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### THE PATHFINDER.

A leading if not the leading characteristic of Mr. Cooper's fictions, is to render some national class and some natural features a main, instead of a subordinate object. Indian, border, or nautical life, as in his best fictions—the alleged peculiarity of the Venetian oligarchy, in his *Bravo*—the operation of social prejudices, if a dislike to an executioner is to be accounted one, in his *Headsman*—together with the distinguishing characters of the scenery, and of the manners of the people amongst which the scenes are laid—seem always to have been his first thought; his story only the second. Hence, in despite of all his merits—and he has the very considerable merits of consistency, truth, reality, and character—there is a heaviness about his stories which causes them to drag in the perusal. We are called upon to admire landscapes, battles, fires, wrecks, tempests, savages, and savage warfare, as well as to listen to dialogue intended to develop character, whilst the fortunes of individuals are suspended. Nor is this all. The purpose of the writer being something different from the true end of fiction, his choice of a story is frequently defective, either in the subject itself, or in its being unequal to the length to which he spins it, or the importance he endeavours to lend to it.

*The Pathfinder* partakes of the defect arising from this error; the interest of the tale itself being too slight, and the accessories having too much resemblance to those of similar tales, for the space they are made to fill; expanded as they are by digression, extraneous discourse, and a style of narrative or description too critical in its exposition of causes to carry the reader along with the results. This might not have been felt had *The Pathfinder* been the first book of its class; but, independently of Mr. Cooper's own novels, several other American writers have painted the character of the Red men, with the incidents of frontier war; and their varieties being few, or the Pale Faces' knowledge too scanty to mark them, the subject has the effect of an exhausted one. The novelist, indeed, has attempted to relieve this by the introduction of two peculiar characters. An old, obstinate, prejudiced tar, is brought into juxtaposition with the fresh-water sailors of the Lakes, and the Lakes themselves: in the *Pathfinder*, so named from his skill in tracking, we have the picture of a just man—a philosopher of the woods, ignorant, simple, and confiding, in all beyond hunting and Indian warfare, but with a mind trained to natural piety by solitude and the vast woods, and sturdily bent upon doing right under all circumstances. These, however, do not thoroughly fulfil the intention of the writer. The first is somewhat long-winded; and his contempt of landsmen and inland waters is not the mere effect of a "sea change," but of sea prejudices operating upon a crabbed and carping nature; so that he is as often disagreeable as ludicrous. The moral peculiarities of the *Pathfinder* place him in a certain degree above, and therefore beyond our sympathy.

The story of *The Pathfinder* is simple; turning upon the love of a young man and the redoubted hero himself for the same girl. The latter is urged on to the match by Mabel's father—a Sergeant in the frontier regiment, and an old companion of the huntsman. Besides his claims for having saved the life of the father, he also renders a similar service to the daughter more than once: in the moment of peril she promises her hand; and, from her own sense of right, and her respect for the *Pathfinder*'s character, is ready to fulfil her pledge, and the Sergeant on his deathbed joins their hands. But the right-minded woodman doubts the disparity of his years and manners; and, discovering the passion of Jasper for Mabel, he resigns her to his rival, though with it he resigns the happiness of his life.

This tale, though prettily managed, and with characters truly drawn, is, however, only a vehicle for displaying American scenery, and Indian and frontier manners before the Revolution. The greater part of the first volume consists of a journey through the wilderness to the garrison where the Sergeant is stationed; the travellers being tracked by hostile Indians: and some of the passages of their imminent dangers and hairbreadth escapes are of a breathless interest. Passing over garrison life in a fort, with a shooting-match, the next great scene is a voyage and a storm on Lake Ontario; the danger being aggravated by the obstinacy of Old Cap the sailor. An attack upon an outpost by Indians, with the horrors of scalping and the excitement of danger and desperate defence, occupies the third volume, and prepares for the catastrophe.

In each of these three great acts the heroes and the heroine are of course engaged, either doing or suffering; but, though elaborately drawn, it does not strike us that they are equal to some of the other characters, unless where they exhibit their professional skill, personifying as it were their *caste*. The Sergeant, in his military reserve and dignity, but his deep feeling—the treacherous Tuscarora chief and his submissive wife—and Captain Sanglier, the

French adventurer, with his natural and acquired hardness and indifference, but with a conscience and a point of honour, though all slight and subordinate persons, have more of ease and individuality.

During the earlier part of the journey, an amusement of *Pathfinder* is to try the mettle of the Old Sailor by carrying him down a waterfall in a canoe. For this purpose, the Indians and women are landed; but Cap was stimulated to remain with the two boatmen, who wished to avoid a portage.

#### SHOOTING A FALL.

The injunction was obeyed, and in a few minutes the whole party had left the canoe, with the exception of *Pathfinder* and the two sailors. Notwithstanding his professional pride, Cap would have gladly followed; but he did not like to exhibit so unequivocal a weakness in the presence of a fresh-water sailor.

"I call all hands to witness," he said, as those who had landed moved away, "that I do not look on this affair as any thing more than canoeing in the woods. There is no seamanship in tumbling over a waterfall, which is a feat the greatest lubber can perform as well as the oldest mariner."

"The canoe was leaving the shore, as he concluded, while Mabel went hurriedly and trembling to the rock that had been pointed out, talking to her companion of the danger her uncle so unnecessarily ran, while her eyes were rivetted on the agile and vigorous form of Eau-douce, as he stood erect in the stern of the light boat, governing its movements. As soon, however, as she reached a point where she got a view of the fall, she gave an involuntary but suppressed scream, and covered her eyes. At the next instant the latter were again free, and the entranced girl stood immovable as a statue, a scarcely breathing observer of all that passed. The two Indians seated themselves passively on a log, hardly looking towards the stream, while the wife of Arrowhead came near Mabel, and appeared to watch the motions of the canoe with some such interest as a child regards the leaps of a tumbler.

"As soon as the boat was in the stream, *Pathfinder* sunk on his knees continuing to use the paddle, though it was slowly, and in a manner not to interfere with the efforts of his companion. The latter still stood erect; and as he kept his eye on some object beyond the fall, it was evident that he was carefully looking for the spot proper for their passage.

"Further west, boy, further west," muttered *Pathfinder*; "there where you see the water foam. Bring the top of the dead oak in a line with the stem of the blasted hemlock."

"Eau-douce made no answer; for the canoe was in the centre of the stream, with its head pointed towards the fall, and it had already begun to quicken its motion by the increased force of the current. At that moment, Cap would cheerfully have renounced every claim to glory that could possibly be acquired by the fact, to have been safe again on shore. He heard the roar of the water, thundering as it might be, behind a screen, but becoming more and more distinct, louder and louder; and before him he saw its line cutting the forest below, along which the green and angry element seemed stretched and shining, as if the particles were about to lose their principle of cohesion.

"Down with your helm, down with your helm, man!" he exclaimed, unable any longer to suppress his anxiety, as the canoe glided towards the fall.

"Ay, ay, down it is, sure enough," answered *Pathfinder*, looking behind him for a single instant, with his silent joyous laugh—"down we go of a sartainty. Heave her starn up, boy; further up with her starn."

"The rest was like the passage of the viewless wind. Eau-douce gave the required sweep with his paddle, the canoe glanced into the channel, and for a few moments it seemed to Cap that he was tossing in a caldron. He felt the bow of the canoe tip, saw the raging foaming water careering madly by his side, was sensible that the light fabric in which he floated was tossed about like an egg-shell, and then, not less to his great joy than to his surprise, he discovered that it was gliding across the basin of still water below the fall, under the steady impulse of Jasper's paddle. \* \* \* \*"

Cap now gave a tremendous heave, felt for his queue, as if to ascertain its safety, and then looked back in order to examine the danger he had gone through. His safety is easily explained. Most of the river fell perpendicularly ten or twelve feet; but near its centre the force of the current had so far worn away the rock, as to permit the water to shoot through a narrow passage at an angle of about forty-five degrees. Down this ticklish descent the canoe had glanced, amid fragments of broken rock, whirlpools, foam, and furious tossing of the element, which an un instructed eye would believe menaced inevitable destruction to an object so fragile. But the very lightness of the canoe had favoured its descent; for, borne

on the crests of the waves, and directed by a steady eye and an arm full of muscle, it had passed like a feather from one pile of foam to another, scarcely permitting its glossy side to be wetted. There were a few rocks to be avoided, the proper direction was to be rigidly observed, and the fierce current did the rest."

Here is a specimen of Uncle Cap in his milder moods.

#### A TAR UPON LAKE ONTARIO.

"A charming sunset, Mabel," said the hearty voice of her uncle, so close to the ear of our heroine as to cause her to start; "a charming sunset, girl, for a fresh-water concern, though we should think but little of it at sea."

"And is not nature the same on shore or at sea? on a lake like this or on the ocean? does not the sun shine on all alike, dear uncle? and can we not feel gratitude for the blessings of Providence, as strongly on this remote frontier as in our own Manhattan?"

"The girl has fallen in with some of her mother's books, though I should think the Sergeant would scarcely make a second march with such trumpery among his baggage. Is not nature the same indeed! Now, Mabel, do you imagine that the nature of a soldier is the same as that of a sea-faring man? You've relations in both callings, and you ought to be able to answer."

"But, uncle, I mean human nature—"

"So do I, girl; the human nature of a seaman and the human nature of a one of these fellows of the Fifty-fifth, not even excepting your own father. Here have they had a shooting-match—target-firing I should call it—this day; and what a different thing has it been from a target-firing afloat. There we should have sprung our broadside, sported with round-shot, at an object half a mile off, at the very nearest; and the potatoes, if there happened to be any on board as quite likely would not have been the case, would have been left in the cook's coppers. It may be an honourable calling, that of a soldier, Mabel; but an experienced hand sees many follies and weaknesses in one of these forts. As for that bit of a lake, you know my opinion of it already, and I wish to disparage nothing. No real seafarer disparages any thing; but I don't regard this here Ontario, as they call it, as more than so much water in a ship's scuttle-butt. Now, look you here, Mabel, if you wish to understand the difference between the ocean and a lake, I can make you comprehend it with a single look: this is what one may call a calm, seeing that there is no wind; though, to own the truth, I do not think the calms are as calm as them we get outside."

"Uncle, there is not a breath of air. I do not think it possible for the leaves to be more immovably still, than those of the entire forest are at this very moment."

"Leaves, what are leaves, child? there are no leaves at sea. If you wish to know whether it is a dead calm or not, try a mould candle—your dips flaring too much; and then you may be certain whether there is or is not any wind. If you were in a latitude where the air was so still that you found a difficulty in stirring it to draw it in breathing, you might fancy it a calm. People are often on a short allowance of air in the calm latitudes. Here, again, look at the water. It is like milk in a pan, with no more motion, now, than there is in a full hogshead before the bung is started. On the ocean the water is never still, let the air be as quiet as it may."

"The water of the ocean never still, Uncle Cap? not even in a calm?"

"Bless your heart, no, child. The ocean breathes like a living being, and its bosom is always heaving, as the poetizers call it, though there be no more air than is to be found in a siphon. No man ever saw the ocean still, like this lake; but it heaves and sets, as if it had lungs."

#### UNCLE CAP IN AN ASSAULT UPON A FORT.

Cap preserved his coolness admirably. He had a profound and increasing respect for the power of the savages, and even for the majesty of fresh-water, it is true; but his apprehensions of the former proceeded more from his dread of being scalped and tortured, than from any unmanly fear of death; and as he was now on the deck of a house, if not on the deck of a ship, and knew that there was little danger of boarders, he moved about with a fearlessness, and a rash exposure of his person, that *Pathfinder*, had he been aware of the fact, would have been the first to condemn. Instead of keeping his body covered, agreeably to the usages of Indian warfare, he was seen on every part of the roof, dashing the water right and left, with the apparent steadiness and unconcern he would have manifested had he been a sail-trimmer exercising his art in a battle afloat. His appearance was one of the causes of the extraordinary clamour among the assailants; who, unused to see their enemies so reckless, opened upon him with their tongues, like a

pack that has the fox in view. Still he appeared to possess a charmed life; for though the bullets whistled round him on every side, and his clothes were several times torn, nothing cut his skin. When the shell passed through the logs below, the old sailor dropped his bucket, waved his hat, and gave three cheers; in which heroic act he was employed as the dangerous missile exploded. This characteristic feat probably saved his life; for from that instant they ceased to fire at him, and even to shoot their flaming arrows at the block, having taken up the notion simultaneously, and by common consent, that the "Saltwater" was mad; and it was a singular effect of their magnanimity, never to lift a hand against those whom they imagined devoid of reason.

