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For the Pearl.  
THE ORPHAN.

I

My father died when I was young,  
When first my mother blessed her child—  
While yet my cradle hymn she sung,  
And o'er my infant slumbers smiled.

II

He died—and she, bereft of all,  
In him her only earthly guide,  
Resigned her life to sorrow's thrall,  
And then, heart-broken, also died.

III

She died—and I was left alone—  
A poor unfriended orphan boy—  
With none a kindred tie to own,  
Or feel for me a parent's joy.

IV

Predestined o'er the world to roam,  
Uncheered by Fortune's friendly ray,  
Since then I have not found a home,  
In which my wearied frame to lay.

V

There are who spurn me in my need,  
There are who mock the orphan's tear;  
But I shall soon from want be freed,  
And cease to weep forlornly here.

VI

My youthful thoughts have learned to rise  
To Him who heeds the orphan's prayer,  
And He will take me to the skies,  
And I shall meet my parents there!

J. McP.

THE DAILY GOVERNESS.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

She passes our gate every morning at a quarter before eight. She is never a moment later. The cook knows this so well that she sets the kitchen clock by 'the young lady in the cottage bonnet.' All the winter we could tell her approach by the plashing of her clogs, in the wet unrepaired piece of path at the corner, a standing disgrace to our highway inspectors—I was going to write them "highwaymen," for they take our rates and do not mend our ways. And now she passes noiselessly, as our summer flowers grow; but like them, neither unobserved nor unremembered. Her bonnet is a coarse Dunstable; within the last week, the morose coloured ribbons have been replaced by those of *vapeur*; but they are both plainly put on. The *ruche* beneath is ornamented with a very little wreath of pale primroses; the black veil is still worn; but a parasol (not one of those fawn-coloured, baby-like, fairy mushroom rooms of the present season, but a large full-grown parasol, two years old at the very least) has replaced the heavy, brown cotton umbrella, whose weight her thin, white wrist seemed hardly able to sustain. The *broderie* on her collar is coarse, but the collar sits smoothly, and is very white; her shawl—what a useful shawl it has been! With the assistance of a boa she seemed to think it a sufficient protection against last winter's cold, and yet now, thrown a little open at the throat, and with the relief of a white collar—how well it looks! Her dress then, was merino, now it is muslin-de-laine; her boots are exchanged for strong prunella slippers, fitting nicely; and she generally rests a roll of music or one or two books in the bend of the arm, the hand of which carries the parasol. I must not forget her brown silk bag; what odds and ends peep out of it at times, when 'tis over full; shreds of German wool; paper patterns; netting, knotting, and knitting needles; half-a-dozen new pens, nibs out, to avoid the risk of injury—or a round ruler; in short, let it be filled with what it will, the bag is never empty; and yet, if you could only see the thread-bare purse within, worn out, not by money, but by time; threepennies worth of halfpence at one end, and a silver fourpence and a shilling in the other; you would understand that the daily governess is anything but rich. She is not, strictly speaking, handsome, but she would be so, if the weight of anxiety that presses upon her broad polished brow were removed. The countenance (the thoughtless would say) wants expression; it wants variety of expression, but the prevailing one is that of pallid, silent resignation; her eyes have an earnest, gentle look, when they raise the silken lashes that veil, not their brightness, but their sadness; and her smile, if a passer-by inquire the way, is as gentle

as her eyes. She is neither short nor tall, dark nor fair, but her cheek is pale, not the pallor of ill health, for she is fortunate in being obliged to walk twice a-day through our now green and cheerful hedge-rows: it wears the hue of oppressed spirits. She is young, and might be mirthful—if she were not a *DAILY GOVERNESS*.

She knows enough to know, that if she had been taught a little more of all, or of every, of the accomplishments she is obliged to teach, she might command a high salary; "finish young ladies," instead of trudging on with little children; but her mother is an officer's widow, and could not spend a great deal upon one, when she had three children to educate and send into the world: "She looks neither to the right nor to the left, except perhaps to glance, when she gets beyond the lane, at our church clock; but she finds she has no need to hasten her steps, unless when her mother is ill—she is always in time. Perhaps she casts a wistful eye at the bookseller's placard, telling of her greatest luxury—a new novel—or at the linen draper's, with an undefined hope, that by the time she receives her next month's salary she may seek a cheap Challis among his winter stock, now selling off, that would do very well for summer; dark colours are best for the street; ribbons do not attract her; she has trimmed her bonnet, and learnt the blessings that arise from thrift, not extravagance.

She reaches her destination, and knocks at the door, not with a tremulous hand, for it is practised in such indications of her humble arrival, but with the modest certainty that she will soon be admitted, because she is wanted. The footman hears the sound; but does not hurry to answer the daily governess; because he knows she is beloved by the nurse-girl, in whom she smiles, and to whom she speaks kindly; and the girl's home and parents are far in Cumberland. The daily governess can appreciate even the nurse-girl's attention. The children she has to instruct in this presuming mansion are wayward and rude; but they are, nevertheless, affectionate, and would be what are called "good," if they were properly managed "out of school hours;" as it is, they have too much of their own way, and their mamma hates the daily governess before them, for their faults.

"Miss Grey, you must be firm and determined; Gertrude complains of her eyes. So, if you could manage to stay and teach her lessons, after three, for about half an hour, to prevent her poring over her book, she could repeat them the next morning. Poor darling! we must take care of her eyes."

The daily governess knows, if she perform this daily duty, she will lose a music pupil, to whom she gives a lesson, commencing at half-past three, for the sum of one and sixpence; but this family live in a large house, and have promised to recommend her. The daily governess must pay her usual slave-tribute for patronage.

"Miss Grey, it will not do to teach dancing, without doing the figures *yourself* very often before children."

"Miss Grey, Alice's shoulders are growing round."

"Miss Grey, Alfred must not ink his tuckers."

"Miss Grey, poor little Louisa cannot finish the Cologne stand; pray take it home and finish it for her."

Poor Miss Grey! her patience, gentleness, and all she has really done to improve those children, remains unapproved; but the faults of her *eleves* rise trumpet-tongued against her, when in reality she is in no wise to blame; the affections and tenderness which her gentle heart yearns to bestow, is thrown back upon her. She is a *daily governess*! What sympathies can they have in common?

It was nine when she knocked at the door; it is now three. She was asked to take something at one, and she had a morsel of bread and a glass of milk and water. She remains until half-past three, and then walks a half-mile farther to give her eighteen-penny music lesson. She is in excellent spirits when it is over, for they will wait the extra time, rather than change. She says, 'they are very good.' Why, the mother of the musical young lady knows she could not get such another lesson from any other teacher for less than half-a-crown. This is a busy day, it is half past six and the daily governess has not yet returned.

She had another lesson to give in the same street—not a music lesson, though the echo of 'one, two, three,' in her head seemed for eternity, but to read English for an hour with a young French lady, who met her at the door, kissed her on both cheeks, made her drink a cup of coffee—real coffee—and eat a biscuit, and then sat patiently 'doing her translation' into such pretty non-descript English, that the daily governess chid and smiled until a peal of merry and mingled laughter rang through the room! But the laugh was preceded, on the part of the governess, by such weariness, that the kind foreigner would have detained her longer, not to read, but to rest, were it not that she told her her mother would

be uneasy; and then the lady, with a pretty air of mystery, opened her desk, and held up before her eyes a concert ticket—a real concert ticket—for two, it was to be her's, and would enable her and her mother to go together the next evening, which they would be sure to do, for to-morrow would not be a busy day and they could walk there very well, and leave their bonnets at the entrance, or slide them off, and let them hang down by their sides—so—no one would notice them! Oh, it would be such pleasure—such dear pleasure! to hear sweet music, and her mother was so fond of music, her mother would enjoy it so much, she was very very grateful. The French lady regretted the distance was so great. The daily governess said they would not mind that; they were only a mile and a half from Hyde Park corner—her mother could walk that—and then an eightpenny drive would bring them to the concert rooms. Those fly-cabs were so respectable and convenient—it would be charming; she did not mind fatigue; and Miss Grey commenced her return with a quick step and flushed cheek. She thought, poor thing, though she had been teaching since nine, and it was now nearly half-past six—she thought it had been a very happy day. As she walked rather quickly, several impudent fellows—impudent Irish men—cunning Scotch lads, or, it might be, an English youth, intent on systematizing even his flirtations—attempted to peep under her bonnet; but she poked the big parasol very low at that idle, and walked on; if the attempt was repeated her cheek flushed, her heart beat more quickly, and her eyes filled with tears. Then, indeed, she felt she had no one to protect her.

She stopped at a shop at Lowndes terrace, where black silk and white kid gloves are only a shilling a pair. She looked through the window at them, hesitated, and walked on; perhaps she will wait till her mother is with her, the following evening, and then she can choose for her. What her mother chooses is always best. She has passed our gate. She is evidently very much fatigued, her steps lag heavily; she lodges with her mother in that little cottage for the benefit of the soft pure air of old Brompton. And now you see the widow's cap through the young stems and insignificant leaves of the jessamine. The daily governess quickens her steps, she pulls from her bosom the concert ticket; and after she has received her mother's kiss, before her mother's hands can untie her bonnet, she holds it up before her! Oh how very much a little drop of innocent pleasure sweetens the cup of toil! Drink of it long, and deeply, and it becomes bitter on the tongue, and evil to the heart.

A daily governess, has at least, her evenings. Sometimes, not often, a friend drops in. To-night our patient, good, industrious girl has thrust her swollen feet into her mother's easy shoes; and while the widow reads, or pours out their frugal tea, she is quilting, or snipping, or arranging something white; a little finery for to-morrow evening. And now the work and books are put by, the candle snuffed, they read and pray, not long, but fervently; and then to bed, despite the labor, which, fair reader, you shudder even to think upon. The daily governess sleeps soundly, and will awake as sweet, as patient, and gentle, and it may be, a trifle more cheerful, to-morrow than she was to-day.

POETS AND POETRY.

Charles Lamb calls the plays of the sweet bard of Avon, enrichers of the fancy, strengtheners of virtue, a withdrawing from all selfish and mercenary thoughts, a lesson of all sweet and honorable thoughts and actions, to teach you courtesy, benignity, generosity, humanity; for of examples teaching these virtues his pages are full.

In approaching a poet—one who has been faithful to his high trust, shunning to abuse the gift of the 'vision and faculty divine,' and never desecrating his golden lyre by attuning its strings to the baneful blandishments of vice—we feel as if we were coming in contact with a being superior to ourselves, and endowed with pre-eminent powers. The 'tuneful talisman' of the poet exercises a powerful influence for good or evil, according to the nature of the depraved or pure spirits that acknowledge its spell. When we consider the various elements of human nature, and the strength of the charm which lies in true poetry, we can better estimate the debt of gratitude which we owe to a *good poet*: since the effect of poetry upon the passions may be as a spark of fire upon gunpowder, or as 'oil upon the troubled waters.' A Byron may raise the storm of guilty passions in the breast, or a Wordsworth may produce that hushed repose of feeling which predisposes the spirit to the softening influence of the still, sad music of humanity. It is well for us that Religion first awoke the soul of music sleeping in the chords of the British lyre. Never does poetry appear so triumphantly beautiful as when she bears us on the wings of

Faith and Hope 'above the Aonian mount' and all the perishable joys of earth to the throne of the Invisible. Poetry has achieved her highest triumphs in stimulating the soul to a wise exertion of its powers by unfolding the glories of a blissful immortality. This is the distinguishing feature of Christian poetry—of English Christian Poetry—as opposed to the feeble flights of the Classic Muse, who most frequently conducted her hero with glory to his tomb—there to perish: all beyond the grave was a dreary, dark, unknown.

The influence of the poet is lasting as his lines. 'The Iliad,' says Mr. Montgomery, 'has produced many an Achilles, and fashioned, happily, far many more Hectors.' And has not Milton's noble poem, in which he has given birth to 'thoughts that wander through eternity'—has not the adventurous Bible-inspired song of Milton made many a Christian?—or has he failed to 'justify the ways of God to man?' Never was the influence of elevated poetry so much needed as in the present day. It is needed 'to withstand the encroachments of the cares of this weary, working day world. It is needed to withdraw us from the rattle of railroads, and the glare of gas-lights into the quiet-shades of meditative retirement, where the head may rest from its feverish throbbings, while the heart is led to mourn the madness of its time-wasting worldliness.'

### THE PRISONER AND THE JAILER.

FROM PICCIOLA, BY M. D. SAINTINE.

