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COLONIAL PEARL.

A VOLUME DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND RELIGION.

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MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

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

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

Nearly eight years have passed away, since, in the room at the other wing of this building, I read the first lecture delivered before the Institute after its formation. The scene is still fresh in my recollection. The room was badly lighted—the lecturer stood at a temporary desk, hastily arranged for the occasion; while around him was gathered an audience, which, whether their relative stations in society, or the feelings that actuated them, were considered, might be regarded as of a most miscellaneous description. A goodly number of those men whom I see before me now, who have steadily upheld the Institute ever since, through evil report and good report, were there: bent on a common object, believing in the possibility of spreading information without diminishing industry, but even they were sadly perplexed with doubts and fears, which often half overclouded their hopes and expectations. They had but little reliance on their own powers, for they had but seldom been called into exercise—the extent of their own information they hardly knew, for they had had but few opportunities of comparing their stores with those of the men they regarded as well informed. These persons were comparative strangers to each other: for they had only met on the bustling thoroughfares of life, where the worst points of character are those most prominently exhibited—and if they were associated with some others, known by reputation to all, there was perhaps fair ground to suspect the motives with which these had stepped forward to aid them in their enterprise. It was under these by no means favourable auspices, that the early friends of the Institute met for the first time in public. But there were others, who attended on that evening, in a very different spirit, and for very different objects:—who came to sneer at what they had determined not to assist—who regarded that band of knowledge-seeking Mechanics, as crackbrained or idle enthusiasts, who were aspiring to what was beyond their province, and who had much better be attending to their work, or spending their earnings at a tavern, according to the well established mode. As the restraints of order—the boundaries of debate—were unfamiliar to many, while many more had not acquired habits of self-confidence and of mutual reliance upon each other, these visitors, who came but “to spy out the nakedness of the land,” were not left without some materials for mirth; and, from what they saw and heard, confidently predicted the speedy downfall of the Institute. But the men who had begun this good work were not to be shaken by sneers, or discouraged by prophecies—they had put their hands to the plough, and were determined not to turn back. They met the difficulties which arose out of the jealousies or restlessness of a few, and the ignorance of the many; and, from the moment that the rules were fairly tested and understood, or rather from the time that all parties began to feel that a good Committee was better than a multitude of rules, the Institute may be said to have been fairly established, and, from that period down to the present time, it has met with no serious impediment, and has enjoyed a course of uninterrupted prosperity.

After an existence of eight years, in which nothing like internal dissension has lowered its character—in which attacks from without have been regarded with calm indifference—in which hundreds of regular attendants, and thousands of occasional visitors, have been instructed in the principles of science and encouraged in a love of letters and the arts,—am I not justified in the assertion, that this society has taken its place among the established institutions of the country, and has fairly answered every objection which its enemies urged against it?

May I not ask of many if not all who hear me, whether you are not more intelligent than you were? and yet are you less industrious? Are not the men who have steadily attended and sustained this Institute, among the most useful, laborious, attentive and punctual, in the several classes and occupations to which they belong? Are they not to be found as early and as late as their neighbours at their workshops, offices and stores? Are the families or others better provided for, or better behaved? The worst foe that the Institute ever had, will not venture to reply in the affirmative. And if this cannot with truth be said, may I not ask, if these men, without neglecting the stern and paramount obligations which they owe to their families and to society, have not enlarged their minds, cultivated their tastes, and multiplied the sources of rational pleasure, and exhilarating recreation, in those hours of leisure, which, thanks to Providence, in this country every occupation affords? If

this be the case, and if Halifax is more prosperous, more enterprising, wealthy and industrious in 1839 than it was in 1832, who will assert that, while undeniably you have reaped much advantage, the town has, as a whole, been injured by the operations of the Institute?

But the benefits derived from our exertions have not been confined to the town—the country has caught the spirit of enquiry and exertion, and similar societies have sprung into existence and are flourishing in many other parts of the province; while Institutes have been formed in New Brunswick and Prince Edward's Island, that, after a time, will become the prolific parents of a numerous progeny of similar societies, by which the population of these colonies cannot fail to be stimulated and informed.

Who can calculate the results of this increased intellectual activity? who can trace the varied streams of information which this Institute alone has circulated through a single community? how many absurd notions have been exploded by the lectures delivered from this platform, and the conversations and discussions which have occurred in this room? how many valuable facts have been made the common property of all—how many just views have been rendered familiar to our minds—how many thoughts and reflections have been roused within many that formerly lacked the means or the habit of useful and agreeable reflection? And if no one can gauge or estimate the good done, and the information diffused, by this society, how are the products to be estimated of all those institutions to which it has given birth? As from the loins of one human being a numerous progeny may descend, that, in the lapse of time, may expand into a nation—as from the product of a single grain, hundreds of acres may be covered with a ripening harvest, and many thousands may be fed—so, by the procreative power of the intellect, knowledge, and genius, and taste, go on expanding, until a whole people become educated, enterprising, prosperous and refined. One mind, directed to scientific pursuits, may lay the foundation of an extensive branch of natural industry—may cover a country with manufactures—crowd its seaports with the returns of foreign trade—or establish an institution by which for ages its society may be elevated and refined.

Looking back, then, upon the past history of the Institute, we see that much has been done; and with what appeared, at the outset, but very limited means. Who dreamed, when we commenced, that our worthy President was to step from behind his counter, to astonish and inform us with lectures on Chemistry, which, for clearness of style, and brilliant and successful illustrations, were not unworthy of a regular Professor of that branch? Who supposed that our old friend, Mr. O'Brien, whom I may call the Nestor of the Institute, laying aside his axe and his plane, was to instruct us in Geometry, and the figure and motions of the earth, and in fact to pour out upon every subject that he touches, a stream of information? Could we have dreamed that Mr. MacKenzie was more familiar with Meteorology, than with the manufacture of sugar plumbs—and that, while he was not inattentive to those occupations by which the wind was to be raised, he was familiar with every law of atmospheric pressure, every movement of the air which surrounds our globe? Who could have anticipated that Mr. Smithers, besides lecturing to us upon the rules of Perspective, a branch that, in the olden time, house painters did not very deeply study, would have lent us the aid of his pencil to decorate our walls with representations of the great monuments of the arts and sciences we hoped to diffuse?

These men, and a dozen more whose names I could mention, with equal commendation, if it were necessary, are still left to us—they are here beside the President, whoever he may be, almost every night, to lend the assistance of their talents, as willing to labour as ever, and with minds more closely trained and zeal not at all less ardent, than on the evening when we assembled for the first time. But, besides these ancient pillars of our edifice, every year supplies from among the intelligent and the industrious youth of the town, some props and aids to make it more secure. The Institute, in fact, in this respect, is not unlike the Eastern tree—the branches from which, striking into the soil, extend its grateful shade without diminishing its strength; and, in return for the sap by which they were nourished, give support to the parent stem. Our young friends Credd, Lynch, and others, were but boys when this Institute was projected—they are now men, able and willing to sustain it. While then we have lost but few of our old friends, we have reared many new ones, and every day is expanding some young mind, developing some new talent, and adding to the interest and variety of each succeeding course. Besides increasing the number of our lecturers, we have accumulated a goodly store of apparatus; while, under the fostering care of Mr. McDonald, our Museum is every month becoming not only more interesting to

ourselves, but a source of excitement and information to strangers

It is plain, therefore, that the Institute has not gone backwards, but that, in the expressive phraseology of our neighbours, it has “gone ahead”—not so fast as to be of a rickety and unstable constitution, but surely and steadily, with all the appearances of health and longevity about it, able to bear the rough fondling of its friends and, if it still has any, even the dextrous malice of its enemies. So far, then, we can look back with pleasure upon a path, every step of which exhibits progress. The question naturally arises now, what else is to be done? How are our time and resources to be made available, for the further diffusion of useful knowledge, and the cultivation of the intellect and taste of the community?

It is not my intention to recommend any wide departure from our accustomed course—in the main, I think we cannot do better than to pursue it. A list of lectures has been published, embracing a variety of interesting subjects, to be handled by men fully equal to the task; and it is probable that the remainder of the session will be amply provided for by the forethought and discretion of the committee in charge. But, while we should be in no haste to deviate from our old paths, or to startle each other with novelties—it is but right that, keeping our main objects steadily in view, and steering by those landmarks with which all are familiar, we should ask ourselves—Can any thing more be done to give to the Institute a higher character? Can we extend its scope and bearing and influence? Can we raise the Mechanics still further in the social scale, by fostering emulation—arousing honest pride in themselves, and in their occupations—and, without withdrawing their attention from the duties and utilities of life, give them a more abiding fondness for its purer and more intellectual pleasures.

One of the errors by which the world was for a long time misled, and one which it cost centuries to unlearn, was the notion that education could only be obtained in day schools or seminaries, to which the whole time of the learner must be devoted; and that those who had been denied in early life the blessings of instruction, must necessarily remain in a state of hopeless and effortless ignorance. A better philosophy, one more suitable to the genius of the age, and the circumstances in which the great mass of human beings find themselves placed, has of late prevailed; and it is now believed that the business of informing and training the mind may be steadily combined with the every day occupations of life, and that the assiduous cultivation of the intellect should only be abandoned when the faculties committed to our charge are overclouded by final disease, and the body itself is falling to decay. It has been proved that the judicious use of the leisure hours snatched from manhood may more than compensate for previous neglect, or the untoward circumstances of early youth. However sceptical some of us may have been on this point, our past experience has removed all doubts; and our appearance here this evening proves that we are prepared to carry on the good work of self-cultivation—encouraging and improving each other, by every means within our reach.

Another absurd notion was in former times religiously believed and is still cherished by many,—that Mechanics, and those who perform the manual labour in every society, wanted but little education, and that in fact it was dangerous to give them much. Against this absurd prejudice this numerous and valuable class have slowly but steadily fought their way, until it is now almost universally admitted, that each artizan should be master of the sciences which bear directly upon the occupation to which he has been bred. Few now undertake to deny us access to these, but many still hold to the opinion that to these alone, and perhaps to the simple laws of morals, our attention should be confined. I have ever contended for a more enlarged and liberal view of the character, capabilities and pursuits of the working classes; and I think that our aim should be, to give to those of Halifax, and of Nova Scotia generally, the largest amount of knowledge, and the highest degree of refinement that they are capable of receiving, without weakening the springs of industry.

I cannot believe that the all wise Creator of the Universe, who has spread the great book of universal nature open before the Mechanic, meant that his attention should be confined to any one science—I cannot believe that he who spreads the rainbow in the Heavens,—and on a Summer eve, decks the sky with beauty, to glad the eye of the Artizan returning from his toil, denied to him the privilege of copying these beauties, or investigating the laws of colours and the magic powers of light and shade,—I cannot believe that he who paints the rose, creates the cataract, piles the mountain, and awakes the storm, shuts out this large class of his creatures from the enjoyment, either in art or nature, of the beau-

tiful and sublime; nor can I believe that He who pours upon the ear of the Mechanic, in his morning-walk, the murmur of the rill, or the bird's sweet note, holds him guilty of partaking of forbidden pleasures, when he cultivates a taste for music, and beguiles a life of hardship with the charms of poeey, or listens in the bosom of his family to a cheerful song.

[To be continued.]

A TALE OF GRASMERE.

Such is the solitude—so deep, so seventimes guarded, and so rich in miniature beauty—of Easedale; and in this solitude it was that George and Sarah Green, two poor hard-working peasants, dwelt with a numerous family of small children. It is a custom, and a very ancient one, in Westmoreland—that any sale by auction, whether of cattle, farming produce, farming stock, wood, or household furniture—and seldom a fortnight passes without something of the sort—forms an excuse for the good women, throughout the whole circumference of perhaps a dozen valleys, to assemble at the place of sale with a nominal purpose of aiding the sale, or of buying something they may happen to want. In 1802, a sale, except it were of the sort exclusively interesting to farming men, was a kind of general intimation to the country, from the owner of the property, that he would on that afternoon, be "at home" for all comers, and hoped to see as large an attendance as possible. Accordingly, it was the almost invariable custom—and often, too when the parties were far too poor for such an effort of hospitality—to make ample provision, not of eatables, but of liquor, for all who came. The main secret of attraction at these sales was the social rendezvous effected between parties so remote from each other, that, in fact, without some such common object, and oftentimes something like a bisection of the interval between them, they would not be likely to hear of each other for months, or actually to meet for years. Taken generally, these were the most picturesque and festal meetings which the manners of the country produced. There you saw all ages and both sexes assembled: there you saw old men whose heads would have been studied for Gaius; there you saw the most colossal and stately figures amongst the young men that England has to show; there the most beautiful young women. There—that the social benevolence, the grave wisdom, the innocent mirth and the neighbourly kindness of the people, most delightfully expanded and expressed themselves with the least reserve.