## INDIANS AND AMBUSH.

The savages now ceased speaking, and the party that was concealed heard the slow and guarded movements of those who were on the bank, as they pushed the bushes aside in their wary progress. It was soon evident that the latter had passed the cover; but the group in the water still remained, scanning the shore with eyes that glared through their war-paint like coals of living fire. After a pause of two or three minutes, these three began also to descend the stream, though it was step by step, as men move who look far an object that has been lost. In this manner they passed the artificial screen, and Pathfinder opened his mouth in that hearty but noiseless laugh that nature and habit had contributed to render a peculiarity of the man. His triumph, however was premature; for the last of the retiring party, just at this moment casting a look behind him, suddenly stopped; and his fixed attitude and steady gaze at once betrayed the appalling fact that some neglected bush had awakened his suspicions.

It was perhaps, fortunate for the concealed, that the warrior who manifested these fearful signs of distrust was young, and had still a reputation to acquire. He knew the importance of discretion and modesty in one of his years, and most of all did he dread the ridicule and contempt that would certainly follow a false alarm. Without recalling any of his companions, therefore, he turned on his own footsteps; and while the others continued to descend the river, he cautiously approached the bushes on which his looks were still fastened as by a charm. Some of the leaves which were exposed to the sun had drooped a little, and this slight departure from the usual natural laws had caught the quick eye of the Indian; for so practised and acute do the senses of the savage become, especially when he is on the war-path, that trifles apparently of the most insignificant sort often prove to be clues to lead him to his object.

The trifling nature of the change which had aroused the suspicion of this youth, was an additional motive for not acquainting his companions with his discovery. Should he really detect anything, his glory would be the greater for being unshared; and should he not, he might hope to escape the derision which the young Indian so much dreads. Then there were the dangers of an ambush and surprise, to which every warrior of the woods is keenly alive, to render his approach slow and cautious. In consequence of the delay that proceeded from these combined causes, the two parties had descended some fifty or sixty yards before the young-savage was again near enough to the bushes of the Pathfinder to touch them with his hand.

Notwithstanding their critical situation, the whole party behind the cover had their eyes fastened on the working countenance of the young Iroquoise, who was agitated by conflicting feelings. First came the eager hope of obtaining success where some of the most experienced of his tribe had failed, and with it a degree of glory that had seldom fallen to the share of one of his years or a brave on his first war-path: then followed doubts, as the drooping leaves seemed to rise again, and to revive in the currents of air; and distrust of hidden danger lent its exciting feeling to keep the eloquent features in play. So very slight, however, had been the alteration produced by the heat on bushes of which the stems were in the water, that when the Iroquois actually laid his hand on the leaves, he fancied that he had been deceived. As no man ever distrusts strongly without using all convenient means of satisfying his doubts, however, the young warrior cautiously pushed aside the branches, and advanced a step within the hiding place, when the forms of the concealed party met his gaze, resembling so many breathless statues. The low exclamation, the slight start, and the glaring eye, were hardly seen and heard before the arm of Chingachgook was raised, and the tomahawk of the Delaware descended on the shaven head of the foe. The Iroquois raised his hands frantically, bounded backward, and fell into the water at a spot where the current swept the body away, the struggling limbs still tossing and writhing in the agony of death. The Delaware made a vigorous but unsuccessful attempt to seize an arm, with the hope of securing the scalp; but the blood-stained waters whirled down the current, carrying with them their quivering burden.

From the Ladies' Companion.

## HARD TIMES.

LETTER FROM FLORENCE TO HER COUSIN.

DEAR COUSIN—You see I am faithful to my promise of writing as soon as possible, after I arrived in this great city, and shall at once proceed to acquaint you with all I have seen and heard since I have been here. I entered the city with a sorrowful heart, as

before I came, and on the way hither, the *hard times*, bad state of business affairs, and scarcity of money, had been so much the theme of conversation, that I felt much sympathy for the suffering inhabitants. I almost regretted accepting my aunt's invitation, fearing I should be a burden to her. However, the idea struck me she might wish to make me useful, in case she was suffered to part with some of her servants, or take the children from school. As I never flinch from duty, I dismissed all my previous visions of parties, theatres, and walks in Broadway, and determined to spend the most of my time in the nursery and school-room—and even if it were necessary share my allowance with my cousins. I feared they might have been obliged to leave their comfortable house since their failure, but was agreeably surprised, when the stage stopped, to see the same silver plate—although it was too dark to read the name—which told the stately granite mansion before me was still occupied by uncle Bankly. Hastily bidding adieu to the kind friends who had taken me under their protection during the journey, I followed the driver who bore my trunk up the marble steps. A dandy negro answered the bell—I was glad to see they had not been obliged to part with every servant. I was ushered into the front drawing room, and while the waiter went to report my arrival, I had leisure to examine the room, and to admire the gorgeous carpet, velvet-cushioned chairs, satin curtains, the chandeliers, tabourits, girandoles, candelabras, and a hundred other articles of magnificence with which they were adorned. The servant requested me to walk up stairs, and I eagerly tripped through the soft carpet halls and staircases, lighted and warmed as a parlour. At the landing, I was met by a neatly dressed chambermaid, who ushered me into my aunt's bedroom—an apartment which occupied the whole front of the house. Before a large *psyche*, whose richly gilded frame reflected brilliantly the fire light, stood aunt Bankly, undergoing the operation of being dressed for a party. She seemed very glad to see me, seated me in a luxurious red velvet *voltaire* and after asking after you all, begged my permission to go on dressing, as she was engaged out to a dinner party.

'Pray aunt, do not consider me as a stranger,' I said, 'I intend to make myself useful, and will do any work you may wish to have done.'

'Useful, dear child,' she said smiling, 'I wish you to enjoy yourself; I have plenty of people to do my work.'

I saw the ladies' maids smiling at each other, and felt confused. 'Oh, I thought I might be of some use,' I stammered, 'the times are so bad, aunt.'

'Are they?' she said, with an indifferent tone. 'Jeannette, which turban shall I wear—the gold-sprigged lace with lappets of fringed gold, or the blonde lace and flowers?'

'Where are the dear children?' I asked.

'Dear me! I am glad you reminded me,' said aunt, looking at her splendid watch; 'it is past five, and I have not sent for them. Jane, just ring the bell for Thomas, and tell him to order the carriage immediately for the darlings.'

It was with great pleasure I beheld my dear cousin Helen now enter the room. She wore a riding habit, and a man's hat, that being the most fashionable one to ride in at present. She ran towards me—was delighted to see me once more, and in spite of my entreaties, she declared she would relinquish her dinner party and spend a quiet evening with me. Her mother, with a remark that rest would do her good, as she looked jaded from being out so much, gave her consent to the arrangement.

I had expressed so much anxiety to see poor cousin Sophia, as I have called her ever since I heard of her husband's *failure* in business, that the next morning aunt ordered her carriage, and with Helen we drove to her house. As it was now two months since we heard of cousin Cotton's misfortune, I was afraid they were suffering from privation. In the way thither, I asked if they had changed their residence yet.

'Oh, no,' said my aunt, 'they are very well satisfied with their house, and when the new room is finish at the back, which they design as a picture gallery, I think they will be very comfortable.'

'Dear me, I have been misinformed then,' I said, 'I heard Mr. Cotton had failed.'

'What difference should that make—it is an event which often happens among merchants—one must live you know. Besides, your cousin has only *suspended*.'

My ignorance of mercantile phrases was such that I really began to fear Sophia's husband had hanged himself in vexation at the turn affairs had taken.

'Suspended?' I exclaimed, staring at aunt, with my eyes and ears open, like a raw country girl.

Helen burst into a laugh. 'I see you are no merchant, coz. Where a man has suspended, it means he has suspended paying his debts, and of course has more money to spend upon his family.'

'Nonsense, Helen,' said her mother, reprovingly. 'You know nothing about business matters. Your cousin, Sophia, I am sure, is obliged to use much economy lately.' Helen shrugged up her shoulders, and we rode on in silence.

As we approached Mr. Cotton's lordly mansion, two elegant carriages drew away to give us room. One, I was told, belonged to cousin Sophia, and the other to a visitor. The foot-boy opened the door—we ascended the steps, and were ushered, by a gentlemanly-looking waiter, into a room furnished in a style of princely magnificence. The walls were covered with rare paintings, in massy gilt frames—the carpets, cushions, and curtains of the most

costly fabric—the grates were of silver, and wherever I directed my eye, it fell upon gold, or crystal, or velvet. A lady sat upon an embroidered divan, who was introduced as Mrs. Manly. In a few moments, cousin Sophia entered, equipped for a morning round of calls. After the first greetings were over, we seated ourselves in a circle round the fire, and while the others conversed, I amused myself gazing around me upon the new and splendid furniture. I saw no marks of the *economy* of which aunt Bankly had spoken, in any thing, except in cousin's dress, and I was glad to see her old things had been made over new. It was true, her collar was of delicate French work, edged with expensive point de Paris lace—her pocket handkerchief was a mass of embroidery and *mehlin*—and her dress a superb silk, surrounded with two *flounces*—but her hat, which was so small it would scarcely reach her forehead, I had no doubt had been made out of her last year's old one, the soiled parts being cut away had thus reduced its size. Her cloak, also, although of rich green velvet, had, no doubt, been one she had outgrown, as it reached only a little below the knees, and was eked out with a silvery white plush. I commended her economy, but felt sorry for her, as I imagined how the wind must blow in her face, and how cold the lower part of her body must be.

'So, Sophia,' said aunt, 'I see you have one of the new small hats. I have been waiting for the new fashions to appear, in order to purchase my winter bonnet. I cannot imagine how you obtained yours so soon, as neither Mrs. Blond nor Madame Brussels have opened yet.'

'I am so good a customer of these ladies,' said my economical cousin, with exultation, 'that they always give me the first choice of their new things. Madame Brussels sent me word two days ago that she had just received a box of hats from Paris, from which I might choose one before she opened them to the public.'

'Really she is very partial,' said Helen, with pique. 'I am sure we waste money enough upon her.'

'She made me pay well for this,' said Sophia; 'only think of her charging me thirty dollars for this little hat.'

'Oh, I do not wonder,' said aunt, 'the rich lace and feathers make it worth that.'

'Yes, one must pay for these things. But how do you like my new *palletot*?' she added, pointing to what I had foolishly imagined an old cloak made over and curtailed. 'It has just arrived from Paris, and there is not another like it to be seen in the city. It cost me sixty-five dollars.'

'Beautiful! charming!' burst from my aunt, while Helen gazed upon it with a gloomy discontented air. I supposed she was vexed with her cousin for her thoughtless extravagance, while her husband's affairs were so embarrassed.

'Mamma,' at last she said, 'I am so provoked I did not see cousin's cloak before. It is so lovely. I should certainly have ordered one exactly like it.'

'I am sure, cousin,' said Sophia, 'your velvet mantilette is very handsome, with its beautiful fur edging.'

'Besides,' said her mother, she has only worn it a week, and paid sixty-dollars for it to Madame Reys, in Broadway.'

'I am so tired of mantillettes—I cannot go into the street, but they stare me in the face, of every hue and material. I want something new. However, I am determined to have a new muff. Yours is pretty, Sophia—what do you call it?'

'Silver Fox.'

'Very pretty,' said aunt Bankly, taking it. 'Are these expensive?'

'Oh, I only gave a hundred dollars for it,' said Mrs. Cotton quietly; but Helen, why do you wish to get a new one? Your black lynx suits your mantilette so well.'

'Dear me, you do not think I shall wear a black muff when light furs are in fashion. No, no; I shall get me a stone marten, or natural lynx, or Isabella bear.'

'In the first place, you must attend to your new hat,' said her mother. 'As you have seen the new fashions, what do you advise, Sophia? A dark changeable silk like your own?'

'Oh, by no means; I selected it for its novelty, but immediately repented, as I fear they will become so common.'

'I can then change it,' remarked Helen. 'I much prefer it to those greys, drabs, and other grave colours we have been wearing so long. When July Fairfax came on here last summer from the South, she asked if every one had become quakers, as wherever she turned, in church, street, or auction, there was a universal hue of drab or slate.'

Mrs. Manly, who had withdrawn to the other room, to look over some new annuals which lay upon a marble table, now returned.

'Ladies, with your permission,' she said, 'I will now fulfil the mission upon which I came. I am going round with a subscription paper in order to gain a little sum to relieve a suffering family.'

How their faces fell!

'It is a disagreeable task, but I feel so much for them, I shall not shrink from it. They were once doing quite well with a small shop, but the husband lost all by the failure of a merchant with whom he was connected in business; since then they have struggled on, it would seem, to plunge themselves deeper into poverty and sickness.' She then handed the paper to Mrs. Cotton. Her own name headed it for a reasonable sum.

'Really, Mrs. Manly,' began cousin Sophia, 'I do not know what to say to this. I have so very little to give away. When I



ask for money for my own uses, I hear nothing from Mr. Cotton' but "hard times," and "scarcity of money."

