For all this we can assign no other reason but the rule which prescribes five acts to a dramatic writer, and something like an equal length to each of these. There can be no question that the piece would have been much more natural without this complexity. Another fault in the action, and one which is quite as destructive of probability, is the double character assigned to Angelo. That the Duke should have been deceived as to him, and have supposed him a saint while he was at heart a libertine, is perfectly natural—that Angelo should have been ignorant of his own nature, and have believed himself proof against temptation, is reconcilable with all that we know of mankind; but that the Duke, aware of his conduct to Mariana, should seriously consider him a model of sanctity, and as such set him up as a pattern to his kingdom—that he should have forgotten this remarkable incident until it is corroborated by the rest of his deputy's conduct—that Angelo himself, capable of such a baseness, should sincerely think well of himself, and with good faith set about a reformation of public morals, are contradictions which we find it very difficult to swallow.

The interest depends entirely upon the action, and curiosity is very slightly concerned in the unravelling of the plot—for we have the Duke, under his monkish disguise, always by to watch over the conduct of his representative, and to avert the threatened dangers. Isabella is the master-piece of the play, the salient point on which hangs more interest than on all the rest together. There is something angelic in her nature, so unstainedly pure is she. She comes out of the lofty tranquillity of her nature, but to spurn, with all the scorn of indignant virtue, at the deputy's base propositions, and to kneel, with a seraph's tenderness, by the side of the disconsolate Mariana. She comes from her convent, like a good angel, to diffuse blessings all around her—ought she not to have been all perfection, to have entered into it again, and have completed her vows? We think she should, and yet we cannot blame her for the touch of womanhood that led her to prefer connubial happiness with the good Duke, to the visionary sanctity of a monastic life.

In reading this piece we are compelled, very frequently, to transfer ourselves to the age of the author, to avoid those censures which we would be obliged to pass, should we consider it with the feelings of our own period. The main incident verges closely enough upon indecency, to have rendered the author peculiarly careful as to the tone of the minor ones. But, on the contrary, never has he given himself more unbridled licence, never has he spoken out more nakedly and grossly.

Mariana is placed in a position, in which no one of her sex could now put herself without incurring degradation—and even the virtuous Isabella abets her in bringing about what we should now call her infamy. Such an incident suited the temper of the patriarchal times (see Genesis) it may have been looked upon as innocent in the days of Shakspeare, to our modern ideas it is sovereignly offensive. But it is in the secondary personages and minor incidents, that we meet with the most flagrant transgressions against decency. These personages are, a bawd, a pimp, a young libertine, and foolish old constable. The conversation of the three former is quite in character, consisting of indecency, broadly stated, or covered by that veil of double-meaning which rivets the attention upon them—the latter is a Dogberry of an inferior species.

Much has been written upon his philosophy—we feel in what it consists, but we feel also a difficulty to explain our perceptions. One thing, at least, is certain, that it is not that ideal philosophy which loses itself in speculations as to the infinite. Its subject-matter is real life, the actions and motives of men in general. On some few occasions it goes beyond this range, and proposes doubts

and queries as to what we shall be after this life; these are the exceptions, its common object is to look into man as he is. It is, we think, grounded on a basis of scepticism. We do not snatch this conclusion from scattered passages, but gather it from the general tenour of his writings. It is far from being optimism—that doctrine is, we believe, a Christian one, and was never seriously adopted but by a believer; it approaches more nearly to pessimism, for though he has not failed to present us with models of human perfection, and although his spirit was by much too ample to take restricted views of things, still we look upon him as most truly in his element when he draws an evil man, and expressing his most intimate doctrines when he descants upon the littleness and the wickedness of human nature.

There is a strong tinge of misanthropy throughout all his writings—had he been less truly lofty, he would, perhaps, have yielded himself up to this influence, and then he would have seen but one side of life, and that side the dark one; and then he might have given us Richard, Othello, or even Hamlet, but certainly not Falstaff, Caliban, or Benedict. But the faculties of his god-like nature were in too perfect equipoise for him to yield himself up to any one influence; and although we recognise his inherent disposition to have been melancholy, yet it was not that melancholy which preys upon itself, but one which could give way to the most lively impressions of the humorous.

Like his own Cassio, he "sees quite through the hearts of men." His thoughts do not often take a religious cast—when they do so, it appears to us that he employs religion as a decoration, without betraying any intimate conviction of its force and truth. As in his descriptions of passion, it is said that he himself remains unaffected, calculating the precise effect they will produce upon the listener, so when he gives way to the emotions of piety, we think we observe the same thing.

In one sense, Shakspeare, like every true poet, is religious; but his religion is an enthusiasm for the grand, the beautiful, the noble,—a religion of sentiment rather than of principle,—one which has its seat more in the heart than the head,—which moves the feelings rather than it regulates the conduct.

In the whole list of metaphysicians we know of no deeper reasoner than he. When he chooses, he pursues out a thought into its most subtle ramifications, its most remote consequences, without ever losing a link in the chain. What renders this more wonderful is, that he combines this depth and continuity of thought with elevation of language and exposition of character. It is very rare his language suffers from his thought, rare that his philosophy assumes a stiff and scholastic form, rare that it interferes with the action and sentiment of the piece by taking the style of dry and inconsequential axioms. It is deep, yet not the less practical, consequent, yet living.

Shakspeare's age, like the following, was one of deep thinkers, as is evidenced, not merely by the professed philosophers, but by the poets also. To such a degree is this true, that we recollect to have heard a professor, of high reputation, refer his students for deep views of life, not to the metaphysicians of our country, but to its poets and dramatists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. While we allow the difficulty of accounting for the peculiar character exhibited by an age, we contend that some of the causes can generally be discovered. In this peculiarity of Shakspeare and his period, we make no doubt that we see the results of the scholastic discipline which, in spite of its aridity, seems to have given a firmness of texture to the mind which we do not observe since the system has become obsolete.

The Duke's reasonings on death, to Claudio, remind us of the ingenious but one-sided apothegms of the ancient Greek philosophy—especially the Stoical. This is the dark side of the picture, but he could look at both sides, as we see in Claudio's musings upon the excellence of life. (Act III)

Claudio's look into the future is hardly inferior to Hamlet's.

The scene between Froth and the Clown is sufficiently insipid—all turns upon double meanings. This clown is not a professional one—his profession is a bawd.

The beauty of Isabella's pleading is greatly heightened by the *aside* remarks of the fantastic Lucio.

Nowhere do we see a higher tone of morality than throughout Isabella's whole character.

In those portions of his dialogue where he is merely explanatory, he at times is wanting in simplicity.

The *Gallicus Morkus*, and *cuckoldum*, two of the most frequent sources of his familiar humour.

Here, as in the former, he talks of "an action of battery," and, as in the former, the latin quotation, "*Cucullus non facit modicum*."

He does not much mind adopting his names to his country—in his foreign pieces, he gives most of his characters Italian ones. This is the only piece we recollect, of which the scene lies altogether in Germany.

One of the strongest peculiarities of his language is, the use he makes of the convertibility of the substantive into verb. His words are very often employed in their primitive latin significations.

Fond of antithesis, a figure much in use in his times—"The goodness that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodness."

Is not this Euphuism?—"The very stream of his life, and the business he hath beloved, must upon a warranted need give him a

better proclamation." Yet it is the use of language such as this, that often enables him to lock in a most complex idea within so few words. It appears to us that he puts this style into the mouths of his head personages—which would seem to indicate that it was a distinctive mark of the court and nobility in our author's days.

For the Pearl.

EXTRACTS FROM MEMORANDA OF COLLEGE EXERCISES.

NO. I.

Part of an Ode, 1st Lib. 1st. Satires of Horace, turned freely into English Verse.

"O fortunati mucatores gravis annis
Miles ait, multo jani fractus labore."

