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For the Pearl.

THE AERONAUT TO HIS CARRIER-DOVE.

1.

Away—away, my Carrier-dove !
To Earth this message bear,
That tells how high we soar above
Her haunts—amidst the air !

2.

Ten thousand human hearts below
With expectation swell
To learn how speeds our flight—to know
The tale which thou wilt tell.

3.

What now my bird ? what dost thou fear ?
No eagle here is seen ;
He loves the glorious sun to near,
And feels its rays serene.

4.

Above yon silvery clouds he soars—
Yon clouds that o'er us lie ;
Then down to earth's delightful shores,
My faithful Carrier, fly.

5.

Poor thing ! thrown out upon the air,
Down—down it falls and flies
To scenes it deems more sweetly fair
Than these eternal skies !

1838.

J. McP.

MISTRESS ALICE.

BY BOZ.

In the sixteenth century and in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, of glorious memory, there lived in the city of London a bold young 'prentice who loved his master's daughter. There were no doubt within the walls a great many young 'prentices in this condition, but I speak of only one, and his name was Hugh Graham.

This Hugh was apprenticed to an honest Bowyer who dwelt in the ward of Cheype, and was rumoured to possess great wealth. Rumour was quite as infallible in those days as at the present time, but it happened then as now, to be sometimes right by accident. It stumbled upon the truth when it gave the old Bowyer a mint of money. His trade had been a profitable one in the time of King Henry the Eighth, who encouraged English archery to the utmost, and he had been prudent and discreet. Thus it came to pass that Mistress Alice his only daughter was the richest heiress in all his wealthy ward. Young Hugh had often maintained with staff and cudgel that she was the handsomest. To do him justice, I believe she was.

If he could have gained the heart of pretty Mistress Alice by knocking this conviction into stubborn people's heads, Hugh would have had no cause to fear. But though the Bowyer's daughter smiled in secret to hear of his doughty deeds for her sake, and though her little waiting-woman reported all her smiles (and many more) to Hugh, and though he was at a vast expence in kisses and small coin to recompense her fidelity, he made no progress in his love. He durst not whisper it to Mistress Alice, save on sure encouragement, and that she never gave him. A glance of her dark eye as she sat at the door on a summer's evening after prayer time, while he and the neighbouring 'prentices exercised themselves in the street with blunted sword and buckler, would fire Hugh's blood so that none could stand before him ; but then she glanced at others quite as kindly as on him, and where was the use of cracking crowns if Mistress Alice smiled upon the cracked as well as the cracker ?

Still Hugh went on, and loved her more and more. He thought of her all day, and dreamed of her all night long. He treasured up her every word and gesture, and had a palpitation of the heart whenever he heard her footstep on the stairs or her voice in an adjoining room. To him, the old Bowyer's house was haunted by an angel ; there was enchantment in the air and space in which she moved. It would have been no miracle to Hugh if flowers had sprung from the rush-strewn floors beneath the tread of lovely Mistress Alice.

Never did 'prentice long to distinguish himself in the eyes of his lady-love so ardently as Hugh. Sometimes he pictured to himself the house taking fire by night, and he, when all drew back in fear, rushing through flame and smoke, bearing her from the ruins in his arms. At other times he thought of a rising of fierce rebels, an attack upon the city, a strong assault upon the Bowyer's house

in particular, and he falling on the threshold pierced with numberless wounds in defence of Mistress Alice. If he could only enact some prodigy of valour, do some wonderful deed and let her know that she had inspired it, he thought he could die contented.

Sometimes the Bowyer and his daughter would go out to supper with a worthy citizen at the fashionable hour of six o'clock, and on such occasions Hugh, wearing his blue 'prentice cloak as gallantly as 'prentice might, would attend with a lantern and his trusty club to escort them home. These were the brightest moments of his life. To hold the light while Mistress Alice picked her steps, to touch her hand as he helped her over broken ways, to have her leaning on his arm—it sometimes even came to that—this was happiness indeed !

When the nights were fair, Hugh followed in the rear, his eyes rivetted on the graceful figure of the Bowyer's daughter as she and the old man moved on before him. So they threaded the narrow winding streets of the city, now passing beneath the overhanging gables of old wooden houses whence creaking signs projected into the street, and now emerging from some dark and frowning gateway into the clear moonlight. At such times, or when the shouts of straggling brawlers met her ear, the Bowyer's daughter would look timidly back to Hugh, beseeching him to draw nearer ; and then how he grasped his club and longed to do battle with a dozen rufflers for the love of Mistress Alice !

The old Bowyer was in the habit of lending money on interest to the gallants of the Court, and thus it happened that many a richly-dressed gentleman dismounted at his door. More waving plumes and gallant steeds, indeed, were seen at the Bowyer's house, and more embroidered silks and velvets sparkled in his dark shop and darker private closet, than at any merchant's in the city. In those times no less than in the present it would seem that the richest-looking cavaliers often wanted money the most.

Of these glittering clients there was one who always came alone. He was always nobly mounted, and having no attendant, gave his horse in charge to Hugh, while he and the Bowyer were closeted within. Once as he sprung into the saddle, Mistress Alice was seated at an upper window, and before she could withdraw, he had doffed his jewelled cap and kissed his hand. Hugh watched him caracoling down the street, and burnt with indignation. But how much deeper was the glow that reddened in his cheeks when raising his eyes to the casement he saw that Alice watched the stranger too !

He came again and often, each time arrayed more gaily than before, and still the little casement showed him Mistress Alice. At length one heavy day, she fled from home. It had cost her a hard struggle, for all her old father's gifts were strewn about her chamber as if she had parted from them one by one, and knew that the time must come when these tokens of his love would wring her heart—yet she was gone.

She left a letter commending her poor father to the care of Hugh and wishing that he might be happier than he could ever have been with her, for he deserved the love of a better and purer heart than she had to bestow. The old man's forgiveness (she said) she had no power to ask, but she prayed God to bless him—and so ended with a blot upon the paper where her tears had fallen.

At first the old man's wrath was kindled, and he carried his wrong to the Queen's throne itself ; but there was no redress he learnt at Court, for his daughter had been conveyed abroad. This afterwards appeared to be the truth, as there came from France, after an interval of several years, a letter in her hand. It was written in trembling characters, and almost illegible. Little could be made out save that she often thought of home and her old dear pleasant room—and that she had dreamt her father was dead, and had not blessed her—and that her heart was breaking.

The poor old Bowyer lingered on, never suffering Hugh to quit his sight, for he knew now that he had loved his daughter, and that was the only link that bound him to earth. It broke at length, and he died, bequeathing his old 'prentice his trade and all his wealth, and solemnly charging him, with his last breath, to revenge his child if ever he who had worked her misery crossed his path in life again.

From the time of Alice's flight, the tilting-ground, the fields, the fencing-school, the summer evening sports, knew Hugh no more. His spirit was dead within him. He rose to great eminence and repute among the citizens, but he was never seen to smile, and never mingled in their revelries or rejoicings.—Brave, humane, and generous, he was loved by all. He was pitied too by those who knew his story ; and these were so many, that when he walked along the streets alone at dusk, even the rude common people doffed their caps, and mingled a rough air of sympathy with their respect.

One night in May—it was her birthnight, and twenty years since she had left her home—Hugh Graham sat in the room she had hallowed in his boyish days. He was now a grey-haired man, though still in the prime of life. Old thoughts had borne him company for many hours, and the chamber had gradually got quite dark, when he was roused by a low knocking at the outer door.