To such a scene it was, to a sale of domestic furniture at the house of some proprietor on the point of giving up housekeeping, perhaps in order to live with a married son or daughter, that George and Sarah Green set forward in the forenoon of a day fated to be their last on earth. The sale was to have taken place in Langdalehead; to which, from their cottage in Easedale, it was possible in daylight and supposing no mist upon the hills, to find out a short cut of not more than eight miles. By this route they went; and, notwithstanding the snow lay on the ground, they reached their destination in safety. The attendance at the sale must have been diminished by the rigorous state of the weather; but still the scene was a gay one as usual. Sarah Green, though a good and worthy woman in her maturer years, had been imprudent and—on the tender consideration of the country is apt to express it—"unfortunate" in her youth. She had an elder daughter, who was illegitimate; and I believe the father of this girl was dead. The girl herself was grown up; and the peculiar solicitude of poor Sarah's maternal heart was at this time called forth on her behalf; she wished to see her placed in a very respectable house, where the mistress was distinguished for her notable qualities and her success in forming good servants. The object, so important to Sarah Green in the narrow range of her views, as in a more exalted family it might to procure the promotion of a lieutenant, and get a ship for him; or to get him "pested"—occupied her throughout the sale. A doubtful answer had been given to her application; and Sarah was going about the crowd, and weaving her person in and out in order to lay hold of this or that intercessor who might have, or might seem to have, some weight with the principal person concerned.

This was the last occupation which is known to have stirred the pulses of her heart. An illegitimate child is everywhere, even in the indulgent society of Westmoreland dalesmen, under some shade of discountenance; so that Sarah Green might consider her duty to be the stronger towards the child of her "misfortune." And she probably had another reason for her anxiety—as some words dropped by her on this evening led people to presume—in her conscientious desire to introduce her daughter into a situation less perilous than that which had compassed her own youthful steps with snares. If so, it is painful to know that the virtuous wish, should not have been fulfilled. Her ardour and her impassioned manner draw attention to what she did; but after she ceased to challenge notice by the emphasis of her solicitations for her daughter, she ceased to be noticed at all; and nothing was recollected of her subsequent behaviour until the time arrived for general separation. This time was considerably after sunset; and the final recollections of the crowd will refer to George and Sarah Green, were, that, upon their departure being understood to retrace their morning path, and to

attempt the perilous task of dropping down into Easedale from the mountains above Langdale Head, a sound of remonstrance arose from many quarters. However, at a moment when everybody was in the hurry of departure—and, to persons of their mature age, the opposition could not be very obstinate—party after party rode off; the meeting melted away, and, at length, nobody was left of any weight that could pretend to influence the decision of elderly people. They quitted the scene, professing to obey some advice or other upon the choice of roads; but, at as early a point as they could do so unobserved, began to ascend the hills, everywhere open from the rude carriage way. After this, they were seen no more. They had disappeared into the cloud of death. Voices were heard, some hours afterwards, from the mountains—voices, as some thought, of alarm; others said, no—that it was only the voices of jovial people. The result was, that no attention was paid to the sounds.

That night, in little peaceful Easedale, six children sat by a peat fire, expecting the return of their parents, upon whom they depended for their daily bread. Let a day pass, and they were starved. Every sound was heard with anxiety—Every sound, every echo amongst the hills was listened to for five hours—from seven to twelve. At length, the eldest girl of the family—about nine years old—told her little brothers and sisters to go to bed. They had been taught obedience; and all of them, at the voice of their eldest sister, went off fearfully to their beds. What should be their fears, it is difficult to say; they had no knowledge to instruct them in the dangers of the hills; but the eldest sister always averred that they had a deep solicitude, as she herself had, about their parents. Doubtless she had communicated her fears to them. Late and after midnight—the moon arose and shed a torrent of light upon the Langdale Falls, which had already, long hours before, witnessed in darkness the death of their parents.

That night and the following morning, came a further and a heavier fall of snow; in consequence of which the poor children were completely imprisoned, and cut off from all possibility of communicating with their next neighbours. The brook was too much for them to leap; and the little, crazy, wooden bridge could not be crossed or even approached with safety, from the drifting of the snow having made it impossible to ascertain the exact situation of some treacherous hole in its timbers, which, if trod upon, would have let a small child drop through into the rapid waters. Their parents did not return. For some hours of the morning the children clung to the hope that the extreme severity of the night had tempted them to sleep in Langdale; but this hope forsook them as the day wore away. Their father, George Green, had served as a soldier, and was an active man, of ready resources, who would not, under any circumstances, have failed to force a road back to his family, had he been still living; and this reflection, or rather semi-conscious feeling, which the awfulness of their situation forced upon the minds of all but the mere infants, taught them to feel the extremity of their danger. Wonderful it is to see the effect of sudden misery, sudden grief, or sudden fear, where they do not utterly upset the faculties, in sharpening the intellectual perceptions. Instances must have fallen in the way of most of us. And I have noticed frequently that even sudden and intense bodily pain is part of the machinery employed by nature for quickening the development of the mind. The poor desolate children of Bientarn Ghyll, hourly becoming more ruefully convinced that they were orphans, gave many evidences of this awakening power, as lodged, by a providential arrangement, in situations of trial that most require it. They huddled together, in the evening, round their hearth-fire of peats, and held their little councils upon what was to be done towards any chance—if chance remained—of yet giving aid to their parents; for a slender hope had sprung up that some hovel or sheepfold might have furnished them a screen, against the weather quarter of the storm, in which hovel they might be lying disabled or snowed up; and, secondly, as regarded themselves, in what way they were to make known their situation, in case the snow should continue or increase; for starvation stared them in the face, if they should be confined for many days to their house. Meantime, the eldest sister, little Agnes, though sadly alarmed, and feeling the sensation of dreariness as twilight came on, and she looked out from the cottage door to the dreadful fells, on which, too probably, her parents were lying corpaes, possibly not many hundred yards from their own threshold—yet exerted herself to take all the measures which their own prospects made prudent. She told Miss Wordsworth, that, in the midst of the oppression on her little spirit, from vague ghostly terrors, she did not fail to draw some comfort from the consideration, that the very same causes which produced their danger in one direction, sheltered them from danger of another kind—such dangers as she knew, from books that she had read, would have threatened a little desolate flock of children in other parts of England; that, if they could not get out into Grasmere, on the other hand, bad men, and wild sea-faring foreigners, who sometimes passed along the high road in that vale, could not get to them; and that, as to their neighbours, so far from having anything to fear in that quarter, their greatest apprehension was lest they might not be able

to acquaint them with their situation; but that, if that could be accomplished, the very sternest amongst them were kindhearted people, that would contend with each other for the privilege of assisting them. Somewhat cheered with these thoughts, and having caused all her brothers and sisters—except the two little things not yet of a fit age—to kneel down and say the prayers which they had been taught, this admirable little maiden turned herself to every household task that could have proved useful to them in a long captivity. First of all, upon some recollection that the clock was nearly going down, she wound it up. Next, she took all the milk which remained from what her mother had provided for the children's consumption during her absence, and for the breakfast of the following morning—this luckily was still in sufficient plenty for two days' consumption, skimmed or "blue" milk being only one half-penny a quart, and the quart a most redundant one, in Grasmere—this she took and scalded, so as to save it from turning sour. That done, she next examined the meal chest; made the common oatmeal porridge of the country, but put all of the children, except the two youngest, on short allowance; and, by way of reconciling them in some measure to this stinted meal, she found out a little hoard of flour, part of which she baked for them upon the hearth into little cakes; and this unusual delicacy persuaded them to think that they had been celebrating a feast. Next, before night coming on should make it too trying to her own feelings, or before fresh snow coming on might make it impossible, she issued out of doors. There her first task was, with the assistance of two younger brothers, to carry in from the peatstack as many peats as might serve them for a week's consumption. That done, in the second place, she examined the potatoes buried in withered fern: these were not many; and she thought it better to leave them where they were, excepting as many as would make a single meal, under a fear that the heat of their cottage would spoil them if removed. Having thus made all the provision in her power for supporting their own lives, she turned her attention to the cow. Her she milked; but, unfortunately the milk she gave, either from being badly fed, or from some other cause, was too trifling to be of much consideration towards the wants of a large family. Here, however, her chief anxiety was to get down the hay for the cow's food from a loft above the outhouse; and in this she succeeded but imperfectly, from want of strength and size to cope with the difficulties of the case; besides that the increasing darkness by this time, together with the gloom of the place, made it a matter of great self-conquest for her to work at all; and, as respected one night at any rate, she placed the cow in a situation of luxurious warmth and comfort. Then retreating into the warm house, and "barring" the door, she sat down to undress the two youngest of the children: them she laid carefully and cozily in their little nests up stairs, and sang them to sleep. The rest she kept up to bear her company until the clock should tell them it was midnight; up to which time she had still a lingering hope that some welcome shout from the hills above, which they were all to strain their ears to catch, might yet assure them that they were not wholly orphans, even though one parent should have perished. No shout, it may be supposed, was ever heard; nor could a shout, in any case, have been heard, for the night was one of turbulent wind. And though amidst its ravings, sometimes they fancied a sound of voices, still, in the dead falls that now and then succeeded, they heard nothing to confirm their hopes. As last services to what she might now have called her own little family, Agnes took precautions against the drifting of the snow within the door and the imperfect window, which had caused them some discomfort on the preceding day; and, finally, she adopted the most systematic and elaborate plans of preventing the possibility of their fire being extinguished, which, in the event of their being thrown upon the ultimate resource of their potatoes, would be absolutely indispensable to their existence.

The night slipped away, and another morning came, bringing with it no better hopes of any kind. Change there had been none, but for the worse. The snow had greatly increased in quantity; and the drifts seemed far more formidable. A second day passed like the first; little Agnes still keeping all her flock quiet, and tolerably comfortable; and still calling on all the elders in succession to say their prayers, morning and night.

A third day came; and whether it was on that or on the fourth, I do not now recollect; but on one or other there came a welcome gleam of hope. The arrangement of the snow drifts had shifted during the night; and though the wooden bridge was still impracticable, a low wall had been exposed, over which, by a very considerable circuit, and crossing the low shoulder of a hill, it seemed possible that a road might be found into Grasmere. In some walls it was necessary to force gaps; but this was effected without much difficulty. The little boys accompanied their sister until she came to the other side of the hill, which lying more sheltered from the weather, and to windward, offered a path onwards comparatively easy. Here they parted; and little Agnes pursued her solitary mission to the nearest house she could find accessible in Grasmere.