'Surely from all this abundance which I see around me you can spare something.'

'Ah, that is it, Mrs. Manly; it takes so much to keep up this "abundance," as you are pleased to call it. Those embroidered satin curtains cost me eight hundred dollars each—and there being four of them, they required no trifling sum, I assure you. Then the expenses of housekeeping, and of entertaining company—but I suppose I must give something.'

Placing a dollar in the hand of Mrs. Manly, Sophia turned to adjust her dress at the magnificent mirror which reached from the ceiling to the floor. Aunt Bankly, after many regrets of her little power to give, and muttering a little about "so many of these things forever coming," and "she did not see why people could not support themselves in this land of plenty," gave her half a dollar. Helen declared she thought she did her share towards taking care of the poor, by making fancy work for fairs, and so excused herself. The sweet and benevolent smile, with which Mrs. Manly repaid me for what I deemed it my duty to give her, has dwelt in my recollection ever since.

I begin to confound right and wrong. Every thing here is so different from my preconceived ideas, that I sometimes fancy I have always been under a mistake, respecting our duties to ourselves and others. If I should act upon these motives for action, which I often see predominant here, I must not be myself—I, in the country, and I, in the city, are two different persons. Let us hope, while my ideas are so confused, I shall not—like the man who swore he was a changeling, and not he himself—lose my own identity.—If I do, you must be the 'little dog at home' and prove that 'I be I.' However, I have, as yet, seen but little in this wonderful maze of city life, and may judge erroneously. At all events, I have viewed but one side of the picture, and should I ever send you another side, it may be a brighter one.

E. R. S.

[The preceding article portrays the causes of a good proportion of the city bankruptcies. Ladies can readily perceive to what degree they promote the ruin of their husbands, and the almost absolute extinction of their moral sensibilities,—in their desire for vain show, forgetting their duties to their neighbour, and in short, neglecting the chief design and object of their creation. In our next, we shall furnish 'Floretta's second letter,' which presents objects of great interest.—Genuine exalted worth and excellence are displayed in the character of an honourable bankrupt and his family. May they excite universal emulation.—*Am. paper.*]

(From the Ladies' Companion.)

### MARRYING FOR MONEY.

BY F. H. HARRINGTON.

There is a grey-haired gentleman in New York, a retired merchant, whose bland and hearty countenance may be seen every day, in Broadway, through the window of his carriage, as he takes his airing. There is nothing ostentatious about his equipage—none of that laboured display, unfortunately characteristic of too many in New York. He does not ape the habits of foreign aristocracy, by attiring his servants in liveries; and his carriage, though evidently of costly manufacture, is so barren of tinsel, and of so unpretending a construction, that the passer by, as his eye falls upon it in the midst of the ambitious 'turn-outs' so numerous in Broadway, would never suspect its occupant to be the master of unbounded wealth—capable of buying up nine hundred and ninety-nine of the bedizened and bewhiskered aspirants, who dash by him, as he leisurely rambles along, in their flashy gingerbread vehicles.

He is often accompanied by his wife and daughter; the former preserving in the wane of life, traces of loveliness; the latter in the dawning of lustrous beauty. The dress of these ladies corresponds with the elegant simplicity—that test of true elevation and real gentility, which we have remarked upon as distinguishing the husband and father. The jewels they wear are few and tasteful; and, in their plain and becoming attire, they do not make their bodies locomotive milliners' signs, nor tell a tale, by extravagance or ostentatiousness of display, that conscious of deficiency in mental superiority, they would make a parade of the gaudiness of the covering, to atone for the emptiness within it.

This gentleman came to this city when a young man, a poor adventurer. He left his father's humble fireside in the country, with a blessing, and a little pack of clothes, and with a five dollar note in his pocket, all he was worth in the world, he turned his steps towards New York; ignorant of mankind, of the world's guilt and crime of the thousands seeking like himself, a livelihood, who congregate in this moral whirlpool—but full of expectation, of hope, of determination, of energy. It was distant several days' travel, but he did not greatly diminish his scanty funds, for the farmer's door at which he applied at nightfall, was ever open to receive him, and a few hours of labour the succeeding day required, for he would have scorned to accept of charity, the hospitality extended to him. He sought a mean, cheap lodging house, when at last he trod, with eager foot, the streets of the city; and although wondering curiosity was awake, he wasted no time in idleness, but sedulously employed himself in seeking occupation. Appearances are deceitful, and it is dangerous to put faith in them; but the merchant who

listened to Jacob Flagg's story, and taking the honesty depicted in his face as an endorsement of its truth, made him his porter, never had reason to regret it.

For four years he was a faithful servant; diligent, industrious, honest, frugal. Closing his duties soon after nightfall, his evenings were his own; and by the light of a lamp, he devoted them to the improvement of his mind. At the end of the four years, with what he had saved from his earnings, and some little assistance from his employer, he opened a small retail shop in an obscure street, wherein he vended a small stock of dry goods. From the beginning he succeeded; slowly, indeed, yet he succeeded. And the majority may succeed in precisely the same way. Whatever one's income may be, however trifling, let him live within it, and he is even then prospering and to prosper. In a great city, frugality never finds itself at fault. Subsistence and a home may be procured, meeting to any quality of means; and he who casts false pride out of doors, and indulges rather in that more ennobling satisfaction, the consciousness that he is wronging no fellow being by unjust self-indulgence, is laying a foundation for prosperity that nothing can shake; for though the goods of earth may gather slowly, the soul will be heaping up treasures. Extravagance is a comparative term; and he who with an income of a few hundred, exceeds its bounds in his expenditures, is more extravagant than the possessor of millions, whose lavish hand scatters thousands upon thousands from his revenue. Jacob Flagg had a little something left of his first year's gains, and a yet larger sum at the close of the second—tenfold after the third.

As his condition improved, he cautiously and advisedly improved his mode of living. He removed to a more genteel boarding-house—and then a better still, ever careful, however, not to deceive himself and run ahead of duty. The second change was rife with momentous influences upon his destiny; for there boarded in the same house a widow and her pretty daughter, the last an heiress worth a thousand dollars! The widow named Watkins—not her real name by the by, for, on our veracity, we are telling a true story, and it might give offence to be too particular—was not overstocked with wit, and piqued herself as much on her slender jointure and the thousand dollars Helen was to possess on her wedding day, as though her hundreds had been thousands, and her daughter's thousand a million. Helen was sensible—very sensible; and resisted, in a good degree, the unhappy influence of her mother's weakness; but most women, not being conversant with business, do not appreciate the true value of money; and it is not amazing that Helen, when it was so constantly a theme of exultation and pride with her mother, should imagine at last, her thousand dollars—a fortune.

Flagg after a time loved her—loved her with his whole heart and was tenderly loved in return. He had always determined with an honest pride, never to fall in love with a woman with money; 'it should never be cast in his teeth by his wife's grumbling relations, that he was supported by her,—and there are few who will accuse him of swerving from his principles, although he did love Helen Watkins, and she had a thousand dollars.

He married her; and on her wedding day, pursuant to her father's will the thousand dollars were placed in Flagg's hands. Doing as he thought best for their mutual advantage, he invested it in his business, and instead of dashing out with an establishment, remained at the boarding house. For a time all went on well. A loving bride thinks little, for months, of any thing but love and happiness, and Helen never spoke of the thousand dollars. Flagg furnished her with money sufficient for her wants, and indeed for her desire—the engrossment of her thoughts otherwise limiting her wishes. But when a year had gone by, she oftener asked for articles of dress or luxury—luxury to them—which her husband could not afford to give, and gently but resolutely denied her. 'It's very strange' thought Helen to herself, 'that when he has all that thousand dollars of mine, he won't let me have what I want.' Her mother fostered these complaining thoughts, and on an occasion when she had set her heart on something which he refused to purchase, she ventured to vent her disappointment in reproaches; and referred to the thousand dollars, which she was sure she ought to be at liberty to spend, since it was all her own. Flagg was astonished, indignant; but refraining himself, kindly reasoned with her, and represented how paltry a sum in reality, a thousand dollars was, and how long ago it would have been exhausted, had it been in her own possession, by the procurement of half the articles she had solicited. But her pride prevented her from listening with calmness; and she only gathered enough of his explanation to excite, in her warped judgement, that it was only given to excuse himself for his meanness.

In a short time the thousand dollars came up again—and again—and again; the last time immediately after breakfast. Flagg could hear no more. Without a rejoinder, he suddenly left the house. His wife saw that he was more than ordinarily moved—that his face wore a startling expression, and regretful, penitent, and alarmed, she called earnestly and tearfully to him, but it was too late! It was a sullen, wintry, chilly day when Flagg left his home that morning; it was, too, at the very climax of one of those mercantile crises when the rich feel poor, and the poor beggars; and Flagg, breasting the storm bravely thus far, congratulated himself that a few days more he should be safe and his fortunes golden forever. How bitter were his sensations as he came down

Broadway that morning, plashing through the rain! He loved Helen dearly—he knew that she loved him. Their days were all happiness save that destroyed by this one foible, and let come what would, he determined to give her 'a lesson that should last her the rest of her life.'

He did not return to dinner. Helen waited for him, and, robbed by her anxiety and remorse of her appetite, would not go down herself, but sat all the afternoon, looking from the window into the deserted and dreary street; weeping sometimes as if her heart would break. When daylight had nearly gone, and she had begun to strain her eyes to distinguish objects without, she discovered him approaching. She could not—she dared not go to meet him, but when he opened the door she could not repress a shriek at the haggardness of his countenance. He came to her side, and taking her hand, said in a voice broken by exhaustion and emotion, while he extended with the other a roll of bank notes—

'Helen, there are your thousand dollars. I have had toil and anguish, and pain enough to get them for you, in these dreadful times, but I had resolved, and would not be disappointed. Take them, do with them as you like, and we will be wholly happy; for you can never reproach me more.'

'No, no, not for the world!' sobbed Helen, sinking on her knees in shame; 'oh husband forgive me, forgive me! I shall never be guilty again!' and she tried to make him accept the notes.

He was, however, resolute; and well knowing from his character, that what he had determined on, as a proper course, he would not swerve from, she dismissed the subject, and they were afterwards indeed happy. He never asked to what purpose she devoted her thousand dollars, but it was plain enough that she expended them neither for dress nor ornament. If any thing, she was more frugal than ever; and he was compelled to question her of her wants and wishes, when he was disposed to gratify them; as he was liberally and freely, so soon as his prosperity would authorize it.

Reader, this Flagg is the same hale old fellow whom we have spoken of as riding in his carriage in Broadway; and that wife is the same Helen. That daughter—ah, I can tell a story of her! She is to be married next week to a young man not worth a penny—but who loves her, and cares not a pin for her father's money, confiding as he does in his own energies, which the old gentleman took care to make sure of before he gave his consent. As to that thousand dollars, it has been accumulating these twenty years—has been added to constantly by the mother, and is now a good round sum—we have it from good authority—at least twenty thousand, will be a gift to her daughter on the marriage day; but we warrant you, she will hear the whole story of 'the thousand dollars,' and be warned not to suspect an honest, highminded, loving man, of marrying for money!

### FUNERAL OF BISHOP MACDONELL.

A solemn dirge was performed over the remains of Dr. Macdonell, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Kingston, Upper Canada, in St. Mary's Chapel, Broughton Street, Edinburgh, on Saturday, January 25. The chapel was crowded, all having been admitted by tickets, which had been profusely distributed. The chapel windows were blocked up and covered with black cloth, and upon each were gilded the devices of death's head and cross bones, and the Bishop's mitre, alternately. The pulpit, the front of the gallery, and the bottom of the altar, were also covered with black cloth. To the left of the altar, a superb hatchment was erected, surmounted by a plumed canopy of black tapestry bordered with silver. In front of this burned an immense number of candles of various sizes, in honour of the deceased's rank in the R. C. Church. In front of these was placed the coffin containing the body, covered with crimson velvet. The altar was lighted with six large candles in high gilded candlesticks. Among those who assisted at the ceremony were Bishops Carruthers and Gillis, of Edinburgh; Bishop Murdoch, of Glasgow; and Bishop Scott, of Greenock. As the Bishops and Clergy entered the church in procession, the band performed the Dead March in Saul. Mass having been said by Dr. Gillis, Bishop Murdoch delivered a discourse, in the course of which he passed a high eulogium on the character of his deceased brother, and adverted to his zeal and indefatigable perseverance in forwarding and propagating the tenets of the Catholic faith, both in his native land, and in the interior of Upper Canada. The priests then left the chapel in the same manner in which they had entered, the band playing the same solemn march; and the body of the deceased having been placed in front of the altar, the priests re-entered in the same order, and proceeded to pronounce a last and impressive benediction over the deceased. The remains were then removed from the chapel to a splendid hearse, which was covered with purple velvet, emblazoned with the late prelate's arms, and the mitre, drawn by six horses. The hearse, being preceded by an imposing array of the members of the Roman Catholic congregation, and marshalled by mutes, &c. moved in slow procession, followed by coaches containing the bishops and priests, to the vaults of St. Mary's Chapel, where the remains were deposited.