Charney had long ceased to find amusement in these gratuitous moral inscriptions; and if he still occasionally played the sculptor with his wooden table, his efforts produced nothing now but germinating plants, each protected by a cotyledon; or a sprig of foliage, whose leaves were delicately serrated and prominently nerved. The greater portion of the time assigned him for exercise was spent in contemplation of his plant, in examining and reasoning upon its development. Even after his return to his chamber, he often watched the little solitary through his prison bars. It had become his whim,—his hobby,—his bauble;—perhaps only to be discarded like other preceding favourites!

One morning, as he stood at the window, he observed the jailer, who was rapidly traversing the court-yard, pass so close to it that the stem seemed on the point of being crushed under his footsteps; and Charney actually shuddered! When Ludovico arrived as usual with his breakfast, the Count longed to entreat the man would be careful in sparing this solitary ornament of his walk; but he found some difficulty in phrasing so puerile an entreaty. Perhaps the Fenestrella system of prison discipline might enforce the clearing of the court from weeds and other vegetation. It might be a favor he was about to request, and the Count possessed no worldly means for the requital of a sacrifice; Ludovico had already taxed him heavily, in the way of ransom, for the various objects with which it was his privilege to furnish the prisoners of the fortress.

Besides, he had scarcely yet exchanged a word with the fellow, by whose abrupt manners and sordid character he was disgusted. His pride recoiled, too, from placing himself in the same rank with the fly catcher, towards whom Ludovico had acknowledged his contempt. Then there was the chance of a refusal! The inferior, whose position raises him to temporary consequence, is seldom sufficiently master of himself to bear his faculties meekly, incapable of understanding that indulgence is a proof of power. The Count felt that it would be insupportable to him to find himself repulsed by a turnkey.

At length, after innumerable oratorical precautions, and the exercise of all his insight into the foible of human nature, Charney commenced a discourse, logically pre-concocted, in hopes to attain his end without the sacrifice of his dignity,—or, to speak more correctly, of his pride.

He began by accosting the jailer in Italian; by way of propitiating his natural prejudices and calling up early associations. He inquired after Ludovico's boy, little Antonio; and having caused this tender string to vibrate, took from his dressing box a small gilt goblet, and charged him to present it to the child.

Ludovico declined the gift, but refused it with a smile, and Charney, though somewhat disconcerted, resolved to persevere. With adroit circumlocution, he observed, 'I am aware that a toy, a rattle, a flower, would be a present better suited to Antonio's age; but you can sell the goblet, and procure those trifles in abundance with the price.' And lo! *a propos of flowers* the Count embarked at once into his subject.

Patriotism, paternal love, personal interest, every influential motive of human action, were thus put in in motion in order to accomplish the preservation of a plant! Charney could scarcely have done more for his own. Judge whether it had ingratiated into his affections!

'Signor Conte!' replied Ludovico, at the conclusion of the harangue. 'Were this pretty bauble missing from your toilet-case, its companions might fret after it! At three months old, my bantering has scarce wit enough to drink out of a goblet; and with respect to your gilly-flower,—'

'Is it a gilly-flower?' interrupted Charney with eagerness.

'Sic a pagnions! how should I know?' All flowers are more or less gilly-flowers! But as to sparing the life of yours, excellenza, methinks the request comes late in the day. My foot would have

been better acquainted with it long ago, had I not perceived your partiality for the poor weed!

'Oh! as to my partiality,' interrupted Charney, I beg to assure you—'

'Ta, ta, ta, ta! what need of assurance,' cried Ludovico. 'I know whereabouts you are better than you do. Men must have something to love; and state prisoners have small choice allowed them in their whims. Why, among my boarders here, signor Conte, (most of whom were grand gentry and great wisacres in their day, for 'tis not the small fry they send into harbor at Fenestrella,) you'd be surprised at what little cost they manage to divert themselves! One catches flies,—no harm in that; another—and Ludovico winked knowingly, to signify the application—'another chips a solid deal table into chips without considering how far I may be responsible for its perseveration.' The Count vainly tried to interpose a word: Ludovico went on: 'Some amuse themselves with rearing linnets and gold-finches; others have a fancy for white mice. For my part, poor souls, I have so much respect for their pets, that I had a fine Angora cat of my own, with long white silken hair, you'd have sworn 'twas a muff when 'twas asleep!—a cat that my wife doated on, to say nothing of myself. Well, I gave it a wary, lest the creature should take a fancy to some of their favorites. All the cats in the creation ought not to weigh against so much as a mouse belonging to a captive!'

'Well thought, well expressed, my worthy friend,' cried Charney, piqued at the inference which degraded him to the level of such wretched predilections. 'But know that this plant is something more to me than a kill-time.'

'What signifies? so that it serves but to recall to your mind the green tree under which your mother hushed your infancy to rest, per Baccio! I give it leave to overshadow half the court. My instructions say nothing about weeding or hoeing, so e'en let it grow and welcome! Were it to turn out a tree, indeed, so as to assist you in escalading the walls, the case were different! But there's time before us to look after that business—eh! excellenza?' said the jailer with a coarse laugh. 'Not that you hav'n't my best wishes for the recovery of the free use of your legs and lungs; but all must come in the course of time, and the regular way. For if you were to make an attempt at escape—'

'Well! and if I were?' said Charney with a smile.

'Thunder and hail!—you'd find Ludovico a stout obstacle in your way! I'd order the sentry to fire at you, with as little scruple as at a rabbit! Such are my instructions! But as to doing mischief to a poor harmless gilly-flower, I look upon that man they tell of who killed the pet-spider of the prisoner under his charge, as a wretch not worthy to be a jailer! 'Twas a base action, excellenza,—nay a crime!'

Charney felt, amazed and touched by the discovery of so much sensibility on the part of his jailer. But now that he had begun to entertain an esteem for the man, his vanity rendered it doubly essential to assign a rational mode for his passion.

'Accept my thanks, good Ludovico,' said he, 'for your good will. I own that the plant in question affords me scope for a variety of scientific observations. I am fond of studying its physiological phenomena.' Then, (as Ludovico's vague nodding of the head convinced him that the poor fellow understood not a syllable he was saying,) he added, 'more particularly as the class to which it belongs possesses medicinal qualities, highly favorable to a disorder to which I am subject.'

A falsehood from the lips of the noble Count de Charney! and merely to evade the contempt of a jailer, who, for the moment, represented the whole human species in the eyes of the captive.

'Indeed!' cried Ludovico; 'then all I have to say is, that if the poor thing is so serviceable to you, you are not so grateful to it as you ought to be. If I hadn't been at the pains of watering it for you now and then, on my way hither with your meals, *la picciola*, would have died of thirst. Addio Signor Conte!'

'One moment, my good friend,' exclaimed Charney, more and more amazed to discover such delicacy of mind so roughly enclosed, and repentant at having so long mistaken the character of his jailer. 'Since you have interested yourself in my pursuits, and without vaunting your services, accept, I entreat you, this small memento of my gratitude! Should better times await me, I will not forget you.'

And once more he tendered the goblet; which, this time Ludovico examined with a sort of vague curiosity.

'Gratitude, for what, Signor Conte?' said he. 'A plant wants nothing but a sprinkling of water; and one might furnish a whole parterre of them in their cups, without ruining oneself at the tavern. If *la picciola* diverts you from your cares, and provides you with a specific, enough said, and Heav'n speed her growth.'

And having crossed the room, he quietly replaced the goblet in its compartment of the dressing-box.

Charney, rushing towards Ludovico, now offered him his hand.

'No, no!' exclaimed the jailer, assuming an attitude of respect and constraint. 'Hands are to be shaken only between equals and friends.'

'Be my friend, then, Ludovico!' cried the Count.

'No, excellenza, no!' replied the turnkey. 'A jailer must be on his guard, in order to perform his duties like a man of conscience, to-day, to-morrow, and every day of the week. If you were my friend, according to my notions of the word, how should I be

able to call out to the Sentinel, Fire! if I was to see you swimming across the moat? I am fated to remain your keeper, jailer, *e di-votissimo serco!*'

### SCRAPS;

From Lady Chatterton's Rambles in the South of Ireland.

#### RURAL SCENERY.

The only thing I miss in Ireland, is my favorite rural scenery—I mean, by rural, the neat honeysuckled cottages, with their trim little gardens and beehives; indeed this kind of scenery can, I believe, be found nowhere but in England. The word 'rural' is untranslatable into any other language, and seems formed expressly to describe English country life. Though a sister land, I fear, it will be long before we find anything rural in Ireland, for the higher orders have very little taste for comfortable country life. But then the green isle has much without this; and indeed, in travelling through it, there are so many amusing scenes and interesting places that there is scarcely time to observe the deficiency I have spoken of. There are continual signs of convulsion and change, both in nature and the works of man, which excite many interesting recollections, and afford constant food for thought. There are the strange superstitions of the inhabitants, which have probably survived longer than in any other European land. Every ruined tower, and the mighty and mysterious works which are attributed to the Druids, have each its wild tale of wonder and interest. Then there are those puzzling Ogham inscriptions, the meaning of which has hitherto baffled inquiry.

#### POPULAR CHARACTER.

The very dress, or rather, semi-dress of the country people is picturesque; the large blue cloak worn by the women is sure to be held round their well made figures in folds so easy and beautiful as to furnish excellent models for the artist and sculptor. Their long beautiful hair is generally braided round their small heads, with a taste and simplicity truly classic; and there is an ease and grace in all their movements, which seem, I think, to denote a feeling of good taste and refinement far above the common level of their class, in other countries. In an intercourse with the common people, a day, an hour, cannot pass without being struck by some mark of talent, some display of an imagination at once glowing and enthusiastic, or some touch of tender and delicate feeling. How strange it is, that such a people should be content to dwell in smoky hovels, when, if they chose to exert themselves and employ the energies which I think they possess, their condition might be improved. But they are generally happy.

#### SCENERY.

I am particularly struck with the rich and vivid colouring of scenery in Ireland; when the sun shines after one of the frequent showers, the whole landscape resembles a highly finished and freshly varnished picture, not by any well known master, for the compositions to speak technically, is totally different, though I think quite as fine, as any ideal imagery of Claude, Hobbina, or Poussin. The varieties of green are particularly lovely, yet there is never too much; the eye is always relieved by masses of rock of a dark purple or reddish brown, which harmonize perfectly with the light green tender moss or darker coloured grass.

#### KILLARNEY.

It is impossible to write here.—Beautiful visions crowd upon the mind too rapidly for the hand to record. It is a region of enchantment—a hundred descriptions of it have been written—thousands of sketches have been made, but no description that I have seen, made me familiar with Killarney. The Upper Lake, and the Lower Lake, Muckross and Innisfallen, must be seen to be understood. It is the colouring—the gleam of sunshine—the cloud—the tone—the effect—what in short cannot be conveyed by the pen without the cant of art, and is beyond the power of the pencil—that gives a magic to the scenery of Killarney.

#### INTERIOR OF A COUNTRY INN.

We were all very tired, and much disposed at first to be cross. The interior, too, of this little inn, was not very cheering. The cottage consisted of a kitchen with a mud floor, a little room divided from it by a low partition wall, where all the family slept, and a little boarded parlour for strangers. This parlour had a most cold, dirty, and melancholy appearance; the rain pattered through its little broken window, and came down the chimney with such force, as to prevent the fire from burning, but supplied us with plenty of smoke. We sent for our books from the carriage, and tried to read, but though the little low window admitted abundance of rain and cold wind, very little light could penetrate its dingy panes. We absolutely could not see to read; and so in despair, went into the kitchen, to watch the progress of some potatoes they had promised to boil for our luncheon.

'What a beautiful picture!' exclaimed one of my companions, as he darted out in the rain to fetch his sketch books.

It was so, indeed. A beautiful peasant girl sat near the fire, apparently much fatigued after a long walk. Her pretty head rested on her hand. Her eyes were closed, and their long dark lashes overshadowed a fair cheek of lovely form; but an arch smile played round her lips, and shewed that though enjoying the luxury of repose, and the comfortable warmth of the fire, she heard all that was going on.

On the opposite side of the fire-place, an old woman was seated on a low stool, smoking a pipe in an attitude of great enjoyment. Two countrymen were sitting on the ground near her, with a few potatoes and a jug before them, laughing and talking away with great glee. The youngest, who was very handsome, often looked up towards the reposing beauty; and when he had uttered some witty saying which threw his companion into fits of laughter, he seemed not a little provoked that those long eye-lashes were never raised. We endeavored to sketch the whole scene, and so absorbed were we in this amusing occupation, that we were sorry when the smoking 'pratees' were turned out, and the little serving girl informed us luncheon was ready.