He hastened down, and, opening it, saw by the light of a lamp which he had seized in the way, a female figure crouching in the portal. It hurried swiftly past him, and glided up the stairs. He looked out for pursuers. There were none in sight.

He was inclined to think it a vision of his own brain, when suddenly a vague suspicion of the truth flashed upon his mind. He barred the door and hastened wildly back. Yes, there she was—there, in the chamber, he had quitted,—there, in her old innocent happy home, so changed that none but he could trace one gleam of what she had been—there upon her knees—with her hands clasped in agony and shame before her burning face.

"My God, my God !" she cried, "now strike me dead ! Though I have brought death and shame and sorrow on this roof, oh, let me die at home in mercy !"

There was no tear upon her face then, but she trembled and glanced round the chamber. Every thing was in its old place. Her bed looked as if she had risen from it but that morning. The sight of these familiar objects marking the dear remembrance in which she had been held, and the blight she had brought upon herself, was more than the woman's better nature that had carried her there, could bear. She wept and fell upon the ground.

A rumour was spread about, in a few days' time, that the Bowyer's cruel daughter had come home, and that Master Hugh Graham had given her lodgings in his house. It was rumoured too that he had resigned her fortune, in order she might bestow it in acts of charity, and that he had vowed to guard her in her solitude, but that they were never to see each other more. These rumours greatly incensed all virtuous wives and daughters in the ward, especially when they appeared to receive some corroboration from the circumstance of Master Graham taking up his abode in another tenement hard by. The estimation in which he was held, however, forbade any questioning on the subject, and as the Bowyer's house was close shut up, and nobody came forth when public shows and festivities were in progress, or to flaunt in the public walks, or to buy new fashions at the mercer's booths, all the well-conducted females agreed among themselves that there could be no woman there.

These reports had scarcely died away when the wonder of every good citizen, male and female, was utterly absorbed and swallowed up by a Royal Proclamation, in which her Majesty, strongly censuring the practice of wearing long Spanish rapiers of preposterous length (as being a bullying and swaggering custom, tending to bloodshed and public disorder) commanded that on a particular day therein named, certain grave citizens should repair to the city gates, and there, in public, break all rapiers worn or carried by persons claiming admission, that exceeded, though it were only by a quarter of an inch, three standard feet in length.

Royal Proclamations usually take their course, let the public wonder never so much. On the appointed day two citizens of high repute, took up their stations at each of the gates, attended by a party of the city guard : the main body to enforce the Queen's will, and take custody of all such rebels (if any) as might have the temerity to dispute it : and a few to bear the standard measures and instruments for reducing all unlawful sword-blades to the prescribed dimensions. In pursuance of these arrangements, Master Graham and another were posted at Lud Gate, on the hill before Saint Paul's.

A pretty numerous company were gathered together at this spot, for besides the officers in attendance to enforce the proclamation, there was a motley crowd of lookers-on of various degrees, who raised from time to time such shouts and cries as the circumstances called forth. A spruce young courtier was the first who approached ; he unsheathed a weapon of burnished steel that shone and glistened in the sun, and handed it with the newest air to the officer, who, finding it exactly three feet long, returned it with a bow. Thereupon the gallant raised his hat and crying, "God save the Queen," passed on amidst the plaudits of the mob. Then came another—a better courtier still—who wore a blade but two feet long, whereat the people laughed, much to the disparagement of his honour's dignity. Then came a third, a sturly old officer of the army, girded with a rapier at least a foot and a half beyond her Majesty's pleasure ; at him they raised a great shout, and most of the spectators (but especially those who were armourers and cutlers) laughed very heartily at the breakage, which would ensue. But they were disappointed, for the old campaigner, coolly un-

hurling his sword and bidding his servant carry it home again, passed through unarmed, to the great indignation of all the spectators. They relieved themselves in some degree by hooting a tall blustering fellow with a prodigious weapon, who stopped short on coming in sight of the preparations, and after a little consideration turned back again; but all this time no rapier had been broken although it was high noon, and all cavaliers of any quality or appearance were taking their way towards St. Paul's churchyard.

During these proceedings Master Graham had stood apart, strictly confining himself to the duty imposed upon him, and taking little heed of anything beyond. He stepped forward now as a richly dressed gentleman on foot, followed by a single attendant, was seen advancing up the hill.

As this person drew nearer, the crowd stopped their clamour and bent forward with eager looks. Master Graham standing alone in the gateway, and the stranger coming slowly towards him, they seemed, as it were, set face to face. The nobleman (for he looked on) had a haughty and disdainful air, which bespoke the slight estimation in which he held the citizen. The citizen on the other hand preserved the resolute bearing of one who was not to be frowned down or daunted, and who cared very little for any nobility but that of worth and manhood. It was perhaps some consciousness on the part of each, of these feelings in the other, that infused a more stern expression into their regards as they came closer together.

"Your rapier, worthy Sir!"

At the instant that he pronounced these words Graham started, and falling back some paces, laid his hand upon the dagger in his belt.

"You are the man whose horse I used to hold before the Bowyer's door? You are that man? Speak!"

"Out, you 'prentice hound!" said the other.

"You are he! I know you well!" cried Graham. "Let no man step between us two, or I shall be his murderer." With that he drew his dagger and rushed in upon him.

The stranger had drawn his weapon from the scabbard ready for the scrutiny, before a word was spoken. He made a thrust at his assailant, but the dagger which Graham clutched in his left hand being the dirk in use at that time for parrying such blows, promptly turned the point aside. They closed. The dagger fell rattling upon the ground, and Graham wresting his adversary's sword from his grasp, plunged it through his heart. As he drew it out it snapped in two, leaving a fragment in the dead man's body.

All this passed so swiftly that the bystanders looked on without an effort to interfere; but the man was no sooner down than an uproar broke forth which rent the air. The attendant rushing thro' the gate proclaimed that his master, a nobleman, had been set upon and slain by a citizen; the word quickly spread from mouth to mouth; Saint Paul's Cathedral and every book shop, ordinary, and smoking-house in the churchyard poured out its stream of cavaliers and their followers, who, mingling together in a dense tumultuous body, struggled, sword in hand, towards the spot.

With equal impetuosity and stimulating each other by loud cries and shouts, the citizens and the common people took up the quarrel on their side, and encircling Master Graham a hundred deep, forced him from the gate. In vain he waved the broken sword above his head, crying that he would die on London's threshold for their sacred homes. They bore him on, and ever keeping him in the midst so that no man could attack, fought their way into the city.

The clash of swords and roar of voices, the dust and heat and pressure, the trampling under foot of men, the distracted looks and shrieks of women at the windows above as they recognised their relatives or lovers in the crowd, the rapid tolling of alarm bells, the furious rage and passion of the scene were fearful.—Those who being on the outskirts of each crowd could use their weapons with effect, fought desperately, while those behind maddened with baffled rage struck at each other over the heads of those before them, and crushed their own fellows. Wherever the broken sword was seen above the people's heads, towards that spot the cavaliers made a new rush. Every one of these charges was marked by sudden gaps in the throng where men were trodden down, but fast as they were made, the tide swept over them and still the multitude pressed on again, a confused mass of swords, clubs, staves, broken plumes, fragments of rich cloaks and doublets, and angry bleeding faces, all mixed up together in inextricable disorder.