No house could have proved a wrong one in such a case. And I can hardly describe the description renewed, of the horror which, in an instant, displaced the smile of hospitable greeting, when little

weeping Agnes told her sad tale. No tongue can express the fervid sympathy which travelled through the vale, when it was learned that neither George nor Sarah Green had been seen by their children since the day of the Langdale sale. Within half an hour, or little more, from the remotest parts of the valley—some of them distant nearly two miles from the point of rendezvous—all the men of Grasmere had assembled at the little cluster of cottages called "Kirktown," from their adjacency to the venerable parish church of St. Oswald. There were, at the time I settled in Grasmere, about sixty-three households in the vale; and the total number of souls was about 265; so that the number of fighting men would be about sixty, according to the common way of computing the proportion; and the majority were so athletic and powerfully built, that, at the village games of wrestling and leaping, Professor Wilson, and some visitors of his, scarcely one of whom was under five feet eleven in height, with proportionable breadth, seemed but middle sized men amongst the towering forms of the Dalesmen. Sixty at least, after a short consultation as to the plan of operations, and for arranging the kind of signals by which they were to communicate from great distances, and in the perilous event of mists or snow storms, set off, with the speed of Alpine hunters, to the hills. The dangers of the undertaking were considerable, under the uneasy and agitated state of the weather; and all the women of the vale were in the greatest anxiety, until night brought them back, in a body, unsuccessful. Three days at the least, and I rather think five, the search was ineffectual: which arose partly from the great extent of ground to be examined, and partly from the natural mistake made of ranging almost exclusively on the earlier days on that part of the hills over which the path to Easedale might be presumed to have been selected under any reasonable latitude of circuitousness. But the fact is, when the fatal accident of a permanent mist surprises a man on the hills, if he turns and loses his direction, he is a lost man; and without doing this so as to lose the power in one instant, it is well known how difficult it is to avoid losing it insensibly and by degrees. Baffling snow showers are the worst kind of mists. And the poor Greens had, under that kind of confusion, wandered many a mile out of their proper track. The zeal of the people, meantime, was not in the least abated, but rather quickened, by the wearisome disappointments; every hour of day light was turned to account; no man of the valley ever came home to dinner; and the reply of a young shoemaker on the fourth night's return, speaks sufficiently for the unabated spirit of the vale. Miss Wordsworth asked what he would do on the next morning. "Go up again, of course," was his answer. But what if to-morrow also should turn out like all the rest? "Why go up in a stronger force on the next day." Yet this man was sacrificing his own daily earnings without a chance of recompense. At length, sagacious dogs were taken up; and, about noonday, a shout from an ærial height, amongst thick volumes of cloudy vapour, propagated through repeating bands of men from a distance of many miles, conveyed as by telegraph the news that the bodies were found. George Green was found at the bottom of a precipice. Sarah Green was found on the summit of what had passed, the sad hieroglyphics of their last agonies, it was conjectured that the husband had desired his wife to pause for a few minutes, wrapping her mean time, in his own great coat, whilst he should go forward and reconnoitre the ground in order to catch a sight of some object, (rocky peak, or tarn, or peat field,) which might ascertain their real situation. Either the snow above, already lying in drifts, or the blinding snow storms driving into his eyes, must have misled him as to the nature of the circumjacent ground; for the precipice over which he had fallen was but a few yards from the spot in which he had quitted his wife. The depth of the descent, and the fury of the wind, almost always violent on these cloudy altitudes, would prevent any distinct communication between the dying husband below and the despairing wife above; but it was believed by the shepherds, best acquainted with the ground and the range of sound as regarded the capacities of the human ear under the probable circumstances of the storm, that Sarah might have caught, at intervals, the groans of her unhappy partner, supposing that his death was at all a lingering one. Others, on the contrary, supposed her to have gathered this catastrophe rather from the want of any sounds, and his continued absence than from any one distinct or positive expression of it; both because the smooth and unruffled surface of the snow where he lay seemed to argue that he had died without a struggle, perhaps without a groan, and because that tremendous sound of "hurting" in the upper chambers of the air, which often accompanies a snow storm, when combined with heavy gales of wind, would utterly oppress and stifle any sounds so feeble as those from a dying man. In any case, and by whatever sad language of sounds or signs, positive or negative, she might have learned or guessed her loss, it was generally agreed that the wild shrieks heard towards midnight in Langdale Head announced the agonizing moment which brought to her now widowed heart the conviction of utter desolation, and of final abandonment to her own fast-fleeting energies. It seemed probable that the sudden disappearance of her husband from her pursuing eyes would teach her to understand his fate; and that the conse-

quent in definite apprehension of instant death lying all around the point on which she sat, had kept her stationary to the very attitude in which her husband left her, until her failing powers and the increasing bitterness of the cold, to one no longer in motion, would soon make those changes of place impossible, which, at any rate, had appeared too dangerous. The footsteps in some places, wherever drifting had not obliterated them, yet traceable as to the outline, satisfactorily shewed that however much they might have rambled, after crossing and doubling upon their own paths, and many a mile astray from their right track, still they must have kept together to the very plateau or shelf of rock at which their wanderings had terminated. By the time they had reached this final stage of their erroneous course, all possibility of escape must have been long over for both alike; because their exhaustion must have been excessive before they could have reached a point so remote and high; and, unfortunately, the direct result of all this exhaustion had been to throw them farther off their home, or from "any dwelling place of man," than they were at starting. Here, therefore, at this rocky pinnacle, hope was extinct for either party. But it was the impression of the vale, that, perhaps, within half an hour before reaching this fatal point, George Green might, had his conscience or his heart allowed him in so base a desertion, have saved himself singly, without any very great difficulty.

For his wife not only must have disabled him greatly by clinging to his arm for support; but it was known, from her peculiar character and manner, that she would be likely to rob him of his coolness and presence of mind by too painfully fixing his thoughts, where her own would be busiest, upon their helpless little family. "Stung with the thoughts of home"—alternately thinking of the blessedness of that warm fire side at Blentarn Ghyll, which was not again to spread its genial glow through her freezing limbs, and of those darling little faces which, in this world, she was to see no more; unintentionally, and without being aware even of that result, she would rob the brave man of his fortitude, and the strong man of his animal resources. And yet—had Sarah Green foreseen, could her affectionate heart have guessed even the tenth part of that love and neighborly respect for herself, which soon afterwards expressed themselves in showers of bounty to her children; could she have looked behind the curtain of destiny sufficiently to learn that the very desolation of these poor children which wrung her maternal heart, and doubtless constituted to her the sting of death, would prove the signal and the pledge of such anxious guardianship as not many rich men's children receive, and that this overflowing offering to her own memory would not be a hasty or decaying tribute of the first sorrowing sensibilities, but would pursue her children steadily until their hopeful settlement in life—or anything approaching this, to have known or have guessed, would have caused her, as all said who knew her, to welcome the bitter end by which such privileges were to be purchased.

The funeral of the ill-fated Greens was, it may be supposed, attended by all the vale; it took place about eight days after they were found; and the day happened to be in the most perfect contrast to the sort of weather which prevailed at the time of their misfortune; some snow still remained here and there upon the ground; but the azure of the sky was unstained by a cloud; and a golden sunlight seemed to sleep, so balmy and tranquil was the scene, upon the very hills where they had wandered—then a howling wilderness, but now a green pastoral lawn, to its lower ranges, and a glittering expanse, smooth, apparently, and not difficult to the footing of virgin snow, in its higher. George Green had an elder family by a former wife; and it was for some of those children, who lived at a distance, and who wished to give their attendance at the grave, that the funeral was delayed. After this solemn ceremony was over—at which the grief of Sarah's illegitimate daughter was the most overwhelming—a regular distribution of the children was made among the wealthier families of the vale. There had already, and before the funeral, been a perfect struggle to obtain one of the children, amongst all who had any facilities for discharging the duties of such a trust; and even the poorest had put in their claim to bear some part in the expenses of the case. But it was judiciously decided, that none of the children should be entrusted to any persons who seemed likely, either from old age, or from slender means, or from nearer and more personal responsibilities, to be under the necessity of devolving the trust, sooner or later, upon strangers, who might have none of the interest in the children which attached, in their minds, the Grasmere people to the circumstances that made them orphans. Two twins, who had naturally played together and slept together from their birth, passed into the same family; the others were dispersed; but into such kind hearted and intelligent families, with continual opportunities of meeting each other on errands or at church, or at sales, that it was hard to say which had the happier fate. And thus, in so brief a period as one fortnight, a household that, by health and strength, by the humility of poverty, and by innocence of life, seemed sheltered from all attacks, but those of time, came to be utterly broken up. George and Sarah Green slept in Grasmere churchyard, never more to know the want of "sun or guiding star." Their children were scattered over wealthier houses than those of their poor parents, through the

vales of Grasmere or Rydal; and Blentarn Ghyll, after being shut up for a season, and ceasing for months to send up its little slender column of smoke at morning and evening, finally passed into the hands of a stranger.

The Wordsworths, meantime, were so much interested in the future fortunes and suitable education of the children, that they energetically applied themselves to the task of raising funds by subscription. The Royal Family were made acquainted with the details of the case; they were powerfully affected by the story, especially by the account of little Agnes, and her premature assumption of the maternal character; and they contributed most munificently. Miss Wordsworth, upon my proposal to write to various ladies, upon whom I knew that I could rely for their several contributions, wrote back to me, desiring that I would not; and upon this satisfactory reason—that the fund had already swelled under the Royal patronage, and the interest excited by so much of the circumstances as could be reported in hurried letters, to an amount beyond what was likely to be wanted.—*Autobiography of an English Opium Eater.*

RUBENS AND THE SPANISH MONK.

One day, during his residence in Spain, Rubens made an excursion in the environs of Madrid, accompanied by several of his pupils. He entered a convent, where he observed with no small degree of surprise, in the choir of the chapel, a picture which bore evidence of having been executed by an artist of sublime genius. The picture represented the death of a monk. Rubens called his pupils, showed them the picture, and they all shared the admiration which the *chef d'œuvre* elicited from their master.

"Who painted this picture?" inquired Van Dyck, the favorite pupil of Rubens.

"The name of the artist has been inscribed at the bottom of the picture," observed Van Tulden, "but it has been carefully effaced."

Rubens sent for the old prior of the convent, and requested that he would tell him the name of the artist.

"The painter is no longer of this world," answered the monk.

"What!" exclaimed Rubens, "dead! and unknown! His name deserves to be immortal; it would have obliterated the remembrance of mine." "And yet," added he with pardonable vanity, "I am Peter Paul Rubens."

At these words the pale countenance of the monk became flushed and animated. His eyes sparkled, and he fixed on Rubens a look which betrayed a stronger feeling than curiosity. But this excitement was merely momentary. The monk cast down his eyes, crossed on his bosom the arms which he had raised to heaven by an impulse of enthusiasm, and repeated:

"The artist is no longer of this world."

"Tell me his name, father," exclaimed Rubens; "tell me his name, I conjure you, that I may repeat it throughout the world, and give him the glory which is his due!" And Rubens, Van Dyck, Jordaens, Van Nuel, and Van Tulden, surrounded the prior, and earnestly entreated that he would tell them the name of the painter.

The monk trembled, and his lips convulsively quivered, as if ready to reveal the secret. Then, making a solemn motion with his hand, he said:

"Hear me! You misunderstand what I said. I told you the name of the painter of that picture was no longer of this world; but I did not mean that he was dead."

"Does he then live? Oh! tell us where we may find him!"

"He has renounced the world, and retired to a cloister. He is a monk."

"A monk, father! a monk! Oh! tell me then in what convent he is, for he must quit it. When Heaven marked a man with the stamp of genius, that man should not bury himself in solitude. God has given him a sublime mission, and he must fulfil it. Tell me the cloister in which he is hidden. I will draw him from his retirement, and show him the glory that awaits him. Should he refuse, I will procure an order from our holy father the pope, to make him return to the world and exercise his talent. The pope, father, is a kind friend to me, and he will listen to me."

"I will neither tell you his name nor that of the convent to which he has retired," replied the monk in a resolute tone.

"But the pope will compel you to do so," exclaimed Rubens impatiently.

"Hear me," said the monk, "hear me in the name of Heaven. Can you imagine that this man, before he quitted the world—before he renounced fortune and fame—did not struggle painfully against that resolution? Can you believe, that anything short of the most cruel deception and bitter sorrow, could have brought him to the conviction that all here below is mere vanity? Leave him then to die in the asylum to which he has fled from the world and despair. Besides, all your efforts would be fruitless. He would triumphantly resist every temptation. [Here he made the sign of the cross.] God would not refuse him his aid! God, who in his mercy has called him to himself, will not dismiss him from his presence."

"But, father, he has renounced immortality!"

"Immortality is nothing in comparison with eternity!"

The monk drew his cowl over his forehead, and changed the conversation, so as to prevent Rubens from further urging his plea.

The celebrated Flemish artist left the convent accompanied by his brilliant train of pupils; and they all returned to Madrid, lost in conjectures respecting the painter whose name had been obstinately withheld from them.