We were somewhat reconciled, however, to the interruption, by seeing our beautiful model open her eyes; jumping up, she placed a basket of eggs on her head, and said something in Irish, while she directed her dark beaming eyes towards the handsome peasant who had been unable to win a glance before. This was the signal for a general move. The old woman took her pipe from her mouth, and adjusting her cloak over her head, moved towards the door. The two men shook hands, and seemed to be taking leave of each other; and the handsome one then accompanied the beautiful girl and woman out into the pouring rain. That he was her intended, and the old woman her mother, we immediately pronounced, and allowed our imaginations to speculate over the history of those three happy-looking people.

## A RUINED HOUSE.

About a mile before we reached Cahirciveen, we passed near an old ruined house, situated in a grove near the river. I was struck with the lonely and sad air which pervaded the neglected place, and as usual, I began to imagine and speculate, as to what kind of people had lived within those walls in the olden time. I wondered whether those beings who had thought, and felt, and laughed, and wept, under that old roof, had left any records of their existence, beyond the names which are probably inscribed in the neighboring churchyard—whether the good or evil they had done, had produced any effect on the surrounding country, where this old house seems to have been the principal place. As we passed the dilapidated gateway which led to the ruined mansion, the post-boy drew up his horses, and said, 'That is the house where Daniel O'Connell was born.'

## LEARNING.

A bare-footed, tattered young fellow came up to us, and in excellent English, asked us some questions about the ruin. He very good naturedly afterwards came to show the nearest way to Coom-croun, a little harbour in the Bay of Dingle. On our way I discovered that our ragged guide was a mathematician. We did not give him credit for much acquirement in this branch; however, to ascertain the point, one of my companions asked him if he knew the 5th proposition of the 1st book of Euclid, known at school as the 'pons asinorum'; he was so perfect in this, and in the 47th prop., that the inquirer would not venture any further, least he might get out of his depth.

## A CONTRAST.

A change of place since I wrote last. I am sitting in a little white-washed room, writing at a rickety table; a turf fire is burning in the grate behind me, and a large battered kettle is hanging on it to make tea for our breakfast. All this sounds homely, and perhaps uncomfortable, but it is not so. Though the window is curtainless, and the room bare, it looks out upon the glorious Atlantic, the intensely blue sea; and white breakers are foaming among the rocks, and the whole scene without is grand and beautiful. Even this homely room, with its scanty furniture, is amusing, by its extreme contrast to the magnificence we yesterday enjoyed at Dromoland castle.

## HUMOUR.

The Irish are very fanciful in their signs. One made use of by a tailor at Cahirciveen, illustrates the truth of my favorite doctrine, that misfortunes, defects, and ignorances may often be turned to good account by a mind determined to make the most of every circumstance. A tailor who lived in a little town made once upon a time a long journey to see the world; and on his return put up his name and trade over his shop, adding in large and triumphant letters, 'From London.' His business, of course, increased immensely; and all the other tailors (for there were many in a place which furnished clothes to the dense population of the surrounding country), were in despair. At last the poorest and most miserable of them all resolved to make a desperate attempt to carry away the custom from the usurping traveller. He lived opposite the tailor 'from London,' and one fine morning a large sign appeared over his door, bearing the words, 'Thady o'Shaugnessy, Tailor, and in gigantic letters 'Never was in London.' The sign created first a laugh, then perhaps a feeling of admiration for Thady's honest audacity, and soon the custom was transferred from the illustrious traveller to the honest man 'who never was in London.'

**CRITICISM.**—A critic, in the literary department, is like an advocate in the legal. Both may cause much evil, if they take a wrong side, and argue against truth and justice; but both may be of much use in espousing the right, and in expounding the laws, and settling the practices of their respective Courts.

## EGYPT.

From Mr. Wilde's Narrative.

## THE PORT OF ALEXANDRIA.

The Egyptian fleet was moored at the entrance of the harbour; and in number and appearance far surpassed what we had heard of it. They are a magnificent set of vessels, all in commission, in the most perfect order; the majority of them two-deckers, but mounting many more guns than ours of a similar class; with round sterns, and all the other modern improvements in naval architecture. The yacht of the Basha is a most beautiful craft, magnificently fitted up, and fully equal to any of the Cowes squadron. On bringing up we were visited by a health officer; and seeing the yellow flag flying from some Swedish men-of-war, were rather frightened lest we should be again in quarantine, but we were admitted sans ceremony; and immediately after the Egyptian Admiral sent his boat with two officers to know if he could be of any service to us. They were exceedingly polite, and spoke very tolerable French. They use more men in their boats than is usual in vessels of war, and direct every thing by the boatswain's whistle, even to the stroke of the oars. Altogether the harbour of Alexandria presented a picture the most imposing; and the stir and bustle, both warlike and commercial, one we could have had no idea of. The flags of the different nations of Europe were here displayed beside the red banner of Mohammad Alee, to which he has added a star within the crescent. Were this port to be taken as index of the flourishing state of the country, great indeed would be its wealth."

## THE DOCK-YARD OF ALEXANDRIA.

We must pay a visit to those fine vessels now upon the stocks and here is one just ready to be launched, which I will tell you something about, without having your ears assailed by the most stunning of all noises, caulking and coppering. This is a two-decker, but corresponding in number of guns to our three-deckers, than any of which it is larger, being 3,000 tons. It is not so long as some of ours, being but 189 feet by 40 feet in beam, and will mount 100 guns. The timber of these vessels is confessedly very inferior, and much smaller than would be used in any English vessel of war; but as there are no forest trees in this land, most of it is imported from Trieste. They endeavor to make up in quantity for deficiency in quality, so that the bottom of those vessels are perfect beds of timber. This is the tenth of this class, and there are eight in commission. The ninth was brought out of the dock yesterday to be rigged and got ready for sea. The complement of men on board each of these is 1,000, including officers, who in rank and number correspond to those of the English navy. Besides ten line-of-battle ships, there are seven frigates, an armed steamer, four corvettes, eight brigs and other small craft in commission. So far as the vessels go, they are, I suspect rather more than a match for the Porte. In our walk round the yard we were surprised at the number and extent of the works all divided into their several departments, and at the order and regularity that prevailed. Brass foundries, carvers, blacksmiths, carpenters, sail-maker, and all the different requisites in ship building, upon a most extensive scale, all worked by native hands, who amount to about 800. The stores and arsenal were as neat, as clean, and as orderly as could possibly be. Originally the heads of the different departments were Europeans, but at present the situations are nearly all filled by natives, who rose under their instruction, or were educated in France or England; among them was the principal mathematical instrument-maker, a very intelligent young man. How very fluently, and with what good accent, many of these speak our language! There is an extensive rope-walk, and we saw some of the cables being worked by a patent machine; the head of this department is a Spaniard, but there is also a native fully capable of conducting the work. I was much struck with the skill and neatness of several of the workmen, particularly in brass turning, carving, &c. We were shown a handsome room for the drawings, plans, engineering, &c. and several models of the crack English vessels.

There is a mosque in the yard, whither the men go five times a day to pray for about five or ten minutes. It is a small but pretty building, covered with clematis and other creepers now in blow, and has a pretty fountain attached to it, where they perform their ablutions each time they go to worship. All the workmen are enlisted in the Basha's service, as sailors or soldiers, and are drilled occasionally. They are fed, clothed, and get from fifteen to thirty piastres a month, pay, which they and all the men in the service of Mohammad Alee receive into their own hands, to prevent any sort of peculation. The wages of these artisans are raised according to their merit, and are never in the same arrear as those of the army or navy. The greater number are married, their wives inhabiting wretched hovels outside the town; if they have sons each receives fifteen piastres a month from the government, and the child must be brought to receive it in his own hand.

The men work from sunrise to sunset, with the exception of an hour at breakfast and dinner; they get three meals a day, and during our visit the drum beat to the mid-day meal, which consists of a plentiful supply of coarse brown bread and bean porridge; and for breakfast they are allowed, in addition, olives with some vinegar and oil. All the artisans are given meat once a week, and the troops once a month. They are divided into messes of three and five each. The greatest order and quiet prevailed, and if the countenance be an index of the inner man, contentment seemed to reign amongst them. The anchors, and most of the foreign

goods in the dock-yard were English, and there was also a vast number of fine brass and metal guns, in most perfect preservation lately fished up in Aboukir Bay.

## ECONOMY OF AN EGYPTIAN MAN OF WAR.

I found this vessel and others that I visited, particularly clean and orderly; and this is the more marked, as there is a greater quantity of brass inlaying and ornamental work in them than is usual in any of our men-of-war. This is a 100 gun-ship, but equal to ours carrying 120. The uniform is a dark brown; and the officers are principally distinguished from the men by the fineness of the regimentals, and having an anchor, star, or crescent, emblematic of their rank, and composed of silver, gold, or jewels, on the left breast. In the navy as well as the army neither beard nor whiskers are allowed; except the moustache, all must be close shaven daily: this at first was considered a very great innovation, and was loudly complained of as quite too Christian and uncircumcised a form. The men are trained to military tactics as well as to go aloft; and in this latter they are often very clumsy, to the no small amusement of any English tars who may be lowering topgallants or reefing topsails at the same time. But much cannot be expected from a navy called into existence since the battle of Navarino, and whose service has heretofore consisted in a visit to Candia during the summer. There is a moolah or priest on board each ship. The men are now allowed to smoke in watches; and a certain number each night are permitted to go to their families who live near the town. There was an air of great simplicity in the officers' berths, even in that of the Captain's; a plain decwan surrounded two sides of the cabin, a table with writing materials, and a couple of chairs; and on the side of each was hung a plain glazed frame, in which was written the name of God, and sometimes a verse of the Koran underneath. From a desire to avoid even the appearance any 'graven image,' there are no figure-heads to any of the Egyptian vessels.

## THE PACHA'S COLLEGE AND SCHOOL OF MEDICINE.

I was next transferred to the care of Dr. Sieber, who conducted me through the college and school of medicine, which, as I before stated, forms a part of the building of the hospital, so that the student has but to cross the court from his dormitory to the ward, and can proceed from thence in a few minutes to the dissecting theatre or lecture-room, become acquainted with materia medica under the same roof in which he sleeps, and enjoy his morning walk in the botanic garden beneath his window. Besides this, they all required to become acquainted with practical operative chemistry; and for that purpose are sent for a certain time to the chloride of lime and saltpetre manufactories. This system, added to that of the general medical education here given, is one well worthy of imitation in Great Britain, and reflects no small credit on its founder, Clot Bey.

At the date of my visit there were three hundred students in the college, who were fed, clothed, educated, and paid by the Basha. The dormitories and other apartments of these young men were clean and airy, and they themselves appeared orderly and attentive. They all wear a uniform, are regularly drilled as soldiers, and rise in rank and pay according to their proficiency. The pay varies from twenty to fifty piastres a month; and they are allowed out of the college once a week, on the Sabbath.

The nominal duration of study is five years; but the greater number are drafted off into the army or navy after three years: some few remain as long as seven.

The school of medicine consists of seven professorships, viz. anatomy and physiology, surgery, pathology and internal clinique, pathology and external clinique, medicine and chemistry, botany and materia medica, and pharmacy. Instruction is given by means of an Arab interpreter or dragoman; the professor writes his lecture, and it is translated to the class by the interpreter. The majority of the professors are French, and their salary is somewhat more than £200 a year. They are all obliged to wear the Egyptian uniform and shave the head, but no sacrifice of religion or principle is demanded; and I need hardly remark that all Europeans, or Christians, are under the protection of their respective flags; and should they be convicted of any misdemeanour, must be handed over to their Consul.

The laboratory contained a good chemical apparatus, and the dissecting-room several subjects. This latter indispensable requisite to medical education it would be scarcely worth mentioning but that it occurred among a people whose strong religious prejudices prohibited even the touching of a dead body in some cases; and the introduction of this noble science was one of the most difficult things Mohammad Alee had to enforce for a long time. He in the first place referred it to the priesthood, who obstinately set their faces against it, declaring it utterly incompatible with the religion of the Prophet of Mekka. The Basha's answer, that it was his royal wish and pleasure that they should legalize the act, and that, if they did not speedily do so, it was more than probable they themselves should form material for the first experiment in this branch of the practical sciences, soon brought them to reconcile their prejudices with his unbending will.

A tree upon the land throws a sombre shadow, but upon the water it traces a beautiful reflection. So poetry, operates very differently on different characters. Some are susceptible of its shadows only, while on others it descends in all its beauty, and melts into the mirror of the soul.