The design of the people was to force Master Graham to take refuge in his dwelling, and to defend it until the authorities could interfere or they could gain time for parley. But either from ignorance, or in the confusion of the moment, they stopped at his old house which was closely shut. Some time was lost in beating the doors open and passing him to the front. About a score of the boldest of the other party threw themselves into the torrent while this was being done, and reaching the door at the same moment with himself, cut him off from his defenders.

"I never will turn in such a righteous cause, so help me Heaven!" cried Graham in a voice that at last made itself heard, and confronting them as he spoke. "Least of all will I turn upon this threshold which owes its desolation to such men as ye. I give no quarter, and I will have none! Strike!"

For a moment they stood at bay. At that moment a shot from an unseen hand—apparently fired by some person who had gained access to one of the opposite houses,—struck Graham in the brain and he fell dead. A wail was heard in the air; many people in the

concourse cried that they had seen a spirit glide across the little casement window of the Bowyer's house.

A dead silence succeeded. After a short time some of the flushed and heated throng laid down their arms and softly carried the body within doors. Others fell off or slunk away in knots of two or three, others whispered together in groups, and before a numerous guard which then rode up, could muster in the street, it was nearly empty.

Those who carried Master Graham to the bed up stairs, were shocked to see a woman lying beneath the window with her hands clasped together. After trying to recover her in vain, they laid her near the citizen, who still retained, tightly grasped in his right hand, the first and last sword that was broken that day at Lud Gate.

For the Pearl.

TO THE MAY-FLOWER.

1

Sweet child of many an April shower,
First gift of Spring to Flora's bower,
Acadia's own peculiar flower,

I hail thee here!

Thou com'st, like Hope in sorrow's hour,
My heart to cheer.

2

I love to stray with careless feet,
Thy halm on every breeze to meet—
Thy earliest opening bloom to greet—
To pluck thy stem,

And hear thee to my lady sweet,
Thou lovely gem!

3

What though thy leaflets o'er thee steal,
And Nature half thy form conceal—
Though but thy fragrant breath reveal

Thy place of birth—

Our eyes can find, our hearts can feel
Thy modest worth!

4

Thy charms so pure a spell impart,
Thy softening smiles so touch my heart,
I feel the tear of rapture start,

Sweet flower of May!

E'en while I sing, devoid of art,
This simple lay.

5

Yet thou, like many a gentle maid
In beauty's radiant bloom arrayed,
O'er whom in early youth decayed

We heave the sigh,—

E'en thou art doomed too soon to fade—
Too soon to die!

Brookfield, May, 1840.

J. McP.

CHINA.

This vast empire, containing the greatest amount of population, and perhaps also of wealth, ever united under one government, occupies a large portion of the south-east of Asia. It comprises a broad expanse, nearly square, two sides of which are bounded by sea and two by land. The sea is the Great Pacific Ocean, which, however, does not here present a well-defined outline, but is broken into great Gulfs, the chief of which are the Sea of China and the Yellow Sea. The interior boundary consists of a range of thinly-peopled tracts, occupied by barbarous, wandering tribes, Mandshur Tartars, Mongols, Kalkas, Elaths, and the wandering tribes of Great Tibet. These regions have usually given rulers to China, but at present the Empire, or at least the ruling dynasty, comprehends within its sway upwards of a thousand miles in every direction of these rude territories. It holds them, however, as tributaries only, or under loose military occupation, without any attempt to impose on them the police, the laws, or the general character of China itself. At the same time this vast frontier is guarded with equal care against the approach of foreigners, communication is left open at two points only: the port of Canton to the maritime nations of Europe, and Maimatchin, a little town on the Siberian frontier, to the subjects of Russia.

China proper, according to an official statement presented to Lord Macartney, contains a superficial extent of 1,298,000 square miles—a little less than the whole number of square miles contained within the United States. This vast surface consists chiefly of a level plain, alluvial and sometimes marshy, but in general susceptible of the highest degree of cultivation, though it is said that considerable ranges of mountains traverse some portions of the interior. The pride of China and the abundant sources of her wealth consist in the mighty rivers which traverse the whole extent of her territory, of which the most important are the Heang-Ho and the Kiang-Ku, each of which have a course of upwards of two thousand miles in length. Of lakes, China comprises, in its central regions, the Tongting, about three hundred miles in circumference, covered with a numerous population, who subsist by fishing, and the Poyang, a lake of much inferior dimensions.

The Geology of China is unknown, and no very precise knowledge has been obtained in relation to its mineral productions. Precious stones of various kinds are known to exist; gold is found in the sands of some of the rivers, and silver in mines, either pure or in combination with other mineral substances; neither the gold or silver, however, are ever coined. The vegetable productions are of the most splendid character, and consist of a great variety of species of the most useful and ornamental kinds, such as the mulberry, orange, pomegranate, apricot, fig, peach, pine, the camphor tree, tea plant, of which last only our limits will permit us to speak more at length hereafter.

Of the native Zoology of China little is known. A few splendid birds, of which the golden pheasant is the most distinguished, are known to exist, and from thence the gold and silver fish have been procured. The insects are numerous and splendid. The Chinese lantern fly emits a strong light from its trunk-like snout, and the Banby and Atlas, the largest of moths, measure eight inches from the tip of one wing to the other. The silk worm, now cultivated in Europe and America, is said to have come originally from China. There is a kind of ox, not larger than a hog, besides another of the ordinary size. The pigs also are proverbially small.

No country has experienced fewer changes than China. In the first centuries of the Christian era, at which period their earliest intercourse with Europeans commenced, the people appear to have been precisely what they are at present—quiet, peaceable, and industrious, and to have had silk, and perhaps tea, for their staple productions. The Chinese possess a more complete and connected series of annals than any people of Asia, though some of these, carrying back their history for the period of 49,000 years, are manifestly fabulous. The first credible portion begins at the period of three thousand years before Christ. At the commencement of this period, the country is represented as having been in a state of barbarism, from which it gradually emerged by the invention of the different arts and sciences, which are ascribed to the genius of the emperors. About five centuries before the Christian era, the country appears to have been in great confusion, being divided among a number of petty princes, who paid little attention to the authority of the emperor. At this time Confucius appeared, who established the system of law, manners, and government, which have since prevailed in China. The despotism which followed destroyed the military energy of the Chinese, and they fell an easy prey to the hordes of barbarians which wandered over the steppes of Central Asia; and the present dynasty of the emperors has its origin from the Mandshur Tartars.

There is not, and perhaps never was, a government more purely and entirely despotic than the Chinese. No power or distinction exists except that which centres in and is derived directly from the emperor, who is denominated "the son of heaven." As the emperor, however, considers himself in the light of a parent, and the people as his children, it cannot be denied that the empire is generally well governed; and on the whole, the government must be considered the most mild and protective of any that exists.

The fundamental maxim of the Chinese government is to make knowledge the sole ground of official rank and public employment. Those who distinguish themselves in the colleges are promoted to the class of Mandarins, in which is vested the whole administration of China. The Mandarins are divided into nine classes, of which the highest are governors of provinces, and the lowest collectors of the revenue. The laws of China appear to have been framed not with very enlarged views, but with a minute care to lay down the various descriptions of offence, and to prescribe the appropriate punishment. The cane is the grand instrument of government, and the whole population of China is at any time subject to its immediate application on the slightest departure from the established etiquette, the minutest affairs in social intercourse being regulated by law. The revenue is chiefly derived from the land tax, the emperor being considered the direct proprietor of all the lands in his dominions, from which he receives a tenth of the produce.