Health is a blessing, prized most by those who need it.—*Jenkins.*

Selected for the Pearl.

## STANZAS TO THE YOUNG.

Long have the wisest lips confess'd,  
That minstrel ones are far from wrong,  
Who "point a moral" in a jest,  
Or yield a sermon in a song.

So be it! listen ye who will,  
And though my harp be roughly strung,  
Yet never shall its highest thrill  
Offend the old, or taint the young.

Mark me! I ne'er presume to teach  
The man of wisdom, gray and sage;  
'Tis to the growing I would preach  
From moral text, and mentor page.

First I would bid thee, cherish truth,  
As leading star in virtue's train;  
Folly may pass, nor tarnish youth,  
But falsehood leaves a poison stain.

Keep watch, nor let the burning tide  
Of impulse, break from all controul;  
The best of hearts needs pilot-guide,  
To steer it clear of error's shoal.

One wave of passion's boiling flood,  
May all the sea of life disturb,  
And steeds of good but fiery blood,  
Will rush on death without a curb.

Think on the course ye fain would run,  
And moderate the wild desire;  
There's many a one would drive the sun,  
Only to set the world on fire.

Slight not the one of honest worth,  
Because no star adorns his breast;  
The lark soars highest from the earth,  
Yet ever leaves the lowest nest.

Heed but the bearing of a tree,  
And if it yield a wholesome fruit,  
A shallow, envious fool, is he  
Who spurns it for its forest root.

Let fair humanity be thine,  
To fellow-man, and meanest brute;  
'Tis nobly taught; the code's divine,  
"Mercy is God's chief attribute."

The coward wretch whose hand and heart  
Can bear to torture aught below,  
Is ever first to quail and start  
From slightest pain or equal foe.

Be not too ready to condemn  
The wrong thy brothers may have done;  
Ere ye too harshly censure them  
For human faults, ask "Have I none?"

Look that thy young and glowing breast  
Can think of death without a sigh;  
And be assured that life is best,  
Which finds us least afraid to die!

ELIZA COOK.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## DINNER IN A STEAMBOAT.

"They fool me to the top of my bent."—Shake.

'Come, Mrs. Suet, Mrs. Hoggins, Mrs. Sweetbread, Mrs. Cleaver! dinner's ready; shall I show you the way down to the cabin? we mustn't spoil good victuals though we are sure of good company.—Lauk! what a monstrous deal of smoke comes out of the chimney. I suppose they are dressing the second course; every thing's roasted by steam, they say,—how excessively clever! As to Mrs. Dip, since she's so high and mighty, she may find her own way down. What! she's afraid of spoiling her fine shawl, I reckon, though you and I remember, Mrs. Hoggins, when her five shilling Welsh-whittle was kept for Sunday's church, and good enough too, for we all know what her mother was. Good heavens! here comes Undertaker Croak, looking as down in the mouth as the roof of my tongue: do let me get out of the way; I wouldn't sit next to him for a rump and dozen, he does tell such dismal stories that it quite gives one the blue devils. He is like a nightmare, isn't he, Mr. Smart?' 'He may be like a mare by night,' replied Mr. Smart, with a smirking chuckle, 'but I consider him more like an ass by day. He! he! he! Looking round for applause at this sally, he held out his elbows, and taking a lady, or rather a female under each arm, he danced towards the hatchway exclaiming, 'Now I am ready trussed for table, liver under one wing and gizzard under the other.' 'Keep a civil tongue in your head, Mr. Smart; I don't quite understand being called a liver—look at the

sparks coming out of the chimney, I declare I'm frightened to death.'—'Well, then of course you are no longer a liver,' resumed the facetious Mr. Smart; 'so you may as well apply to Mr. Croak to bury you.' 'O Gemini! don't talk so shocking; I had rather never die at all than have such a fellow as that to bury me.' 'Dick, my dear,' cried Mrs. Cleaver to her son, who was leaning over the ship's side with a most wo-begone and emetical expression of countenance, 'hadn't you better come down to dinner? There's a nice side of a round o' beef, and the chump end of a *line* of mutton, besides a rare hock of bacon, which I dare say will settle your stomach.' 'O mother,' replied the young Cockney, 'that 'ere cold beefsteak and inguns vat you put up in the pocket-handkerchief, vasn't good I do believe, for all my hinsides are of a work.' 'Tell 'em it's a holiday,' cried Smart. 'O dear, O dear!' continued Dick, whose usual brazen tone was subdued into a lackadaisical whine, 'I want to reach and I can't—vat shall I do, mother?' 'Stand on tiptoe,' my darling,' replied Smart, imitating the voice of Mrs. Cleaver, who began to take in high dudgeon this horse-play of her neighbour, and was proceeding to manifest her displeasure in no very measured terms, when she was fortunately separated from her antagonist, and borne down the hatchway by the dinner-desiring crowd, though sundry echoes of the words 'Jackanape!' and 'impudent feller' continued audible above the confused gabble of the gangway.

'Well, Mr. Smart,' cried Mrs. Suet, as soon as she had satisfied the first cravings of her appetite, 'you promised to tell me all about the steam, and explain what it is that makes them wheels go round as fast as those of our one-horse chay, when Jem Bell drives the trotting mare.' 'Why, ma'am, you must understand—' 'Who called for sandwiches and a tumbler of negus?' bawled the steward—'Who called for the savages and tumbling negres?' repeated Mr. Smart. 'Yes, mam, you saw the machinery, I believe—(capital boiled beef) there's a thing goes up and a thing goes down, all made of iron; well, that's the hydrostatic principle; then you put into the boiler—(a nice leg of mutton, Mrs. Sweetbread)—let me see, where was I? in the boiler, I believe. Ah! it's an old trick of mine to be getting into hot water. So, ma'am, you see they turn all the smoke that comes from the fire on to the wheels, and that makes them spin round, just as the smoke-jack in our chimnies turns the spit; and then there's the safety-valve in case of danger, which lets all the water into the fire, and so puts out the steam at once. You see, ma'am, it's very simple, when once you understand the trigonometry of it.' 'O perfectly, but I never had it properly explained to me before. It's vastly clever, isn't it? How could they ever think of it? Shall I give you a little of the salad? La, it isn't dressed; what a shame!

'Not at all,' cried Smart, 'none of us dressed for dinner, so that we can hardly expect it to be dressed for us. He! he! he!—' 'Did you hear that, Mrs. H.,' exclaimed Mrs. Suet, turning to Mrs. Hoggins, 'that was a good one, warn't it? Dart it, Mr. Smart, you are a droll one.'

Here the company were alarmed by a terrified groan from Mr. Croak, who ejaculated, 'Heaven have mercy on us! did you hear that whizzing noise? there it is again—there's something wrong in the boiler—if it bursts, we shall all be in heaven in five minutes.' 'Lauk forbid!' ejaculated two or three voices, while others began to scream, and were preparing to quit their places, when the steward informed them that it was nothing in the world but the spare steam which they were letting off. 'Ay, so they always say,' resumed Croak with an incredulous tone and wo-begone look; 'but it was just the same on board the American steamboat that I was telling you of—fifty-two souls sitting at dinner, laughing and chatting for all the world as we are now, when there comes a whizz, such as we heard a while ago—Heaven help us! there it is once more—and bang! up blew the boiler, fourteen people scalded to death, and a little finger picked up next day in an oyster shell, which by the ring upon it was known to be the captain's. But don't be alarmed, ladies and gentlemen, I dare say we shall escape any scalding as we're all in the cabin, and so we shall only go to the bottom smack. Indeed we may arrive safe—they do sometimes, and I wish we may now, for nobody loves a party of pleasure more than I do. I hate to look upon the gloomy side of things when we are all happy together (here another groan,) and I hope I haven't said any thing to lower the spirits of the company.'

'There's no occasion,' cried Smart, 'for I saw the steward putting water into every bottle of brandy.' The laugh excited by this bon mot tended in some degree to dissipate the alarm and gloom which the boding Mr. Croak had been infusing into the party; and Smart, by way of fortifying their courage, bade them remark that the sailors were obviously under no sort of apprehension. 'Ay' resumed the persevering Mr. Croak, 'they are used to it—it is their business—they are bred to the sea.' 'But they don't want to be bread to the fishes, any more more than you or I,' retorted Smart, chuckling at his having the best of this nonsense.

'Well,' exclaimed Mrs. Sweetbread, 'I never tasted such beer as this—flat as ditch water; they should have put it upon the cullender to let the water run out; and yet you have been drinking it, Smart, and never said any thing about it.' 'Madam,' replied the party thus addressed, laying his hand upon his heart, and looking very serious, 'I make it a rule never to speak ill of the dead. I am eating the ham, you see, and yet it would be much better if I were to exemplify one of Shakspeare's soliloquies—Ham-let alone.' 'La! you're such a wag,' cried Mrs. Hoggins, 'there's no being

up to you; but if you don't like the ham, take a slice of this edge bone—nothing's hetter than cold beef.' 'I beg your pardon, Madame,' replied the indefatigable joker, 'cold beef's better than nothing—Ha, ha, ha!'

'How do you find yourself now, my darling?' said Mrs. Cleaver to her son, who had been driven below by a shower, and kept his hat on because, as he said, his 'air was quite vet.' 'Vy, mother, I have been as sick as a cat, but I'm bang up now, and so peckish that I feel as if I should heat any thing.' 'Then just warm these potatoes,' said Smart, handing him the dish, 'for they are almost cold.' 'I'll thank you not to run your rigs upon me, quoth the young Cockney, looking glumish, 'or I shall fetch you a ripe with this here hash-stick. If one gives you an hinch, you take a hell.' 'Never mind him, my dear,' cried his mother, 'eat this mutton chop, it will do you good; there's no gravy, for Mr. Smart has all the sauce to himself. Haw! haw! haw!' 'Very good,' exclaimed the latter, clapping his hands, 'Ma'am, you are as good a wag as your own double chin.' This was only ventured in a low tone of voice, and as the fat dame was at that moment handing the plate to her son, it was fortunately unheard. Dick being still rather giddy, contrived to let the chop fall upon the floor, an occurrence at which Mr. Smart declared he was not in the least surprised, as the young man, when he first came into the cabin, looked uncommonly chop-fallen. Dick, however, had presently taken a place at the table, and begun attacking the buttock of beef with great vigour and vivacity, protesting he had got a famous 'happetite,' and felt 'as ungruy as an ound.' 'I never say any thing to discourage any body,' said Mr. Croak, 'particularly young people, it's a thing I hate, but t'other day a fine lad sate down to dinner in this very packet, after being sea-sick, just as you may be doing now, when it turned out he had broke a blood-vessel, and in twelve hours he was a corpse, and a very pretty one he made.'

'I'm not going to be choused out of my dinner for all that,' replied the youth, munching away with great industry, and at the same time calling out, 'Steward! take away this porter-pot, it runs.' 'I doubt that,' cried Smart. 'I say it does,' resumed Dick, angrily, 'the table-cloth is all of a sop.' 'I'll bet you half-a-crown it doesn't.' Done! and done! was hastily exchanged, when Mr. Smart, looking round with a smirk, exclaimed, 'Ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to every one of you whether the pot has not been perfectly still, and nothing has been running but the beer.' This elicited a shout at poor Dick's expense, who suddenly muttered, 'I'm not going to be bamboozled out of an 'alf crown in that there vay, and vot's more I vont be made a standing joke by no man.' 'I don't see how you can,' replied his antagonist, 'so long as you are sitting.' 'Vy are you like a case of ketchup?' cried Dick, venturing for once to become the assailant, and immediately replying to his own enquiry, 'because you are a sauce-box.' 'Haw! haw!' roared his mother, 'bravo, Dick; well done, Dick; there's a proper rap for you, Mr. Smart.' Somewhat nettled at this joke, poor as it was, the latter returned to the charge by enquiring of Dick why his hat was like a giblet pie? and after suffering him to guess two or three times in vain, cried because there's goose's head in it, and instantly set the example of the horse-laugh in which the company joined. Finding he was getting the worst of it, Dick thought it prudent to change the conversation, by observing that it would luckily be 'I' water in the 'arbour when they arrived. 'Then I recommend you by all means to use some of it,' said the pertinacious Mr. Smart, 'perhaps it may cure your squint.'