## SPRING SONNETS.

BY PARK BENJAMIN, EDITOR OF THE "NEW WORLD."

I.

The virgin May, young, coy and blushing, trips  
 Along the fields with downcast, modest eyes—  
 And, looking round her with a sweet surprise,  
 Smiles to behold the delicate, green tips  
 Of tender leaves, and buds that ope their lips  
 To the moist kisses of the amorous air,  
 Whose rival is the bee. Oh, false and fair!  
 To yield your honey-dew to wanton sips!  
 The sky is angry with ungrateful May,  
 That she her blooming favours thus bestows—  
 And so keen darts from misty quiver throws;  
 And the Spring's darling weeps the morn away.  
 Capricious nymph! At eve no more she plains;  
 For other, flattering airs, come whispering softer strains!

II.

The birds sing cheerily, the streamlets shout  
 As if in echo—tones are all around—  
 The air is filled with one pervading sound  
 Of merriment. Bright creatures flit about—  
 Slight spears of emerald glitter from the ground,  
 And frequent flowers, like helms of bloom are found;  
 And, from the invisible army of fair things,  
 Floats a low murmur like a distant sea!  
 I hear the clarions of the insect-kings  
 Marshal their busy cohorts on the lea.  
 Life, life in action—'tis all music, all—  
 From the enlivening cry of children free  
 To the swift dash of waters as they fall;  
 Released by thee, oh Spring, to glad, wild liberty!

## PRAIRIE SKETCHES.

CAMANCHES.—It was on the fifth day of our travel homeward, after leaving San Miguel, when the mountains were slowly lessening behind us, and far away before us stretched the great plains, that our attention was attracted at about eleven o'clock, A. M. by the appearance of some three or four objects in motion at a great distance away to our right. A few indistinct spots appeared which would scarcely have been discernable at all had they not been in motion. We continued on our way with our eyes fixed on the far far horizon where these objects were seen, not apprehending danger; though being in a region much frequented by marauding tribes, we felt probably a sufficient mingling of apprehension to enliven our curiosity. It was soon evident that what we saw could not be a buffalo, and a very few moments more brought us to the conviction that a band of wild horses were approaching us, for the swift and graceful lope of that animal became discernible, and as those in advance rose more distinctly into sight, other spots appeared behind, and little knots of five or six were seen scattered about the same portion of the prairie, all seemingly moving toward where we were.

Suddenly one of the Mexican soldiers, who had ridden off to some distance for the purpose of scanning more nearly the advancing objects, was seen to turn and make back toward the caravan, seemingly in great confusion and surprise. When near enough to make himself heard, he shouted to us, "*Indios! Indios! Camanches! Camanches!*" and instantly the wagons were drawn up, forming a *corral*, into which all the loose animals were driven. Lieut. Hernandez who commanded our escort of twenty-five soldiers, furnished us by the Governor of Santa Fe, gave us now a specimen of his military capacities, and set about arranging for defence with great coolness and deliberation. Some description of these soldiers is necessary, as also the condition and strength of our whole party.

There were five leaders, each of whom employed from five to ten retainers or attendants. The chief of these leaders is entitled to first attention. He always rode a more than ordinary sized mule, rather rough looking, but very docile and very strong. His heavy saddle was ornamented with brass and silver headed nails, driven into the high pommel and back, and forming fanciful but unmeaning devices. The bridle—the wooden stirrups, with their thick and heavy leather guards—the Spanish bit, locking the poor animal's mouth up, and not suffering it to eat or drink, with the jingling ornaments hanging under the jaw—the skins hanging from the pommel, guarding the rider's legs from sun, and rain, and cold,—all these were more or less decorated with knobs and plates of fine silver, but so coarsely worked as to look no better than as many bits of tin. *Don Jose*, upon his mule, was a very formidable looking person for one who was so completely inoffensive. He was master of a very beautiful and very old double-barreled shot gun, and ditto broadsword. These were invariably every morning fastened securely to the pommel of his saddle, and taken off again at night, by a servant; and the writer, upon this emergency, finding *Don Jose* in some perplexity with his weapons, went to his assistance, and found that the shot-gun was entirely useless, the nipples being broken and filled with fragments of caps, and the broad sword was so rusted within the scabbard, that no effort could extricate it, and it was not actually drawn during the whole course of our travel. Such was *Don Jose* for a warrior, and such, with a little variation,

may serve as a description of the other Spanish traders and their servants.

The uniform of the soldiers was as follows:—A round jacket, and pantaloons open on the outside from the knee down, with cuffs, collars, and other trimmings of red flannel, leather leggings tied round the calves and ankles, and coarse shoes. Their weapons were—a short *escopeta* or fusil, a long iron pointed lance, and knife stuck in the belt. They were all mounted on mules, and each carried, hanging to his saddle, a long rope with a slip noose at one end, and a hollow gourd for transporting water. They were in truth as good a sample of

"A tattered host of mounted scare-crows,"

as were ever dignified with the name of soldiers, yet they manifested little alarm, and having been placed in the most defensive order by the lieutenant, and the brass cannon having been drawn in front of the encampment, each man planted his lance in the ground, cocked his fusil, and awaited the approach of the enemy.

Five of the objects that we had seen were now swiftly approaching us, and the forms of the Indians were distinctly discernible, mounted upon their half-wild horses. Other groups were hurrying on behind, numbering in all something less than a hundred, though others were still rising into sight in the distance, and of course we could form no conjecture of how many were yet behind. The lieutenant was undoubtedly a brave little fellow (he was of slender but sinewy mould, well traced features, with dark, flashing eyes, and an eagle nose), and to his intrepid conduct on this occasion it is likely we were in a great measure indebted for our subsequent safety. After arranging the camp for defence he took the bridle from the mule and placed it in the mouth of a swift horse, and, jumping upon its naked back, he dashed off to meet the approaching Indians, ordered no man to follow him until he should make a signal for assistance by firing his *escopeta*.

In a very short space of time he was at such a distance as made it impossible for us to distinguish his form from those of the Indians, until presently we saw him approach and ride along in front of the approaching enemy, flourishing his short broadsword above his head, the beams of which glanced in the mid-day sun, glittering defiance to the red marauders. Here the lieutenant took his mule, and a single Indian advanced to meet him. After passing a few moments in conversation, they advanced side by side towards the camp, and in twenty minutes time the whole scattered band of Camanches, numbering between three and four hundred, had advanced and completely hemmed in our camp, containing about sixty souls:

They were intimidated, however, by the bold and well prepared appearance we made (though indeed much of it was *but* appearance), but the sight of the cannon was most effectual in arousing their fears; and as one and another came nearer, to reconnoiter us, their eyes were instantly fixed upon the brass field pieces. They sat upon their horses with as much carelessness as though they were lounging on buffalo skins within their wigwams. From men of sixty to boys of ten, all seemed equally home upon horseback, and their whole appearance was entirely different from any Indians we had yet seen. There was no sign of civilization about them;—from head to foot they were *Indian*—close fitting jackets of deer skin, cut out in small crescents, which in a slight degree gave a resemblance of scale armour, long hair flying in the breeze; and not one of them was without a bow in one hand, and a bundle of barbed arrows in the other, while they held their slight yet strong deer skin bridles in their teeth. Five hundred arrows might have been launched at us there before we could have fired one ball from our cannon, which conveyed so much terror to our enemies. But, although of all the Indian tribes the *Comanche* is most warlike and dangerous to the trader, yet was this party that now crossed our path thoroughly frightened, and Lieutenant Hernandez understood their perplexity well, and knew as well how to profit by his advantage; and he talked to the savages as though they were all at his mercy, and he could, if he pleased, exterminate them all in an instant. They said they were in search of buffalo, and had no intention to molest us, upon which Hernandez told them they might depart, assuming an air as though he had magnanimously granted them their lives. They care little for the Spaniards, but they dread the Americans; and the first question these Indians asked us was how many Americans were in our party.

Hernandez still maintained his confident demeanour, ordered the camp to be struck, and the *Comanches*, after hovering round for two or three hours, at last went off in scattered groups, as they had approached us. They were covered from head to foot with vermilion; and as they dashed along the prairie upon their untamed horses, with their long hair streaming behind them, they seemed like mounted flames of fire, and the very horses seemed to spurn the ground, as though they were under the controul of devils!

## THE BUFFALO.

We had as yet seen only small bands of twenty and thirty buffalo. The largest herd that had crossed us numbered about sixty or seventy; but these small bands fly in great fear at the sight of travellers, and are soon out of sight. It was soon after commencing our morning travel, along the Arkansas on the American side, that we discovered a vast number of black spots far away on the prairie before us. We had butchered two cows after a tiresome hunt the day before, and being well supplied with meat, we determined to

recruit a little before we resumed the excitement of the hunt. Gradually, as we advanced, the dark spots grew larger and increased in number, until our efforts to count them were rendered utterly useless. Still we pressed forward, and at about noon day we found ourselves in the very centre of an enormous band that opened a path for us as we approached, and closed again behind us as we moved along. We were ourselves as much at a loss to judge of their number as the reader will be. It would have been as easy for us to stand still in a forest and count the trees, as then to have made a calculation, and the writer can but say that they covered the earth in all directions. The natural green of the prairie was changed to black, and away to the horizon all around us spread a dense herd of the wild inheritors of the wilderness.

We travelled till evening with the same prospect around us. The next day it was the same. The enormous band had come from some region yet undisturbed by the hunter, and was then leaving the exhausted pastures to seek fresh provender. This day we resolved to enjoy the sport of hunting, and from morn till evening we chased the poor brutes about the prairie, killing the unfortunate animals in mere wantonness, as we were not in want of meat, and the dead carcasses were left to feed the wolves in the night.

The sounds emitted by these strange creatures are peculiar. They do not bellow loudly as would be imagined from their enormous bulk and untameable wildness, but breathe or blow, particularly when in fright, something like the sneeze of a horse, but more sudden and not so sharp. The noise made by the immense band through which we were travelling, conveyed to the mind of the writer the distant surging of the Ocean, or midnight thunder when heard between sleeping and waking. It requires a swift horse to catch them when put to their speed, and yet they move most awkwardly, and it would seem with great labour. Their enormous shoulders and hump rise and fall, reminding one of a tired horse, with a drunken rider clinging to its neck, making a bad effort to canter.

The next day, the third that we passed in company with this great herd, we enjoyed a spectacle still more surprising than any thing we had yet witnessed.—The animals commenced crossing the Arkansas. The strongest instinct with the buffalo, next to its quick sense of smell, is to press forward. One will follow the other, and never until the hunter is directly at its side will it break its track. Thus the instant one descended into the water ten followed, and fifty followed the ten, till the whole extent of the river, within our view, was black as the land with the buffalo. We nooned at this spot, and for three hours the Arkansas was filled with the buffalo, crossing so fast that they could not stop to drink, lest they should be overwhelmed by the crowd thronging behind.

Those who have paid no attention to the narratives already given to the public, relative to this extraordinary animal, will think the writer is exercising the old traveller's privilege, and their unbelief will be perfectly excusable, for indeed the story must seem strange.

The writer only relates what he has seen, but now listen to what he has heard, and what he believes to be true. A party of mountain trappers once, descending the Missouri through a buffalo region with their flat-boats loaded with furs, were compelled to halt four days, to allow the passage across the river of a band of buffalo; and the river being deep and the crowd so great, hundreds were drowned, and their carcasses were afterwards seen by the descending trappers, lying among the logs upon the islands and along the banks.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

## LITERARY NOTICE.

FROM N. Y. MIRROR.

Master Humphrey's Clock. The new work by "Boz."

This promises to be the *chef d'œuvre* of the popular author of *Pickwick* and *Nickleby*. It is written in his richest vein, or, we may properly say, in all his richest veins; for his versatility of style, and his excellence in each as it changes, are among the most striking of his literary characteristics.

Master Humphrey is an old man, who, with certain cronies of his own, keeps legendary records, old stories, and other queer conceits, stored away in a favourite old clock, which ticks in his *sacrum*, a time-honoured time-keeper. This clock suggests the following eloquent and touching passage. Master Humphrey says—

"It is associated with my earliest recollections. It stood upon the staircase at home (I call it home still, mechanically) nigh sixty years ago. I like it for that, but it is not on that account, nor because it is a quaint old thing in a huge oaken case curiously and richly carved, that I prize it as I do. I incline to it as if it were alive, and could understand and give me back the love I bear it.