The prior returned to his lonely cell, knelt down on the straw mat which served as his bed, and offered up a fervent prayer to Heaven.

He then collected together his pencils, his colours, and a small easel, and threw them into a river which flowed beneath the window of his cell. He gazed for some moments in profound melancholy on the stream which soon drifted these objects from his sight. When they had disappeared, he once more knelt down to pray on his straw mat, and before his wooden crucifix.

THE OTTER.

Goldsmith, in his animated description of the otter, particularly mentions one he had himself seen, which entered a pond as often as was required, and brought out fish for the use of its master. This fact is certainly extraordinary, for although I have seen various domesticated otters, they all, so far as I could ever learn, fished furtively, and on their own account. I have been assured, however, by a clergyman in Galloway, that there was an otter in Dalbeattie, within the last few years, which purveyed extensively in the same way. Its mistress was a poor widow woman, and the otter, when led forth, plunged into the Urr or the neighbouring burns, and brought out all the fish it could find. The widow rewarded it well for its trouble, and carried the surplus home to her young family.

In June, 1828, I visited a tame otter which is kept at Corsbie House, the residence of the Hon. M. Stewart. A few years previous, a litter of cubs, to the number of three, and all females, were caught at one of the Penningham Locks, and consigned to the care of an ancient domestic, who brought the whole up so far "on the pan and the spoon." The whelps, which at this time were hardly so big as a full-grown rat, were so active, restless, and even vicious, that the woman, while feeding them, was frequently bitten. One of the three was gifted by Mr. Stewart to an English nobleman, and the others, though always firm and united in repelling the attacks of cats and dogs, had so many separate causes of jealousy, and fought so fiercely when left by themselves—that the one at last killed the other. The survivor received the name of Tibby, and was permitted for months to traverse the *but and ben* of her nurse's cottage, and follow her like a dog wherever she went. In this state of comparative freedom, the animal became exceedingly knowing and sly, and not only made free with ducklings, chickens, and hen eggs, but on one occasion furtively stole and carried off a piece of meat from a tureen or pot, long before the broth had become quite cool. At other times she mounted the kitchen dresser, and frisked about with her long tail to the great detriment of the plates and dishes; and for these and similar peccadilloes she was banished forthwith from human society, and confined within four stone walls. A house, in fact, was built for her in the corner of a very beautiful garden: and in this snug retreat she enjoys every comfort, is accommodated with a court of air and exercise, a bed-chamber in the corner, sheltered from the rain, and, what seems most essential to an otter's comfort, a large stone trough, filled with water. A spring brought from some of the neighboring heights enters, and then escapes from the garden: one pellucid pipe feeds the trough, and a second prevents it from running over; and here, in winter as well as summer, the animal may be seen swimming and diving, and assuming the most beautiful attitudes imaginable. For ease, elegance, precision, agility, her performance rivals, or rather outstrips, that of a professor of the tight rope; and like him, too, she pauses at the end of every act—leaning as lightly on the surface of the water as the falcon does on the breast of the sky—to enjoy the plaudits that are ready to be showered on her, or modestly solicit a mouthful of food as the well-earned reward of her innocent exertions. Last year, however, a circumstance occurred that had rather an unfavorable effect upon the otter, and made her forego all her wonted customs of exercise. A mason had been employed to rough-cast the walls of her house, and some of the lime having fallen into the trough, the poor animal's feet were so much scalded, that she became afraid of her natural element. Her appearance suffered from the same cause, and with the view of varying her amusements and improving her health, she was allowed to run about the garden: and then, to the surprise of many, she evinced a great fondness for gooseberries. These she managed to pluck by standing on her hind legs like a dog, but at the same time appeared very well pleased when any one condescended to cater for her. No coaxing could induce her at this time to remain above an instant in the water. The stomach of an otter is perhaps as accommodating as that of a dog; for though fish, speaking generally, form the staple of their food, there can be no doubt that they also prey extensively on fowls. In their natural state, they catch ducklings among the reeds and sedges, as well as moor-game when very young. Of the one in question I can safely state that she climbs her keeper's back, fondles about her like a pup or kitten, and even seems inclined to salute her cheek when permitted to carry her freedoms so far. At other times she bites right and left, and her nurse, after several years' experience, avers, "that she's ay angry when she's hungry, and that she wadna trust her over far yet."

While in Newton-Stewart, in the month of July last, I again visited my old friend the otter, and was happy to find her as sleek, active, and amusing as ever. She had now no dread of the trough or the lime that had defiled it; but, on the contrary, entered the water freely, and while disporting on its bosom assumed, as before, the most beautiful attitudes. On watching her narrowly, I discovered that she could not stand long on her hind legs, that she is remarkably cleanly in all her habits; that, when thirsty, she avoids the trough she bathes in, and applies her mouth to the pipe that feeds it, drinking very little at a time, and occasionally washing her face with her paws. The sight of burning embers frightens her greatly, and her keeper, Nelly Cowan, assured me, that, when

a pup, and an inmate of her cottage, nothing could induce her to go near the fire. She is still, however, so irascible, that I offended her highly by throwing into the trough a small tin vessel. This intruder into her watery home she seemed determined to eject by hook or by crook, and kept tossing it to and fro across the bottom for the space, I am certain, of half an hour. At times she succeeded in raising it to the surface, and as often missed her mark, by opening her paws prematurely. On this occasion, she flew into a high passion, and leaving the bit of tin to its fate for a moment, actually clambered up the side wall of her dwelling, with the view, as Nelly Cowan asserted, of biting, if she could, the nose off the face of the person who had ventured to give her so much annoyance. Altogether, the otter kept at Corsbie House is a great curiosity, and a great ornament to the Hon. Mr. Stewart's garden.

Since writing the above, I have been reminded of another tame otter, the manners of which I was requested to describe in February, 1827, by Norman Lockhart, Esq., Lanarkshire. Some time in the beginning of that year, my informant paid a visit to his friend, Mr. Monteith, of Carstairs, and while about to depart was surprised to see a curious looking animal issuing from the dog-kennel, and anon running about the wheels of his carriage, when called on by the appropriate name of "Neptune." This circumstance naturally led to some inquiry, from which it appeared that the otter was caught in the spring, 1825, when only a few days old, and actually suckled by a pointer bitch! At first it was as wild as the Corsbie cub, but afterwards it became so tame and domestic that the gamekeeper was induced to take it under his especial patronage. And undoubtedly the man had good reasons for so doing. As the purveyor of game, he could do little without his faithful canine *allis*, and the other's services were found equally useful in another way—that is, in procuring a dish of excellent burn trout, when the nature of the weather or season was such, that the finny people refused to rise, whether tempted by bait or fly. Though he frequently stole away at night to fish by the pale light of the moon, and associate with his kindred by the river side, his master, of course, was too generous to find any fault with his peculiar mode of spending his evening hours. In the morning he was always at his post in the kennel, and no animal understood better the secret of "keeping his own side of the house." Indeed his pugnacity in this respect gave him a great *lift* in the favor of the gamekeeper, who talked of his feats wherever he went, and averred besides, that if the best cur that ever ran "only daured to girn" at his protegee, he would soon "mak his teeth meet thro' him." To mankind, however, he was much more civil, and allowed himself to be gently lifted by the tail, though he objected to any interference with his snout, which is probably with him the seat of honor. As an angler, his reputation was advancing so rapidly at the time mentioned, that one or two of Mr. Monteith's neighbors had some thoughts of borrowing him a day or two in spring for the purpose of ascertaining the quality and size of the larger trout in the pools on their estates.

GRASMERE.

The little valley of Easedale is one of the most impressive solitudes amongst the mountains of the lake district. Easedale is impressive, first, as a solitude; for the depth of the seclusion is brought out and forced more pointedly upon the feelings by the thin scattering of houses over its sides and the surface of what may be called its floor. These are not above five or six at the most; and one, the remotest of the whole, was untenanted for all the thirty years of my acquaintance with the place. Secondly, it is impressive from the excessive loveliness which adorns its little area. This is broken up into small fields and miniature meadows, separated, not by stone walls, but sometimes by little hedge-rows, sometimes by a little, sparkling, pebbly "beck," lustrous to the very bottom, and not too broad for a child's flying leap; and sometimes by self-sown woodlands of birch, alder, holly, mountain ash, and hazel, that meander through the valley, intervening the different estates with natural sylvan marches, and giving cheerfulness in winter by the bright scarlet of their barrier. It is the character of all the northern English valleys, that they assume, in their bottom areas, the level floor-like shape, making everywhere a direct angle with the surrounding hills, and definitely marking out the margin of their outlines; whereas the Welch valleys have too often the glaring imperfection of the basin shape, which allows no sense of any absolute valley surface: the hills are already commencing at the very centre of what is called the level area. The little valley of Easedale is, in this respect, as highly finished as in every other; and in the Westmoreland spring, which may be considered May and the earlier half of June, while the grass in the meadows is yet short from the habit of keeping the sheep on it until a much later period than elsewhere, the little fields in Easedale have the most lawny appearance, and, from the humidity of the Westmoreland climate, the most verdant that is possible to imagine; and on a gentle vernal day—when vegetation has been far enough advanced to bring out the leaves, an April sun gleaming coyly through the clouds, and genial April rain gently penciling the light spray of the woods with tiny pearl drops—I have often thought, whilst looking with silent admiration upon this exquisite

composition of landscape, with its miniature fields, running up like forest glades into miniature woods; its little columns of smoke breathing up like incense to the household gods from the hearths of two or three picturesque cottages—abodes of simple primitive manners, and what, from personal knowledge, I will call humble-virtue—whilst my eyes rested on this charming combination of lawns and shrubberies, I have thought that, if a scene on this earth could deserve to be sealed up, like the valley of Rasselas, against the intrusions of the world—if there were one to which a man would willingly surrender himself a prisoner for the years of a long life—that it is—this Easedale—which would justify the choice and recompense the sacrifice. But there is a third advantage possessed by this Easedale, above other rival valleys, in the sublimity of its mountain barriers. In one of its many rocky recesses is seen a "force," (such is the local name for a cataract) white with foam, descending at all seasons with respectable strength, and, after the melting snows, with an Alpine violence. Follow the leading of this "force" for three quarters of a mile, and you come to a little mountain lake, locally termed a "tarn,"* the very finest and most gloomily sublime of its class. From this tarn it was, I doubt not, though applying it to another, that Wordsworth drew the circumstances of his general description:—

Thither the rainbow comes, the cloud,
And mists that spread the flying shroud;
And winds
That, if they could, would hurry past;
But that enormous barrier binds it fast.