Both mother and son rose up in wrath at this personality, and there would infallibly have been a *bouurrasque* (as the French say) in the hold, but there was just then a tremendous concussion upon the deck, occasioned by the fall of the main-boom, and followed by squeaks and screams, of all calibres, from the panic-stricken company at the dinner table. 'Heaven have mercy upon us,' ejaculated Croak, with a deep groan, 'it's all over with us, we are going to the bottom, I like to make the best of every thing, it's my way, and therefore no lady or gentleman will be in the least alarmed, for I believe drowning is a much less painful death than is generally supposed.'

Having run upon deck at this juncture for the purpose of ascertaining the nature of the accident, which he found to be unattended with the smallest danger, the writer cannot detail any more of the conversation that ensued.

## A TOUCHING INCIDENT IN MARRIED LIFE.

"Oh! fearful thing, to let one only hope  
Engross the human heart."

Lindsay Bathurst married the beautiful Jeanette —, almost against his own judgment, being aware of her mother's frailty, of which Jeanette was entirely ignorant. Under particular circumstances, Jeanette was one day invited to visit a Mrs. Grant, an old friend, despite of her husband's prohibition.

'Jeanette was almost a stranger to moral fear; but when she beheld the deep shade on Lindsay's brow, instead of the gladness that should have been there, she experienced an inward tremour that all but deprived her of the power of speaking. She was conscious of it; and, exerting herself to overcome it, her first words were—' Lindsay, I have disobeyed you—I have seen Mrs. Grant.' 'You may spare yourself the trouble of confession, Jeanette: I know it already.' 'I wished you to do so; but I had hoped you would have heard it first from me.' 'It is of little consequence



from whom we learn that which is beyond remedy. You can never, Jeannette, make amends for this one act of disobedience. I had such powerful reasons for what I asked.' 'You should then have revealed them to me, Lindsay.' 'I could not—Matilda knows I could not. She knows too, Jeannette, that you are the last woman in the world that ought to risk an imprudent or a thoughtless action.' Matilda looked imploringly at Lindsay, to warn him that he was on dangerous ground. In vain: he continued—'The very last! Jeannette, you know not what you have done!' Jeannette felt she was over-blamed, and her repentance consequently decreased. In a very different tone and opposite spirit to that in which she had hitherto spoken, she replied—'This is cruel! You assume a rigour that you cannot feel. What I have done is neither morally nor religiously wrong.' 'Assume! Would to heaven that what now I feel were only assumed! Jeannette, if you attempt to justify what you have done, you will drive me to madness.' She saw that her husband's feelings were strongly excited, and she was conscious that her own were also; she had therefore some check on her expressions, but not a sufficient one. 'You are unjust to me, Lindsay. You gave me your command, which I am induced by very peculiar circumstances to transgress. Your reasons for issuing that command you do not reveal to me, and yet you ungenerously reproach me with their force. This, in another, I should call tyrannical.' Matilda gently approached her and whispered, 'Hush, hush! Jeannette.' 'No, my dear Matilda, I must now speak. What concealments have I had from him? Let Lindsay now give me those reasons of which he has only hitherto spoken darkly: let me hear why I am the last woman in the world who should venture to risk her reputation.' Her cheek glowed with indignation as she spoke; and she looked at Lindsay fixedly, awaiting his reply. Lindsay returned that look, and exclaiming suddenly, 'Must it be!' continued: 'Then, Jeannette, hear me; but remember, always remember, that this is of your own seeking.' Jeannette fearlessly confronted his gaze; and Lindsay, scarcely pausing, proceeded: 'Jeannette, your mother's name was once on the public lip what Mrs. Grant's is now.' 'My mother! Lindsay. Oh, you mock me—you do not, you cannot think it true.' 'I know it to be so.' They were the last words he spoke in anger. He had no sooner uttered them than he trembled with apprehension at what he had done. Jeannette listened; then turning to Matilda, said: Do not you, my sister, contradict him?' Matilda threw her arms around her, and, in the lowest whisper, breathed—'I cannot.' Jeannette stood as if transfixed by the intensity of her surprise, and she once more said with vehemence—'It is not true!' But the sentence had no sooner escaped her than the truth she had so boldly denied with her lips fell upon her heart with a conviction almost freed from doubt. Past events, once enveloped in mystery, rushed upon her mind with the celerity and destructiveness of a whirlwind. At one 'fell swoop' they swept from her heart every past and present delight, every strong affection, every enjoyment of memory, every darling vision of hope; yet with the delirium of extreme wretchedness, she strove awhile to escape from the shock of conviction. She threw herself at Lindsay's feet, and implored him, as he loved her, to recall his words. When she asked him to do so, he would gladly, if it had been possible, have surrendered existence to have recalled the last few moments of his life. She said, 'Speak to me! speak to me!' in accents that pierced him to the soul; but he could not. The strong-built, powerful Lindsay had not at that moment the strength of his infant. A long, painful, and oppressive silence followed—a silence that often afterwards recurred to the memory of each. Lindsay was the first to break it. 'Jeannette,' he said, in the slow and thrilling tone he had used when first he ventured so to call her; but it was all he uttered—he could not speak his purpose. It was sufficient to rouse her from the stupor of grief into which she had fallen, or, rather, it called forth the outward demonstration of that sorrow which could not speak. Jeannette met Lindsay as he approached her, and throwing her arms around him, wept long and passionately on his bosom. No upbraidings could have moved him so deeply: he felt, and he felt truly, that all feeling of unkindness towards him had merged in the one terrible affliction with which he had so unhappily made her acquainted. He felt, too, that the repentance already awakened within him was as useless, as unavailing, as the bitterness of her innocent sorrow. He kissed her pale forehead, and his tears fell in torrents over her. She returned those kisses with fervency; he hoped and thought he was forgiven; and so he would have been, if it had been a question of forgiveness. Resentment lives on the surface only of the heart, not in its depths. No human being, suffering as Jeannette then suffered, could feel anger; she knew well that her grief could never end, but all beside was peace.

#### NEW MODE OF RAISING THE WIND.

The other morning, a lady left home to make some purchases, pay some visits, or transact some other feminine business, no matter what. As she was walking along one of our best streets, which happened to be nearly empty at the time, she was suddenly accosted by a gentleman, a perfect stranger to her. He was short and stout, with a bushy head of air, white gloves, cloak, and all the other outward evidences of gentility. He addressed her very familiarly, and expressed his pleasure at having met her.

'I believe I have not the honour of your acquaintance, sir,' said the lady, drily, for his familiarity was rather of the impertinent order.

'Well, never mind about that, it is never too late to make an agreeable acquaintance. Are you going up this way? I'll go along; or, here, take my arm.'

'I really must decline the honour, sir, and request you, if you are a gentleman, to leave me at once.'

'Bah! how pretty you look, when you are angry!' and the vulgar fellow was preparing to put his arm round her waist, when the lady was overjoyed at seeing a tall, well-dressed gentlemanly man turn the corner, and advance rapidly towards them. Her exclamations brought him to her side at once, and his presence seemed to cool down in a wonderful degree the ardour of the first comer.

'What is the matter, madam?' he asked, 'has anything happened? Can I be of service to you in any way?'

'Sir, I have been grossly insulted by this person.'

'You scoundrel!' (shaking his stick at the short fellow, who sneaked away,) 'if it was not for making a scene in the open street, I would cudgel you to death. (To the lady:) The vagabond who presumed to insult you is gone, madame; you need not fear now.'

'I am under the greatest obligations—'

'Oh, don't mention it, I beg you. Will you allow me to offer you my services, to prevent the repetition of any such insult?'

'I should be sorry to trouble you, but really I have been so much agitated by what has happened, and my nerves are quite unstrung, and I must go home again—if it is not taxing your politeness too much—that fellow may return.'

'Don't be afraid, I will take care of him.'

The lady accepted the gentleman's proffered arm very thankfully, and retraced her steps towards home. On the way they talked about balls and concerts, the weather, the opera, the news of the day, and other nothings which make up fashionable conversation. To judge from the gentleman's manner and discourse, as well as from his frock, cane, and yellow gloves, he was altogether *comme il faut*. When they reached the lady's door, he bowed and was taking his leave.

'I really feel much indebted, sir,' said she, 'for your very timely interference.'

'Don't say anything more, I beg of you.'

'Very much indebted, indeed, and if—I could acknowledge your services in any way—'

'Why, if you please, you may give me two shillings.'

'Two—!' The lady was thunderstruck; but she really felt grateful to her preserver from insult, and without saying a word, pulled out her purse and handed him the money. He took it and walked away. At the corner, our short friend of the white gloves met him.

'Well,' asked he, 'how much did you get?'

'Two shillings,' replied he of the cane and yellow gloves.

'That will do; let's go and get some breakfast.'—*Am. paper.*

#### RAISE YOUR OWN HERBS.

Every family is liable to sickness, and many garden herbs are indispensable to a speedy and effectual cure. Oftentimes they will prevent much suffering and a large doctor's bill. But too many families never think of raising or gathering herbs in the season of them, and so when winter comes, they run or send far and near to this neighbour or to that, or to the apothecary, for sage, wormwood, summer-savory, thyme, peppermint, horse raddish leaves, burdock leaves, elecampane, &c. spending much time, occasioning much delay, and vexing a more provident neighbour who had his wise thoughts about him in season. No one would be so unkind as not to oblige a neighbour with a mess of herbs when needed in sickness, most would readily part with the last bunch for this purpose—still, those who have the foresight to save them, would prefer that others who might have saved them as well as they, had supplied themselves from their own gardens.

Sage may generally be successfully raised and cropped the same season of sowing it. The leaves are tender and more aromatic, than the second year. Summer-savory and peppermint are indispensable in colds to produce perspiration. They are both raised with the greatest care. Every family should have a few roots of wormwood. This is not only an excellent tonic taken into the stomach, but of great service in cases of wounds, bruises and soreness. It is easily cultivated; but the leaves should be cropped and cured before the stalk runs up to seed. Elecampane, which grows every where by the way side, is an excellent article for many cases. So is catnip, or properly catmint. Thoroughwort, maiden hair, elder blossoms and berries, gold thread, motherwort sarsaparilla, life-of-man, blood root, mullen, &c. are very valuable articles, which nature provides us without our care or attention. It is the least we can do to gather and take them at her hands. It is a good plan to gather horse raddish and burdock leaves when large, and before the plant shoots up for seed, and dry them for use in the winter. Hoarhound is an excellent medicinal herb, and easily raised. It is of service in coughs and colds.

Let not one thing be forgotten. Almost all herbs should be gathered when the plant is in blossom, then they are the strongest, and should be dried in the shade. Don't forget this. If you dry them in the sun, they will turn yellow, crisp up, crumble in pieces and lose much of their fragrance and usefulness. Spread the green leaves in a dry place in the shade, where neither dew nor sun will reach them. The floor of the open chamber is a good place for this business. When about as dry as hay is when suitably made in the

field, gather up the leaves, spreading each one out fairly, and piling one on top of the other. Tie up the bunches thus packed, and pack them up in the garret; then when your families need herbaceous medicine you will know just where to go for them, and will be sure of a good article that will have its proper effect; let your less thoughtful neighbours all about know that you have such an apothecary's shop in your house, and they will flock from all quarters through the winter to procure their supplies without money and without price. It will not take you long to serve them, and you will at least have this reward, the consciousness of having done your duty, so far as this matter is concerned, in relieving the distresses of your fellow beings.

#### THE COUNTESS DE LIPANO.

Caroline Marie Annonciade Bonaparte, the younger sister of the Emperor Napoleon, was born at Ajaccio on the twenty-sixth of March, 1782. Her brother having attained the supreme power in France while she was yet in her childhood, she had no participation in the humbler fortunes of her family. She was educated by Madame Campan, of St. Germaine, with Hortense, daughter of Josephine, and was remarkable for a greater degree of cleverness than was ever attributed to her sisters. In January, 1800, she was married to General Murat, and in the same year nearly fell a victim to the plot of the infernal machine, having followed close to the emperor's carriage, in her own, and had every glass of its windows shattered by the explosion of that engine. In 1806 she was created grand duchess of Berg, and in two years after, queen of Naples. In this last capacity she exhibited much ability, and was active in promoting industry among the people, and in establishing useful institutions. When the government of Murat was overthrown, and the city of Naples was on the verge of anarchy, Caroline assumed the uniform of the National Guard, placed herself at the head of the troops, and by her presence of mind, and untiring energy, maintained order until obliged to capitulate. Since then she has resided in Austria, as Countess de Lipano, under the protection of the emperor. In June, 1830, she visited her mother at Rome, by leave of the authorities, and remained there about two months. She went to Paris last year, to prosecute certain claims to property in that city, and the French chambers voted her an annual allowance of one hundred thousand francs, as a compensation for their relinquishment. She died at Florence on the eighteenth of May, aged fifty-eight, of a cancer. Her husband, Murat, was condemned by a commission, and shot at Pizzo, in Calabria, in 1815. She left four children—Achille Napoleon, now residing in Florida, U. S., where he has a large estate, aged thirty-nine, Letitia Josephine, marchioness of Popoli, residing at Bologna, aged thirty-six; Lucien Charles Napoleon, living in the United States, aged thirty-seven; and Louise Julie Caroline, marchioness of Rasponi.