"And what other thing that has not life could cheer me as it does; what other thing that has not life (I will not say how few things that have) could have proved the same patient, true, untiring friend! How often have I sat in the long winter evenings feeling such society in its cricket-voice, that raising my eyes from my book and looking gratefully towards it, the face, reddened by the glow of the shining fire, has seemed to relax from its staid expression and to regard me kindly; how often in the summer twilight, when my thoughts have wandered back to a melancholy past, have its regular whisperings recalled them to the calm and peaceful present; how often, in the dead tranquillity of night, has its bell broken the oppressive silence, and seemed to give me assurance that the old clock was still a faithful watcher at my chain-

ber door! My easy chair, my desk, my ancient furniture, my very books—I can scarcely bring myself to love even these last, like my old clock!"

Master Humphrey is a hunchback, and his recollections of childhood are very beautifully given in the following picturesque passage:

"I do not know whether all children are imbued with a quick perception of childish grace and beauty, and a strong love for it, but I was. I had no thought, that I remember, either that I possessed it myself or that I lacked it, but I admired it with an intensity I cannot describe. A little knot of playmates—they must have been beautiful, for I see them now—were clustered one day round my mother's knee in eager admiration of some picture representing a group of infant angels, which she held in her hand. Whose the picture was, whether it was familiar to me or otherwise, or how all the children came to be there, I forget; I have some dim thought it was my birthday, but the beginning of my recollection is that we were all together in a garden, and it was summer weather—I am sure of that, for one of the little girls had roses in her sash. There were many lovely angels in this picture, and I remember the fancy coming upon me to point out which of them represented each child there, and that when I had gone through all my companions, I stopped and hesitated, wondering which was most like me. I remember the children looking at each other, and my turning red and hot, and their crowding round to kiss me, saying that they loved me all the same; and then, and when the old sorrow came into my dear mother's mild and tender look, the truth broke upon me for the first time, and I knew, while watching my awkward and ungainly sports, how keenly she had felt for the poor crippled boy.

"I used frequently to dream of it afterward, and now my heart aches for that child as if I had never been he, when I think how often he awoke from some fairy change to his own old form, and sobbed himself to sleep again."

Here is a graphic picture of his old house:

"Those who like to read of brilliant rooms and gorgeous furniture, would derive but little pleasure from a minute description of my simple dwelling. It is dear to me for the same reason that they would hold it in slight regard. Its worm-eaten doors, and low ceilings, crossed by clumsy beams; its walls of wainscot, dark stairs, and gaping closets; its small chambers, communicating with each other by winding passages or narrow steps; its many nooks, scarce larger than its corner-cupboards; its very dust and dullness, all are dear to me. The moth and spider are my constant tenants, for in my house the one basks in his long sleep, and the other plies his busy loom, secure and undisturbed. I have a pleasure in thinking on a summer's day, how many butterflies have sprung for the first time to light and sunshine from some dark corner of these old walls."

Behold! as true a portrait of a London alderman, as was ever drawn by Hogarth!

"He was a very substantial citizen indeed. His face was like the full moon in a fog, with two little holes punched out for his eyes, a very ripe pear stuck on for his nose, and a wide gash to serve for a mouth. The girth of his waistcoat was hung up and lettered in his tailor's shop as an extraordinary curiosity. He breathed like a heavy snorer, and his voice in speaking came thickly forth, as if it were oppressed and stifled by feather-beds. He trod the ground like an elephant, and ate and drank like—like nothing but an alderman, as he was."

The impression produced by the striking of Guildhall clock, at midnight, upon a lone occupant of that old building, accidentally shut in there, is forcibly described.

"Any such invasion of a dead stillness as the striking of distant clocks, causes it to appear the more intense and insupportable when the sound has ceased. He listened with strained attention in the hope that some clock, lagging behind its fellows, had yet to strike—looking all the time into the profound darkness before him until it seemed to weave itself into a black tissue, patterned with a hundred reflections of his own eyes. But the bells had all pealed out their warning for that once, and the gust of wind that moaned through the place seemed cold and heavy with their iron breath."

Old Gog and Magog, the huge wooden giants, that have stood, for centuries, in the old Guildhall, are overheard by this unfortunate individual, relating antique legends of the city to each other. Gog says, (how eloquently!)

"We are old chroniclers from this time hence. The crumbled walls encircle us once more, the postern gates are closed, the draw-bridge is up, and, pent in its narrow den beneath, the water foams and struggles with the sunken starlings. Jerkins and quarter-staves are in the streets again, the nightly watch is set, the rebel, sad and lonely in his Tower dungeon, tries to sleep, and weeps for home and children. Aloft upon the gates and walls are noble heads, glaring fiercely down upon the dreaming city, and vexing the hungry dogs that scent them in the air and tear the ground beneath with dismal howlings. The axe, the block, the rack, in the dark chambers give signs of recent use. The Thames floating past long lines of cheerful windows, whence come a burst of music and a stream of light, bears sullenly to the Palace wall the last red stain brought on the tide from Traitor's-gate."

The first of these legends is admirably related, and opens to our

anticipations an almost endless succession of them, founded upon the most interesting incidents that have occurred in the history of London.

#### A COUNTRY LIFE.

The different processes of vegetation, the changes of the seasons, and the effects resulting from them—the decay and the revival of nature—the firmament above us, adorned with its innumerable bright and shining lights—the beautiful and verdant surface upon which we walk, enamelled with its flowers of various hues—the feathered inhabitants of the forest, the grove, and the plain, pouring forth their daily concert of joy and delight—these and ten thousand other objects as beautiful, as varied, and as sublime, all attest the existence of that great Being who is above all, and in all, and through all, and by whom all things consist, and stamp in characters of life and light. His omnipotence, benevolence, and wisdom. And where, it may well be asked, can these marks of an all-wise and superintending Providence be so well observed or so thankfully acknowledged, as amidst the quietness and retirement of a country life? The dweller in the city is so surrounded by the works of his fellow-men, and is so much accustomed to regard the art and skill of the creature, that he is apt to forget, and to his shame be it spoken, to disregard the omnipotence of the Creator. The din of the crowded street, the noise and excitement of the public assembly, the bustle and hurry of commerce and amusement, too often, alas! repress that still small voice within, which, if permitted to speak, would tell us of the great source from whence all blessings flow. But the case is far different in the country. There, every individual, whatever may be his station, is almost insensibly affected by the softening and ameliorating influence of the scenes and objects which surround him. The most humble peasant who pursues his labour in the fields, however unenlightened by education, cannot fail to draw conclusions from the very occupation in which he is engaged, favourable to his condition as an accountable being. He cannot cast the grain with his hand over the ploughed field, and watch its progress from a small and tender green shoot until it becomes a stately plant, ripened for the sickle, without being led sometimes to consider within himself who has given this quickening power to so small a grain, which enables it to grow to a tall stem? When he goes forth to his daily task in the morning, and returns at the even-tide, he beholds the great luminaries of the sky shining forth in all their brightness and glory—the thunder-storm, the rain, and the sheeted lightning, the torrent descending from the mountain's side, and the snow wreath enveloping all around with its fleecy covering—sights and scenes which he is accustomed to witness at different periods of the year—all these induce him to reflect, and lead him up to Him "who hath given light and life to all, who causeth his sun to shine and his rain to fall on the just and on the unjust." But if the uneducated individual who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow is liable to be so affected by the scenes and operations of nature, how much greater will be the effect produced upon the educated man, who has had his feelings and sensibilities heightened, and his powers of observation drawn forth and improved by intellectual culture!

We are told in holy writ that Isaac went forth to meditate at even-tide. We cannot doubt but that the subject of his meditations was the goodness, the benevolence, and the wisdom of God, as displayed in the works of creation. And who is there who possesses a cultivated mind, and a heart attuned to feeling, who does not sometimes experience a wish to imitate the example of the patriarch of old, and go forth and reflect amidst the quiet and silence of the country? Who is there who has not felt disposed, at one period or other in his life, to withdraw from his usual occupation, and to may be even from the society of his own household, to separate himself for a brief space from this world and its concerns, and to allow his thoughts to fix themselves on higher, and purer, and holier things? But there are seasons of the year, when this desire of which we have spoken comes over the mind with greater power than at others. In the freshness and genial air of a spring morning, when vegetable life is again bursting forth—in the brightness of a cloudless summer's day, when the whole atmosphere is perfumed with sweets, and the eye as well as the ear is saluted with sights and sounds of happiness and joy—in the mild and sober glories of a serene autumn afternoon, that sweet season which has been so beautifully described as the "Sabbath of the year,"—who has not at such seasons as these felt a train of new and unknown sensations pass through his mind, purified from all taint of earthly dross, which raise him for the time above this nether world and its perishable concerns, make him forget that he is a child of earth, and tell him, in characters which can never be effaced, that he is an inheritor of heaven? Who has not at such a time felt his heart lifted up to the Maker and Giver of all good, and experienced a more humble gratitude for Divine mercies, a more unhesitating belief, a more unquestioning faith in the truths of revelation? Who has not returned from such meditations as these, to his former occupations, a wiser, a better, and a happier man?—*Church of E. Q. Review.*

**CURE FOR THE WHOOPING COUGH.**—A teaspoon full of castor oil to a table spoon full of molasses; a teaspoon full of the mixture to be given whenever the cough is troublesome. It will afford relief at once, and in a few days it effects a cure. The same remedy relieves the croup, however violent the attack.

#### CHILDHOOD AND ITS JOYS.

My next door neighbour is peculiarly happy in the management of his children, which makes his lads, and lassies the sweetest playmates alive. Their play-room is a perfect paradise. Young leather-faced ladies and gentlemen, ranged around on miniature chairs, may there be seen, looking with a marble rigidity of feature. Dogs, and cats, taught by complicated machinery to make divers strange noises; horses, whose prancing legs form a delightful contrast to the moveless carriage behind them; pigs, cows, and squirrels, and birds of every shape and material, are neatly put up in the proper places; all being under the inspection of that busy little woman, my rosy-faced Mary. There is nothing like riot or disorganization under her rule. Not a doll is touched, not a puppet moved, but in the way she wishes. With her lady-like ways and motherly airs, she keeps all her young brothers and sisters in order; while there is always a prim turn at the corner of her mouth, which reveals the laugh lurking within. And when she does laugh, what a flood of life and melody! What music! unrivalled by the strains of Paganini, or any other ninny, who ever charmed away the guineas of Europe.

And what an expression! With your eye upon that sunny face, and your ear turned to those hoarse notes, you might imagine Eden restored, as when the sun first lighted upon it; "when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." How skilful, too, is she in the management of parties! Being a decided favourite among the small folks, I often contrive to smuggle myself in, when such things are going on among them. And then what a scene of enjoyment! Little Mary pours out tea for the assembled visitors. All are now grave and serious; for they feel that they are acting an important part. Their diminutive cups of tea are sipped with the utmost gravity and decorum. Every thing is on a scale of small magnificence. Little plates of sweetmeats, little baskets of cakes, nice little waiters, delicate little plates, and sweet little cups, like thimbles, in saucers of proportionate size, and then, above all, those dear little fingers, those sparkling eyes, in which glee and frolic seem almost ready to burst from the seriousness which the awful occasion has thrown around them; those comic mouths and dimpled cheeks, where the laughs and the graces seem dancing in mockery of the grave part which the urchins are acting.

But supper is over. All now rush, with glee let loose, into the adjoining play room. And now what laughing and screaming, what rolling and tumbling! what a gushing flow of life and merriment! what a giggling! what a dressing of babies in one corner! what boisterous fun among the boys, and screams among the girls! And what airs, too! what a singing together among those young sons of the morning! what a shouting for joy as the room becomes dizzy with their glee! In the mean time, there sits my neighbor B's poor little William, all alone by himself. His face is pale and meagre. The hectic flush of consumption, burns in one red spot on his cheek and the lamp of life flickers with a strange unearthly glare in his eye. The poor little fellow has come with the others, but his soul is not there. A thoughtfulness, beyond his years, has waved her pale sceptre over his brow; and now he sits sorrowfully among the gay, silent among the noisy; his bright eye fixed upon vacancy, and features too awful for life. Imagination is already working, and the messenger of thought, from the unseen world, may be seen coming and going in the occasional quiver of his cheeks. Death has marked him for his victim, and mocks him with the fleeting phantoms of thought. Poor child! His flower has withered in the bud, and must wait for a more genial clime to revive it. In the unseen field of the stars, it may soon bloom fragrant and lovely; one of the ornaments of that garden whose fruit is immortality and glory.—*Kuicherbocher.*

**THE DUKE OF SUSSEX AND THE BIBLE.**—To a deputation of Dissenters who waited on His Royal Highness, in London, he thus expressed himself: "Gentlemen, I am now 65 years old, 35 of these I have spent in indisposition; Gentlemen, that sobers a man—that makes him think—that corrects many of the opinions he might have entertained in former years. It has done so with me. I am accustomed every morning alone to read two hours in the Bible before breakfast; and if any man reads that book as he ought, he himself will in some measure become inspired by it." His Highness's Biblical Library contains 1500 Bibles, in different tongues and editions, and estimated to be worth from £40,000 to £50,000.