The military force of China has been represented in number, at least, as very imposing, the amount of men is uncertain, but the best authorities seem to fix it at above 800,000, of which the greater part are a mere militia, which are scarcely called out unless to pursue robbers, or pass muster on state occasions, and then their paper helmets, wadded gowns, quilted petticoats, and clumsy satin boots, exhibit little of the aspect of war. They have also a few armed vessels, but nothing which can be called a navy.

The Chinese are famed for industry in all the arts which minister to human subsistence, and the lands are tilled with a minute care, without example among any other people, though their farming is carried on with rude instruments, and almost no cattle.

A grand and peculiar object of Chinese industry is the tea plant, which flourishes on the hills of Southern China. It is a bushy shrub, and the plants occur wild, but when cultivated they are set in rows about four feet from each other, and prevented from rising to an inconvenient height. There are two varieties of the tea plant,—the green and black,—but it is asserted that both kinds are made from the same plant indifferently, according to the mode of preparation. The leaves are rolled into the usual form by the fingers, and then dried on their earthen and iron plates, over a charcoal fire. The sugar cane is among the other important productions, and is taller and more juicy than that of the West Indies, but the machinery used in the manufacture of sugar is of a very inferior description. Mulberry trees, so necessary for the production of silk,

the staple manufacture of the empire, are reared with great care. Cotton is raised in the middle provinces in large quantities, and tobacco is extensively cultivated, and as extensively consumed.

As a manufacturing people, the Chinese are also eminent. The fabric of porcelain, so superior in its appearance to every other species of earthenware, originated entirely with them, and they are still unrivalled in this species of manufacture. Silk also is a fabric which has been learned from the Chinese, and in which they still surpass other nations. The light and elegant stuff which we call nankeen, derives its name from the city of Nankin, where it is manufactured from a species of cotton, which possesses naturally, and without dyeing, the peculiar colour of that article. A number of toys and minor articles are also made with a skill, which other nations in vain attempt to rival.

The internal trade of China is very extensive, but is carried on chiefly by barter, there being no circulating medium, no bill of exchange, and no security felt, which, among a people so wealthy, would seem to imply some radical defect in the government of the "Celestial Empire," which it does not appear easy to explain.

Of the foreign trade of China, the European port is the most extensive, and is chiefly in the hands of the English West India Company, to the exclusion of private traders. The Dutch, Swedes and Danes have also some commerce with Canton. The American trade with Canton also has become very important. The chief trade with the United States is for teas, silks and nankeens, for which furs, opium and woollen goods, with a balance in specie, are given in return. The opium trade, though rigorously prohibited by the government, is carried on to an immense extent, and has greatly increased within a few years past. Strictly prohibited as it is by the government, the trade is nevertheless carried on in the bay of Linting with very slight precautions, in spite of, and perhaps with the connivance of the officers of the revenue.

The foreign trade of China in her own vessels, though bearing but a small proportion to the wealth and grandeur of the empire, is nevertheless of considerable extent and importance. It is carried on in large unwieldy vessels called junks, and almost entirely with Japan and islands of the East Indian Archipelago.

The fisheries that exist in China, as a branch of national industry, on a great scale, are of small importance; but as a means of individual subsistence, no people carry it to so great an extent. All the lakes, broad rivers, and sheltered seas of China, are covered with floating cities, the crowded population of which have no home but on the water, and which draw their subsistence almost entirely from that element. On some of the waters are seen broad rafts composing floating islands, on which houses are built, and some parts are even covered with earth, and crops raised upon them.

In public works, undertaken for purposes of public utility, China stands without a rival. Their canals, though mere artificial rivers, as the Chinese are unacquainted with the use of locks, are works of prodigious magnitude. Of these, that called emphatically the Great Canal, is the most important, and by it an uninterrupted communication of five hundred miles is maintained between the river of Pekin and the Cian-ku. In connection with the river this canal completes, with only one short interruption, a line of one thousand miles of navigation, from Pekin to Canton. On the other hand, the roads are narrow, and unsuited to vehicles of any magnitude. Travelling in state is performed in palanquins carried by coolies or porters. Ordinary merchandise is conveyed in double wheel-barrow, the movements of which are produced, when the wind favours, by sails similar to a boat. The narratives of the late embassies occasionally mention the passage of whole fleets of wheel-barrow!

Among the mighty works of China must be mentioned the Great Wall, which is scarcely rivalled among the productions of human labour. The wonder is not merely in the continuity of the ramparts for upwards of a thousand miles, but in the difficulties which have been surmounted in carrying it over so rugged and mountainous a country, in some places five hundred feet in height, through the deepest valleys and over broad rivers, on arches. Its usual height is thirty feet, and the top is paved, and so broad that a carriage might drive along it. Square towers, sometimes forty feet high, are erected at short distances. Little skill, however, is displayed in the construction of this great work, it being a mere mound of earth, faced with brick or stone similar to the walls with which all the cities of China are surrounded. Their history describes it as completed in the third century, but as the Tartar Conquest incorporated that people into the Chinese Empire, it is of no further use, and by the Chinese themselves is now little regarded.—*Dr. T. Smiley, written for Philadelphia Saturday Courier.*

War with Great Britain is one of the favourite topics on which the Americans and their press at present delight to descant, but it is pleasing, amid the bombast and ridiculous nonsense published about this prospective evil, which we daily see in our exchange papers, to meet with the following truly eloquent and beautiful reflections in the New York Morning Chronicle, of the 14th ultimo, a paper which, at that date, had reached only its twentieth number.—*Morning Herald.*

THE LEXINGTON AND WAR.

The sacrifice of human life by the destruction of the ill-starred Lexington, has sent a thrill of horror through this vast Republic; and even at this very hour, the name of the Lexington cannot be

mentioned without producing the most painful sensations. Each one feels that he might have been a victim of that dreadful catastrophe; or that he is liable to a similar fate whenever he journeys in a steamboat. The press has rung the changes on this appalling event; the pulpit has teemed with solemn warnings; the people in masses have given utterance in strong terms to the intensity of their feelings; and the halls of Congress, even, have rung with the eloquence of the most gifted, in relation thereto. In a word, the whole nation seems agitated in consequence of so mournful a disaster. It is well it should be so; for human life, precious life has been sacrificed on no trivial scale—recklessly sanctioned by negligence and cupidity. Who can remain unmoved under circumstances so appalling! Who, who that has not a heart of adamant, can think of the horrors of that night, when men, women and children, frantic with despair, huddled confusedly together on the deck of the burning steamer, and plunged by scores into the cold and boisterous deep, to baffle for a few moments the friendless billows, and then to go down to a watery grave.

Yet, after all, what is the burning of the Lexington, what the destruction of her passengers and crew, compared with the horrors of war! What compared with some great naval battle, in which ships are blown up and sunk, and the decks of those that are left afloat are flowing with blood and bestrewed with the limbs and the mangled bodies of the victims of the fray! What, compared with the battle field of a Borodino, where eighty thousand men bit the dust! where for the space of a square league, scarcely a spot was uncovered with the wounded and the dead! where lay those wounded piled in heaps, rending the air with their shrieks of agony, and invoking death in vain! where the scene of misery was so appalling, as to move even the iron soul of Napoleon to compassion and grief! What, compared with the retreat from Moscow, in which vast multitudes perished with cold and starvation; from whose eyes gushed tears of blood; whose hair and beards were frozen in solid masses; who, rendered delirious by their intolerable sufferings, rushed with horrid laughter like fiends into the flames of burning habitations.