#### CARDINAL FESCH.

Cardinal Joseph Fesch was born in Ajaccio, in 1762, and was half brother to Letitia Romalina, the mother of Napoleon. In 1792, he was consecrated archbishop of Lyons and the pope's legate, and in the succeeding year made a cardinal. In 1804, as ambassador from the Holy See, at the French Court, he accompanied the pope to Paris, and assisted in the coronation of the emperor. In 1810, he was elected President of the Sacred Council at Paris, and vigorously opposed all Napoleon's schemes against the court of Rome. In consequence of this opposition he was compelled to retire to Lyons, where he remained until 1814, when, after many vicissitudes he reached Rome, and was received with distinguished favour by his old friend, Pius VII. During Napoleon's reign of a hundred days he went to Paris, and was made a member of the Chamber of Peers; but, at the end of the brief dominion of the emperor, he returned to the papal court, and there remained until his death. He was kind and affable to strangers, tolerant to men of opposite belief, and constantly endeavouring to promote the happiness of those around him. He was a liberal patron of the arts, and his picture gallery was the finest to be found in the possession of any single individual in Europe. It filled three entire stories in the great palace in which the cardinal resided, and contained more than two thousand pictures, many of which were *chef d'oeuvre* of the Flemish and Dutch schools, or by the most celebrated Italian masters. It was left to Joseph Bonaparte, Count Survilliers, with a request that it should be kept together. It has been estimated to be worth three millions of dollars, and the king of France has offered its present owner for it five millions of francs, and the charges of its transportation. Joseph Bonaparte is now absent from this country principally to attend to this legacy. The cardinal died in Rome on the eleventh of May.

A GOLDEN RULE.—Industry will make a man a purse, and frugality will find strings for it. Neither the purse nor the strings will cost any thing. He who has it should draw the strings as frugality directs, and he will be sure always to find a useful penny at the bottom of it. The servants of industry are known by their livery; it is always whole and wholesome. Idleness travels very leisurely, and poverty soon overtakes him. Look at the rugged slaves of idleness, and judge which is the best to serve, industry or idleness.

The keel of a line of battle ship, to be called the Royal Albert is to be laid forthwith.

## TRAVELLING IN LAPLAND.

After proceeding along the river Alton, between sixteen and twenty miles, we left it to continue its course through ravines, and began the ascent of the mountains. The cold was intense, and the weather rather stormy—but fortunately the wind blew on our backs, and except when a sudden turn presented our sides to the blast, we escaped much inconvenience. A few seconds, however, in this situation was sufficient to cover our faces with a mask of congealed drift, and form icicles from our eyelashes. At one time the wind rose to a whirlwind, and it was with the greatest difficulty that we could keep in sight of one another. We stopped twice in the course of the day, but found no moss, and were obliged to proceed without feeding the deer. \* \* \* After the short interval of daylight, the journey became very wearisome—as, beside the cattle being hungry and tired, a mist arose which prevented us forming any idea of any thing around us. \* \* \* From a reverie of this kind, we were roused by several voices which we heard near us, but we were sometime discovering whence they arose. At length we distinguished the dim forms of reindeer, which extended on each side of us as far as the eye could perceive in the haze, and we learned that they belonged to a train of two hundred sledges that were crossing the mountains, conveying merchandize from the coast to the interior. Caravans of this kind are continually traversing the country, which could not be supplied at any other season of the year, as the reindeer is of little use for carrying burdens. Each reindeer draws two hundred pounds after him, and a string of ten requires the care of only one man; they are each tied to the sledge that precedes them, and follow in Indian file. The usual way in which a reindeer evinces his fatigue, now began to show itself. The leader, who drew the Wapphus's sledge, kept continually running off the track, and as often the driver was obliged to jump out and drag him by the rein into the right road. As the whole suite followed every step of the leader, on several occasions the tail of the train got entangled with its head, and more than once the reindeer that formed the centre were taken off their hind legs by a sudden jerk from those before and behind them, and dragged some fifty yards on their sides. One awkward deer, I remember, got the thong that held him entangled round both one of his antlers and forefoot, and in this helpless state was carried along, half throttled, till he was released by the horn breaking off. At last we reached our halting place. I naturally looked round to survey my resting place for the night, but was sometime before I discovered a sort of circular trench within which the ground rose to an apex, perhaps three feet higher than the surrounding plain. By this time the Wapphus having disengaged my companion, offered to conduct us to the "gamma," as it is called in Finmark. In the side of the trench, upon closer examination, there appeared a doorway, about four feet high, which led to a vestibule of corresponding grandeur. When I had crept into this place,—for the accumulation of snow made it impossible to enter in a more dignified manner,—I found a little door which opened into a room about twelve feet square. The roof sloped up to an opening in the middle, which served to let the smoke out. Four upright posts with cross trees occupied the centre, where the fire was to be made, and the kettle to be hung. \* \* \* When the company had sat down round the blaze, the kettles were brought out, and frozen reindeer's chopped up and partially thawed. \* \* \* Now that the cravings of hunger were appeased, and each had wedged in his body so as to have a sight of the fire, we became sensible of one inconvenience which, however grave, had as yet been unnoticed. The fresh fuel collected in the neighbourhood caused a most awful smoke. Every part of the gamma was filled with it, and it was impossible to sit in comfort,—as for standing up it was out of the question, as there was immediate danger of being stifled. Once or twice I was obliged to rush out into the open air, but was soon driven back to the hut by the bitterness of the cold. Nothing, however, could inconvenience the natives, and gradually the labors of the day, aided by their potations, sent them to sleep. The group was curious, and I never saw a heap of human beings jumbled together in such a glorious confusion. \* \* \* When I awoke the fire was out, and the remains of last night's supper were frozen hard in the kettles. My limbs were stiff with cold, and ached from the uncomfortable position in which I had passed the night.—*Dillon's Winter in Lapland.*

From the German of Herder.

## THE SONGS OF THE NIGHT.

When in his youth, David sat upon the plains of Bethlehem, the spirit of Jehovah passed over him, and his soul was opened to hear the songs of the night. The heavens proclaimed the glory of God, and all the stars united in a chorus. The echo of their harps reached the earth—to the ends of the earth rolled on their silent song.

"Light is the countenance of Jehovah!" said the descending sun, and the crimson twilight answered him: "I am the fringe of His garment."

The clouds towered above them, and said, "We are His evening pavillion," and the water of the clouds uttered in the evening thunder, "The voice of Jehovah moves upon the clouds; the God of glory thunders—the God of glory thunders on high!" "He rides upon my wings!" murmured the rustling wind; and the silent air responded, "I am the breath of God—the tissue of His quickening presence."

"We hear songs of praise," said the fainting earth, "and must I be still and speechless?" "I will bathe thee," answered the falling dew, "that thy children, newly refreshed, may rejoice—that thy sucklings may blossom like the rose."

"We blossom gladly!" said the enlivened field; and the full ears of grain rustling, replied, "We are the blessings of God; the army of God against the extremity of hunger."

"We bless you from above," said the moon; "We bless you!" answered the stars. The grasshopper chirped and whispered, "He blesses me also with a little drop of dew."

"And quenches my thirst," answered the hind. "He refreshes me," said the bounding roe,

"And gives us food," dreamed the deer; "And clothes our limbs," bleated the flock.

"He heard me," croaked the raven, "when I was forsaken." "He heard me," answered the goat; "when my time came, and I went out and brought forth."

The turtle dove cooed, and the swallow and all the birds afterwards slumbering, said, "We have found our nests, our habitations; we dwell upon the altar of God, and sleep under the shadow of his wings, in silent rest."

"In silent rest!" answered the night, and prolonged the lingering tone. Then crowed the announcer of the morning dawn: "Lift up the gates, the doors of the world: let the King of Glory enter in. Awake, ye men, and praise the Lord, the King of Glory is come!"

Up rose the sun, and David awoke from his dream so rich in psalms; and so long as he lived, the tones of this harmonious creation lingered in his soul, and were daily breathed forth from his harp.

## THE MORNING DAWN.

Hast thou beheld the beautiful Aurora? She shines forth from the chamber of God—a ray of imperishable light, the comforter of mankind. \* \* \*

When David once, persecuted by his enemies, sat one dreary night upon Mount Hermon, playing that most melancholy of his psalms, "Lions and tigers howl around mine ear, the bands of the wicked surround me, and I see no helper!" lo, the morning dawn appeared. With glittering eyes she sprang up, the early hunted hind, and darted upon the mountains, and spoke to him as an angel upon the hills: "Wherefore grievest thou, that thou art forsaken? I burst forth from the dark night—from the most gloomy darkness comes the morning!"

Consoled, his eyes hung upon her countenance, while she led forth the sun, which arose with his mighty wings, a healing power to the world. Gladdened, the tones of the Psalmist's song became changed, and he called it the song of the morning dawn—*The early hunted hind.*

In after times also, he often sung his psalm, and thanked God for the afflictions that overclouded his early youth. And always with that psalm the morning dawn beamed into his dark soul.

Daughter of God, holy Aurora, thou lookest daily down, and sanctifiest the heavens and the earth;—sanctify daily, also, my heart for thy silent dwelling.

## GREECE.

Greece has lately made considerable progress in respect to security and order. Traffic increases, as is proved, among other signs, by the restoration of the hotels on many of the principal roads, which had been destroyed during the revolution. It is not, however, to be denied, that many districts are infested with robbers, and it is indeed a question whether the country can be entirely freed from these gentry. The government ordered the most difficult mountain passes to be guarded by armed peasants, in bands from half a dozen to a dozen; but though the country is thus, so to say, up in arms, the schemes of the wily plunderers are seldom frustrated.

Beside robbers and tax-gatherers, who are for the most part shameless speculators and farmers of tithes, the Greek peasant has also to contend with a tribe, whose rapacity here is unfortunately too successful, viz. lawyers. The country abounds with numerous individuals who rejoice in this appellation, without having just claim, at any rate as far as judicial knowledge goes, to deserve it, and who are sure never to let a client quit them without they have seen the bottom of his purse.

But let us now turn to a more favourable side of the picture. The literary activity of Greece is in the highest degree encouraging. The great number of printing offices which have been lately established, is astonishing, when we reflect that they work for a population of only 800,000; to whom, however, may certainly be added, the Greek inhabitants of Turkey. Of the journals which are now published, the most popular is the *Athene*. This journal represents the Opposition, now called the Constitutional or English party, it does not sell, however, more than 700 copies. The *Acon* sells about 500 copies, and is the organ of the Russian, Capodistrian, or Conservative party, and is consequently not opposed to the government. The *Tachydrom* (*Courier*) is published both in French and Greek; this paper is the organ of the Government, and especially of the Minister of the Interior, who though he is accounted a very upright character, has not rendered the paper a

favourite with the public. The *Socrates*, a journal of the Constitutional party, is clever, and may perhaps have 600 subscribers. The *Soter*, nicknamed the *Weathercock*, was given up a short time ago, but is soon to re-appear. Besides these newspapers which are printed at Athens, political journals are published irregularly at Syra; but these are of no value. A journal with copper-plates, like the French 'Universal Picturesque Review,' also exists at Athens, and will contribute much to the diffusion of useful information, though it is mainly translated from the French. There is a medical periodical, *Asklopios* by name, conducted by a society of physicians, and a 'Collection of the decisions of Areopagus,' or Supreme Court of Justice, is shortly to appear. There are four booksellers at Athens, three of whom are from Germany; one is also a publisher. The principal works which the latter has sent out are: the ancient and modern Greek Lexicon of Gogi; the Geography of Balbi; a translation of Goldsmith's History of Greece; Extracts from all Greek Classics, &c. This publisher has also a type-foundry, the only one in Greece. The royal printing-establishment has its type principally from Paris. Beside the Athenian booksellers there are two others at Syra, and two at Nauplia, but they do very little business. Almost all the paper used here is imported from France. There is a lithographic institution, which belongs to the Government, and which sends out some very good works, among which may be instanced the beautiful Map of Greece.

In conjunction with a general literary activity, a system of education is in progress which cannot but be productive of the best effect: but some time must elapse before a country so long sunk in ignorance and barbarism, and so long trampled on by Turkish oppression, as the Greeks, can distinguish themselves by knowledge or intelligence.

## SPRING.

BY MRS. FELICIA HEMANS.

The bud is in the bough,  
And the leaf is in the bud;  
And earth's beginning now  
In her veins to swell the blood;  
Which, warmed by summer's sun,  
In the alembic of the vine,  
From her founts will overrun,  
In a ruddy gush of wine.