And far beyond this "enormous barrier," that thus imprisons the very winds, tower upwards the aspiring heads, usually enveloped in cloud and mist, of Glaramara, Bow Fell, and the other fells of Langdale Head and Borrowdale. Finally, superadded to the other circumstances of solitude, arising out of the rarity of human life, and of the signs which mark the goings on of human life—two other accidents there are of Easedale, which sequester it from the world, and intensify its depths of solitude beyond what could be well looked for or thought possible in any vale within a district so beaten by modern tourists.—One is, that it is a chamber within a chamber, or rather a closet within a chamber—a chapel within a cathedral—a little private oratory within a chapel. For Easedale is, in fact, a dependancy of Grasmere—a little recess lying within the same general basin of mountains, but partitioned off by a screen of rock and swelling uplands, so inconsiderable in height, that when surveyed from the commanding summits of Fairfield or Seat Sandal, they seem to subside into the level area, and melt into the general surface. But, viewed from below, these petty heights form a sufficient partition; which is pierced, however, in two points—once by the little murmuring brook threading its silvery line onwards to the lake of Grasmere, and again by a little rough lane, barely capable of receiving a post-chaise. This little lane keeps ascending amongst wooded steepes for a quarter of a mile; and then by a downward course of a hundred yards or so, brings you to a point at which the little valley suddenly bursts upon you with as full a revelation of its tiny proportions, as the traversing of the wooded back-grounds will permit. The lane carries you at last to a little wooden bridge, practicable for pedestrians; but, for carriages, even the doubtful road, already mentioned, ceases altogether: and this fact, coupled with the difficulty of suspecting a lurking paradise from the high road through Grasmere, at every point of which the little partition crowds up, with the capital barriers in the rear, securing, in fact, not so much to blend with them as to be a part of them, may account for the neglect of Easedale in the tourist's route; and also because there is no one separate object, such as a lake or a splendid cataract, to bribe the interest of those who are hunting after sights; for the "force" is comparatively small, and the tarn is beyond the limits of the vale, as well as difficult of approach. One other circumstance there is about Easedale which completes its demarcation, and makes it as entirely a landlocked little park, within a ring fence of mountains, as ever human art, if rendered capable of dealing with mountains and their arrangement, could have contrived. The sole approach, as I have mentioned, is from Grasmere; and some one outlet there must inevitably be in every vale that can be interesting to a human occupant, since without water it would not be habitable; and running water must force an exit for itself, and, consequently, an inlet for the world; but, properly speaking, there is no other. For, when you explore the remoter end of the vale, at which you suspect some communication with the world outside, you find before you a most formidable amount of climbing, the extent of which can hardly be measured where there is no solitary object of human workmanship or vestige of animal life, not a sheep-track even, not a shepherd's hovel, but rock and heath, heath and rock, tossed about in monotonous confusion. And, after the ascent is mastered, you descend into a second vale—long, narrow, sterile, known by the name of "Far Easedale:" from which point, if you could drive a tunnel below the everlasting hills, perhaps six or seven miles might bring you to the nearest habitation of man, in Borrowdale; but, crossing the mountains, the road cannot be less than twelve or fourteen, and, in point of fatigue, at the least twenty. This long val-

* A tarn is a small lake, and always, as I think, lying above the level of the inhabited valleys and the large lakes; and subject to this further condition, that it has no main feeder.

ley, which is really terrific at noon-day, from its utter loneliness and desolation, completes the defences of little sylvan Easedale. There is one door into it from the Grasmere side; but that door is hidden; and on every other quarter there is no door at all, nor any, the roughest, access, but what would demand a day's walking.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE EAST.

Our countrymen, English and Irish, travel so much now a days, that one ought never to feel surprised at finding them any where. The instance I am about to relate will verify to a certain extent the fact, by showing that no situation is too odd or too unlikely to be within the verge of calculation.

When the 10th foot, to which I then belonged, were at Corfu, I obtained, with three other officers, a short leave of absence, make a hurried tour of the Morea, and take a passing glance at Constantinople—in those days much less frequently visited by travellers than at present.

After rambling pleasantly about for some weeks, we were about to return, when we determined that before sailing we should accept an invitation some officers of the "Dwarf" frigate, then stationed there, had given us, to pass a day at Pera, and picnic in the mountain.

One fine bright morning was therefore selected—a most appetizing little dinner being carefully packed up—we set out, a party of fourteen, upon our excursion.

The weather was glorious, and the scene far finer than any of us had anticipated—the view from the mountain extending over the entire city, gorgeous in the rich colouring of its domes and minaret; while, at one side, the golden horn was visible, crowded with ships of every nation, and, at the other, a glimpse might be had of the sea of Marmora, blue and tranquil as it lay beneath.

The broad bosom of the Bosphorus was sheeted out like a map before us—peaceful, yet bustling with life and animation. Here lay the union-jack of old England, floating beside the lilies of France—we speak of times when lilies were and barricades were not—the tall and tapering spars of a Yankee frigate towering above the low timbers and heavy hull of a Dutch schooner—the gilded poop and curved galleries of a Turkish three-decker, anchored beside the raking mast and curved deck of a suspicious looking craft, whose red-capped and dark-visaged crew needed not the naked croese at their sides to bespeak them Malays.—The whole was redolent of life, and teeming with food for one's fancy to conjure from.

While we were debating upon the choice of a spot for our luncheon, which should command the chief points of view within our reach, one of the party came to inform us that he had just discovered the very thing we were in search of. It was a small kiosk, built upon a projecting rock that looked down upon the Bosphorus and the city, and had evidently, from the extended views it presented, been selected as a spot to build upon. The building itself was a small octagon, open on every side, and presenting a series of prospects, land and seaward, of the most varied and magnificent kind.

Seeing no one near, nor any trace of habitation, we resolved to avail ourselves of the good taste of the founder: and spreading out the contents of our kaisers, proceeded to discuss an excellent cold dinner. When the good things had disappeared, and the wine began to circulate, one of the party observed that we should not think of enjoying ourselves before we had filled a bumper to the brim, to the health of our good king, whose birth day it chanced to be. Our homeward thoughts and loyalty uniting, we filled our glasses, and gave so hearty a "hip, hip, hurra," to our toast, that I doubt if the echoes of those old rocks ever heard the equal of it.

Scarcely was the last cheer dying away in the distance, when the door of the kiosk opened, and a negro dressed in white muslin appeared, his arms and ancles bearing those huge rings of massive gold, which only persons of rank distinguish their servants by.

After a most profound obeisance to the party, he explained in very tolerable French, that his master the Effendi, Ben Mustapha Al Hahak, at whose charge (in house rent) we were then feasting, sent us, greeting, and begged that, if not considered as contrary to our usages, etc., that we should permit him and his suite to approach the kiosk and observe us at our meal.

Independent of his politeness in the mode of conveying the request, as he would prove fully as entertaining a sight to us as we could possibly be to him, we immediately expressed our great willingness to receive his visit, coupled with a half hint that perhaps he might honour us by joining the party.

After a half-hour's delay, the door was once more thrown open, and a venerable old Turk entered: he salaamed three times most reverently, and motioned to us to be seated, declining at the same time, by a gentle gesture of his hand, our invitation. He was followed by a train of six persons, all splendidly attired, and attesting, by their costume and manner, the rank and importance of their chief. Conceiving that as his visit had but one object—to observe our convivial customs—we immediately re-seated ourselves, and filled our glasses.

As one after one the officers of the effendi's household passed round the apartments, we offered them a goblet of champagne,

which they severally declined, with a polite but solemn smile—all except one, a large, savage-looking Turk, with a most ferocious scowl, and the largest black beard I ever beheld. He did not content himself with a mute refusal of our offer, but, stopping suddenly, he raised up his hands above his head, and muttered some words in Turkish, which one of the party informed us was a very satisfactory recommendation of the whole company to Satan, for their heretic abomination.

The procession moved slowly round the room, and when it reached the door, again retired, each member of it salaaming three times as they had done on entering. Scarcely had they gone, than we burst into a loud fit of laughter at the savage looking fellow who thought proper to excommunicate us, and were about to discuss his more than common appearance of disgust at our proceedings, when again the door opened, and a turbaned head peeped in, but so altered were the features, that although seen but the moment before, none of us could believe them the same. The dark complexion—the long and bushy beard were there—but instead of the sleepy and solemn character of the oriental, with heavy eye and closed lip, there was a droll, half-devilry in the look and partly open mouth, that made a most laughable contrast with the head-dress. He looked stealthily around him for an instant, as if to see that all was right, and then, with an accent and expression I shall never forget, said, "I'll taste your wine, gentlemen, av it be pleasing to you."—*Dublin University Magazine.*

From an American paper.

DEVOTIONAL POETRY.

We have seldom met poetry of the same class which suited our taste better than the following stanzas, by Bishop Keble, of England, in the "Forms of Burial to be used at Sea." In this little poem, as the New York Review remarks, the allusion to the presence of the Church, as a mother, even on the deep, in the second strophe, is very touching in its beauty. And in the third, the allusion to the Meteor Cross of England, always displayed on British vessels on Sundays, is as thrilling as the unfurling of the banner itself:

LINES.

BY BISHOP KEBLE.

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee."

The shower of moonlight falls as still and clear
Upon the desert main,
As where sweet flowers some pastoral garden cheer
With fragrance, after rain:
The wild winds rustle in the piping shrouds,
As in the quivering trees:
Like summer fields beneath the shadowy clouds,
The yielding waters darken in the breeze.

Thou too art here,—with thy soft inland tones,
Mother of our new birth!
The lonely ocean learns thy orisons,
And loves thy sacred mirth.
When storms are high, or when the fires of war
Come lightning round our course,
Thou breathest a note like music from afar,
Tempering rude hearts with calm angelic force.

Far, far away, the home-sick seaman's hoard,
Thy fragrant tokens live;
Like flower-leaves, in a precious volume stored,
To solace and relieve,
Some heart too weary of thy restless world;
Or like thy Sabbath-cross,
That o'er the brightening billow streams unfurl'd,
Whatever gales the labouring vessel toss.

EFFECTS OF OPIUM.

The following passage is extracted from a pamphlet entitled Remarks on the Opium Trade with China, published at Calcutta, with a preface by Archdeacon Dealtry, not long before, and reprinted in that periodical, which informs us that it was written (as they are assured on good authority) in China by a British merchant, who must therefore be considered as an eye-witness of the deplorable effects of opium-smoking which he describes. The comparison between the effects of ardent spirits and those of opium is peculiarly important.

The intoxicating property, or rather properties, of opium, differ in their nature from the intoxicating property of alcohol. In some respects the effects of the intoxication are also different. They both agree, however, in this, that they both stimulate the nervous system to an unnatural degree, and are only fit for use when such a state of bodily illness already exists as to make a stimulus of this nature subservient to the restoration of other vital functions disordered. They both agree in this, that the pleasurable sense of excitement attending their indulgence is followed by a relaxation of the system, and an undue depression of both the bodily and mental powers when the excitement is over. They both agree in this, as a consequence, that the oftener they are indulged in for

the sake of this pleasurable sense of excitement, the greater must be the quantity used in order to keep up that same degree of excitement; so that, if once the appetite is formed, constantly increasing indulgence is necessary and almost inevitable, and not only so, but is yielded to unconscious of this increase. The craving of the appetite is insensibly the man's standard for estimating what he can (as he supposes) safely indulge in. They both agree in this, that they disorder the digestive organs, predispose to most other diseases, and materially shorten the term of life. They both agree in this, that they stupify and derange the intellectual powers, and that habitually; for the seasons of depression are quite as far below healthy mental vigour, as those of alternate excitement are beyond. And over the final stages of mental suffering to which they both lead, one is fain to draw the veil; fiction can paint nothing of horror half so horrible. They both agree in this, that they utterly corrupt the moral sense; give to gross appetite the reins of reason; deprave and brutalize the heart, shut up all the avenues to conscience, and make their victim the easy prey to every temptation that presents itself.

There is but one point of difference between the intoxication of ardent spirits and that of opium deserving of particular attention here; and that is, the tenfold force with which every argument against the former applies to the latter. There is no slavery on earth to name with the bondage into which opium casts its victim. There is scarcely one known instance of escape from its toils, when once they have fairly enveloped a man. We need not appeal to the highly wrought narratives of personal experience on the subject, which have of late years come before the public; they rather invite distrust than otherwise, by the exaggeration of their poetical style. But the fact is too notorious to be questioned for one moment, that there is in opium, once indulged in, a fatal fascination, which needs almost superhuman powers of self-dominion, and also capacity for the endurance of pain to overcome.

The operation of opium is, on this account, more deadly, by many degrees, than its less tyrannous rival. In other respects above mentioned, there is generally a more rapid and permanent influence exerted by opium than by ardent spirits—an influence so directly inimical to all human happiness whatever, that, if the fact were not before our eyes, we might well doubt the cunning of the arch fiend himself, to recommend to one son of Adam the use of such an instrument of self-destruction.

"A leaf interrupted in his progress by a stone, gave rise to the following colloquy:

Leaf.—Thou unmoving mass, why dost thou bar my path?

Stone.—Thou idle wanderer, water rolled me hither, quarrel with it, not with me. But wherefore, may I ask in turn, dost thou flutter against me?

Leaf.—Wind blew me hither—blame it, not me.

Stone.—Then may water and wind contend together; let them dispute, while thou and I remain at peace.

Leaf.—Nay, but water and wind will not struggle in anger. For a sweet bird sang one summer evening, amidst the branches on my tree, and from him I learn, that they are fair twin sisters, —and when they seem to wrestle, it is but to dance together and embrace, and when they uplift their voices, it is but to join in song."