O happy he, the worn-out soldier cries,
Whose every want successful trade supplies,
Yet as his fears the raging storm alarms,
Happier the merchant deems the trade of arms.
When frequent clients thump the lawyer's door
At early dawn, perhaps an hour before,—
E'en Giles, the farmer, as he yokes his team,
Does happier to the sleepy lawyer seem.
But should the fates on Giles's prospects frown,
And legal process drag poor Giles to town,
How soon will he, the beggar'd farmer, swear
That wealth and ease can only flourish there.
There and of such the long, the endless bail,
To reckon o'er, would verbose Fabius fail.
Now let some God to all these grumblers say,
Your prayers are heard, have all for which ye pray—
Go, murmuring soldier, and at once be thou
A trader, go, the stormy billows plough;
Come, master lawyer, cease thy discontent,
Straight to farm shalt thou at once be sent;
And pray, good farmer, cease henceforth to frow
For thou may'st have the bustling joys of town,
Begone, let each his occupation change;
Why do ye stand? forsooth it's passing strange,
What! fickle mortals, do ye now refuse
The very lots your hearts but late did choose?
Such conduct, sure, your very weakness speaks,
See angry Jove puffs out his redd'n'd cheeks,
Suppliants no more, before his throne appear,
For, mark, he'll never lend a listening ear.

Sydney, Cape Breton, July 2d, 1840.

THE FATE OF THE BLENHEIM.

Not more than one hundred miles from the southern extremity of England, rise in awful majesty above the tempestuous ocean, the dreadful breakers of the Dead Man's Ledge. Nothing can exceed the solitary appearance—the look of dreary loneliness that they present to the eye of the watchful seaman when the heavy swell of Biscay comes rolling up towards the northern ocean, and the light scud spread its fleeting screen of frosted silver before the face of the broad red harvest moon. When the night comes on in black rolling shadows from windward, and the stormy petrel calls his little band together, to dance upon the foam that hisses in the vessel's wake, may be heard the terrific music of the Dead Man's Ledge, louder than the roar of heaven's artillery, louder than the wail of the canvass splitting tempest, louder than the moan of the wilderness of waters, as it heaves up its blackened breast to own its Maker.

From the days of the earliest navigation, these rocks have been famous in story, and when the shades of evening settle upon the deep, woe be unto the outward bound mariner, that sees not their dark summit sink in the waste of foam-capped waves astern.

It was at the commencement of the nineteenth century, when a heavy armed corvette, under double reefed topsails, came running before a heavy south wester, and just at evening discovered St. Agnes' light ahead. Proudly she dashed along the billows, and with the setting of the sun a lantern rose to her ensign peak, and a heavy cannon mingled its notes with the thunder of the elements around. A larger ship now arose upon the horizon astern, and soon a light gleamed high over the peopled deck. A bright flash soon showed that the cannon of the three decker had answered the signal of her consort, and then the thick haze of the evening storm hid them from each other's view.

'Forecastle, there,' thundered the officer of the deck.

'Aye, aye, sir,' answered the master's mate.

'Keep a bright look out ahead, sir,' said the officer.

'Aye, aye, sir.'

The captain now came upon deck; long and anxiously he looked towards the light, and then as his eye rested upon a break in the waters he said:

'There they are. Mr. Cutharpin, send the best men to the wheel.'

'Aye, aye, sir,' said the first lieutenant, and soon a hardy set of old quarter masters grasped the spokes.

'Man the relieving tackles,' thundered the captain; they were manned instantly, the ship answered her helm promptly, the cested

billows broke all around her, but not a wave had dared to kiss her decks.

The storm increases, sir, said the first lieutenant, touching his hat.

Furl the top sails and set the try sails, roared the commander, above the howling of the blast. Dark forms glided up the rigging like shadows, and soon the top sails were furled, the try sails, at the same time caught the wind, and the spanker almost started from the bolt rope.

Have axes laid by the masts, and call all hands, said the captain.

All hands, cried the boatswain.

All hands, shouted his mates, and all hands stood upon deck. Then might one man look another in the face, and read wonder and terror mingled together there.

We have carried away the spanker, sir, shouted the captain of the after guard, as he went across the deck like lightning, in a fold of the tattered canvass.

Let it go, said the officer of the deck.

Cant over the spanker boom, brace the yards to the wind, and away they went like the turning of the spokes of a wind-mill wheel.

Here she comes, shouted the starboard cat-head watch, as he jumped from his post.

A moment more and the three-decker was near at hand—on one side and stretched out to leeward was the black ledge, and to windward was their consort, unmanageable, in the act of running them down.

Hard up your helm, shouted the officer of the deck, but it was too late, the Culloden came sweeping down like a deer before the hounds. Her mainmast tottered in its step, her top sails hung in tatters, the jib hung flapping at her sides, the waters gurgled along her careening guns, and then, to complete the horror of the scene, the men at the wheel were thrown senseless upon the deck.

She broached to for a moment, then away went her topmasts and flying jib, and down came her mainmast with an awful crash.

We are lost, shouted an old seaman, to his messmate in the Corvette's rigging.

There is no hope, said the captain, as he stood calmly amid a dozen officers, holding on to the companion railing—good bye, gentlemen—Heaven bless you—you have done your duty.

O God! shrieked a sailor's wife, as she ran across that sorrowful deck, and pressed the infant to her breast—my husband, my child. At this moment the captain of the Corvette sprang to her side, he looked at the old quarter master, her husband, who stood at the wheel.

No hope, said the old sea dog; farewell, Bess and my darling. It was enough, in a moment the sailor's wife and child were launched into the deep, and floated astern on a grating, while the captain, with a fixed look, stood at his quarters.

Crash came the Culloden, upon her consort, and in a moment the Corvette went down into the dark waters, and the heavy three-decker passed over her.

Wild was the yell that rose above that midnight wail to heaven, dreadful was the gurgle of the billow as it closed over pennon, spar, and sail. A moment, and she rode the billow like a thing of life—another, and the sea snake crawled through her port holes, and slimy things sported upon her decks of glory.

Breakers ahead, shouted the master of the Culloden, as she coursed along on her cruise of death.

We cannot weather them unless we clear the wreck, said the commodore.

Cullodens away, clear the wreck, thundered the first lieutenant, and throwing down the trumpet, he caught an axe, and headed the gallant waisters.

Away went the wreck with a tremendous crash; a single sea broke over the poop, sweeping it as though a fire had passed over it; and then the old three-decker hauled her wind, and shot past the ledge like a flash of light.

We are clear, said the commodore, breathing a long breath,—can you see anything of our consort's wreck?

A white mass is floating upon the water to windward, sir, cried the signal midshipman.

It's a woman and a child, said the quarter master; let us save her. An hundred persons, officers and men, now hung over the side with ropes—the sea having become much smoother inside the reef—and soon the quarter master's widow and child lay dead upon the vessel's deck.

No hope, said the doctor of the Culloden, turning away from the bodies with eyes filled with tears.

Let them be buried with their messmates, said the commodore, in a husky voice. The bodies were soon sewed up in one hammock, and then with a seaman's prayer they were launched forth to join the swollen hundreds that danced upon the agitated billows, cold in death.

Morning came, and with it a calm, the ocean was like a sleeping mill pond; the light house stood solitary in the distance—the Culloden lay at anchor in shore without a spar—a part of the wreck rested upon the Dead Man's Ledge—upon its taffrail a lonely heron perched—and the wave, as it gently broke against the foot of the rocks, and washed the sand from the stern, showed to the gaze of the beholder the name of the gallant Blenheim.—Gentleman's Magazine.

PRAIRIE SKETCHES.

NIGHT GUARDING.

It is midnight, and the moon does not rise till one. A hand is laid upon the shoulder of a sleeper, who stretched upon a buffalo robe, with a saddle beneath his head and a blanket above him, enjoying that slumber which is the attendant only of true weariness. After a shake or two, and a name being called, the sleeper utters a grunt expressive of dissatisfaction, and then exclaims, perhaps, with a pause and start,

Hallo?—Who's that?