The perfume and the bloom  
That shall decorate the flower,  
Are quickening in the gloom  
Of their subterranean bower;  
And the juices meant to feed  
Trees, vegetables, fruits,  
Unerringly proceed  
To their pre-appointed roots.

How awful is the thought  
Of the wonders under ground,  
Of the mystic changes wrought  
In the silent, dark profound;  
How each thing upward tends,  
By necessity decreed,  
And a world's support depends  
On the shooting of a seed.

The summer's in her ark;  
And this sunny pinioned day  
Is commissioned to mark  
Whether winter holds her sway.  
Go back, thou dove of peace,  
With the myrtle on thy wing;  
Say that floods and tempests cease,  
And the world is ripe for spring.

Thou hast fanned the sleeping earth,  
Till her dreams are all of flowers;  
And the waters look in mirth  
For the overhanging bowers.  
The forest seems to listen  
For the rustle of its leaves;  
And the very sky to glisten  
In the hope of summer eves.

The vivifying spell  
Has been felt beneath the wave,  
By the dormouse in its cell,  
And the mole within the cave.  
And the summer tribes that creep,  
Or in air expand their wing,  
Have started from their sleep,  
At the summons of the spring.

The cattle lift their voices  
From the valleys and the hills,  
And the feathered race rejoices  
With a gush of tuneful bills.  
And if this cloudless arch  
Fills the poet's song with glee,  
O, thou sunny month of March,  
Be it dedicate to thee.



**RUSSIAN REJOICING.**—We find the following in the *Commercé*, under date of St. Petersburg, Jan. 12: "On the 7th inst. the anniversary of the evacuation of Russia by the French troops, was celebrated here as usual; the Minister of War, Count Tchernitschew, had, on this occasion, prepared an agreeable surprise. At the great noon parade, four detachments of decorated veterans were paraded before the Czar; those of the first detachment wore the medal for the taking of Paris; the second had the medal for the campaigns in Persia; the third the medal for the last war in Turkey; and the fourth that which commemorates the victory in 1831 over the Polish insurgents. The Emperor, after having reviewed these troops, addressed the Generals as follows: "Gentlemen, I experience a sincere pleasure in seeing these brave soldiers brought together, but I should wish to have two similar detachments, one which should represent the progress of my arms in Asia, and the other the destruction of French principles (idees Françaises.)" Lieut General Count de Weymaren, one of the most fulsome flatterers of the Czar, then said, "Sire—Your Majesty has only to command, and not a French idea shall exist in the West, nor an Englishman in the East." The Czar, far from blaming this speech, replied, "I thank you, General, for the high opinion which you entertain of my power; with the aid of God, nothing is impossible." He then ordered one of his Aides-de-Camp to fetch the insignia, in diamonds, of the Order of St. Waldimir, of the second class, and having received it, placed it, with his own hands, round the neck of General de Weymaren."

**CLAIRVOYANCE.**—At a late sitting of the French Academy, as we learn from the Paris correspondence of the National Intelligence, there came under consideration the premium of three thousand francs, which a member, Burdin, had offered in 1837, with reference to animal magnetism, to the person who, in the opinion of the Academy, should succeed in reading without the aid of eyes, in books provided by the committee; any light to be allowed, &c. Several candidates for the premium were presented, but all failed in their repeated attempts; and among them the famous damsel Pigeaire, about whose wonderful performances of sight, when somnambulated, so much has been published in journals and pamphlets. Dr. Burdin stated that, as in two years the magnetisers could not win the prize by what they represented as one of their most common and simple achievements, he would give it to any person, magnetized, or not magnetized, asleep or awake, who should, in the opinion of the Academy, accomplish the task of reading, with eyes open, and in broad daylight, through an opaque body, such as a tissue of thread, silk or cotton, placed at a distance of six inches from the face, or even through a sheet of paper.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

We have repeatedly stated, that the amount of murders and other crimes committed in this city (New York,) for the last year, exceeded all parallel in this country or in England. By the following table, compiled from official documents, just published, it will be seen that the disproportion is astonishingly great:

	In London, 1839	In N. York, 1839
Total Deaths.....	16,685.....	7,953
Men died.....	8,408.....	4,389
Women.....	8,279.....	3,564
Murdered.....	1.....	17
Poisoned.....	6.....	14
Killed by smothering, and various ways }.....	0.....	28
Drowned.....	76.....	86
Burnt to death.....	0.....	53
Killed by accident.....	271.....	83
Suicides.....	26.....	45
Unknown deaths, probably murdered }.....	12.....	179
Still born.....	432.....	592
Intemperance.....	13.....	33
	740	1,048
Consumption.....	1,974.....	1,315
Apoplexy.....	192.....	116
Childbirth.....	105.....	15
Hydrophobia.....	1.....	2
Insanity.....	119.....	25

Even if there were no other causes than those stated in these tables, it would be sufficient to authorize the whole community in calling for a change in the city government. In this comparatively small, city of New York, there are 17 distinct murders in one year; 28 persons smothered or made away with in that way; 197 destroyed, nobody knows how; besides burning and drowning and accidents, and riots, and fires, of all kinds. The above table is also curious, as showing the comparative number of deaths, from various prominent causes, such as consumption and insanity. It is not a little singular that while the population of London is more than five times as great as New York, the total number of deaths should not be twice as many, and the number of murders and violent deaths should be much less.—*New York Herald.*

How frequently is the honesty and integrity of a man disposed of by a shrug! How many good and generous actions have been sunk into oblivion by a mysterious and seasonable whisper. Look into companies of those whose gentle natures should disarm them, and

we shall find no better account. How large a portion of chastity is sent out of the world by distant hints—nodded away and cruelly winked into suspicion, by the envy of those who are past all temptation of it themselves. How often does the reputation of a helpless creature bleed by report—which the party who is at the pains to propagate it beholds with much pity and fellow-feeling, says she is heartily sorry for it—hopes it is not true—however, as Archbishop Tillotson wittily observes upon it, is resolved in the meantime to give the report her pass, that at least it may have fair play to make its fortune in the world—to be believed or not, according to the charity of those whose hands it shall fall into.

## THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 10.

**TEMPERANCE.**—A Temperance Meeting will take place in the Old Baptist Meeting House next Monday evening.

Intelligence from almost every part of the world is very gratifying on this subject. Why should Halifax keep out of the line of march? We do not mean why should not Halifax exhibit some of the good effects of Temperance, for it does that;—happily a drunken man in the streets, has become, to speak antithetically, a sight as rare as it is disgusting;—but why does not Halifax show more zeal in spreading the good principles, in banishing the vice, and, for these purposes, in organizing and encouraging organization?

The beating of spears into plough shares,—the changing from evil to good, on this subject, has been delightfully exhibited, in several places, recently. Ireland seems to occupy much attention, at present, from the gigantic strides she is making in the Temperance reformation. Tippling shops changed to coffee shops,—meetings for debauch to tea soirees,—drunken brawls to processions, in which good order, cheerfulness, and respectable appearance are main features, compose some of the good effects in the Emerald Isle. The change of habits has already affected the trade in ardent spirits, and consequently the revenue, to an extraordinary degree. Those who wasted their substance in the unblest cup, will now have hallowed indulgences for themselves and their families,—and the revenue, no longer derived, most monstrously, from the squalor and vice and misery of the subject, will be made up by his increased consumption of the useful and innocent articles of trade. Less indeed will be laid out on whiskey and porter,—but much more on tea, and sugar, and bread, and butter, and soap, and candles, and cotton, and linen, and the thousand et ceteras which civilized man considers among the necessaries of life. The effect of all this will be, to turn many a grovelling brute, into a useful and respectable man,—and many a wretched hovèl into a cheerful cottage. So be it!—Heaven speed the cause!

**CELEBRATION OF THE QUEEN'S MARRIAGE.**—Yesterday the Troops were reviewed by his Excellency, and a feu de joie was fired, in honour of the Queen's marriage.

The Charitable Irish Society held a meeting on Thursday evening, preparatory to celebrating the event. The society came to several resolutions, and closed the proceedings of the evening with three cheers for her Majesty. They resolved to postpone their demonstrations until Easter Monday, in consequence of the solemnities of Lent, and on that day, to have a procession, and other festivities. The particulars of the celebration, will be, we understand, to the following effect: The society will meet at Mason Hall between ten and eleven o'clock, with banners and badges,—thence they will proceed to St. Mary's Church, and hear a sermon delivered by the Rev. R. O'Brien;—they will return to the Hall, when an Address to her Majesty and Prince Albert, prepared by a committee, will be submitted. They will then proceed, accompanied by a band of music, to march through the principal streets. Meanwhile a dinner will be prepared, at the expense of the society, for the inmates of the Asylum and Bridewell. Returning to the Hall, the society are to disperse, and, as many as may resolve on that mode of finishing the celebration, re-assemble to a supper in the evening.

A sum of £45 was subscribed, for the dinner to the poor, on Thursday evening, by the members present, and a committee was appointed to collect subscriptions from members who did not attend the meeting.—Long live the amiable and accomplished Victoria and Albert!

**MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.**—Rev. Mr. McIntosh delivered a lecture on Pneumatics, last Wednesday evening, illustrated by a number of very beautiful experiments, most successfully handled. We may mention a few which were not before exhibited to the Institute. The pressure of the atmosphere was illustrated, by placing a couple of "empty" glass bottles, under the receiver of the air pump. The air was exhausted, and the pressure of air within the bottles, was so great, when not counteracted by the usual pressure from without, that they were shivered into a thousand fragments.—The materiality of air was proved, by weighing a glass vessel in its usual, and in its exhausted, state. The difference in weight showed the ponderous nature of the element.—The quantity of air confined in various articles, the lecturer said, was so great, that if it suddenly escaped it would rend all in its vicinity, with the force of an explosion of gunpowder. The assertion was thus illustrated:

apples, and pieces of wood, were placed in vessels of water, put under the receiver, and the air exhausted. The apples immediately sent up as many air-bubbles as gave the water almost the appearance of boiling; the pieces of wood did the same; a stream of air rushing from the transverse section, as dense as a thick smoke, while the sides threw off bubbles in great quantities.—The experiments were very numerous and interesting. The subject will be continued next Wednesday evening, with further experiments.

**LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.**—Last Monday evening, the members discussed the question, Is Conscience innate, and decided that it is. Recitation is the order of the evening, for next meeting.

**LATER FROM ENGLAND.**—Dates a day or two later than those on hand, have been received by way of the U. States. On the 5th of March, Mr. Ewart moved, in the House of Commons, for leave to bring in a Bill to abolish the punishment by death for offences. It was opposed by Lord J. Russell, and supported by Mr. O'Connell;—it was lost 161 to 90.—The question of privilege was still before Parliament.

M. Thiers had taken office as head of the French Ministry,---he declared that his "personal convictions were now in accordance with the intentions of the Crown." We understand the principle of M. Thiers to be, Government by means of a Cabinet, as under the English Constitution.

**U. STATES.**—In the beginning of the present month several fires occurred in New York. On the 27th March a destructive conflagration happened at Louisville, Ky. Property estimated at 300,000 dols. was destroyed.—In the vicinity of Mobile on March 24, a dreadful hurricane was experienced. Trees were prostrated, and several buildings and dwelling houses overthrown. Some lives were lost.

An inquest was held at Cornwallis, on the 28th inst. by Willm. C. Moore, Esq. Coroner, on the body of Benjamin Gould, who was killed by the falling of a tree, on the North Mountain (so called); Verdict, accidental death.

**ROYAL CLEMENCY.**—Among the Despatches received by His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor from the Home Government, by the packet Swift, last Wednesday, there was one which communicates Her Majesty's gracious permission to His Excellency and the Executive Council, to reverse, (on such conditions as they may consider advisable,) the sentence of Death recently pronounced against Smith D. Clarke, for shooting James Bossom, Jr.—*Rec.*

### MARRIED.

On Saturday evening last, Mr. Richard Gorham, to Miss Margaret Helen, daughter of the late Thomas Gentles, both of this town. At Cornwallis, on the 19th inst. by the Rev. William Chipman, Mr. Enoch Parker, to Miss Mary, third daughter of Mr. John Lyons, all of Cornwallis.

### DIED.

On Sunday, after a lingering illness, George Hill, Esq. youngest son of the late Robert Hill, aged 28 years. On the 30th ult. after a short illness, Mr. Christopher Matthews, in the 52d year of his age, a respectable inhabitant of this town, and formerly Muster Mason of H.M. Naval Yard. On Wednesday morning, after a short illness, Mr. Patrick Wall, in the 56th year of his age, a native of Ireland. At the Albion House, Boston, on the 7th ult., Wm. Lee, Esq.—a gentleman long distinguished in political and public life, and not less endeared to the circle who knew him intimately, by his social accomplishments and his generous and kindly spirit. Yesterday morning, after a tedious illness, Hetty, consort of John Howe, Esq. Her funeral will take place on Sunday, at one o'clock.