A GOOD ARBITRATOR.—Two men had a dispute which should repair a partition fence separating their fields, and through which the cattle found their way. After the usual preliminaries of demands, refusals, threats, and mutual recrimination, they resolved to try the glorious uncertainty of the law—they were, however, persuaded by their friends, to the more amicable mode of submitting the question to the final determination, of a very worthy and intelligent neighbor, who was forthwith conducted to the scene of trouble. Here, after hearing the arguments of both parties, he told them that the subject demanded great deliberation, and as it would take him some time to decide, he would just clap a few pieces of boards over the holes; and in ten minutes time, with his own hands, he effectually closed every gap. The parties silently retired, and the umpire has never been called upon to pronounce the final judgement in the case.

DAHLIAS.—Dahlias are like the most beautiful women without intellectuality; they strike you with astonishment by their exterior splendour, but are miserably destitute of those properties which distinguish and render agreeable less imposing flowers. Had nature given the fragrance of the rose or stock to the dahlia, it would have been the most magnificent gem of the garden; but, wanting perfume, it is like a fine woman without mind.

Shoridan made his appearance one day in a pair of new boots, which attracted the notice of some of his friends—"Now, guess," said he, "how I came by these boots!" Many probable guesses then took place. "No," said Sheridan, "no—you've not hit it, nor ever will—I bought them and paid for them."

"Hallo, friend, are you asleep?" "Why—what do you want?" "I want to borrow five dollars." "Yes, I'm fast asleep."—*Boston Transcript.*

FINE ARTS.

COLOURED DECORATIONS IN HOUSES.

THE want of colour in our architectural decorations is as notable a characteristic of this country as its foggy atmosphere: dirt and smoke are not more striking features of London than the dingy drab hue of its streets and houses. We are very Quakers in our taste: one would think that John Bull had as furious an antipathy to bright hues as his brute prototype for scarlet, so strongly does the horror of colour cling to him. Some hopeful symptoms, however, of an abatement of this chromophobia (not a natural disease of the country, but an affliction superinduced by ill treatment) have lately become manifest: the heavy wainscoting of sitting-rooms has given way to smart-paper-hangings, that, however ugly and monotonous, have at least the recommendation of cheerfulness; and the dull leaden hue of the plastered walls has been relieved by a faint tint of colour, and the introduction of panneling with scroll ornaments in the corners: library and dining-room curtains have been brightening into scarlet and crimson, and the chintz patterns of drawing and breakfast rooms have been keeping pace with the increased liveliness of Brussels carpeting and the lightness and elegance of the paper or silk hangings. The dining room, however, is still the stronghold of sombre blankness; and a portrait or two, in a gilt frame, keeping the chandelier in countenance, are the only bright ornaments of the room. The massive mahogany sideboard, and naked chairs of the same heavy wood, are in keeping with English roast beef and plumb-pudding; but as solid joints are now banished from the dinner table of fashion, we hope mahogany will never more show its mulatto-face clad in black hair-cloth in our sitting-rooms—such covering is fit only for offices.

This cheering improvement of our dwellings is owing to the increasing taste for pictures: engravings in black frames have given place to paintings in gilded ones; and to these are succeeding pannelings of pictures, set in the gold mouldings of the room. A higher refinement is now sprung up, in the revival of the coloured arabesques of Pompeii. The Duke of Beaufort is having a dining room decorated in the gayest style of arabesque, in imitation fresco, and the effect is delightful: not only does the room look lighter and more spacious, but it induces a feeling of cheerfulness; the bright colours in the wreaths of fruit and flowers, interspersed with animals and figures, start out from the delicate tint of the ground on every side. The transition from a wainscoted room painted in the ordinary way, with crude white picked out with a faint neutral tint of some cold hue, is quite enlivening; it is like entering a garden from a stone-paved court: when furnished and lighted up, the effect will be brilliant in the extreme—far surpassing in richness and elegance the most gorgeous display of gilding, which is oppressive and monotonous in its splendour, unless plentifully relieved by colour: it is, moreover, less expensive and more durable.

The extension of this style of decoration is greatly to be desired, not only on account of the scope it affords to the fancy and ingenuity of artists and artisans—opening up a wide field for the exercise of skill and taste, and almost creating a new class of intellectual labourers, the mechanic-artists—but for our comfort and enjoyment. The appearance of the room that we occupy, or the house that we inhabit, exerts a real influence upon our senses, a dark and gloomy apartment, or a simply dull room, depresses the spirits at the moment of entering, just as a light, airy, and cheerful one predisposes to serenity. The permanent influence of both on the habitual occupant is not the less sensibly felt for being unperceived. The numerous lights and lively draperies of a drawing-room animate and enliven the visiter, as much as the music and the company; they are the flowers and sunshine of artificial life.

This nascent fondness for colour is but a revival of our old likings: it is no new fancy, even in this country. In ELIZABETH'S time not only were the chambers hung with arras, but the ornaments of the rooms and the architectural decorations were coloured and gilded: even monuments in churches were adorned in this splendid style, till we substituted the cold repulsive black-and-white marble of the Low Countries for the attractive elegance of Italian art. That the fondness for colour is national, is proved by the painted bodies of our barbarian forefathers, no less than by the gorgeous doublets and coloured hose of our more civilized progenitors. The love of colour, indeed, is inherent in man, as all nature testifies; and those who, confounding beauty and gaudiness, call bright colour vulgar, will find an answer in every garden starred with dahlias, whose variety of hues is as endless as their fecundity. The fact is, our fastidiousness—not taste, but a poor negation of it—makes us take refuge from violent and discordant contrasts of colour in the neutral ground of drab: we have remained long enough on the threshold of elegance—mere aversion from showy deformity; and it is now time we enter into the sanctuary. Our lively neighbours the French, to whom show is a necessary of life, and who prefer bad combinations of colour to none at all, overdo as much as we fall short: the happy medium lies between the two extremes. The scarlet cloak of the country dame, and the red waistcoat or cap of the labourer, are indulgences of the same sense that drinks in the gorgeous hues of

sunset, and feasts on the lustrous splendours of a poppy-field, when its myriad of ruddy lamps are lit up by the sun-beams; and the rude taste is gratified by the uncouth daubs that relieve the bare whiteness of the cottage-wall, just as the enlightened connoisseur is with a picture by TITIAN or PAUL VERONESE.

Colour is also an essential part of architectural decoration, without which a building is not complete: the interior of St. Paul's for instance, looks cold, vacant, and tomb-like, not for want of pews, but of coloured ornament to fill the eye and satisfy the sense of beauty. The painted ceiling of the dome tends to make more evident the absence of any hue but the dingy tints of dust in the rest of the building. The artists offered to furnish it with pictures in WEST'S day; but the then prelate refused their proposal, on grounds that would equally justify the removal of all "graven ornaments" whatever, and render the *beau ideal* of a Protestant place of worship a barn with wooden benches. Coloured and gilded ceilings, heraldic blazons, and, above all, painted windows—sunlighted transparencies—are as much integral parts of Gothic, as the arabesque scrolls and honeycomb fret-work, harlequin-hued, are of the Moorish architecture. Not only did the Egyptians employ colour most lavishly on the exterior of their temples, as well as in the engraved pictures of the interiors, but the elegant Greeks painted the lily whiteness of their marble temples, and gilded the refined symmetry of the ornaments on them. The painter-architects of Italy have left in St. Peter's and the Vatican, splendid examples of the inseparable union of coloured adornments and architectural forms.

The arcades of the Hofgarten at Munich, as well as the Glyptothek and Pinakothek, are adorned with paintings in fresco—the true fresco of Italy, where pure water-colours are applied to wet plaster. The practice requires great dexterity and certainty of hand, as the effect is produced at once, and every separate portion of the picture is successively completed before the plaster dries. The advantages of fresco-painting consist in its durability, the permanent brilliancy of the colours, and their freedom from the gloss and yellowness of oil. The method adopted renders the style more applicable to ceilings and the walls of lofty buildings, where a powerful impression has to be produced from a distance than to smaller rooms; it is better suited for public halls and churches, and the saloons and lobbies of a palace, than to private dwellings. Fresco has got into disrepute in this country, owing to the bastard method employed in the Hall at Manchester and the Roman Catholic Chapel in Moorfields. This is called mezzo fresco: the basis is fresco, that is, the masses of colour are laid on with a water medium on the moist plaster, but the design is finished with distemper—colour mixed with size; which is easily acted on by damp, and consequently the beauty of the painting is soon destroyed. Mr. Latilla employs flatted oil colours on a composition ground, spread over ordinary plaster walls. These colours are almost equal to the real fresco, while the process is much easier and cheaper; for merely decorative purposes it is as effective and durable as oil paint, and it may be washed without injury.

To the Germans we are indebted also for the revival of the ancient practice of encaustic—that is, employing wax as the vehicle, and applying the colour in a warm state. The peculiar advantages of this method over fresco, consists, we believe, in the superior delicacy and high finish it admits of.

The subject deserves the consideration of artists and amateurs, especially with reference to the new Houses of Parliament. If it be not intended to ornament them with historical paintings, surely the introduction of coloured devices might be permitted. Any one who has lounged in the sumptuous cafés of Paris, must have experienced the influence of beautiful colour on the eye and the spirits. It is matter of surprise that, in a country pretending to taste, no allusion is made to pictorial or sculptural adornments for one of the noblest piles of building we shall have to boast of—in architectural magnificence rivalling Westminster Abbey.—*Spectator*.

A SONG OF THE SEASON.

"Out of the way, sir! or I will knock you into the middle of next week." "My dear sir, you could not possibly do me a greater favor; for how I am to take up my notes, and get safely over Saturday, is more than I can tell."—*Colloquy in Wall Street*.

The last day of summer is one of regret,
The first one of winter a harder day yet;
But another there is, to which these shall appear
Like the sunniest noons in the spring of the year.

On this day we number, with sorrow, the hours,
Which, however they hasten, don't dance upon flowers.
"One fatal remembrance" the minutes embrace,
That this day of dismay, is the last one of grace.

"A note signed by you for four hundred to-day
Becomes due, and the same you're requested to pay."
—The sugar-plum lines on my card-rack appear,
Signed by one who writes better, i. e. the cashier.

To an idler, his time is a bore and disaster;
I can tell him a secret will make it move faster;
Let him sign a few notes—the agreeable things—
His wits will have work, and his time will have wings.

EXPLANATION OF FAMILIAR WORDS.

TERMAGANT.—An outrageous scold: from Termagantes, a cruel Pagan, formerly represented in divers shows and entertainments, where being dressed a *la Turque*, in long clothes, he was mistaken for a furious woman.

THOMONDS.—Like Lord Thomond's cocks, all on one side. Lord Thomond's cock feeder, an Irishman, being entrusted with some cocks which were matched for a considerable sum, the night before the battle shut them all together in one room, concluding that as they were on the same side they would not disagree; the consequence was, they were most of them either killed or lamed before next morning.

TOAD EATER.—This appellation is derived from a mountebank's servant, on whom all experiments used to be made in public by the doctor; among which was, the eating of toads, formerly supposed poisonous. Swallowing toads is here figuratively meant for swallowing or putting up with insults, as disagreeable to a person of feeling as toads to the stomach.

MARTINET.—A military term for a strict disciplinarian, from the name of a French General, famous for restoring military discipline to the French army. He first disciplined the French infantry, and regulated their method of encampment; he was killed at the siege of Dossbourg in the year 1672.

PETTFOGGER.—Derived from the French words *petit vogue*, of small credit, or little reputation.

TO POMMEL.—To beat: originally confined to beating with the hilt of a sword; the knob being, from its similarity to a small apple, called *pomme*; in Spanish it is still called the apple of the sword.

JACK ROBINSON.—Before one could say Jack Robinson; a saying to express a very short time, originating from a very volatile gentleman of that appellation, who would call on his neighbours, and be gone before his name could be announced.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 15, 1839.