Such, such is "glorious war." Such the scenes which render conquerors immortal, and fill mankind with admiration! How strange a being is man! A single steamboat may be destroyed by accident or carelessness, and a nation assumes the weeds of woe. But human ambition may marshal its myriads in battle, and strew the field with the slain; and lo! your church bells send forth their loudest peals, your artillery pours forth their most deafening thunders, your bonfires blaze with the most intense brightness, and your sacred temples ring with their loudest hosannas in testimony of your joy. Where now is your regard for human life? your shuddering at untimely death? your consternation at wholesale destruction? Is death the less terrible when inflicted by the sword? Are men no longer men when they perish in the field? You do not, indeed, rejoice for the sacrifice of life, but for victory. But where is your sympathy for the mangled and the slain—for the mangled and the slain in your own ranks; nay, in the ranks of the foe? Human nature is equally the sufferer, whether an American or a Briton bleeds; whether victory crowns the Eagle or the Lion. Where, then, are philanthropy's tears for the horrors of victory—for the miseries of war? Again, we are constrained to exclaim,—How strange a creature is man! Nations, for the merest trifle, for a word, nay, for a straw, will rush into a war, deluging the world with tears and blood; while they mourn over a trifling casualty, or a slight visitation of the judgments of God! Once more we repeat, and let the whole universe join in the exclamation,—How strange a creature is man!

A SCENE IN TURKEY

A scene, full of English reminiscences, but more rich in variety and luxuriance, is entitled to a place as one of the refreshing and unexpected delights which, even in these regions, takes the home-heart of the stranger with a gush of surprise:

"We passed several fine villages and plains to the left, on a tributary of the Kizil-Irmak, all smiling among their luxuriant and blossoming gardens; but what shall I say of Tosia, with its romantic town and lovely valley, its splendid cultivation, its green picturesque hills, and its multitude of waters? What a contrast to Persia! what a contrast to all the scenes of the last twelve months! We scarcely entered the town itself, but I was struck with the solid appearance of the buildings. The mosques, and many of the houses, constructed of stone, and rising above one another, in irregular groups and terraces, showed to much advantage, and looked very like a European town: and as a little before five in the afternoon we rode forth again upon our way, I could have believed myself travelling in some of the sweet orchard districts of dear England itself. All was laid out into little fields and paddocks, interspersed with orchards and gardens, divided by walls and hedges: the first built of mud and thatched, and partly overgrown with herbage: the last, formed of barberry bushes and other thorns, with pollard elms and oaks, and willows, and here and there a glorious old tree, just as at home. The pretty lanes, too, and the banks, and the general keeping up, all bespoke a better state of things. The irregular ground and little sweet romantic ravines, so varied and so lovely, quite went to my heart. I could have thought I was actually riding through some part of Worcester or Herefordshire, or Kent—somewhere about Seven Oaks, or Cooper's Hill. So complete, indeed, was the illusion, aided by the little red-tiled

houses, with their white-washed walls, thickly scattered about, that for "some moments, ay, one treacherous hour," I could have lost remembrance of where I was, and believed myself transported to the better and happier land. But there were the Tatar and Saragees with their picturesque but incongruous costumes, riding before my eyes, and ever and anon would pass a Turkish peasant in his wide Dutch-like breeches and and short jacket, or a long be-robed and befurred horseman, with his decided turban, would come stalking by, to break the harmony of the scene, and bring me back to Turkey. But, in truth, I talk "foolishness," for the poignant and increasing desire I feel to be "at home," would have strangled the illusion in its very birth; and I only mean by such terms, to express the strength of it. Ah, if all Turkey were like Tosia and Tosia! so prosperous-looking and happy! Are they so in reality?—there lies the question, and the rub, I fear. Are there not grinding Pashas and Mutsellims, and their myrmidons, to squeeze the miserable Ryots? Yet the oppression must in some places be less severe, or they could not look so prosperous. Where in Persia do we see anything that bespeaks a degree of confidence and security like what seems to be felt in those beautiful districts, I wonder what my friends, the Persians, would say to this scene—whether 'Iran-e-Aztec' would still be the greatest and finest country in the world in my eyes? But, indeed, I need scarcely wonder about it; for they, the French of Asia, conceive the glory of the "great nation" is never to be equalled, as it is never forgotten by its sons. Even if they should feel the truth, pride would prevent their admitting it.—*J. B. Fraser.*

SCENE IN CEYLON.

This was in a swampy jungle, beyond which rose a rocky hill about three hundred feet in height, partly covered with trees and thickets, and joined by a narrow neck to a bare black rock shaped like a haystack. These hills appeared like outposts to the line of low-sized mountains along which formerly ran the boundary line between the Kandian country and the British territory. We had already travelled six miles, and now advanced five more; and then breakfasted close to a small and very thick bamboo jungle, into which the elephants had retired.

In the direction we had come, I was surprised at the small proportion which the clear and cultivated land bore to that which was still in a state of nature. The extent of connected woods, the height of the trees, the prodigious size, length, and regular spiral form of the creeping plants that scaled the loftiest stems and then extended themselves over the surrounding thicket, the "unpierced shade" of the forest, the blaze of light on the field, combined to produce an indescribable richness of effect, marred only by the oppressive luxuriance of vegetation, from which the eye had no escape.

Embosomed in woods, a few small rice-fields occasionally presented themselves; and the cultivators, who had been on the alert all night to protect their crops from wild animals, were now emerging from watch-huts (perched in trees and on rocks), and straggling home to their morning meal; none of the houses are to be seen, they are always in shade; but their locality is easily ascertained (in the interior) by the evidence of cocoa-nut trees.

On one side might be seen portions of the rice field in every stage of preparation, from those but partly abandoned by the reaper, yet already under the hands of the ploughman, up to the level bed of mud, ready to receive the already sprouted grain; here, in short, appeared endless spring and ceaseless summer. On the other side might be traced grain in every part of its progress, from the first scattering of the grain until its produce was again trodden out under the feet of buffaloes on a threshing floor, which was merely a space cleared and levelled from the adjoining bank of the field. All this gave proof of an everlasting summer bordering upon autumn. In this part of Ceylon "seed time and harvest" never cease; cold and winter are alike unknown.—*Major Forbes.*

COUNTRY CHURCHES.

Blessings on those old gray fabrics that stand on many a hill, as in many a lowly hollow, all over this beloved country. I am of Sir Walter Scott's opinion, that no places are so congenial to the holy simplicity of christian worship as they are. They have an air of antiquity about them—a shaded sanctity, and stand so venerably amid the most English scenes, and the tombs of generations of the dead, that we cannot enter them without having our imaginations and our hearts powerfully impressed with every feeling and thought that can make us love our country, and yet feel that it is not our abiding place. Those antique churches, those low massy doors, were raised in days that are gone by; around those walls, nay, beneath our very feet, sleep those who, in their generations, helped, each in his little sphere, to build up England to her present pitch and greatness. We catch glimpses of that deep veneration, of that unambitious simplicity of mind and manner, that we would fain hold fast amid our growing knowledge, and its inevitable re-modelling of the whole frame work of society. We are made to feel earnestly the desire to pluck the spirit of faith, the integrity of character, and the whole heart of love to kin and country, out of the ignorance and blind subjection of the past. Therefore it is that I have always loved the village church; that I have delighted to stroll far through the summer fields; and hear still onward its bells ringing happily: to enter and sit among its rustic congregation,—better pleased with their murmur of responses, and their artless but earnest chant, than with all the splendour and parade of more lofty fabrics.—*W. Howitt.*

For the Pearl.