### NEW BOOK STORE.

NO. 88 & 89, GRANVILLE STREET.

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

- Dilworth's, Fenning's, Carpenter's, and other Spelling Books,
- Murray's and Lennie's Grammar,
- Pot, Foolscap, Demy, and Post Papers,
- Red, Black, and Blue Writing Inks,
- Printing Ink in canisters of 8 and 16 lbs.
- Coloured and Demy Printing Paper,
- Scott's Poems,
- Keith on the Use of the Globes,
- Bibles and Prayer Books, handsomely bound in Morocco,
- Very cheap School Books, with plates—and Testaments,
- Murray's Introduction and Sequel,
- Campbell's Rhetoric—Blair's Lectures,
- Johnston's and Walker's Dictionaries,
- Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress,
- Do. with notes,
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- Steel slip Pens,
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- Toy Books—a great variety,
- Pope's Homer, and Cowper's Poems,
- Paints and Paint Boxes,
- Camel Hair Pencils,
- Lead Pencils, and Indian Rubber,
- Sealing Wax and Wafers, and Wafer Stamps,
- Wafer Seals, with mottoes and names,
- Copy Books, Memorandum Books, Ledgers, Blotters, &c.
- Slates and Slate Pencils.

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

ARTHUR W. GODFREY.

February 22.



## HOME IMAGES IN ITALY.

BY MRS. BODDINGTON.

I did not think to hear in Italy  
The blackbird's song, to see the homely rook  
Flapping along with his familiar croak  
Back to its wood; or catch the enamell'd eye  
Of small field daisy peering in the brook,  
Or that of honied orchis,—charming idle fly.

I did not think within these distant meads,  
Vital with insect movement, to have heard  
The small grasshopper's file, or pluck'd the beard  
Of purple thistle; or midst foreign weeds  
Found home remembered things, by thought endear'd—  
Hare bells, and scented thyme, and yellow blossoming reeds.

Mixing their hues with many a southern flower,  
Nurs'd plants with us, but here a common grace,  
That mingle with the daisy's humble race,  
And carpet with fresh bloom the forest bower,  
Where every bud and leaf of spring find place;  
While from the tendril thin distils the fragrant shower.

I thought of stately pines that kiss'd the sky,  
The breathless sky, and whisper'd to its ear;  
And of the palm,—lone thing! that doth appear  
Most out of place when gayer trees are nigh;  
But when no other bough or branch is near,  
Within its streaming leaves what far off fancies lie!

I thought of aloes and the leafy spread  
Of the o'ertopping cedar; and the glow  
Of warm pomegranate, and high scented blow  
Of the rich orange, or magnolia sped  
To its full beauty by the beams that flow,  
Like rays of living fire, upon its perfum'd head?

But did not think to see the ruddy flush  
Of our own currant, mingling with the leaf,  
Finely indented, feathery, and brief,  
Of delicate mimosa; or to crush  
Our garden herbs, or hope with fond belief,  
To scent the aroma of the home hawthorn bush,—

The bush which of itself doth often make  
The hedge's sweetness; but here all find room,  
Fox-glove and briony, and the purple bloom  
Of deadly night-shade; while their thirst to slake  
By the lone rill, their loved and dewy home,  
The small veronicas, their humble station take.

Their little flow'rets, blue as childhood's eyes,  
And beautiful as love—when love is kind,  
Mix'd with the southern mosses here we find,  
Inlaying the fresh ground with azure dyes;  
While round the infant filbert's tender rind  
The enmesh'd vine its lov'ly g ringlets ties.

Like our own forests, on the airy steep  
The chestnuts rise; and bush, and tangled briar,  
And surging grain, and the weed-kindled pyre  
Recall our homes. We see the blue smoke creep  
In wreathed column from the cottage fire,  
And love the barley shock, and duck-pool green and deep.

But sudden twilight's gone,—and its short stay  
Tells us of distance! 'tis not here the light,  
Flush'd deep'ning, ling'ring, that precludes the night,  
And seems to chide its coming—second day  
Sweeter than noon,—that in its tardy flight  
Blushes to go—though ling'ringly away.

No: when the red light's o'er, the abrupt pall  
Drops on the woods; and the cigala's note—  
The foreign grasshopper with rasping throat—  
That all day long rang out, yields to the call  
Of thrilling nightingale, whose loud notes float  
In darkness to the heart, and there like moonbeams fall.

On every spray, in every summer bower  
A thousand lamps are lighted; twinkling by,  
Like fairy's torch-bearer, the southern fly  
Carries its starry fire, and in the hour  
Of nature's sleep, when the night beauty's eye  
Is gently oped, enshrines it in its flower;

Or, like a gossip's lantern in the ridge  
Of furrow'd corn fields, lightly glides along,  
Or hangs upon a vine leaf; while the song  
Of the lone birds wakes through the light-knit hedge  
A shivering life, and 'midst the planet throng  
Slowly appears the moon above the mountain's ledge.

Then all is Italy! The lamp of night  
Seems as if gently 'twere let down from heaven;

The air is balm—a thousand scents seem giv'n  
To this sweet hour alone: and to the sight  
The vine bower in the air by soft winds driven,  
Or pergola starr'd o'er with living light;  
And to the ear the southern sounds that fall  
Faintly, though many join—and poesy to all!

## MRS. HEMAN'S DESCRIPTION OF PAGANINI.

To begin with the appearance of the foreign wonder. It is very different from what the indiscriminating newspaper accounts would lead you to suppose; he is certainly singular-looking, pale, slight, and with long, neglected hair; but I saw nothing whatever of that wild fire, that almost ferocious inspiration of mien, which has been ascribed to him. Indeed, I thought the expression of his countenance rather that of good natured and mild enjoyment, than of anything else, and his bearing altogether simple and natural. His first performance consisted of a *Tema*, with variations, from the beautiful *Preghiera* in 'Mose'; here I was rather disappointed, but merely because he did not play alone. I suppose the performance on the single string required the support of other instruments, but he occasionally drew from that string a tone of wailing, heart-piercing tenderness, almost too much to be sustained by any one whose soul can give the full response. It was not, however, till his second performance, on all the strings, that I could form a full idea of his varied magic. A very delicate accompaniment on the piano did not in the least interfere with the singleness of effect in this instance. The subject was the Venetian air, "Oh! come to me when daylight sets." How shall I give you an idea of all the versatility, the play of soul, embodied in the variations upon that simple air? Imagine a passage of the most fairy-like delicacy, more aerial than you would suppose it possible for human touch to produce, suddenly succeeded by an absolute parody of itself; the same notes repeated with an expression of really comic humour, which forced me to laugh, however reluctantly. It was as if an old man, the "Ancient Mariner" himself, were to sing an impassioned Italian air, in a snoring voice, after Pasta. Well, after one of these sudden travesties, for I can call them nothing else, the creature would look all around him, with an air of the most delighted bonhomme, exactly like a witty child, who has just accomplished a piece of successful mischief. The *pizzicato* passages were also wonderful; the indescribably rapid notes seemed flung out in sparks of music, with a triumphant glee which conveyed the strongest impression I ever received, of genius rejoicing over its own bright creations. But I vainly wish that my words could impart to you a full conception of this wizard-like music. \* \* \* I again heard this triumphant music last night. It is impossible for me to describe how much of intense feeling its full swelling, dreamy tones awake within me. His second performance (the *Adagio a doppio corde*) made me imagine that I was then first wakening in what a German would call the "music land." Its predominant expression was that of overpowering, passionate regret; such, at least, was the dying languor of the long *sostenuto* notes, that it seemed as if the musician was himself about to let fall his instrument, and sink under the mastery of his own emotion. It reminded me, by some secret and strange analogy, of a statue I once described to you, representing Sappho about to drop her lyre, in utter desolation of heart. This was immediately followed by the rapid, *flashing* music—for the strings were as if they sent out lightning in their glee—of the most joyous *rondo* by Kreutzer you can imagine. The last piece, the "Dance of the Witches," is a complete exemplification of the grotesque in music. Some parts of it imitate the quavering, garrulous voices of very old women, half scolding, half complaining, and then would come a burst of wild, fantastic, half fearful gladness. I think Burns's "Tam O'Shanter" (not Mr. Thom's—by way of contrast to Sappho) something of a parallel in poetry to this strange production in music. I saw more of Paganini's countenance last night, and was still more pleased with it, than before; the original mould in which it has been cast is of a decidedly fine and intellectual character, though the features are so worn by the wasting fire which appears his vital element. \* \* \* —related to me a most interesting conversation he had held with Paganini in a private circle. The latter was describing to him the sufferings (do you remember a line of Byron's,

The starry Galileo, with his woes?)

by which he pays for his consummate excellence. He scarcely knows what sleep is, and his nerves are wrought to such almost preternatural acuteness, that harsh, even common sounds, are often torture to him; he is sometimes unable to bear a whisper in his room. His passion for music he described as an all-absorbing, a consuming one; in fact, he looks as if no other life than that ethereal one of melody were circulating in his veins; but he added, with a glow of triumph through deep sadness—"mais c'est un *don du ciel*." I heard all this, which was no more than I fully imagined, with a still deepening conviction that it is the gifted, beyond all others—those whom the multitude believe to be rejoicing in their own fame, strong in their own resources—who have most need of true hearts to rest upon, and of hope in God to support them.

TO REMOVE PANES OF GLASS.—Put soft soap on the putty for a few hours, the putty becomes as soft as if it had been put on a minute before.

## HAPPY CONDITION OF THE NEW ENGLAND FARMER.

The condition of a community situated as are the great mass of agriculturists in New England, is more desirable than that of any other class of men within my knowledge. If it does not attach men and women to this life—if it does not make them so happy as to increase the love of life beyond the age of sorrow, toil, and pain—it is a condition which the "tall, the wise, the reverend head" may envy. Living within their own means, on the fruits of their own labour—enjoying abundance of the best products of the ground, and the first fattening of the flocks; and appetite sharpened and sweetened; the muscular powers strengthened; the mind made vigorous and active by labour; their dependence solely on the goodness of God; their prudence having looked forward even to the destruction of a crop with a providence to supply its place; with abundant leisure for all healthy recreation and all needful rest; with no worldly cares and vexations encroaching on the reflection which aids the better judgment; in the midst of those social and domestic relations which throw a charm about life—which give to moral suasion its greatest force, and which rear the tender thought to the ripe vigour of its highest usefulness; how can we conceive any state of imperfect, erring, dependent man, more truly enviable than that of the industrious, labouring, prolific farmer, who lives according to the best light of his own experience.

The merchant fails, nine times in ten, before a fortune is gained—the speculator, ninety-nine times in a hundred; the mechanic and lawyer gain only while their work is going on: the wages of the priest, like those of the common labourer, stop when he no longer works: the physician adds to his income no oftener than he visits the sick: the salary man, if he saves at all, saves only a specific sum: the farmer, more sure of success than either, in nine cases out of ten, certain of ultimate prosperity, lays his head upon the pillow with the reflection that while he sleeps his crops are increasing to maturity, and his flocks and herds growing in size and strength.—*Gov. Hill's Address at Keene, N. H.*

THE MASTRON.—It will probably be recollected that a nearly complete skeleton of this marvel of an extinct race of beasts was exhumed near Bucyrus in Crawford County about a year ago. A skeleton still more perfect and of larger dimensions was recently discovered in Missouri, about 20 miles south of St. Louis. In no skeleton found before, were the tusks implanted in the sockets, the superior part of the head in former skeletons being decayed. It is stated that such are the enormous dimensions of the head and tusks of the Missouri skeleton, that it required two stout men to carry the largest of the two tusks, and two yoke of oxen to haul the head and tusks from the place of disinterment to St. Louis! These have been placed by Mr. Roch in the St. Louis Museum, who says:—"The tusks were not situated in the same position as those of the elephant, or yet the moose, as was supposed by some. They diverge outwards from the head with a convexity forward, and the point turning backwards in the same plane with the head; the tusk found in the head measures ten feet one inch from the base to the tip, following the outside of the curvature, and two feet in circumference near the socket. The other tusk measures only nine feet—part of the root is wanting.—When placed in the head in their original positions, the distance from tip to tip measures sixteen feet."

The great essential to our happiness, is the resolution to perform our duty to God as well as we are able: and when this resolution is deeply infix'd, every action and every pursuit brings satisfaction to the mind.

How beautiful are all the subdivisions of time, diversifying the dream of human life, as it glides away beneath earth and heaven.

Instead of looking down with contempt on the crooked in mind or body, we should thankfully look up to God who has made us better.

Half a wine glass of Olive oil, taken inwardly, is said to be a certain cure for the bite of a rattlesnake and other poisonous reptiles. A little should also be applied to the wound.

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