Come—guard! is the reply.

The aroused sleeper, after a stretch and a roll, and perhaps an oath, throws off his blanket, and pulls his rifle from beneath his buffalo robe. After securing his arms, and belting, perhaps, a thick blanket coat around him, he moves towards the expiring camp fire, when he examines his watch to see that he has not been called too soon, or perhaps pulls a pipe from his pocket, which having duly filled and lighted, he places in his mouth, and then off he goes, disappearing in the gloom to take his station outside the camp. An instant or two elapses, and the relieved guard is heard whistling some merry, dancing tune as he comes from duty, to amuse himself a few moments, throwing fresh sticks on the fire, perhaps exchanging a joke and a laugh with some messmate who has been awakened by the disturbance of changing guard, or perhaps he digs into the ashes for an ear of corn which he had left there to roast when he went out to guard, and now he plumps down cross legged before the fire to enjoy a delicious midnight lunch. Half of the hot ear is probably broken off and thrown in generous sportfulness at his waking messmate, who instant seizes and devours the favourite morsel, throwing back in return, perhaps, a pocket liquor flask by way of "acknowledging the corn." This little affair being arranged, the returned guard draws his solitary bed a little nearer to the fire, and disposes himself for the remainder of his night's slumber, talking facetiously to an imaginary wife, telling her to lay over and not use both pillows, to give him more room, draw the curtain and behave herself. Such are very apt to be his closing words as he drops to sleep, and in a few moments the camp is again wrapped in silence.

Now let us pay a visit to the guard whom we have just despatched on duty. There he stands in the dark, leaning upon his rifle in utter silence, by the side of the farthest mule staked outside of the camp. What can the eye distinguish in the darkness? Knowing the waggons are there, you can discover their white tops; but otherwise you might fancy the faint light came from some clearing in way of the clouds in that direction. In addition to this, you recognise a man's form, and a few of the nearest horses and mules all else is black. What is heard? The mules munching the grass, fit it is near a water course, the ripple or rush of the water, if buffalo are near, you hear their low bellowing, like a distant ocean surge, or like wind moaning through hollow caverns; perhaps an opposite sentinel whistles or sings a merry air, but this might serve to guide an enemy, and is not often indulged in; these sounds you may hear, but at times death itself is not more solemn, or more still.

Hush! Observe! The mule beside the sentinel lifts its head from the grass, gives a short blow with its nostrils, pricks back its ears and stares before it into the darkness. Mark the sentinel! The instant he observed the action of the mule he crouched upon the ground, and cocked his rifle, and now observe with what intense watchfulness he peers into the pitchy depth in search of danger. Suddenly a footstep is heard approaching, and instantly the stillness is broken by the quick challenge of the sentinel.

Who goes there? Speak!

The answer shows the person to be the captain or sergeant of the guard, taking his solitary walk round the encampment, and now the sentinel is sure to want a dry cap for his rifle, or a bit of tobacco, or the loan of a pipe, anything to detain the sergeant a few moments in conversation, and should the sergeant be in a sociable humour, perhaps they may both sit down upon the grass and while away fifteen minutes in guessing how long the travel will continue to be through the dangerous country, where the disagreeable duty of guarding is considered necessary.

The sentinel is again alone, and hush! Again the grazing mule shows tokens of alarm! You hear the faint click of the rifle as the guard suddenly cocks it, and again he prostrates himself in the grass, with his head cautiously raised, and his eye fixed, in the direction indicated by the gaze of the startled mule. Something moves—no: the silver moon is rising, but the light is yet so indistinct as to be even more perplexing than the darkness; but something does move. It is not the waving of a tuft of grass in the night breeze, for it has changed its position: The guard is certain of this, and steadily keeping his rifle aimed at the moving object he gives the challenge.

Who goes there? Speak!—Speak!

and his fore finger is curled around the trigger to fire, when he takes an instant more to pause, and as the moonlight falls more clearly upon the earth, he becomes aware that the intruder is a wolf prowling around the camp in search of food. Relieved from his alarm at the same moment that the cheering moonbeams come to lighten his solitary duty, the sentinel laughs at his mistake, and perhaps examines his watch, peering closely at it by the moon, or feeling the hands with his finger, to see how long he has got to remain on guard.

And how glorious does the moon rise upon the prairie! How beautiful is the moon rising in any clime or upon any scene! But that sympathy, that motion of companionship, which some spirits seem to find in the silver night, Queen, can never appear so like a real and actual influence, as when you are removed far from your fellow men, and feel yourself alone in the wilderness. When you see that heaven still smiles on you though man is distant, and your soul whispers that the God that made you can be nearer, perhaps nearer to you there, than when walled round by a circle of friends and kindred.—Picayune.

MALIBRAN.

Madame Malibran was continually at variance with the directors of the Opera. They remonstrated with her on the little regard she paid to the preservation of her health, and the probable injury her voice would incur from her fondness for every species of amusement. Unlike other singers she never spared herself. On all occasions she was ready to volunteer her services. She amused herself with reading, dancing, and all sorts of violent exercises, and fondness for late hours was highly prejudicial to her vocal powers. One evening she had promised me her company at an evening party. The managers unexpectedly determined that a benefit, at which she was bound to perform, should take place that night. Madame Malibran remonstrated, but in vain. Monsieur Robert was obdurate.

Well, said Maria, make what arrangement you please. I will be at the theatre because it is my duty, but I'll go to Madame Merlin's because it is my pleasure. She kept her word. After playing Semiramide she came to my house, sang three songs, ate a hearty supper, and waltzed till long after the dawn of day. She did not, however, always escape the ill consequences of this imprudence, though the public were but little aware of the state of suffering under which she appeared before them. On one occasion, having passed the whole night at a ball, on her return home, finding that she had to play that evening, she retired to bed and slept till noon. On rising she ordered her saddle horse, galloped off, returned home at six, partook of a hurried dinner, and away to the Opera, where she was to play Arsace. Having dressed for the party, she was about to announce her readiness, when overcome by exhaustion, she fell down in a fainting fit. In an instant the alarm was spread and assistance was summoned. Twenty different remedies were tried, twenty bottles of perfume and other restoratives proffered, and among others, a bottle of hartshorn. In the confusion of the moment Monsieur Robert, who was terrified out of his senses by this unfortunate occurrence, unluckily seized the hartshorn and applied it to the lips, instead of the nose of the fainting prima donna. Madame Malibran recovered, but alas! the hartshorn had frightfully blistered her lips. Here was an unforeseen misfortune; the house was already filled; the audience were beginning to manifest impatience. It was now too late to change the performance—Monsieur Robert knew not what apology to offer.

Stay, exclaimed Madame Malibran, I'll remedy this. Taking up a pair of scissors, she approached the looking glass, and though suffering the most acute pain, she cut from her lips the skin which had been raised by the blisters. In ten minutes afterwards she was on the stage, singing with Semiramide-Sontag. It has often been said that she indulged in the use of strong spirits; that, in fact, she was addicted to intemperate drinking. This was a mistake, arising from her occasional use of tonics. To these she had recourse when her failing strength required artificial stimulus. When nature refused to assist her, which was frequently the case, she would fly to these restoratives. It was not any partiality for strong drinks. To accomplish her triumphs, she set physical force at defiance, nothing daunted her. In the instance above mentioned, her scoriated and bleeding lips caused her to suffer severe pain throughout the whole opera. To gratify her audience at Manchester she sang three times the duet from Andromica within a few hours of death—a death caused by extreme and unceasing exertions.

De Tocqueville, in his Democracy in America, pays the following bold tribute to the worth of American woman.

As for myself, I do not hesitate to avow that, although the women of the United States are confined within the narrow circle of domestic life, and their situation is in some respects one of extreme dependence, I have nowhere seen women occupying a loftier position (that is, of moral influence), and if I were asked now that I am drawing to the close of this work, in which I have spoken of so many important things done by the Americans, to what the singular prosperity and growing strength of the people ought mainly to be attributed, I should reply—to the superiority of their women.