Death is the most certain and yet the most uncertain of events. That it will come no one can question, but when no one can decide. The young behold it far in the future; the aged regard it still at a distance; but both are smitten suddenly as by a bolt from the cloud. There is no safety, therefore, save in the habitual preparation which nothing can deceive, and nothing surprise.

**YOUTH.**—O spare to dying man his youth and its dreams! Too nearly are we like flowers, which close and sleep only while they bloom; and when they begin to fade, remain open to the long, damp, cold night.

Virtue may be misrepresented, persecuted, consigned to the grave; but the righteous awake not more assuredly to their hopes than this to a mortal remembrance.

From the St. Louis Republican.

## THE MASTODON.

In various parts of this vast continent remains of the Mastodon have been occasionally disinterred, but so far no complete skeleton as has yet been found, the upper part of the head all above the level of the zygomatic process being decayed.

An entire head never having as yet been found, I think the scientific world will hail the announcement with pleasure, when I inform them that I have recently obtained an uncommonly large, entire head of the Mastodon, together with a great many bones. The circumstances attending its discovery are these:

A few weeks since, receiving information from a friend that many large bones were found about 22 miles south of St. Louis, I immediately proceeded to the spot; and commenced operations, which proved more successful than my most sanguine anticipations. The outside formation and peculiar construction of the upper part of the head is different from any quadruped in Natural History that I am acquainted with. It is composed of small cells about three inches deep, covered by a thin cranium; attached to the upper jaw is the snout, which projects about eighteen inches over the lower jaw, and which has never been described before.

The position of the tusks in the head, has been a subject of discussion amongst Naturalists, and they have been placed in the same manner as those of the Elephant. It gives me pleasure to state, that I can settle this question—for in the head I have discovered, I found a tusk firmly implanted in the socket, and had it conveyed with great care to my Museum, but owing to the ignorance and carelessness of a labourer, in carrying it up stairs, it was broken off, but its position can be proved by a number of gentlemen of the highest respectability. The tusks are not situated in the same position as those of the Elephant, or yet the Moose, as was supposed by some. They diverge outwards from the head with the convexity forward, and the point turning backwards in the same plane with the head; the tusk found in the head measures ten feet, one inch, from the base to the tip, following the outside of the curvature, and two feet in circumference near the socket. The other tusk measures only nine feet—part of the roof is wanting. When placed in the head in their original position, the distance from tip to tip measures sixteen feet. I may add, that it required two stout men to carry the largest tusk, and two yoke of oxen to carry the head and tusks from the place of disinterment to the Museum.

A. KOCH,  
Proprietor of the St. Louis Museum.

From the German of Krummacker.

## ADAM AND THE CHERUB OF PARADISE.

As Abel lay in his blood, and Adam near the slaughtered one stood and wept, there came the Cherub of Paradise to the father of the human race, and stood silently by his side, and his countenance was mournful and sad. But Adam raised his head and said—

'Is this a type of the race that shall spring from me? and shall ever the blood of brethren, shed by the hand of brethren, stain the earth?'

The Cherub answered, 'Thou say'st!'

'Ah! by what name shall men call this terrible deed?' said Adam.

With a tear in his eye, the heavenly visitant answered, 'WAR!' Then shuddered the father of mankind, as he sighed, and said, 'Ah! why must then the noble-hearted and the good fall by the hand of the unjust?'

The Cherub was silent!

But Adam, still more sorrowfully, mourned, and said, 'What consolation now remains for me, in my lamentation for the blood-stained earth!'

The Cherub answered, and said—'Thy glance towards Heaven! He vanished.'

Adam stood until the sunset; and as the stars shot up into the sky, he stretched his arm upwards toward Orion and the Wain, and exclaimed—'O ye glistening watchers at the portals of Heaven! why walk ye on so silently? If it be permitted for mortal to hear the sound of your voice, O tell of the Silent Land above, and of Abel my loved one!'

Yet was it more silent than ever all around him; and Adam cast himself upon his face and adored, and then rushed into his soul a gentle whisper,—'Lo! Abel, thy son, liveth!'

Thence went he forth in trustful hope and his soul was calm, and full of mournful joy.

## THE CONDEMNED.

Sketch of a visit to Buchanan, who was lately executed in St. Louis, for the murder of Brown. He was a native of Princeton, and was brought up in the family of Judge Bayard. At the age 25 he engaged as a bar-keeper in Philadelphia, before that he hardly knew what liquor was. In April, 1838, he came to St. Louis, and kept bar at the Old Dominion. In this business he became intemperate and killed a friend and companion.

"I was intoxicated," said he, "but not drunk. If I hadn't been intoxicated, and engaged in that business, I would never have been here. Since I have been a bar-keeper, I have often had serious reflections, and was afraid I should lose my soul. I never

attempted to pray, because I knew it would be making a mock of it, till I could give up selling and drinking. A man cannot be religious to be in that business, because he knows he is injuring his fellow men as well as himself. I knew all the time I was about it that I was injuring my fellow men, and making their families miserable. O! I have seen enough of that in my time. I have often had bad feelings when I saw men to whom I sold, going home to their families. But these feelings would soon pass away. My mother often wanted me to leave off selling liquor, and follow my trade. As I am now to die, I am anxious to do all I can for those I leave behind. And I should like to warn all sellers against the influence of their business, and I hope my example may be a warning to them. I would warn all young men against drinking. From what I have seen and experienced during the last nine years, I am convinced that no man can sip a little occasionally without becoming a drunkard. I have seen a great many respectable men begin in this way and not stop till they had ruined their fortunes, and their health, and lost their lives. I have seen a great many families in comfortable circumstances, reduced to poverty and perfect wretchedness by my business, and now I deeply regret that I have in any degree contributed to it. There is no safety any where but in letting liquor alone entirely. When I lived with Esquire Bayard, I lived happy in those days. O! if I had but attended to the faithful instructions I received while in that godly family, and in Sabbath School, I might have been a respectable and useful man, and a comfort to my aged mother in her declining years.—*Missouri Herald.*

[This is indeed a melancholy example to the great number of respectable young men, who sacrifice their youth—the most important of their lives as clerks in establishments engaged in this poisonous traffic.]—*N. Y. paper.*

## HOUSE FURNISHING.

To fit up a house well—to make it at once elegant and comfortable, requires no slight effort of judgment—nay, of genius even. The mind which can perform this work perfectly, might compose a picture or originate a poem. The ideality, taste and power of creation requisite for the one, is also necessary to the other. Comfort is to be blended with beauty, the useful and the ornamental are to be combined. In short, a well arranged room is a proof of high refinement in its possessor. A fine eye for colour, a knowledge of light and shadow, of distances and of grouping, are as essential to its completion, as they are to the landscape or to the historical picture.—The cabinet-maker, the upholsterer, the painter, and the glazier, may all exhaust their skill without producing the desired effect. A master mind is necessary to regulate the task of each, to see that their separate labours blend into graceful keeping—that the colours on the wall harmonize with the carpet and the window drapery—that pictures—for we can scarcely conceive of a well furnished house without them—have the exact degree of light, which will best throw out their beauties, and are appropriate in subject and size to the apartment—that an article of ornament or use, is arranged with a reference to its effect on others. If fitness and symmetry are preserved, one can afford to be in a degree independent of the prevailing style. Just proportion, chaste workmanship, and one object in quiet and graceful keeping with another, will never be out of fashion to those who can appreciate true beauty.

A room usefully and gracefully furnished is indeed of itself a picture, one of the sweetest and dearest to the tired business man when he finds it lighted up for his reception; when a family of cheerful, affectionate beings are grouped within it, with lips that dimple into smiles, and eyes that grow brighter as his step is heard on the stairs; when the music of happy voices greets his appearance, and all around is bright, beautiful and rich, with a promise of comfort and repose.—*Am. pap.*

DISCOVERIES IN THE MOON.—Whether it may be possible to discover the inhabitants of the moon is a question, which has sometimes been agitated. To such a question I have no hesitation in replying, that it is highly improbable that we shall ever obtain a direct view of any living being connected with the moon, by means of any telescopes which it is in the power of man to construct. The greatest magnifying power which has ever been applied with distinctness to the moon, does not exceed a thousand times; that is, makes the objects in the moon appear a thousand times larger and nearer than the naked eye. But even a power of a thousand times represents the objects on the lunar surface at a distance of two hundred and forty miles, at which distance no living beings, although they were the size of kraken, could be perceived. Even although we could apply a power of ten thousand times, lunar objects would still appear at twenty-five miles distance; and at such distance, no animal, even of the size of an elephant, or whale, could be discerned. Besides, we must remember, that we have only a bird's eye view of the objects in the moon, and consequently, supposing any beings resembling man to exist in the orb, we could only perceive the diameter of their heads, as an aeronaut does when he surveys the crowds beneath him from an elevated balloon. Kay thought it were possible to construct a telescope with power of one hundred thousand times, which would cause the moon to appear as if only two and a half miles distant, it is doubtful if even with such an instrument, living objects could be perceived.—*Dr. Dick.*

## THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 30.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.—The British Queen, Steamer, has furnished English dates, by way of New York, to May 1.

The progress of the Halifax Atlantic Steamers, is reported. The London Spectator says, "They are, perhaps, the finest steamers yet constructed." The Unicorn, which is expected daily, is said to be 700 tons and 300 horse power, and is intended as a branch packet on the Boston line. Preparations are made in Canada, to continue the line up the great lakes.

Nothing decisive appears respecting the Boundary Question, but instructions in furtherance of its settlement seem to have been transmitted.

Many endeavours are made at Home, to induce large bodies of the labouring population to emigrate to the British Colonies, particularly Canada. The Highlanders of Scotland appear most forward in this work, and several thousand of the hardy mountaineers are expected to bid a final adieu to the romantic land of their nativity, seeking for new homes on the other side of the Atlantic.

An Anti-Slavery Conference is to commence its sittings, in London, early in June. Much interest is expected to result from this rallying in the cause of humanity, in the metropolis of the world of civilization.

British Merchants are equipping two vessels, for a voyage of discovery to the Antarctic regions.

Meetings had been held in London and Bristol, against the threatened war with China. This is creditable to the British character. If some are shamefully ready to infringe the laws of justice and morality, in the cause of money-making, others should present a formidable and fearless front in support of those principles which should never be violated. It is expected that Ministers will be so assailed, in both Commons and Lords, that they will allow the Opium war to subside, and permit the Emperor of China to enact such regulations as he shall see fit, for the suppression of a most demoralizing species of illicit trade.—Men talk about the shortness of earthly existence, and the importance of eternal considerations,—but they act as if eternity consisted in making, a momentary accumulation of the wealth which perishes in the using.

Nothing decisive appears respecting the affairs of Turkey and Egypt. Mehemet Ali refuses to permit the departure of the Turkish fleet, and seems to take high ground in his notions of independence, both as regards the Sultan, and the European powers.

Russia continued embroiled in contests with Circassia and Chiva. She was unsuccessful in both. The English Government, it is said, have offered a check, as regards Chiva, and have informed the autocrat, that if he persists, British troops, from India, will make corresponding movements on the river Oxus.

War with Naples, concerning some commercial regulations, seemed on the eve of bursting forth,—but the intervention of France, it is said, has allayed the danger.

ADMIRALTY.—In last and preceding numbers of the Pearl, paragraphs appeared, respecting a case in the Court of Admiralty. In last Journal is a statement signed by Mr. Slayter, setting forth the foundation for the remarks which previously appeared, although not calling in question the explanations of the Judge as regards the proceedings of the Court. By Mr. Slayter's statement, which cannot be doubted, the following facts are substantiated: that the Plaintiff gave a release for all money due him, and for any ill usage received on board the Syren,—that a warrant was issued against the Defendant, and he was lodged in jail,—that the U. S. Consul had been informed by the Registrar of the Court, that Defendant should employ a Proctor, at the expense of some pounds, for the purpose of addressing the Judge on the subject of his release,—and that Plaintiff acknowledged the charge to be a frivolous one.