STANZAS.

She seemed a fair and fragile flower
Beneath the skies of June,
That blooms awhile in Flora's bower,
And withers all too soon.

The rose of health, to Beauty dear,
Began ere long to fade,
And she upon her lowly bier,
In early youth was laid.

Her kindred and her friends were there,
And one was lingering nigh,
Whose heart was desolate and bare,
Whose founts of grief were dry.

O still we hope the bright ones torn
From those who love them here,
To better, happier homes are borne
In yon immortal sphere.

We fondly hope that all who bear
Each other's griefs below,
The bliss of that high world may share,
And there each other know.

'Tis sweet e'en here, amidst our pain,
'Tho' sad our lot may be,
To think we all shall meet again,
From earthly sorrows free!

J. McP.

Queen's Co. 1840.

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, FORTY YEARS
AGO.

It was a lovely morning; a remittance had arrived in the very nick of time; my two horses were in excellent condition; and I resolved, with a college elum, to put in execution a long-cherished scheme of driving to London tandem. We sent our horses forward, got others at Cambridge, and tossing Algebra and Anacharsis "to the dogs," started in high spirits. We ran up to London in style, went ball pitch to the play, and after a quiet breakfast at the St. James's, set out with my two horses upon a dashing drive through the west end of the town. We were turning down the Haymarket, when whom, to my utter horror and consternation, should I see crossing to meet us, but my old warm-hearted, but severe and peppery uncle, Sir Thomas—

To escape was impossible. A cart before, and two carriages behind, made us stationary; and I mentally resigned all idea of ever succeeding to his five thousand per annum. Up he came.

"What, can I believe my eyes? George, what—do you here? Tandem, too?"

I have it, thought I, as an idea crossed my mind, which I resolved to follow. I looked right and left, as if it was not possible it could be me he was addressing.

"What, not know me, you young dog? Don't you know your uncle? Why, sir, in the name of common sense—pshaw! you've done with that. Why, in heaven's name, an't you at Cambridge?"

"At Cambridge, sir?" said I.

"At Cambridge, sir," he repeated, mimicking my affected astonishment. "Why, I suppose you never were at Cambridge. O, you young spendthrift; this is the manner you dispose of my allowance. Is this the way you read hard, you young profligate, you young—, you—"

Seeing he was getting energetic, I began to be apprehensive of a scene, and resolved to drop the curtain at once. "Really, sir," said I, with as brazen a look as I could summon upon emergency, "I have not the honour of your acquaintance." His large eyes assumed a fixed stare of astonishment. "I must confess you have the advantage of me. Excuse me, but to my knowledge I never saw you before." A torrent, I perceived, was coming. "Make no apologies, they are unnecessary. Your next rencontre will, I hope, be more fortunate, though your finding your country cousin in London, is like looking for a needle in a bundle of hay. Bye, bye, old buck."

The cart was removed, and I drove off, yet not without seeing him, in a paroxysm of rage, half frightful, half ludicrous, toss his hat on the ground, hearing him exclaim, "He disowns me! the jacknapes; disowns his own uncle!"

Poor Philip Chichester's look of amazement at this finished stroke of impudence, is present, at this instant, to my memory. I think I see his face, which at no time had more expression than a turnip, assume the air of a pensive simpleton, which he so often and so successfully exhibited over an incomprehensible problem. "Well, you've done it. Dished completely. What could induce you to be such a blockhead," said he.

"The family of the blockheads, my dear Phil, I replied, "is far too creditably established in society to render their alliance disgraceful. I'm proud to belong to so prevailing a party."

"Pshaw, this is no time for joking. What's to be done?"

"Why, when does a man want a joke, Phil, but when he is in trouble? However, adieu to badinage, and hey for Cambridge instantly."

"Cambridge?"

"In the twinkling of an eye—not a moment to be lost. My uncle will post there with four horses instantly, and my only chance of avoiding that romantic misfortune of being cut off with a shilling, is to be there before him."

Without settling the bill at the inn, or making a single arrangement, we dashed back to Cambridge. Never shall I forget the mental anxiety I endured on my way there. Every thing was against us. A heavy rain had fallen in the night, and the roads were wretched—the traces broke, turnpike gates were shut, droves of sheep and carts impeded our progress, but in spite of all these obstacles we reached the college in less than six hours.

"Has Sir Thomas—been here?" said I to the porter, with an agitation I could not conceal.

"No, sir."

Phil thanked heaven and took courage.

"If he does, tell him so and so," said I, giving the voracious Thomas his instructions, and putting a guinea into his hand to sharpen his memory, "Phil, my dear fellow, don't show your face out of college for this fortnight. You twig!" I had hardly time to get to my room to have my toga and trenchers beside me, Newton and Aristotle before me, optics, mechanics, and hydrostatics strewed around in learned profusion, when my uncle drove up to the gate.

"Porter, I want to see Mr.—," said he; "is he in his rooms?"

"Yes, sir; I saw him take a heap of books there ten minutes ago."

This was not the first bouncer the Essence of Truth, as Thomas was known by through the college, had told for me: nor the last he got paid for.

"Ay, very likely; reads very hard, I dare say."

"No doubt of that, I believe, sir," said Thomas, as bold as brass.

"You audacious fellow! How dare you look me in the face, and tell me such a deliberate falsehood? You know he's not in college."

"Not in college, sir! as I hope!"

"None of your hopes or fears to me. Show me his rooms; if two hours ago I did not see— See him! yes, I've seen him, and he's seen the last of me."

He had now reached my rooms, and never shall I forget his look of astonishment, bordering on incredulity, when I calmly came forward, took his hand, and welcomed him to Cambridge.

"My dear sir, how are you—what lucky wind has blown you here?"

"What, George! who—what—why—I can't believe my eyes."

"How happy I am to see you!" I continued; how kind of you to come; how well you're looking!"

"How people may be deceived! My dear George (speaking rapidly) I met a fellow in a tandem, in the Haymarket, so like you in every particular that I hailed him at once. The puppy disowned me, affected to cut a joke, and drove off. Never was I more taken off my stilts. I came down directly, with four post horses, to tell your tutor, to tell the master, to tell all the college, that I would have nothing more to do with you; that I would be responsible for your debts no longer; to enclose you fifty pounds, and disown you for ever."

"My dear sir, how singular!"

"Singular! I wonder at perjury no longer, for my part, I would have gone into any court of justice and have taken my oath it was you. I never saw such a likeness. The air, the height, the voice, all but the manner, and that was not yours. No, no, you never would have treated your old uncle so."

"How rejoiced I am that!"