In London, a little girl, who had been some time under water, was retored to life by electricity, after all other remedies had failed. The shocks were passed gently through the head and breast, and along the spine, while the power was gradually increased. In ten minutes she gave signs of life, and in three quarters of an hour was in a fair way of recovery.

Exercise and amusement, combined, produce tonic effects—increasing all the secretions and powers of life.

ORATORY OF CROLY AND MELVILL.

If we were drawing a parallel between Croly and Melvill, we might perhaps say that the first excelled in description, and the second in argument; and unjust as the criticism would be, if applied to the entire exclusion of the opposite quality, we apprehend that the broad lineaments of intellectual character would be correctly defined. In the effusions of Croly we observe a copious and impetuous torrent of imagery, which seems to flow out of a hundred springs of learning, and to carry him with beautiful facility through all the windings of the subject. The felicity of execution which Horace praised, and which Pope attributed to the pencil of his friend, is to be traced, we think, in the delineations of the Preacher. The portraits of human nature, under its various aspects of grandeur and debasement, of dignity and disgrace, of virtue and vice, of Christianity and unbelief, are all sketched and coloured by the hand of a master. It was not to be expected that a stream nourished by so many fountains should never leap out of its channel. Occasionally, when it has been swelled by the tributary rills which pour in from a new source of fancy, the waters rise, as it were, and float the author over his argument. But the flood subsides, and the architecture of reason is found to be uninjured.

The eloquence of Croly is that of a poet; the eloquence of Melvill that of a rhetorician. In one case it resides in the contraction, in the other in the amplification of the subject. The ancient artist flung his pencil at the picture, and tradition adds that the minutest touches of industry never equalled the effect of that happy audacity. Let not, however, our admiration of the powerful talents of Dr. Croly be interpreted into a sullen insensibility to the blemishes of his style, or of blindness to those splendid vices of composition, which might have dazzled the critical eye-sight of a Longinus or an Addison. A servitude to these beautiful betrayers of the intellect has not unfrequently been the fate of eminent writers. Dryden had his Dalilabs, whose meretricious allurements he confessed, even while submitting to their enchantment and wearing their chain.—The author of these eloquent sermons is, without doubt, equally sensible of the seductive character of those fascinations to which he sometimes surrenders his fancy. In sailing down the streams of imagination, he has not always the hardihood and self-denial to bind himself to the mast. Criticism, however, has discharged her office when she warns him of the syren. Gray complained of the poetry of his friend Mason, that it always seemed to be enveloped in a blaze. That author has paid the penalty of his ambition—his brilliant lights are nearly all extinguished, and the feeble glimmer that remains, only serves to display the elaborate workmanship and gilding of the lamp. He who wishes to be immortal must speak to the heart as well as to the eye. He must carry the reader among the home-scenery of thought and association. The heart may throb at the tossing plume of Hector, but the eye glitters at the vigil of Penelope.—*Church of England Quarterly Review.*

LIFE.

How truly does the journey of a single day, its changes and its hours, exhibit the history of human life! We rise up in the glorious freshness of a spring morning. The dews of night, those sweet tears of nature, are hanging from each bough and leaf, and reflecting the bright and myriad hues of the morning. Our hearts are beating with hope, our frames are buoyant with health. We see no cloud, we fear no storm; and with our chosen and beloved companions clustering around us, we commence our journey. Step by step, the scene becomes more lovely; hour by hour, our hopes become brighter. A few of our companions have dropped away, but in the multitude remaining, and the beauty of the scenery, their loss is unfelt. Suddenly we have entered upon a new country. The dews of the morning are exhaled by the fervour of the noon-day sun; the friends that started with us are disappearing. Some remain, but their looks are cold and estranged; others have become weary, and have laid down to their rest; but new faces are smiling upon us, and new hopes beckoning us on. Ambition and Fame are before us, but Youth and Affection are behind us. The scene is more glorious and brilliant, but the beauty and freshness of the morning have faded and forever. But still our steps fail not, our spirits droop not. Onward and onward we go; the horizon of happiness and fame recedes as we advance to it; the shadows begin to lengthen, and the chilly airs of evening are usurping the noon-day. Still we press onward; the goal is not yet won, the haven not yet reached. The orb of Hope that had cheered us on is sinking in the west; our limbs begin to grow faint, our hearts to grow sad; we turn to gaze upon the scenes that we have passed, but the shadows of the twilight have interposed their veil between us; we look around for the old and familiar faces, the companions of our travel, but we gaze in vain to find them; we have outstripped them all in the race after pleasure, and the phantom is yet uncaught; in a land of strangers, in a sterile and inhospitable country, the night-time overtakes us—the dark and terrible night-time of death; and weary and heavy-laden we lie down to rest in the bed of the grave! Happy, thrice happy is he, who has laid up treasures for himself, for the distant and unknown to-morrow.—*Knick-knack.*

It is not generally known that the tune called 'Derry Down' is originally British—the words 'hai ir derri down,' 'Hie to

the oaken shades,' being Welsh. These choral words, having at length, like 'ar hyd y nos,' given name to the strain, the English song, called the 'Abbot of Canterbury,' has also given it another. The Celtic word 'Derry,' is still known as descriptive of a region originally sylvan in the north of Ireland, the county Derry. To the tune of 'Derry Down,' the Druids are said to have gone in procession to the woods to cut the sacred mistletoe.—*Aigus.*

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 18.

THE BRITANNIA.

The first of the regular Liverpool, Halifax, and Boston, line of Steamers, arrived yesterday morning at half-past 2 o'clock. She was anxiously expected for some days past, under the supposition that she left England on the 1st or 2nd. She did not make her departure, however, until the 4th, and, consequently, accomplished her passage in 124 days to Halifax. She is a noble-looking ship, of majestic dimensions; a figure of Britannia, larger than life, adorns her head. She came in to the north side of Messrs. Cunard's wharf, and with the beautiful Unicorn at the opposite side, made a highly attractive scene of marine power and splendour. At about nine o'clock the Britannia's bell rung, the fasts were cast off, and she backed out from the wharf like a leviathan whose amazing strength was under absolute command. The circumference of her paddles is great, and their varied revolutions, at command, made an impression of vast power in the mass, combined with the utmost delicacy and accuracy of detail. She went up the harbour, round H. M. S. Winchester, which was decorated with a profusion of flags in honour of the occasion, and then out, in prosecution of the remainder of her voyage, under salutes from shore and some of the shipping.

The Britannia brought 50 passengers from England, and departed with — for Boston.

Was not some of the apathy which marks too many things in Halifax, visible on this interesting occasion? There was little of that mustering of people, and expressions of welcome which were expected by several. The hour, of breakfast,—the uncertainty what time she would leave,—the fact that Halifax is only a place at which the steamers make a two hours' delay,—may have operated to repress ardour,—but, would most other places, under similar circumstances, make these as excuses for comparative inattention? Amends for this will be made in Boston. Several gentlemen came on from that enterprising and beautiful city, for the purpose of going up in the Britannia,—watchmen have been on the look-out places for days and nights past, to give notice of her first appearance,—a series of salutes have been arranged,—a collection of about 60,000 persons, to give that most animating of all salutes, a multitudinous hurrah, is anticipated,—banquets are ready, and a service of plate, to be presented to the enterprising contractor, on his landing. This will be something like a municipal stir;—we must bide our time here in those matters, until warmer feelings and a better organization mark the community, in the meantime we should give credit to those who do better, and wish every success to that system of which the Britannia is the precursor.

We devote our available space to extracts from late papers received by the Britannia.

ATTACK ON HER MAJESTY.