Our last number having been occupied by articles of Home manufacture, we allow some of foreign production to encroach to-day, on the space usually devoted to Editorial notices. The article which fills a couple of columns on this page is one of some interest in the growth of art and of public taste,—and it exhibits how principles, generally thought rather mystic, and adapted for the higher departments only, may be brought most usefully to bear on the more common affairs of life. The want of taste in house embellishment, is often strongly felt, both in public and private edifices. Who is there that does not recollect some instances, of dull, sombre hues, spread over a large apartment, having a leaden effect on the spirits, as if the reverse of cheerfulness and pleasure were the aim? In other places of assemblage, one recollects having experienced the cold naked appearances of every thing,—the walls, some neutral tint, resembling dirty white wash, with a tint of yellow smoke; the pillars pale and ghost-like, or in imitation marble which could not deceive the youngest spectator, and which could not be looked at without thoughts of the paint pot; and the ceiling either totally unadorned, or worse, adorned, most inappropriately,—heavy, stiff, and dull, where all should be light, flowing and cheerful, like the gay clouds and the azure arch of the great globe's canopy. In such an apartment, the lights glare painfully, and the audience are thrown out coldly, from most unbecoming back grounds, like unsightly specks,—and all this, where different hues, and devices, might form a rich, mellow harmony, eye-delighting and spirit-cheering.

This is not a matter of great moment,—but if decorations are worth attempting, and if people will, as they ought, aim at them, they should be done in the best manner. Nothing is saved by a bad taste, on the contrary, loss every way is the result,—while by aiming at truth and beauty, as well in the smallest as the greatest matters, we help to improve and please ourselves and others, with scarcely any additional expenditure of means.

On our second page is a very interesting narrative of a melancholy occurrence which took place a few years ago, in the romantic district of Grasmere, Westmoreland, England. It is told by a celebrated writer for English periodicals: the fears of the young family, the maternal care of the oldest child, the zeal of the dales-people, the funeral, and the refuge provided, are all depicted with great vividness and beauty. Such narratives do good, they increase the better sympathies of our nature, make us acquainted with the customs of our fellow beings who are greatly divided from us, and generally increase our pleasures and the sphere of our feelings and affections. On another page is a graphic extract descriptive of the district which forms the scene of the preceding narrative. It is a very romantic part of England, well known to tourists;—Wordsworth, and some other of the celebrated men of England, have made it their place of residence,—and it combines many of the picturesque features of the wilder and more beautiful parts of the sister kingdoms: sequestered, rich, sylvan vales,—stern, precipitous mountains,—calm,

profound lakes,—torrents, cascades, and streams, unite to give that high interest which is so delightful, and so peculiar to some spots of earth. One meets, here and there, in every country, with one or other of these features, but the combination of them forms somewhat of the treasures of a Cabinet, where rare and beautiful things are grouped at once, to the exclusion of the dull and uninteresting, beneath the eye.

On our first page is the commencement of a lecture delivered on Wednesday week, before the Halifax Mechanics' Institute. It has been suggested that the Pearl would form an appropriate vehicle for the publication of lectures, occasionally,—and we intend applying for a few of those which may appear of a popular character, and not much dependent on experiments or diagrams. The Institute has become one of the recognized places of public recreation and instruction, where several meet weekly and enjoy that co-operation, in literature, and arts and science, which is of so much moment in all the higher concerns of life. Many who have heard lectures may be expected to reap additional pleasure from an opportunity of a quiet perusal, and persons in the country may wish to know what the Institute is about, and to participate in its studies although at a distance from its walls.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—Doctor Grigor delivered a lecture on last Wednesday evening on Phrenology, and is to continue the subject. The Doctor stated his intention to be, to treat of the opponents, the advocates, the progress and the uses of the Science. The lecture of last Wednesday evening was on the two former topics, and comprised a review of the controversy which has been going on, and the results of it. The Doctor is a zealous Phrenologist, and gave his side a complete triumph in every stage of the discussion.

No doubt the Phrenologists have done much good in turning men's minds from the dull dreams of the metaphysicians, to practical views of man's mental organization,—and, in exhibiting—what might be apparent from mere, unlearned observation—that different men have different capabilities and propensities, and that the same achievements and virtues should no more be expected from all men alike, than that the grey hound, and the mastiff and the water spaniel should have the same habits. But do they not carry their views to too great an extreme, and particularize and dogmatize in matters which evade the search of human intellect?

The Doctor's next lecture will be more interesting to a mixed audience, than his last,—it will, we understand, give the principles and applications of the Science.

We use the term Science in connection with this branch of study, because it is customary to do so, although we doubt the propriety of the application, and think that it is of much consequence that proper terms only should be used in matters of serious speculation. Phrenology, is a branch of knowledge consisting of certain deductions from certain facts,—but other explanations are given of these facts and the deductions are disputed. A Science we understand to be, a theory and a series of rules, founded on a body of indisputable facts; which facts, in their existence and their results, can be demonstrated,—and from which no other rules or theory could be deduced without involving glaring absurdity and contradiction: Science, means something settled, proved, on which all who are initiated must rest thoroughly satisfied, and which deals with the discovered and demonstrated essences of subjects.—Phrenology may have claims to the term, but it has been disputed, and seems doubtful yet awhile, whatever may be arrived at, in future stages of the study.

NEWS, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

The Great Western again brings latest news from Europe to New York, and scatters it thence, over the continent, some weeks in the advance of Packets and all other modes of conveyance. A beautiful demonstration this, on a vast scale, of the power which science gives to man.

London dates are to the 18th October. The prospects of Harvest, happily, are much better than we had reason to expect from previous intelligence, and a fair average crop seems to be generally expected. The money market also, had a brightening aspect; cash was flowing in from the Continent and the United States and Mexico,—and apprehensions had been allayed if not altogether dissipated.

Lord Durham, it is said, goes Ambassador to Turkey. The Atlantic, new Steam Ship, about the size of the Great Western, was nearly ready for launching. Two 80 gun line of battle ships were to be commenced at Chatham. A lad threw himself from the Monument on Oct. 15,—another on the melancholy list of most extraordinary suicides.

Runejeet Singh, the old Indian Ally of the English, died at his capital, Lahore. At his funeral the murder of six persons was perpetrated, by burning, as a sacrifice to the departed tyrant. The Christian allies should, if they could, effectually discountenance such abominations. Can Christians and the sons of Belial be united, without all being suspected to be alike?—France, it is said has determined to recognize the independence of Texas, and many indications of extensive emigration, to this lately founded

slaveholding State, were observable in England.—Nothing of consequence appears respecting Spain. Don Carlos, happily, is in the safe keeping of the French, and a formal renunciation of the throne which he has so long embroiled, was expected at his hand. Some of his Generals still keep the field, and Espertaro was on the eve of attacking them; but it is to be hoped, that they will not make more than a show of resistance, for the sake of obtaining terms: their master is a prisoner, and his cause is at an ebb which seems beyond the reach of any farther flow.—Riots among the manufacturing population had occurred at Ghent.—No new movements of consequence appear in the East. Russia had offered the Sultan 250,000 men to assist against the Pacha, if the Egyptian forces should again take the field, Mehemet holds the fleet and seems not inclined to relinquish this advantage, except on his own terms.

Canada appeared quiet at last accounts. The Responsibility agitation was still felt in the discussions of parties.—Mr. Burke, now called Dr. Burke, who lectured some time ago in Halifax on Phrenology, was lecturing at Quebec.

In the United States, matters appeared to be calming down,—the suspension of specie payments had not spread. New York and Boston remained firm, and exhibited no signs of retreating from the position taken up. Emigration was setting in force to the West,—Another Fire occurred at Mobile, on the 10th, and destroyed about 30 houses. Bands of Gamblers, some of whose fraternity had become the victims of Lynch law, were blamed for these awful conflagrations.

The Mechanics' Institute of St. John, N. B. was opened by a lecture from M. H. Perly, Esq.

The Truro Literary and Scientific Society is to be opened on Nov. 21, by A. Archibald, Esq.

Mr. James Leonard, carpenter, was drowned by the upsetting of a boat, in which he was crossing the harbour, on Friday evening last. A child of Mr. Duckett was so injured by fire as to be deprived of life during the week. Other accidents of a similar nature have been reported.

Master Hutchings, a little hero six years old, has been delighting audiences during the week. He is indeed a Prodigy,—for elocution, action, versatility of mimicry, singing, and all the elements of an old stager. Some scenes of extreme richness and oddity have been fixed in the minds of his audiences, by the extraordinary little fellow. From the mawkish lisps, and frenchified phraseology, and affected action of Augustus Fitzpoodle,—to the squeaking tones, and broad provincialisms, and feeble movements of the mother of "our boy Bob,"—and then, in another extreme, to the mock heroism of Bombastes, all was amazingly clever, and exhibited astonishing accuracy and self possession,—only to be gained, one would suppose, by intimate acquaintance with the stage and its feelings.

MARRIED.

At Newport, on the 5th inst. by the Rev. J. L. Murdoch, Mr. Robert Salter, to Jane, fourth daughter of Mr. John Chambers.

At Carlisle, July 29th, by the Rev. John Johnson, Minister of the Established Church, Mr. Thomas Cook Almon, native of England, to Mary Jane, third daughter of Perry Dunaresq, Esq. of Dalhousie, and Collector of H. M. Customs, Bay de Chaleur.

At Miramichi, on the 4th inst. by the Rev. R. Archibald, Captain Francis J. McAlpine, of Halifax, to Martha, youngest daughter of J. Rainie, Esq. of Aberdeen.

DIED.

On Sunday morning, Emma Mary, only daughter of the Rev. Doctor Twining, in the 17th year of her age.

On Friday Edward, eldest son of Mr. E. Duckett, aged 3 years and 10 months.

On Friday evening of Apoplexy, aged 55 years, Mr. Daniel Buckley, a native of Cork, Ireland, and for many years a respectable inhabitant of this town; by this bereavement a wife and three children are left to deplore the loss of a kind and loving husband and an indulgent and exemplary parent.

Suddenly, on Saturday night, in the 60th year of her age, Mary, relict of the late Mr. Henry Hill.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED.

Saturday, November 9th.—Am brig Columbia, Dexter, Alexandria 16 days—wheat flour, etc. G. P. Lawson—left brig Florence to sail in 4 days; schr Ion, Hammond, St. John, N. B. 6 days.

Sunday 10th.—Schr Collector, Ragged Islands, fish; Flower, Cape Negro, fish.

Monday 11th.—Schr Helen, Drew, Petersburg, U. S. 15 days, flour and tobacco, to S. Binney; Betsey, Graham, Labrador, via Sydney, 14 days, fish, to D. & E. Starr & Co. spoke, 4th inst. off Scatterie, Am schr Palestine, hence, for Bridgeport.

Tuesday—Speedy Packet, LeBreton, Gaspe, 8 days, dry fish, to Creighton & Grassie.

Wednesday 13th.—New brig Inverness, LaSerene, P. E. I., 3 days, timber and produce.

Thursday 14th.—Barque Thalia, Shand, London, 63 days, (passed Falmouth 30th Sept.) general cargo, to S. Cunard and others, made Sambro Light 11th inst; New brig C. W. E. R., Norwood, Chizecook, 1 day.

Friday 15th.—Brigt. Adrianna, Hunt, New York, 10 days, (put into Laflave, 10th inst.) pork, flour, etc. to J. & M. Tobin & Son; schr Shannon, Cann, Yarmouth, 6 days; Olive Branch, Bouchier, Quebec, 20 days, beef, pork and glass, bound to St. John, N. B.; H. M. Packet brig Ranger, Lieut. Turner, Falmouth, 40 day; Passengers, Rev. W. Gray, lady and 5 children; Rev. Wm. Cogswell and lady; Honorable Captain Gray, 52nd Regiment.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—An errata for lines signed Kappa, has been mislaid, it will be attended to, next number.

A Temperance Meeting will be held in the Old Baptist Meeting House, on Monday Evening at half-past Seven.

AUCTION.

Fresh Fruit.

Received per Schooner William, from Boston.

BY DEBLOIS & MERREL,
To-morrow, Saturday, at 12 o'clock, at M. G. Black's Wharf.