"Rejoiced; so am I. I would not have been undeceived for a thousand guineas. Nothing but seeing you here so quiet, so studious, surrounded by problems, would have convinced. Hah! I can't tell you how I was startled. I have been told some queer stories, to be sure, about your Cambridge etiquette. I heard that two Cambridge men, one of St. John's, the other of Trinity, had met on the top of Vesuvius, and that, though they knew each other by sight and reputation, yet, never having been formally introduced, like two simpletons they looked at each other in silence, and left the mountain separately, and without speaking; and that cracked fellow-commoner Meadows had shown me a caricature, taken from the life, representing a Cambridge man drowning, and another gowmsman standing on the brink, exclaiming, "Oh! that I had the honour of being introduced to that man, that I might have taken the liberty of saving him!" But, thought I, he never would carry it so far with his own uncle! Yet, as you sit in that light, the likeness is—" I moved instantly. "But it's impossible, you know it's impossible. Come, my dear fellow, come; I must get some dinner. Who could he be? Never were two people so alike!"

We dined at the inn, and spent the evening together; and instead of the fifty, "the last fifty," he generously gave me a draft for double the amount. He left Cambridge the next morning, and his last words were, as he entered his carriage, "Most surprising likeness. Heaven bless you. Read hard, you young dog: remember. Like as two brothers!" I never saw him again.

His death, which happened a few months afterward, in consequence of his being bit in a bet contracted when he was a little elevated, left me heir to his fine estate; I wish I could add to his many and noble virtues. I do not attempt to palliate deception. It is

always criminal. But I am sure, no severity, no reprimand, no reproaches, would have had half the effect which his kindness, his confidence, and his generosity wrought on me. It reformed me thoroughly at once. I did not see London again till I had graduated; and if my degree was unaccompanied by brilliant honours, it did not disgrace my uncle's liberality or his name. Many years have elapsed since our last interview; but I never reflect on it without pain and pleasure—pain, that our last interview on earth should have been marked by the grossest deception; and pleasure, that the serious reflections it awakened cured me for ever of all wish to deceive, and made the open and straight forward path of life, that of

AN OLD STUDENT.

BIOGRAPHY.

NOTICE OF AN EDITION OF THE WORKS OF MASSINGER AND FORD,
BY H. COLERIDGE.

In truth, the best and happiest lives are generally the least entertaining to read. It may be regretted that quiet, useful, unostentatious virtue so seldom survives in the world's memory; but the regret is foolish and presumptuous; and I am by no means assured that the modern custom of courting fame, for qualities sufficiently rewarded by peace of mind, an approving conscience, and the affectionate esteem of a worthy few, is not one of the worst symptoms of the times. Good people in a private station should be thankful if their lives are not worth writing. Public virtues exerted for public ends, the worthy issues of mighty minds, fitly aspire to publicity, and are justly rewarded with fame. "A city set on a hill cannot be hid." But the virtues of home, the hourly self-denials, so habitual as hardly to rise above the horizon of consciousness,—

"That best portion of a good man's life,—
His little daily unrecorded acts
Of kindness and of love,"

the virtues which, in either sex, are inherited from the mother, and consist in *being* rather than in *doing*, permit no stronger light than gleams from the fireside. They flourish best when unobserved, even by those who inhale joy and goodness from their fragrance. Of them it may truly be said,—

"The principle of action once explore,
That instant 'tis a principle no more."

They can be understood by none, and known only to those who love the good beings whom they actuate,—and by loving know them. For in the spiritual world there is no knowledge but by love. In our essential selves we neither can nor ought to be known to any but to those whom we love, and who love us. There is a worse than indelicacy in soliciting the gaze of the world by laying bare the sanctities of affection; the frailties by which we may be endeared to our kindred in blood and soul, but should neither be admired nor judged by the ignorant unsympathising multitude. It is enough if our works have no need to shun the public eye, which they ought sometimes to seek, and never to fear. *Render unto Caesar the things that be Caesar's.* But in ourselves; the very things we are, we are only God's: we belong not to the world—no, not to our own will. A good heart is a Holy of Holies, not to be profaned by unconsecrated gazers.

There is no vanity so pernicious, so heart-emasculating and heart-hardening, as that of which the heart itself is the object. Better be vain of your brains, your figure, your dress, your face, your muscles, your purse, or your pedigree, than of your heart. People enamoured of their own goodness generally entertain a sneaking partiality for their *bosom sins*. "The pride that apes humility" produces far worse consequences than "cottages with double coach-houses;" but none more dangerous than the self-gratifying disclosure of weaknesses to which certain confessors are so prone. Now this vanity and this pride are greatly nourished by a fashionable sort of biography, which stages the minutest passages of every-day existence—exhibits the child or the female at their prayers, in their little round of charity, in their diet and attire; and makes the death-bed itself a scene of display.

"The age of the great drama was neither a happy nor an innocent age. It was a time of much vice, much folly, and much trouble; but it was also an age of prodigious energy. Every thing, good or evil, was on a colossal scale. The strength of will kept equipoise with the vigour of intellect. There were too many to admire themselves and others for potency in ill, not a few who sought and obtained *éclat* by the inventive extravagance of their absurdities—but no one valued himself or others for petty amiabilities or amiable weaknesses. It was an age of high principle and of vehement passions, not of complacent sentimentality. Hence the minor and negative virtues which are all that a poor man in general can display, and the trivial accidents which make up the sum of private existence, were suffered to join the vast silence of forgotten moments, without note or comment; and hence, I conclude, that of our greatest dramatic artists little has been told, because there was little to tell; little to gratify the malicious curiosity which fed on corruption; and little which the better sort considered worthy a lasting record—though doubtless much that exercised the patience and evoked the noblest faculties of the dramatists themselves."

Pursuing the subject, and admitting what a pleasant advantage it would have been to have overlooked the Fords and Massingers at their desks, to have accompanied them in their suburban walks, to have been made confidants of their love and partakers of their

friendship, to have joined them in their evening revels, and, in short, known thoroughly what manner of men they were to those that were with them in the body,—Mr. Coleridge truly and eloquently adds:

"We ought gratefully to remember that we possess a large and noble sample of so much of their complex being as is capable of an earthly permanence: for intellect alone can put on a shape of earthly immortality, and become an everlasting and irrefragible witness of its own reality. Neither poets, nor painters, nor sculptors, nor even historians, can erect living monuments to any but themselves. The exactest copy of the fairest face, or the loveliest soul, becomes in a few years a mere ideal, only commendable as it expresses universal beauty or absolute goodness. Only the painter's or the poet's art is really perpetuated. All—but the mind—either perishes in time, or vanishes out of time into eternity. Mind alone lives on with time, and keeps pace with the march of ages. Beauty, ever fleeting and continually renewed, does its work, then drops like the petals of the blossom when the fruit is set. Valour and power may gain a lasting memory, but where are they when the brave and the mighty are departed? Their effects may remain, but they live not in them any more than the fire in the work of the potter. Piety has a real substantial immortality in heaven; its life is laid up with God,—but on earth its record is but a tale that is told. But intellect really exists in its products; its kingdom is here. The beauty of the picture is an abiding concrete of the painter's vision. The Venus, the Apollo, the Laocoon, are not mere matter of history. The genius of Homer does not rest, like his disputed personal identity, on dubious testimony. It is, and will be, while the planet lasts. The body of Newton is in the grave,—his soul with his Father above; but his mind is with us still. Hence may we perceive the superiority of intellect to all other gifts of earth,—its rightful subordination to the Grace that is of Heaven."

A CLERICAL DANCING MASTER.