The great event of this week is a revolting outrage against the person of the Queen. On Wednesday afternoon, her Majesty narrowly escaped a violent death, while proceeding in unsuspecting confidence with Prince Albert from Buckingham Palace to Hyde Park, in an open phaeton. Two pistols, levelled at her Majesty or her husband, were discharged by a young man who stood within a few yards of the carriage. Happily, both the Queen and her husband, escaped without injury: the mad or desperate assailant was arrested instantly; and, after an examination by the proper officers, he is committed to Newgate to be tried for high treason.

The first public effect of this startling passage in the life of Royalty has been an increase of sympathy with the young Queen and Prince; who conducted themselves, in so alarming a situation, if not with the perfect stoicism which some unskilful parasites attributed to them, yet with a more natural and becoming propriety, and great presence of mind. A general outpouring of loyalty on the occasion is commenced; Parliament setting the example, to the nation by the immediate and unanimous adoption of an address to the Queen, expressing "horror and indignation at the late treasonable and atrocious attempt against her sacred person," congratulating her Majesty and the country on her happy preservation, and earnestly praying for the continuance of her "just and mild government."

London was agitated on Wednesday night by the report of an attempt upon the life of the Queen. The following narrative of the circumstances connected with the event may be received as substantially correct.

At a quarter past six on Wednesday evening, the Queen, accompanied by Prince Albert, left Buckingham Palace, in a very low open phaeton drawn by four bays, to take their customary drive in Hyde Park before dinner; Colonel Buckley and Sir Edward Bouverie attending as Equerries. It happened that the Queen sat that evening on the left, not on the right side of her husband, where she usually sits; so that as they went up Constitution Hill—the road leading from Buckingham Palace to Hyde Park corner—her Majesty was next to the long brick wall on the left side of the road, instead of the open railing of the Green Park on the right. The carriage had proceeded a short distance up the road, when a young man, who had been standing with his back to the Green Park fence, advanced to within a few yards of the carriage, and then deliberately fired, pointing towards the Queen. The ball did not take

effect, and her Majesty rose from her seat, but was instantly pulled down by Prince Albert. One account says that she uttered a loud scream: this is contradicted; it seems that she turned deadly pale and appeared excessively alarmed, but made no exclamation. The postillions paused for an instant; but Prince Albert in a loud voice ordered them to drive on;—not, however, before the assassin, saying, "I have got another, discharged a second pistol, pointed towards the carriage; which also, happily, proved harmless. The Queen and Prince went as far as Hyde Park Corner, and then turned to the Duchess of Kent's mansion in Belgrave Square; so that the Queen's mother heard of the attempted assassination and the safety of her daughter at the same moment.

Meanwhile, the assassin remained near the spot from which he discharged the pistols, leaning composedly against the Park fence with the weapons in his hand. Several persons laid hold of him, and he was conveyed by two policemen to the Gardener Lane Station house.

After staying a short time with the Duchess of Kent in Belgrave Square, the Queen and her husband proceeded to Hyde Park, where an immense concourse of persons of all ranks and both sexes had congregated. The reception of the Royal pair was so enthusiastic as almost to overpower the self-possession of the Queen, while Prince Albert's countenance, alternately pale and crimson, betrayed the strength of his emotions. They soon returned to Buckingham Palace, attended by a vast number of nobility and gentry, in carriages and on horseback. A multitude of persons, collected at the entrance to the Palace, vehemently cheered the Queen; who, though pale and agitated, kept repeatedly bowing and smiling in return. It is said that on reaching her apartments the Queen found relief in a flood of tears, but she recovered herself so as to appear as usual at the dinner table. Persons of distinction flocked to the Palace to make enquiries; and to all the gratifying assurance was given that no bad consequences to the Queen's health were likely to ensue from the shock.

Leaving the Queen and Prince Albert in the Palace, we proceed to mention some of the circumstances attending the capture of the assassin; who was seized within a minute from the time when he fired the first pistol. A good deal of confusion pervades the statements of his capture.

There were several witnesses to the act firing the pistols, which the young man himself did not pretend to deny. He gave his real name to the Policeman—Edward Oxford: it was ascertained that he had lodged at No. 6, West street, Lambeth, and that his last employment was that of barman at a public house, Oxford St. He is only seventeen or eighteen years old, about five feet four inches in height, slightly made, of a light complexion, and not unprepossessing countenance. The landlord of the public house spoke well of him; but said he had discharged him a month ago, on account of a bad habit of laughing in his customers' faces. It was also ascertained that he was a native of Birmingham; that his father was dead, but that his mother is alive, with two sisters. His father was a Mulatto; and a working-jeweller of Birmingham—a man of violent temper, which the son inherits; for on quarrelling with another young man, a barman like himself, at a public house in Marylebone, he attempted to stab him with a knife. He had been for some time in the habit of carrying pistols, and had practised firing in a shooting gallery. He told his mother that a gentleman named Spring offered to employ him at 5s. a day when he had learned to fire. He bought a pair of pistols at the shooting gallery.

During Wednesday night Oxford was confined in a cell at the Gardener Street Station house, whither he was taken by the Police. He made a joke of the eagerness with which he said, the people flocked around him. He would answer no questions respecting his motives or accomplices; but had some coffee and went to bed. Two Policemen, who remained in the cell with him, say that he slept calmly and soundly from 11 at night to between 7 and 8 on Thursday morning, when he took a hearty breakfast. Mr. McCann, surgeon, examined him, to ascertain his sanity, of which he said there appeared to be no doubt. On searching the prisoner's room in West Street, some discoveries were made, which it is surmised may perhaps throw light on the criminal's motives, and lead to the knowledge of his instigators and accomplices, if he had any. The Policeman found in a drawer a sword, and a quantity of powder and bullets, the bullets fitting the pistols taken from Oxford; "a black crape cap, with three satin bows, of a blood-red colour, attached to it; a piece of paper with thirty signatures, fictitious names, such as "Oxonian" or "Ozonea," "Hannibal," and "Ernest." Letters were also found in which news from Hanover was referred to; and the members of the society of "Young England," were advised to provide themselves with arms. These letters bore the signature of "J. Smith." When the articles found in his room were shown to the prisoner, he admitted them to be his. He had only half-a-crown and some pence in his pocket; and as he had been out of employment for some time, it is conjectured that the money to buy the pistols must have been furnished by some persons implicated in the projected assassination. It is alleged that a man was seen to pass the prisoner and nod to him; just before the Queen's carriage came up. Another story is, that "a middle-aged person, most respectably dressed," was heard to give him the word to fire.

It would be difficult to describe the state of loyal excitement into which the Metropolis has been thrown by this event.

On Thursday, when the Queen and Prince Albert again took their drive in the phaeton, the crowd in and about Hyde Park was immense, and the cheering of the loudest. They were escorted, as it were, by a body-guard of hundreds on horseback. The line of carriages calling at Buckingham Palace extended a considerable way down to the Mall.

Soon after the House of Lords met on Thursday, Lord Melbourne, apparently much agitated and in a faltering tone of voice, announced to their Lordships that a desperate attack on the Queen's life had been made on Wednesday evening, as her Majesty was proceeding from the Palace to Hyde Park. Two pistols were fired at her in the most determined and desperate manner, at no great distance from her person; and it was only wonderful that nothing more unfortunate or melancholy had occurred. He proposed that the House should adopt the course, which it had been usual to follow under similar circumstances.

He moved that an humble address be presented to her Majesty, to express our horror and indignation at the late atrocious and treasonable attempt against her Majesty's sacred person, and our heartfelt congratulations to her Majesty and the country on her Majesty's happy preservation from so great a danger; to express our deep concern at there having been found within her Majesty's dominions a person capable of so flagitious an act; and that we make it our earnest prayer to Almighty God, that as he has preserved to us the blessings that we enjoy under her Majesty's just and mild

government, he will continue to watch over a life so justly dear to us...

The proposal was cordially received, with cheers, and it was resolved to communicate the address to the House of Commons...

Lord John Russell appeared at the bar of the House of Commons, and stated that the Lords desired the concurrence of the house...