100 kegs GRAPES, in prime order;

100 boxes best Muscatel bunch RAISINS,

100 quarter boxes do do do,

20 frails FIGS.

ALSO, 38 firkins Sydney Butter, 4 cases London Pickles.
November 15.

MASONIC HALL.

Under distinguished Patronage.

Last Night of Master Hutchings' Performance
IN HALIFAX.

THE Nobility, Gentry and Public are most respectfully informed that Master Hutchings' Farewell Night, will take place
TO-MORROW EVENING, (Saturday,) Nov. 16.

When he will make his appearance in the popular piece of the

Pet of the Admiral,

In which he will personate 5 distinct characters and repeat the celebrated one of

Bombastes Furioso,

Being positively his last appearance in Halifax.

Tickets to be had of Mr. Hutchings at Medley's Hotel. Doors open at 7, performance to commence at 8 precisely. Price of admission \$1, Children under 12, half-price. Nov. 15.

Just Published,

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

Cannabell's Nova Scotia Almanack for 1840.

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

Seasonable Goods.

Landing, Ex Prince George from London:

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

50 Packages,

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

Canvas and Cordage.

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

Pilot Cloths, Flushings, Flannels, Blankets,

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

Stoves! Stoves!

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

Largest size double close Canada Stoves,

for Kitchens, Single Close ditto, 4x2, 3½x2½, 3x2 and 2½ by 1½ feet. ALSO, on hand, from New York and Boston, an assortment of Franklin and Cooking Stoves; a further supply daily expected.

Oct. 11.—2m. J. M. CHAMBERLAIN.

Keefler's Reading Room

ESTABLISHED OCTOBER, 1836.

THE SUBSCRIBERS to the above are respectfully notified, that their SUBSCRIPTIONS for the next year (1840) are now due. Gentlemen wishing to subscribe, will please hand in their Names to the Proprietor.
October 4.

CHARLES KEEFER.

THE BLUSH.

BY CHARLOTTE E. VANDENHOFF.

Unbidden I come
From my prison home,
Where I linger mid smiles and tears:
Oh! the sweetest word
I ever have heard
Has waked me with fluttering fears!

And first o'er the snow
Of the bosom I flow,
Then change the fair hue of the brow;
And see, on the cheek,
Though silent, I speak,
Sweet secrets revealing there now.

A traitor am I!
For a gentle sigh
May be breathed for another's wo;
And the crystal tear,
All bright and clear,
From soft pity may oftentimes flow.

But one little thought,
With tenderness fraught,
One word into life makes me start;
Love bids the tongue hush—
He speaks in a blush:
A blush tells the tale of the heart!

N. Y. Mirror.

SOUTH AFRICAN HUNTING.

On the left of the plain was a broad and winding belt of high trees and bushes, indicating the course of a river, the Chuntop, (or that which in running is suddenly checked): this entered a craggy opening in a flat range of mountains stretching across the plain to the north. The notch in the range where the wooded Chuntop disappeared, was the anxiously looked for Kopumans, or Bull's Mouth Pass—so named from its being full of dangers, like the valley of the Shadow of Death. I now girded up my loins for the chase, and I burned to slaughter some of the larger game, as much to feed my fifty followers, who ate at the rate of two sheep a day, as for mere sport. The people were divided into several parties, and we rode towards the foot of the mountains, where wild animals are always rife. We were not long before we saw a cloud of dust, which proceeded from a large troop of wild horses; dismounting, and extending ourselves, we approached them under cover of the bushes—they took the alarm—started off—passed through between us—galloped backwards and forwards—halted and gazed—and three fell under our fire in the course of as many hours' hard exercise on foot. A troop of that most magnificent antelope, the koodoo, next occupied us for a little, but before we had time to secure any of them, we intercepted a dancing flock of springboks: and again, by sharp running and quick firing three of them were also added to our larder. Our blood was now fairly up, and turning towards the mountain two large grey objects were seen, apparently disturbed by the "clattering of the musquets;" they ran a short distance among the bushes on the lower slopes, and then turned to look around them—these were two black and double horned rhinoceroses, covered with dried mud, from the pools of the Chuntop, in which they had been wallowing. We approached these dangerous animals with some caution, crept upon them, and got two or three flying shots at them; but unless they are taken standing, with deliberate aim at the backbone, or behind the jaw, good balls are thrown away upon them; not that their hide, though more than an inch thick, is impenetrable in other places to lead and pewter bullets, (hard and heavy), such as mine were, but because the rhinoceros runs away, with a bushel of balls fired through his ribs. In his side they seemed to make no more impression on him, at the time of receiving them, than so many peas would, though he may die from them afterwards. So our two first rhinoceroses, being continually on the move, escaped from us, though we tickled them roughly. The black rhinoceros, whose domains we seemed now to have invaded, resembles in general appearance an immense hog; twelve feet and a half long, and of the weight of half a dozen bullocks; its body is smooth, and there is no hair seen except at the tips of the ears, and the extremity of the tail. The horns of concreted hair, the foremost curved like a sabre, and the second resembling a flattened cone, stand on the nose and above the eye; in the young animals, the foremost is the longest, whilst in the old ones they are of equal length, namely, a foot and a half, or more; though the older the rhinoceros the shorter his horns, as they wear them by sharpening them against trees, and by rooting up the ground with them when in a passion. When the rhinoceros is quietly pursuing his way through his favorite glades of mimosa bushes (which his hooked upper lip enable him readily to seize, and his powerful grinders to masticate), his horns fixed loosely on his skin, make a clapping

noise by striking one against the other; but on the approach of danger, if his quick ear and keen scent make him aware of the vicinity of the hunter, the head is quickly raised, and the horns stand stiff, and ready for combat on his terrible front. The rhinoceros is often accompanied by a centinel to give him warning, a beautiful green-backed and blue winged bird, about the size of a jay, which sits on one of its horns.—*Alexander's Expedition of Discovery.*

MYSTERY, REASON AND FAITH.

It is seldom that we meet with a passage more truly eloquent than the following. It is taken from an essay by the Rev. E. Peabody, of New Bedford:

Night comes over a ship at sea, and a passenger lingers hour after hour alone on the deck. The waters plunge and welter and glide away beneath the keel. Above, the sails tower up in the darkness, almost to the sky, and their shadow falls as it were a burden on the deck below. In the clouded night no star is to be seen, and, as the ship changes her course the passenger knows not which way is east or west, or north or south. What islands, what sunken rocks may be on her course—or what that course is, or where they are he knows not. All around to him is *Mystery*. He bows down in the submission of utter ignorance.

But men of science have read the laws of the sky. And the next day this passenger beholds the captain looking at a clock, and taking note of the place of the sun, and, with the aid of a couple of books composed of rules and mathematical tables, making calculations. And when he has completed them, he is able to point almost within a hand's breadth to the place at which, after unnumbered windings, he has arrived in the midst of the seas. Storms may have beat and currents drifted, but he knows where they are, and the precise point where, a hundred leagues over the water, lies his native shore. Here is *Reason* appreciating and making use of the revelations (if we may so call them) of science.

Night again shuts down over the waste of the waves, and the passenger beholds a single seaman stand at the wheel, and watch, hour after hour, as it vibrates beneath a lamp, a little needle which points ever, as if it were a living finger, to the steady pole.

This man knows nothing of the rules of navigation, nothing of the courses of the sky. But reason and experience have given him *Faith* in the commanding officer of the ship—faith in the laws that control her course—faith in the unerring integrity of the little guide before him. And so, without a single doubt, he steers his ship on, according to a prescribed direction, through night and the waves. And that faith is not disappointed. With the morning sun, he beholds far away the summits of the gray and misty highlands rising like a cloud on the horizon; and, as he nears them, the hills appear, and the lighthouse at the entrance of the harbor, and (sight of joy) the spires of the churches, and the shining roofs among which he strives to detect his own.

'The duelist to noble combat goes.
His former friends and he have turned to foes;
They settle their dispute with two good hoes,
Digging potatoes.'

The editor of the Worcester *Ægis* (Hon. W. Lincoln,) closes a controversy, with the Worcester *Palladium*, by offering to the editor of that print honorable satisfaction in the field—the weapons to be hoes—each party to dig one acre of potatoes—and he whose work is done the best and in the shortest time, to be declared the victor. Should the challenge to mortal potato-digging be accepted, the editor of the *Ægis* will transmit the size of his hoe by a friend, who will arrange the preliminaries for the settlement of all difficulties.—*Salem Observer.*

The above is going the rounds of the papers, and will excite many a smile, as seems to be intended. But in sober earnest why cannot a *dispute* be as well decided by a digging match as by a shooting match? The *merits of controversy* are surely as well discussed by the hoe as by the pistol. And then there would be no danger in looking on, but on the contrary much sport in seeing too lazy, Falstaff-looking fellows, sweating and puffing at their hoes to settle a point of honor.—*Portsmouth Journal.*

The following little gem from the German of Goethe possesses an indefinable charm:

SONG.

Many thousand stars are burning
Brightly in the vault of night,
Many an earth-worn heart is yearning
Upwards with a fond delight.
Stars of beauty, stars of glory,
Radiant wanderers of the sky;
Weary of the world's sad story,
Thoughts would ever fix on high.

The following from the Boston Morning Post conveys a lesson of charity and philosophy. It is carrying out Lord Byron's idea, that,

"Men are the sport of circumstances, when,
The circumstances, seem the sport of men."

A PLAIN TRUTH.—There is a plain but solemn truth in the quotation which we here make: "Where one individual walks voluntarily into crime, a thousand are deceived into it by unsuspected villainy, or forced into it by the pressure of irresistible misfortune. Let us be charitable, then, towards even those who are apparently the greatest criminals, for we know not but that, after all, they are the wronged. It is better to err with charity, than to run the least risk with its reverse.

EXPORT OF TIMBER FROM THE HIGHLANDS.—The progress of railroads in England and Scotland has lately caused a great demand for fir wood in this part of the country. The sound of the axe and the saw-mill are heard in the loneliest and most remote parts of the Highlands. We have heard of one proprietor selling his firwood for £10,000, and another for £5,800. Within the last eight or ten years, a vast number of sales of this kind have been effected, ranging from eight or ten thousand to as many hundreds each. A considerable amount of shipping is engaged in this trade; and the vessels that carry out the timber in the shape of railroad-sleepers, pitprops, etc., generally return with cargoes of coals, lime, and other commodities. The number of men employed in felling the trees, sawing them up, and exporting them, is also a source of advantage to the country.

PAPER VENEERING.—We examined an elegant piece of furniture, veneered with marble paper, in imitation of rose-wood. The imitation was so perfect, and the veneering so exact that an experienced painter was unable to discover that it was not grained with paint, though he considered it almost impossible to shade and blend colors in such a beautiful manner. This plan of veneering furniture, will we think, prove a very useful improvement. It combines three very desirable qualities—elegance, durability and cheapness. A common pine table can be covered in imitation of rose-wood, for \$1 50, in a style that would defy the most skillful painter in the world to equal. It is the opinion of cabinet makers, that it will wear much longer than common veneering.—*Dedham Patriot.*

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.—"It is like a stream which has no cataracts to astonish us with their magnificent thunder, but which winds along the tranquil valley, asserting its existence only in the life and verdure which appear along its course."

ALL MANNER OF TRAVELLING.—A Bostonian writing from Illinois, states that, in getting to his place of destination, he experienced all kinds of goaheadiveness. In the first place he took a steamboat—in the second, the railroad—the third, a mail-coach—the fourth, rode on horseback—the fifth, went six miles on foot to Terre-Haute, and was finally rode out of the village on a rail. He says he don't know which to prefer out of the six, but thinks the latter method is unquestionably the cheapest, though its accommodations are most wretched.

If a person is bent on quarrelling with you, leave him to do the whole of it himself, and he will soon become weary of his unencouraged occupation.

Jack, eating rotten cheese, did say,
"Like Sampson, I my thousands slay!"
"Yes," cried a wag, "indeed you do—
And with the self-same weapon too."

'Think there's any danger, mister meannageeryman, from that Boy Contractor?' 'Oh no,' said the man 'the serpent don't bite, he swallows his wittals whole.'

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