We got, accidentally, into this question, and have no wish to continue in so delicate a matter.

THE WOODS.—Several fires were raging in the woods in the vicinity of the Town, during the week. On Tuesday, a cloud of smoke, from these causes, obscured the sun, and hung for hours, portentously, over our dwellings. On the same evening a person reckoned nine fires burning on the lands which surround the Basin, while others were visible on the southern side of the arm, and on the Dartmouth side of the harbour. Much evil must have been caused by these conflagrations, in destroying fences and other rural erections, and stuff for hoops and staves,—in sweeping valuable timber off ground which is not fit for cultivation,—and in blasting the scenery, in parts where the rocks and the black ram-pikes will now appear, in place of the verdant and aromatic forest, and where the plough cannot make amends for the loss of sylvan beauty. All this is to be regretted,—on the latter, as well as the former, considerations: If the foliage which gives beauty to a rocky soil be removed, deformity will be the result,—and every man with perceptions above those of the brute must feel an interest in the scenic beauty of a country, as well as in its agricultural capabilities. Those conflagrations may be caused accidentally, or by parties burning brush wood carelessly, or by incendiaries who apply the fire in sport, reckless how it may spread.—It might not be too much to wish, that some steps should be taken to punish those who should be detected

in acting thus carelessly or wickedly, for the sake of example, and of deterring others, in future.

The standing forest should never be subjected to the fire brand, for purposes of clearing. The practice, in the first place, endangers other contiguous parts of the forest, the removal of which is not desired, and which should not be put in jeopardy any more than the dwellings of a town;—in the second, it leaves the charred stumps standing, unsightly as ghouls, and almost defying the axe, —and in the next, if the logs are not worth saving, as timber or fire wood, the practice diffuses the ashes, and renders it of less value, than if the stuff were cut, and burned in piles, and the remains distributed where it was most wanted.

Youth—out fishing, at the lakes—set fire to the brush—sometimes, it is said—out of sport. They should recollect what great responsibility they incur by so doing,—what wickedness may mingle in such foolish sport,—what recklessness, and wantonness, and propensity to crime, may be thus encouraged,—and, that they should no more perform an improper act, out of some despicable notion of amusement, than they should commit a breach of the laws which would place them ignominiously before the tribunals and the public.

Much evil has been caused, we are told, by the fires of the week, on Hammond's Plains, and elsewhere. Valuable timber, and stuff intended for the market, has been destroyed. Much more mischief, however, was feared; mills and dwelling houses were placed in very threatening circumstances, and, in some cases, were barely saved by a most opportune shift of wind.

WILD FLOWERS OF NOVA SCOTIA.—We see by advertisement, that Miss Morris continues the publication of her elegant work. Numbers three and four are to follow in due course. We have been greatly pleased to observe that Miss Morris has been successful in getting her drawings well engraved and coloured,—and that she can furnish the numbers at a rate which might be well deemed impracticable in the Colonies. It would be superfluous to say anything in praise of Miss Morris's paintings,—they are too well known. The brief notices which are attached to the engravings, are by Mr. Titus Smith,—and that alone stamps a value on the work, equal to its cost, at least. Mr. Smith is as celebrated a floral Philosopher, as Miss Morris is a painter,—and remarks from his pen possess a high interest to all who have the pleasure of being able to estimate his character.

THE PEARL.—We have been much pleased, indeed, by receiving the following letter, from some totally unknown quarter,—and lay it before our readers, hoping that some of its anticipations may be soon realized:

"SIR,—I am delighted to find that such a publication as, the 'Colonial Pearl' is cherished by the inhabitants of the Capital of British North America. It argues well for the interests of intellect when the 'Colonial Pearl' is to be seen amidst the busy scenes of an active, enterprising commerce. There are some who imagine that business must flag when literature succeeds, and others, who, having no prospect but the mere pursuit of gain, can experience but little satisfaction in the cultivation of those powers, which alone distinguish man from the brute. But happily these examples are rare. It seems now generally to be allowed that too much strength has been derived from knowledge, to admit of our being satisfied with its mere acquisition; and this will ever be the case, till the dried up river can no longer supply the stream. In these days of adventure and research it is somewhat difficult to find an untrodden literary field, for a great part of the globe seems to have been despoiled by the mind of genius for the supply of art, and all nature to have been explored to furnish food for the craving appetite of knowledge. This seems especially the case with Europe, and furnishes proof of the wonderful adaptation of genius to circumstances, discovering fresh scenes, opening new views, and bestowing rare plants. "These remarks, however, can hardly apply to the 'New World,' which contains countless uncultured blossoms, and 'full many a gem of purest ray serene' untried and unappreciated. It should, methinks, be greatly the object of this Journal to extract these Colonial pearls, and thus increase the splendid catalogue of art, which derives all its stores from Nature's mines. To the talented and ardent I would say—Behold! a splendid stretched-out sea before you, on which but few barks have yet been borne, to you it may be given to make a bold and successful venture. Nothing can at once be brought to maturity, but the new broad path is open,—enter, and you will not fail to find, in many a dingle and in many a dell, flowers of brightest hue and fruits of sweetest taste.

A STRANGER.

To the Editor of the Colonial Pearl."

ORIGINAL PEARL.—The hurry of winter has caused a longer postponement of one of our Original numbers, than was expected. We now intend to issue such a number the week after next, and solicit a few contributions for the same.

The anniversary of Her Majesty's Birth-day being Sunday last, on Monday a review took place on the Common, and the usual salutes were fired. Immediately subsequent his Excellency held a Levee, and a Ball animated Government House in the evening. Many of the Towns-people assembled on the Common, and the

display was well worthy of a much larger attendance. The day was fine,—and about 2000 men, in a high state of discipline, elegantly accoutred, went through several evolutions with the precision, almost, of machinery; and to the inspiring tones of drums and fifes, and clarionets, and horns, and trumpets, and all kinds of music, proceeding from the accomplished bands of the respective regiments.

The banners of the 23rd were surmounted with elegant garlands of flowers. Was this a peculiar mark of respect for the day?—or was it in honour of the marriage of one of the gallant corps, which has recently taken place? Lieut. Ferguson was gazetted, last week, in our Nuptial department, as having qualified himself for the banners of Hymen, as well as those of Mars.

TEMPERANCE.—It is a matter of sincere pleasure that information from almost every quarter exhibits the rapid spread of the Temperance reformation, and the beneficial results which follow. Much however remains to be done, and some fields of exertion seem unaccountably beyond the general influence.

On last Sunday afternoon, one person was witness to the following scenes, which unfortunately tend to show that although temperance principles have done much for Halifax, they have not done enough. In one of the most public thoroughfares, while the sun was beaming brightly on resting nature,—an unfortunate man and woman, came staggering along, greatly under the influence of liquor, and imprecating the direst curses on each other, in a loud voice, horrifying to the passers. Soon after, the wretched man was lying on the side path, sleeping away his intoxication, his grey locks strewing the ground, while the debased woman sat beside him, waiting his awakening, with an idiotic recklessness in her countenance.—What a dreadful contrast to the decent groups who had returned from public worship, or were preparing for it!—In another direction, a couple of seafaring or fishing men, stumbled down from the upper streets, to their shallop or boat,—degraded and stupid, instead of supporting the respectability of their class, and enjoying the advantages of shore as they should. In another, a couple of town workmen were met, proceeding to their wretched hovel, from some receptacle of grog drinkers, with countenances in which worse than brutal stupidity seemed struggling with the seeds of dark and violent passions. And in another direction, at a later hour, an unfortunate old man was stretched, in sickly spasmodic sleep, in the porch of a place of worship, while the congregation inside were engaged in the praises of the Lord of the Sabbath. The enquiry was strongly urged, in the mind of the spectator of these melancholy scenes—"Who gave these persons the demoralizing draughts?—Where have they been desecrating the Sabbath, and rendering themselves a disgrace to civilization." "Are the deus thus kept ready for the temptation and the misery of the wretched portion of society, owned by persons who make any pretensions to morality and religion?"

If the time will come when "swords will be beaten into plough shares, and spears into pruning hooks," according to the words of inspiration, surely the time will also come, when capital, and time, and energy will be totally diverted from a traffic, the existence of which is one of the moral problems connected with the history of our race.

Scenes like those above mentioned, we believe, are happily rare in town,—and a person may be for weeks without seeing an open instance of intoxication. This—considering what Halifax is, a populous town, a sea-port and a garrison,—and considering what it once was, respecting such indulgences—is a vast change for the better;—but the instances cited show that the victory is not altogether accomplished, and that those who struggle against Intemperance should by no means rest on their arms.

LOTTERY HUMBUG.—The New Orleans Real Estate Mammoth Scheme, which was extensively advertised some months ago, and which was bit at by many who are by no means flat fish, has turned out, not a "great go," or a "little go," according to the phraseology of former years in such matters, but a "no go," and "no mistake." An article which has appeared in U. States papers, informs the public, that insuperable difficulties have intervened, that the scheme has been abandoned, and, that—"the ticket money will be returned on application to Agents?" No indeed! but that the Schemer has "thrown his affairs into Court, where all persons interested may take cognizance of the same." The bubble has burst, real bubble fashion,—no two ways about it. A sad blow this to castle-building;—we think we know some, even in Halifax, who were half inclined to speculate on the "proceeds" to which they had such a claim by the doctrine of chances,—but who, unfortunately, never took the chance which has occurred, if chance it be, into account. The tickets, we believe, were 20 dollars each,—to buy them was a species of gambling which should be discouraged,—nevertheless we regret that some of the Real Estate on the Mississippi did not fall into the hands of some of our townsmen, and will sympathize in the complaints of the "diddled," if the complaints should be audible; we expect, however, that they will be "deep not loud."

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION.—This society continues its weekly meetings during the summer. Last Monday evening the subject of debate was, Which does Goldsmith's Deserted

Village, or Campbell's Pleasures of Hope, contain the better descriptive Poetry. The question was adjourned to next Monday evening.

By Newfoundland papers we perceive that a Society entitled the Newfoundland Literary and Scientific Institution, was organised at St. John's, on the 27th of March. The Meeting for purposes of organization was in the Mechanics' Hall, Judge De Barres in the chair.

MARRIED.

Sunday morning, by the Rev. Archdeacon Willis, Mr. Thos. Jefferson Jones, of the United States, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Mr. Archibald Wier.

At Aylesford, on the 14th inst. by the Rev. E. Marsters, Mr. John Ward, of Aylesford, to Miss Rachel Welton, of the same place.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. the Rector of the Parish, Thomas E. Millidge, Esq. to Sarah Ann Deblois, second daughter of James White, Esquire, High Sheriff of the City and County of St. John.—St. John Paper.

DIED.

At Windsor, on the 23d inst. in the 52nd year of his age, Joseph Dill, Esq. sincerely and deeply regretted by a large circle of connexions and friends.

On Saturday night last, Mr. John Mackey, in the 37th year of his age—a native of the Parish of Windgap, County Kilkenny; Ireland, much regretted by his friends and acquaintance.

On Sunday morning, after a long and tedious illness, Mr. George Michael Smith, in the 87th year of his age.

GAS LIGHT AND WATER COMPANY.

HALIFAX, 19TH MAY, 1840.

At a Meeting of the Subscribers to the above Company, held at the Exchange Coffee House, on the 4th inst. the following Gentlemen, namely, Richard Brown, Esq. the Hon. J. Leander Starr, Andrew Richardson, Joseph Starr, John Duffus, Andrew McKinlay, and Alexander McKenzie, Esquires, were elected by ballot, to serve as a Provisional Committee, with ample powers, until a Board of Directors shall be appointed under the Act of Incorporation, passed during the last Session of the Legislature.

The Committee thus appointed, have directed that One Pound currency per share, be paid in to W. M. Hoffman, Esq. (Acting Secretary and Treasurer,) on or before the 19th June next, and they most earnestly call upon all persons friendly to the objects of the Company, to come forward early, and subscribe for the Stock, so that no time may be lost in acting under the Charter, which requires the whole number of Shares to be subscribed for before any of the provisions of the Act can be availed of.

By order of the Committee,

W. M. HOFFMAN,

Acting Secretary and Treasurer.

MR. W. F. TEULON,

ACCOCHEUR, &c.

DESTRUCTIVE that Professional aid at the Confinements of Mothers (considering themselves at present unable to afford it), might be generally rendered as in Great Britain, and other countries, offers himself to attend such, in any part of the town, at the same rate which obtains there: namely, £1 10 Sterling, visits during the recovery of the patient included.