The Colonial Gazette says: The culprit was immediately secured; and although at first it was generally assumed that he intended to kill the Queen...

THE MURDER OF LORD Wm. RUSSELL.—The Globe on Thursday published a confession made by Courvoisier, and sent to the Home Office from Newgate on Tuesday.

"After I had warmed his Lordship's bed, I went down stairs and waited about an hour, during which time I placed the different articles as they were found by the police...

"Francis Benjamin Courvoisier. Prison of Newgate, 23d June, 1840. This declaration was made before me, this 23d June, 1840. William Evans, Sheriff."

An account of a conversation between Sheriff Evans, and the prisoner, is also given in the Morning Chronicle as follows:— "In the conversation which Sheriff Evans had on the day this declaration was made, and which lasted for an hour, the murderer assured the Sheriff that there was no truth in the statement that Lord William Russell had gone down stairs, and after charging him with dishonesty, threatened to discharge him on the next day without a character."

"The Sheriff having expressed some surprise at the variance between the two accounts, the murderer said that his uncle had entreated him most solemnly to tell the facts exactly as they occurred; and he determined to state nothing but what was actually correct."

"The Sheriff questioned him a good deal upon the acknowledgment that he had so long contemplated the murder as well as the robbery; and he persisted in stating that the murder was premeditated, and not, as had been previously stated, the suggestion of despair at losing his character."

"Upon being asked by the Sheriff whether he had committed any other atrocities, he replied that he had merely stolen two books belonging to Mr. Fector, when in that gentleman's service."

"I am most anxious," said the Sheriff, "to know whether there is any foundation in the report which has got abroad that you had something to do with the death of Eliza Grimwood, who was murdered near the Waterloo Road. Have you any thing to say upon that subject?"

"Courvoisier assured the Sheriff that he knew nothing in the world about that or any other murder, except the murder of Lord William Russell. He knew, he said, that he must die, and if he had committed any other dreadful offence, he would not hesitate to mention the fact to the Sheriff."

He has told so many palpable lies since his conviction, that not the slightest reliance can be placed on any thing he states.—Courier.

On being taken to the condemned cell on Saturday night, after the jury had delivered their verdict, the culprit appeared to be sullen, and endeavoured to choke himself by cramming a towel down his throat, but his object was frustrated by the vigilance of the officer in whose charge he remained.

He is doomed to die on Monday week, and may we never again have to record an event so deeply stamped with guilt, as the murder of Lord William Russell.

The Queen and Prince Albert are taking advantage of every fine day to obtain fresher air than circulates in the rather damp and swampy neighbourhood of the Picnic Palace. On Saturday they delighted with their presence the old pensioners of Greenwich Hospital. In a few days they go to Claremont; soon after to Brighton; and thence to Windsor Castle. In the course of the summer or autumn, the royal pair intend to visit the Marquis of Westminster, at his superb palace near Chester.

Since the Earl of Durham has arrived at Cowes his health has been gradually improving, and he is beyond all question decidedly better.

An address with 300 signatures of persons of different politics resident in Birmingham was presented to Mr. Villiers, to thank him for his exertions in the cause of Corn-law repeal.

On Wednesday, the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society was held in Exeter Hall. The Duke of Sussex was in the chair, surrounded by several Members of Parliament. Mr. O'Connell's speech occupied nearly three columns of the Morning Chronicle, and consisted chiefly of a defence of his conduct in refusing to fight a duel with Mr. Stevenson, the American Ambassador. God had forbidden it, and he refused to obey him, and of proofs extracted in the form of advertisements from American papers, that he had not libelled Mr. Stevenson's countrymen when he charged them with being dealers in and breeders of slaves. He denounced the whole body of slave owners.

By the Governor Maclean, Morley, in the London Docks, from Cape Coast Castle and Sierra-Leone, a very fine young lioness has arrived, sent from Coomassie as a present to her Majesty, from the King of the Ashantees; which the Queen has directed to be added to the splendid collection of animals in the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens.

To give any thing like a correct picture of the depressed state of trade in Birmingham, and its consequences, would be no easy matter. The oldest, most extensive, and respectable merchants, manufacturers, and traders, concur in representing the present depression as unprecedented in their experience.

From the returns made by the London Fire Establishment, it appears that during the last six months upwards of 300 conflagrations have occurred in the metropolis. The amount of property destroyed is immense. It is estimated at £160,000.

We learn from Vienna that the Emperor Nicholas has addressed an autograph letter, to the Queen of England, congratulating her Majesty on escaping from the attempt on her life.

We learn from Vienna that Baron Solomon de Rothschild has alienated property to the amount of 4,000 flor. (about £400) a year for the purpose of giving wedding portions annually and for ever, to four young females of irreproachable conduct and poverty, and without distinction of religious faith, who are to be natives of Brum the capital of Moravia.

It is calculated that all the works in connection with the Thames Tunnel will be completed in two years and a half from the present time.

FIRE ON THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.—On Tuesday a destructive fire broke out in one of the luggage-carriages on the Great Western railroad. The train had not started from the terminus at Paddington more than a quarter of an hour when it caught fire. It consisted of twelve luggage carriages, containing hogsheads of sugars, teas, butter, cheese, hemp, and other goods. Two of the carriages, which contained sugars and other groceries, with one laden with hemp, were burnt, containing property to an immense amount. The firemen succeeded in saving the other part of the train. The flames were seen for miles round the country. The fire originated, it is supposed from some sparks, flying from the engine amongst the hemp in the front carriage.

The discussions in Parliament this week tend to strengthen a growing opinion that England's prosperity is intimately connected with the good or bad government, the welfare or detriment of her distant dependencies. Colonial subjects force themselves upon the attention of the reluctant Legislature, and the more closely they are examined, the more evident it becomes that to neglect the concerns of the Colonies is one of the surest methods of preparing loss and vexation for the mother country.

The Judge of the Admiralty Court will not be allowed to sit in any future Parliament. A proviso to that effect has been added to his salary bill.

MARRIED.

On Sunday morning last, by the Rev. W. Cogswell, Dr. George Snyder, of Shelburne to Ann, only daughter of the late Dr. Sterling.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Storrs, Mr. John Hall, to Mary, relict of the late Captain Bowden.

At Wallace, on the 30th ult. by the Rev. Hugh McKenzie, James D. Purdy, second son of Major Purdy of Westchester, to Hannah, sixth daughter of Andrew McKim, M.P.P. Same day, by the Rev. James Barnaby, Mr. Daniel Crawford, to Miss Mary Ann Simmons.

On Tuesday evening, by the Rev. O. Churchill, Mr. Alfred Harley, of Yarmouth, to Miss Eleonora, second daughter of Mr. Peter Nordbeck, of this town.

At Amherst, on the 2nd inst. by the Rev. C. Tupper, Mr. Thomas Bleakney, of Salisbury, N. B. to Miss Charlotte Tupper, of Amherst, N. S.

At Musquodoboit on Thursday 9th July, by the Ven. Archdeacon Willis, D. D. Wynard Gladwin, Esq. to Frances, eldest daughter of Henry Arthur Gladwin, Esq.

DIED.

On Sunday the 12th instant, the Honorable WILLIAM BAUCE ALMON, M.D. a Member of Her Majesty's Legislative Council, and for very many years, a physician in very extensive practice in this town. From the estimation both in his private and professional character, in which Dr. Almon has so long been justly held, the suddenness of his departure, cast a greater gloom over the face of the community than we ever remember to have witnessed, on a similar occasion. His death was occasioned by Typhus Fever, contracted from attendance on the Emigrants just arrived at Halifax. The numerous circle of affectionate friends who mourn Dr. Almon's sudden removal, will long cherish the remembrance of his worth, and the poor of Halifax, will deeply deplore an event which has deprived them of a humane and benevolent friend, ever ready to afford them sympathy and assistance. Whatever difference may have occasionally been elicited during his life with any portion of the community, in the turmoil of political opinion, but, one common sentiment of deep regret for his loss, seemed to animate every breast, in paying the last tribute of respect to his memory.