Upper Water Street, Halifax, opposite Mr. Wm. Roche's Store. May 16, 1840.

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, Taste, 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 Baity, The Path to Paradise, Key to Heaven, Poor Man's Manual, Missal, Butler's first, second, and general Catechisms.

May 9.

ARTHUR W. GODFREY.

SEEDS—FRESH SEEDS.

BY the Royal Tar, from the Thames, the Subscriber has completed his supply of Seeds, comprising,

RED AND WHITE DUTCH CLOVER,

Swedish Turnip, Mangel Wurtzel, and a general assortment for the kitchen garden. Also, a few choice Flower Seeds: catalogues of which may be had at his store, Hollis street.

G. E. MORTON.

May 9.

Pearl and Novascotian, 3v.



## THE FAIREST LAND.

From the Persian.

'Tell me, gentle traveller—thou  
Who hast wandered far and wide,  
Seen the sweetest roses blow,  
And the brightest rivers glide—  
Say, of all thine eyes hath seen,  
Which the fairest land has been?'

'Lady, shall I tell thee where  
Nature seems more blest and fair,  
Far above all climes beside?  
'Tis where those we love abide;  
And that little spot is blest  
Which the lov'd one's foot hath press'd,  
Though it be a fairy space,  
Wide and spreading is the place;  
Though 'twere but a barren mound,  
'T would become enchanted ground.  
With thee yon sandy waste would seem  
The margin of Al Cawthar's stream;  
And thou could'st make a dungeon's gloom  
A bower where new-born roses bloom.'

## MISCHIEFS OF FASHION.

From 'Young Women's Guide.'—By Dr. Alcott.

If the muscles concerned in moving the chest—near a hundred in number—do not properly act; if the breast bone, when we inhale air, is not thrown forward, and the ribs thrown outward and upward, so as to increase, very greatly, the size of the internal cavity; then the venous blood which is brought into the lungs to be purified and cleansed is not as it ought to be; and the whole system must suffer the consequences, on being fed and nourished on impure, and I might say poisonous blood.

This is the case when the lungs are compressed during a single breath: how great, then, is the evil, when the compression continues an hour—during which period we probably breathe ten or twelve hundred times! How much greater still, when it is continued through the waking hours of the day—say fifteen or sixteen—in which period we breathe nearly twenty thousand times—and a young woman of twelve or fifteen years of age, probably more! But think of the evil as extended to a year, or three hundred and sixty-five days!—or to a whole life of thirty, fifty, or seventy years!

How much poisoned blood must go through the living system in sixty or seventy years, should the injured system last so long! And how many bad feelings, and how much severe pain and suffering, and chronic and acute disease, must almost inevitably be undergone!

Thirdly—this poisoning of the blood, however, is not all. The chest, so constantly compressed, even if the compression is not begun in earlier infancy, shrinks to a much smaller size than is natural—and in a few years becomes incapable of holding more than half or two thirds as much air as before; so that if the compression is removed, the injury cannot be wholly restored—though if removed any time before thirty-five years of age, something may be done towards restoration. But not only is the cavity diminished permanently in size; the bones and tendons are bent out of their place, and made to compress either the lungs themselves, or the other contiguous organs—as the heart, the liver and the stomach—and to disturb the proper performance of their respective offices or functions.

Fourthly, tight lacing, as I have already said, compresses the heart as well as the lungs, and impedes the motion of this important organ. The suffering and disease which are thus entailed on transgression, tho' not quite so great in amount as that which is induced by the abuse of the lungs, is yet very great—and added to the former, greatly diminishes the sum total of human happiness, and increases, in the same proportion, its miseries and its woes.

Fifthly—the stomach is also a sufferer, and the liver; and, indeed, all other organs. There is suffering, not only from being in actual contact with each other, but also from sympathy and fellow feeling. I have already adverted to that law, by which, if one member or organ of the human system suffer, all the others suffer with it. This is very remarkably the case with the lungs when they suffer. Other organs suffer with them from mere sympathy; and that to a very great extent.

Let no young woman forget, moreover, that she lives, not for herself alone, but for others; and that if she injures health and life by improper dress, she does it not for herself alone, but for all those who shelter their abuses under her example, as well as for all those who may hereafter be more immediately influenced by her present conduct. Let her neither forget her responsibility nor her accountability. Would to God that she could see this matter as it truly is, and as she will be likely to see it in a year to come.

Let it be remembered, moreover, that as we can diminish the size of the chest by compressing it, so we can enlarge it, gradually, especially in early life—by extra effort; or by general exercise as I have mentioned in a former chapter—I mean, moderate labor in the garden, or in the field, and in housekeeping. Nor is spinning on a high wheel—which requires not only walking to and fro, but also considerable motion of the arms and chest—a very bad exercise. A great deal may be done by reading aloud in a proper manner, and by conversation; and especially by singing.

I believe that by a proper education of the lungs, instead of the modern custom of uneducating them, it would be possible in the course of a few successive ages, greatly to enlarge the cavity containing them. And if this can be done, it will be a means of promoting, in the same degree, the tone and vigor, not only of the lungs themselves, but also of the whole physical frame; and the aggregate gain to our race would be immense. Let us think of the amazing difference between a race which has been deteriorating in body and mind, from generation to generation, and at the same time suffering from disease in a thousand forms, and one which is not only free from primitive disease, but gradually improving, both bodily and mentally, and in a fair way to go on improving for centuries, perhaps thousands of years, to come!

## FLOWERS.

HOUSE PLANTS.—If the room is light and airy, with the windows in a suitable aspect to receive the sun, plants will do nearly as well as in a greenhouse; but if they are observed to suffer, the effects may be generally traced to one of the four following causes:—want of proper light and air, injudicious watering, filthiness collected on the leaves, or to being potted in unsuitable soil.

Want of proper light and air is perhaps the most essential point of any to be considered; for however well all other requisites are attended to, a deficiency in either of these will cause the plants to grow weak and sickly. Let them always be placed as near the light as they can conveniently stand, and receive as much air as can be admitted, when the weather will allow; they derive immense advantage from being, during fine weather, in spring and autumn, turned out of doors in the evening, and taken in again in the morning—the night dews contributing greatly to their health and vigor.

Injudicious watering does more injury to plants in rooms than many persons imagine. To prevent the soil ever having a dry appearance is an object of importance in the estimation of many; they therefore water to such an extent that the mould becomes sodden, and the roots consequently perish. Others, to avoid this evil, run exactly into the opposite extreme, and give scarcely sufficient to sustain life.

The best plan is always to allow the soil in the pot to have the appearance of dryness (but never sufficient to make the plant flag) before a supply of water is given, which should then be pretty copious, but always empty it out of the pan or feeder in which the pot stands, as soon as the soil is properly drained. The water used for the purpose ought always to be made about the same temperature as the room in which the plants grow.

Being potted in unsuitable soil is by far the most difficult part of the business to rectify, for no certain line can be drawn, unless each genus was treated on separately; but a few general remarks, which will be found to be correct must suffice.

All plants whose branches are fragile and slender, and roots of a fine thready fibrous texture, with general habits like the heaths, will require two-thirds peat, and one-third sand, and very similar treatment to Cape Heath. Those whose wood and habits partially differ, and whose roots are of a stronger texture, as acacia, will require a portion of sandy loam, in many cases about equal parts; and where the habits, &c. differ materially from the heath, only a small portion of peat earth will be required, and a compost may be made a little rich, by the addition of well rotted dung. Shrubby and herbaceous plants, with luxuriant roots and branches, several species of myrtles, jasmines, &c. require rich loam, lightened with leaf soil without any portion of peat. Plants with powerful roots and slender heads, as the veronica, require a light sandy soil, mixed with a small portion of leaf mould and very rotten dung. At the time of potting, lay plenty of broken pot shreds always at the bottom of each pot, to give a good drainage.

Succulent plants of all descriptions require very little water, and in general are very easily managed in rooms; many of them thrive in a mixture of sandy soil and lime rubbish, as the aloe, cactus, &c.; others grow well in a mixture of peat and loam, as the mesembry, anthemum, &c. Aquatic plants, generally do well in a mixture of peat and loam, and consequently require to be constantly kept in a wet state; indeed, the best way is to place the pot in a deep pan or feeder, which should always be kept full of water. Bulbs of most sorts flourish in rooms with less care than most other kinds of plants.

## COMMON PEOPLE.

When Christianity first made its way into Rome, the imperial city was the seat of wealth, philosophy and luxury. Absolute power was already established; and had the will of Claudius been gained, or the conscience of Messalina been roused, or the heart of Narcissus, once a slave, the prime minister, been touched by the recollection of his misfortunes, the sovereign power of the civilized world would have been moved. And did the apostle of divine truth make his appeal to them? Was his mission to the emperor and his minion, to the empress and her flatterers, to servile senators, to wealthy favorites? Paul preserves for us the name of Junia, Julia and Nerca, and the beloved brethren. All plebeian names, unknown to history. Greet them, heads, that be of the household of Narcissus. Now every Roman household was a community of slaves. Narcissus, himself, a freed man, was the chief minister of the Roman empire; his ambition had left him no moments for the envoy from Calvary, the friends of St. Paul were a

freed man's slaves. When God selected the channel by which Christianity should make its way in the city of Rome, and assuredly be carried forward to acknowledged supremacy in the Roman empire, he gave the apostle of the gentiles favor in the household of Narcissus: he planted truth deep in the common soil. Had Christianity been received at court, it would have been stifled or corrupted by the prodigal vices of the age; it lived in the heart of the common people; it sheltered itself against oppression in the catacombs and among the tombs; it made misfortune its convert, and sorrow its companion, and labor its stay. It rested on the rock, for it rested on the people: it was gifted with immortality, for it struck root in the hearts of the million.

So completely was this greatest of all reforms carried forward in the vale of human life, that the great moral revolution, the great step of God's providence in the education of the human race, was not observed by Roman historians, Christianity being hateful to the corrupt Nero, who had abandoned its professors to persecution. The Christians in Rome in the darkness of midnight, were covered with pitch and set on fire to light the streets, and this singularity has been recorded by the Roman historian. But the system of the Christian morals, the religion which was to regenerate humanity; which was the new birth of the human race escaped all unnoticed.

Paul was a Roman citizen, was beheaded just outside of the eternal city; and Peter, who was a plebeian, and could not claim the distinction of the axe and the block, was executed on the cross with his head downwards, to increase the pain and the indignity. Do you think the Roman emperor took notice of the names of these men, when he signed the death warrant? And yet as they poured truth into the common mind, what series of kings, what lines of emperors, can compare with them, in their influence on the destinies of mankind, in their powerful aid in promoting the progress of the human race?—*Boston Quar. Review.*

INAPPROPRIETY OF SEVERE EXERTION IMMEDIATELY AFTER MEALS.—The practical rule of avoiding serious exertion immediately after eating, has long been acted upon in our treatment of the lower animals; and no one who sets any value on the lives of his horses or dogs, ever allows it to be disregarded with respect to them. And yet the same man who would unhesitatingly dismiss his groom for feeding his horse immediately after a chase or a gallop, would probably think nothing of walking into the house, and ordering dinner instantly for himself in similar circumstances. In the army, the difficulty of managing recruits on a march, in this respect, has frequently been remarked. Fatigued with the days exertions, they can scarcely refrain from food so long as to allow of its being properly cooked. They consequently labor under the double disadvantage of eating before the system is in a sufficient state of repose to benefit from the supply, and of having the food unfit for easy digestion. The old campaigner, instructed by experience, restrains his appetite, kindles his fire, cooks his victuals, makes his arrangements for the night, with a deliberation surprising to the recruit; and he is amply repaid for his temporary self-denial.

STUDY AND SLEEP.—Mr Combe says that nature has allotted the darkness of the night for repose, and the restoration by sleep, of the exhausted energies of the body and mind. If study or composition be ardently engaged in, towards that period of the day, the increased action in the brain which always accompanies activity of mind, requires a long time to subside; and if the individual be of irritable habit, he will be sleepless for hours, or tormented with unpleasant dreams. If, nevertheless, the practice be continued, the want of refreshing repose will ultimately produce a state of irritability of the nervous system, approaching insanity. It is therefore of great advantage to engage in severe studies early in the day, and devote two or three hours preceding bed times to light reading, music, or amusing conversation.

TO TAKE GREASE OUT OF SILK.—If a little powdered magnesia be applied on the wrong side of silk, as soon as the spot is discovered, it is a never failing remedy, the dark spots disappearing as if by magic.

## THE COLONIAL PEARL.

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