At Annapolis, near Bridgetown, on the 2nd instant, Weston Hicks, Esq. in the 80th year of his age, (said to be the second male child born in the Township of Fulmouth in December, 1760,) leaving a widow, an only daughter, two grandchildren, and a large circle of friends to lament his loss.

On Saturday morning, after a short but severe illness, in the 32d year of his age, Mr. Thomas Croak, Tailor, a native of Tipperary, Ireland—leaving a wife and five children to deplore the loss of an affectionate husband and kind father.

On Thursday morning, after a short illness, which she endured with pious resignation to the will of her Heavenly Father, Jane Harriet, wife of Wm. Marvin, aged 40 years, leaving a husband and eight children to mourn the loss of a loving and affectionate wife and parent.

BRITISH AND NORTH AMERICAN ROYAL MAIL STEAM SHIPS OF 1200 TONS AND 140 HORSE POWER.

BRITANNIA, Captain ROBERT EWING. ACADIA, Do. ROBERT MILLER. CALEDONIA, Do. RICHARD CRYLAND. COLUMBIA, Do. HENRY WOODRUFF.

THE BRITANNIA, the first Ship of the line, commanded by Captain Robert Ewing, will leave Halifax for Liverpool, G. B. on Saturday the 1st August.

The Britannia was to leave Liverpool for Halifax and Boston on the 2d July, and is expected to arrive at Halifax on the 14th inst. She will proceed immediately for Boston.

These Ships will carry experienced Surgeons, and their accommodations are not surpassed by any of the Atlantic Steam Ships.

THE UNICORN, Captain Walter Douglas.

Will leave Halifax for Quebec on the arrival of the Britannia from Liverpool. Passengers for any of the above named places will please to make early application to S. CUNARD & CO.

Halifax, July 1st.

SAINT MARY'S SEMINARY.

Under the special patronage of the Right Rev. Dr. Fraser.

REV. R. B. O'BRIEN, SUPERIOR.

PROFESSORS.

Spanish.....Rev. I. J. DEASE. French.....Rev. W. IVERS. Greek and Latin, First Class.....Mr. M. HANNAN. Do. Do. Second Class.....Mr. R. O'FLAHERTY.

Writing, Book-keeping, and Arithmetic...Mr. E. J. GLENN.

Theology and Scripture.....Rev. R. B. O'BRIEN. Moral Philosophy and Mathematics...Rev. W. IVERS. English Composition, Reading and Elocution.....Rev. R. B. O'BRIEN.

In addition to these enumerated above, the Classes already advertised occupy a due portion of attention. The French Class has just been opened, and persons wishing to avail themselves of the advantages which it affords, would do well to make an early application.

Pupils for the Spanish Class will please to have their names entered at the Seminary within the next ten days. The Philosophy Class also has been opened—Latin is the language of this Class.

Terms for Boarders—£33 per annum. The Library of the Seminary contains very nearly 2000 volumes of the most select authors, in Theology, Canon Law, and Ecclesiastical History. There is also a good collection of Scientific and Classical Books, all of which are at the service of the Students of the Establishment.

None but Catholic Pupils are required to be present at the religious exercises or religious instructions of the Seminary. June 20.

ST. MARY'S SEMINARY.

BOARDERS will furnish themselves with a Mattress, 2 pair of Sheets, Blankets, a Counterpane, one dozen shirts, half dozen towels; a knife, fork, and spoon. Uniform for Summer: Blue Jacket, Cap, &c: light Prowers. June 20.

NO. 88 & 89, GRANVILLE STREET. CALL AND SEE.

THE SUBSCRIBER has received, per recent arrivals from Great Britain, the largest collection of JUVENILE WORKS ever before offered for sale in this town, among which are to be found a number of Peter Parley's, Miss Edgeworth's, Mrs. Child's, and Mrs. Hoffman's publications.

He has also received, in addition to his former stock, a very large Supply of Writing, Printing, and Coloured Papers, Desk Knives pen and pocket Knives, Tastes, Quills, Wafers, Sealing Wax, Envelopes: and a very extensive collection of Books of every description. Printing Ink in kegs of 12 lbs. each, various qualities; Black, Red, and Blue Writing Inks, Ivory Tablets, Ivory Paper Memorandum Books, and Account Books, of all descriptions, on sale, or made to order.

He has also, in connection with his establishment, a Bookbindery, and will be glad to receive orders in that line. May 9. ARTHUR W. GODFREY.

NO. 88 & 89, GRANVILLE STREET. THE SUBSCRIBER has just received, per Acadian, from Greenock,

Dowry Bibles and Testaments for the use of the Lany, The Path to Paradise, Key to Heaven, Poor Man's Manual, Missal, Butler's first, second, and general Catechisms. May 9. ARTHUR W. GODFREY.

THE DEATH OF KEELDAR.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

Up rose the sun o'er moor and mead,
Up with the sun rose Percy Rede;
Brave Keeldar, from his couples free,
Careered along the lea;
The palfrey sprung with sprightly bound,
As if to match the gamesome hound;
His horn the gallant huntsman wound;
They were a jovial three!

Man, hound, or horse of higher fame,
To wake the wild deer never came,
Since Alnwick's Earl pursued the game
On Cheviot's rueful day:
Keeldar was matchless in his speed,
Thae Tarras ne'er was stauncher steed,
A peerless archer Percy Rede;
And right dear friends were they.

The chase engrossed their joys and wces,
Together at the dawn they rose,
Together shared the noon's repose,
By fountain or by stream;
And oft, when evening skies were red,
The heather was their common bed,
Where each, as wildering fancy led,
Still hunted in his dream.

Now is the thrilling moment near
Of sylvan hope and sylvan fear.
Yon thicket holds the harbour'd deer,
The signs the hunters know;
With eyes of flame, and quivering ears,
The brake sagacious Keeldar nears,
The restless palfrey paws and rears;
The archer strings his bow.

The game's afoot!—Hullo! Hullo!
Hunter, and horse, and hound pursue;
But woe the shaft that erring flew—
That e'er it left the string!
And ill betide the faithless yew!
The stag bounds scatheless o'er the dew,
And gallant Keeldar's life blood true
Has drenched the grey goose wing.

The noble hound—he dies, he dies!
Death, death has glazed his fixed eyes,
Stiff on the bloody heath he lies,
Without a moan or quiver,
Now may day break and bugle sound,
And whoop and hollow ring around,
And o'er his couch the stag may bound,
But Keeldar sleeps for ever.

Dilated nostrils, staring eyes,
Mark the poor palfrey's mute surprise,
He knows not that his comrade dies,
Nor what his death—but still
His aspect has compassion dear
Of grief, and wonder, mix'd with fear,
Like startled children when they hear
Some mystic tale of ill.

But he that bent the fatal bow,
Can well the sum of anguish know,
And, o'er his favourite, bending low,
In speechless grief, recline;
Can think he hears the senseless clay
In unrepentful accents, say,
"The hand that took my life away,
Dear master, was it thine?"

THE PIGEON.

The Passenger Pigeon, *Columba migratoria*, is a hardy wayfarer, which cares very little for climate, and is governed in its migrations, not by the desire to escape a cold climate, or to build its nest in a mild one, but simply by the necessity of going where food abounds, because no small supply will satisfy the appetite of such immense numbers. Having powers of vision equal to their power of flight, they can easily take a survey of the country over which they are passing; if they determine to descend, they break the force of their motion by repeated flappings of their wings, to keep themselves from being injured by dashing upon the ground. So swiftly do they move over the extent of country, that they have been killed near New York, with their crops full of rice from South Carolina plantations. In the Atlantic States, their numbers are nothing compared to the countless multitudes which assemble in the west, where, as they pass over, the rush and roar seem like those of a tornado, darkening all the sky. But their numbers, though reduced from those of former times, are still considerable,

and as soon as it is known in a neighbourhood, that the pigeons are flying over, it is the signal for assembling all the arts and instruments of destruction. Many are shot with the gun; many are taken with nets; and others are decoyed by pigeons with their eyes blinded, which are stationed on a roost, provided for the purpose; the roost being shaken with a string, these pigeons open their wings to balance themselves; and the wayfarers, supposing that they have just alighted, after examining the region, think it safe to come down and join them without farther investigation. The accounts of the breeding places of the pigeons at the west are almost incredible. Some of them extend several miles, covering thousands of acres; the grass and underwood is all destroyed; the ground overspread with limbs, broken down with the weight of the birds clustering upon them, and the trees killed as completely as if girdled with an axe. When the young are fully grown, but have not yet left their nest, a general invasion is made upon the spot. Hawks and eagles snatch them from above; hogs attack the thousands that fall to the ground; the axemen cut down the trees most loaded with nests, and the crash of falling timber mingles with the thundering roar of the wings of ten thousand pigeons. One large tree, as it descends, often brings down several others, and two hundred squabs have been gathered by means of a single fall. The multitudes of birds are continually breaking down large branches with their weight, so that it is dangerous to walk below. There is some disagreement in the accounts given of their breeding. Wilson maintained that there was but a single young one in the nest; while Audubon asserts that there are two. The prodigious numbers of the birds would seem to confirm the latter. The young come to maturity in six months. Every year, they at least, double their numbers. One office of the pigeon seems to be to protect the oak forests. It is stated, on excellent authority, that for some years after they have occupied a particular spot as their breeding place, the oaks for many miles around are remarkably free from the green caterpillars, by which they are apt to be infested.

LAST MOMENTS OF LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

The following account of the last moments of Lady Hester Stanhope appears in the Morning Post, copied from L'Echo de l'Orient, of the 15th February. It furnishes a striking instance of the ruling passion strong in death:—It was midnight. I was aroused from my sleep by a loud knocking at my door. On opening, I found a gigantic negro, with his bridle in his hand, and large big tears coursing each other down his ebony cheeks. "For God's sake, come, sir, and save Lady Hester. Come quick, or you will be too late!" Within a few minutes I was galloping on the road to Djouni; and, on entering Lady Hester's chamber, I found her lying on her couch, at the head of which sat her faithful negress, weeping bitterly. "Zaira," exclaimed the lady, let my big mare be saddled; let my guards be ready, and tell the brave fellows that I will be ready to lead them on to Jerusalem.—"Alas, my lady! these are not fitting thoughts for a death-bed."—"Insensate Zaira! I on my death-bed! I, whose brow is encircled with a golden halo, which will last as long as the world! I, who shortly am going to mount the throne of Jerusalem! Avaunt! I banish you from my presence." I then advanced, and my patient immediately began enumerating to me her myriads of combatants who were to follow her to the throne of Jerusalem. I suggested that her present state of health would not allow her to take so long a journey. She attempted a reply, but sank exhausted on the couch. An old man, covered with rags, at this moment entered the room. Here is his history:—In 1806, Pierre Louis Lustanos left France for the East Indies. Penniless and friendless, but possessing some slight military knowledge, he arrived at Lahore, and served with great credit under Runjeet Singh. In 1820, feared and beloved by all, he had amassed an immense wealth in gold and diamonds. A considerable portion of this he left with his wife, the Princess Cachucea. Loaded with riches, he left Lahore for Europe; but, just as the ship had arrived off Gibraltar, she was wrecked, and his wealth was swallowed up by the waves. Nothing was saved, excepting a diamond worth £600, on which he lived until 1825, when Runjeet Singh recalled him to Lahore. One day he fancied that the Almighty had commanded him to adopt the life of a hermit, and since that period, he lived as a rigid anchorite. At length he left his cell to share the palace of Lady Hester, whose affections he had gained; but they soon quarrelled, as both of them were aspirants for the throne of Jerusalem. Since that period he has wandered about, subsisting on the bounty of Lady Hester, who carefully concealed the hand that administered to his wants. It was this old man, Lustanos, who entered the chamber of death. The lady's countenance was lit up with a smile for a few seconds; she then sank down upon her couch, and all was over.

METHOD OF PRESERVING CELERY.

As a completion of my article on celery, published in your January number, I send you my method of preserving it for use through the winter. Celery must be taken up in the autumn, before it has been, in the least possible way, injured by frost; as I am confident that, if the tops are frozen, it affects, directly or indirectly, the whole root.

A fine dry day, of course, must be chosen for the above mentioned purpose. When the celery is all taken up, cut off all the fibrous

roots and all the green tops, and lay it singly on boards, in an airy shed, to dry, two or three days; turning the whole over once or twice a day will be necessary, in order that every part may be as free from moisture as possible; if that part of the process has been duly attended to, after the third day, the celery will be in good order for the next and last operation, which is as follows:—

Having plenty of dry sand at hand, place about three inches in depth, of the same, at the bottom of a flour barrel, or any other kind of barrel will answer, provided it is clean and dry; then lay the celery flat on the sand, and so continue on, with the sand and celery alternately, until you finish at the top with sand, about four inches of which should be placed over the last layer of celery, and the work is completed. A dry, cool place, where it never freezes, is to be preferred to keep it in. The operator need not be in the least alarmed, if he finds that it has shrunk a little from the operation of drying; for it will immediately become plump again after packing. He should have faith in the method, and he will be sure to succeed.

J. W. RUSSELL.

Mount Auburn, Cambridge, Feb. 1840.

To which the following is added by the editor of the Magazine:—

Mr. Russell's remarks, we apprehend, apply only to preserving celery for family use during the winter. When a large quantity is grown, and it is desired to keep part of it until spring, before it is wanted, the best method will then be to protect it in the situation where it was grown. Before frosts, severe enough to injure the tops, occur, we cover up the ridge formed by the earthing up of the stems, with leaves, sea-weed, or coarse straw, preferring either of the two first to the latter; this covering should extend down the sides of the ridge, and should be about six inches thick, and should be put on in rather a dry state. This covering is to be immediately protected with boards, put up in the form of a ridge also, so as to carry off all the rain, or water which may be formed from the melting snow, in the months of February and March. The top board on the east side, if the rows stand north and south, as they always should do, unless very inconvenient, should project over that, on the west side, from half an inch to an inch, thus allowing no chance for the water to find egress immediately over the roots.

By the middle of March, unless that month should be very severe, the ridge may be opened at one end, and the celery dug for use; and it may afterwards be dug from time to time, as it is wanted, and it will be found as fresh as if it had been dug in the preceding autumn.

It should be always borne in mind that celery, intended for winter or spring use, should be of the large, giant, solid kind, and not the little pipe-stem, suckery variety, generally grown, which is only fit for early fall use, and, at the best, barely worth growing at all.

ELOQUENT DESCRIPTION.—Campbell, in his lecture on English Poetry, thus describes the launching of a line-of-battle ship:—

"Those who have ever witnessed the spectacle of the launching of a ship of the line, will, perhaps, forgive me for adding this to the examples of the sublime objects of artificial life. Of that spectacle I can never forget the impression, and of having witnessed it reflected from the faces of ten thousand spectators. They seem yet before me. I sympathize with their deep and silent expectation, and their fierce burst of enthusiasm. It was not a vulgar joy, but an affecting national solemnity.—When the vast bulwark sprang from her cradle, the calm water on which she swung majestically round, gave the imagination a contrast of the stormy element on which she was soon to ride. All the days of battle and the nights of danger which she had to encounter, all the ends of the earth which she had to visit, and all that she had to do and suffer for her country, rose in awful presentiment before the mind; and when the heart gave her benediction, it was like one pronounced on a living being."

LOSS AND GAIN.—A man of wit once said, rightly enough, "He who finds a good son-in-law gains a son—he who finds a bad one, loses a daughter."

THE COLONIAL PEARL.

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