The following anecdote of Edward Young, the author of the *Night Thoughts*, is told in a late number of the *London Metropolitan Magazine*:

When Young left the university, he was a master of arts, and brought away with him a vast stock of Greek and Latin. But the fire of a fine imagination was not extinguished under the heavier acquisition of his scholastic pursuits; its *vivida vis* and enthusiasm had survived, and when he began the world, his heart was new and peculiarly susceptible to each impression. Thus constituted, a person will not go far without meeting Love on his road; and Young soon discovered it in the charming smile and piquant grace of Anna Bowley, to whom he offered a timid homage, which was accepted without hesitation.—The society in which his fair one moved, necessarily became the centre of his universe, and the ladies that composed it, possessed in him a most devoted and assiduous cavalier.

One fine summer evening, he escorted them to the river side, not then so thickly built upon as now. It was the middle of summer, and the hour was that delightful one when the wings of the breeze bring coolness with them to refresh all nature, which was languid and exhausted by the heat of one of those oppressive days which ever and anon give us a taste of the fervid hours of a torrid climate. Bustle and activity prevailed around; the river was instinct with life and motion, and a thousand boats, gallantly equipped and manned, furrowed its broad bosom; a thousand confused sounds floated in the air; and the John Bull of the olden time seemed to be in the full enjoyment of his proverbial merriment—that picturesque John Bull of the second quarter of the eighteenth century, in cocked hat and laced cravat, embroidered and bright-coloured coat, knee breeches, and high quartered shoes.

Young enjoyed the scene with a poet's eye, and found ample materials for the indulgence of his satirical turn, when one of the ladies proposed that they should all go to Vauxhall, as it was a public night. The proposition was received with acclamation, and a wherry was soon freighted with the joyous company. By way of amusing his fair friends, Young drew from his pocket a flute, on which he excelled, and his notes were so perfect that a crowd of boats soon gathered around; among others was one filled with young officers, which pulled hastily up, and took a station alongside that of the musician. As Young only played for the gratification of his company and himself, he did not choose to be made a public spectacle; so he soon ceased, and returned his flute into its case. One of the officers took offence at this; and, thinking that his game was sure with a young man in a clergyman's dress, and whose aspect was any thing but martial, he ordered the player to produce his flute and begin anew. Young shrugged his shoulder at this piece of impertinence, but took no further notice of it; it was followed by threats and curses, which had no greater effect upon the person against whom they were directed. The officer, who was very angry that his orders were disobeyed, and his menaces despised, directed his rowers to close with the boat of the refractory musician, and swore he would fling him into the Thames unless he immediately began playing. The alarm of the ladies was intense, and seeing that the soldier was about putting his threat into execution, they entreated Young to yield to the exigency; but the indignant flutist still resisted.

'Edward!' exclaimed a soft voice at his side; 'will you do nothing to oblige me?'

'Do you wish me, Anna, to submit to the degrading insolence of such a brute?'

'Yes, I do; I beg it, if you have any regard for me.'

Young drew out his flute without another word, and played several gay airs, whilst the triumphant soldier beat time with ostentation, applauded vehemently, and looked round as if to impress upon the auditors an idea of his irresistible importance.

The company soon after reached Vauxhall, where the parties separated. But although Young's exterior was calm, he felt a deep resentment for the insult to which he had been subjected in his mistress's presence. Her accents had soothed his wrath, but it could not extinguish the desire of making his oppressor ridiculous in his turn; so he determined not to lose sight of the aggressor, and to take the first opportunity, when he was alone, of speaking to him. An occasion soon offered, when he coolly addressed him—

'Sir,' said he, 'you have got an awkward habit of speaking too loudly.'

'Ah!' rejoined the other, 'that's because I make a point of being obeyed at the first word.'

'But that depends upon your hearers; and I have a different opinion.'

'Have you? and yet it seems that just now—'

'O, but you must know why I submitted to your rudeness.'

'Well, what is your wish now, sir?'

'To give you to understand that if I produced my flute, it was not to gratify you, but solely to oblige the ladies under my escort, and who were frightened at your long sword and loud oaths; but they are not here now; so—'

'You know this is a challenge, and your cloth—'

'Why should it?' You have affronted me, and owe me satisfaction.'

The soldier smiled disdainfully as he said—'As you please, sir: you shall be satisfied. When and in what place shall it be?'

'To-morrow, at day-break, in Battersea fields, without seconds, as the affair only concerns you and me, and my profession compels me to have some regard to the proprieties of society.'

'Be it so; what are your arms?'

'The sword,' replied the juvenile member of the church militant.

The conditions being thus arranged, the young men joined their respective parties.

On the following morning they were both punctual to their appointment. The officer had drawn his rapier when Young produced a large horse pistol from beneath his cloak, and took a steady aim at his antagonist.

'What do you mean?' asked the astonished soldier; 'have you brought weapons to assassinate me?'

'Perhaps; but that will depend upon yourself. Last night I played on the flute; this morning it is your turn to dance.'

'I would die first; you have taken an unworthy advantage of this stratagem.'

'As you did yesterday of the ladies' presence; but come, captain, you must begin your minuet.'

'I shall do nothing of the kind, sir; your conduct is most ungentlemanly.'

'No strong language here, captain; dance at once, or I will fire.'

These words, which were uttered with much earnestness, and accompanied with a corresponding gesture, produced the effect desired. The officer, finding himself in a retired place, and at the mercy of a man whom he had grievously offended, and who seemed determined to exact reparation after his own fashion, did as he was desired, and stepped through the figure of a minuet, while Young whistled a slow and appropriate measure.

When it was finished, Young said—'Sir, you have danced remarkably well; much better in its way than my flute-playing. We are now even; so, if you wish, we will begin another dance, in which I will be your *vis-a-vis*.' Saying which, he drew his sword.

But the dancer very justly thought he had received a proper lesson, and more favourably appreciating the man he had so wantonly insulted, thought it would be better to have him for a friend than an enemy. He therefore held out his hand to Young, who shook it cordially; and in perfect harmony, arm-in-arm, they quitted the spot which might have been fatal to one of them, but had, fortunately, only served to give and take a lesson in dancing.

TOM SHARP,

THE YOUNG MAN WHO KNEW A LITTLE OF EVERY THING.

A very clever fellow was Tom Sharp! and a very good natured one into the bargain; but it was not his good nature which obtained for him so extensive an acquaintance as he possessed; for Tom's circle was a large one, and there was not one who composed it, who did not consider Tom as a very prodigy of talent, and a walking compilation of universal knowledge.

Tom lived in a country town—a fitting sphere for talent such as his to be placed in. In a large city he would have been overlooked in the crowd; and Tom was wise enough to imagine this. In the country, he was the sun, around which the lesser lights revolved, the authority to which all deferred, and from which no one differed; the umpire, whose decision was final; the observed, in short of all observers.

It is wonderful how some people make a little knowledge go a great way; and how they manage, by judicious nods or winks, and the circumspect use of affirmatives and negatives, or by well introduced *len's* or *aa's*, to impress other people with the idea that they (the winkers and nodders) are miraculously endowed beings, second Davys as chemists, Byrons as poets, Herschells as astronomers, Handels as musicians, and Raphaels as painters. Silence will do more for a man's reputation, in this way, than one may imagine; and many a "clever fellow" has won his title by the means we have just adverted to.

Tom Sharp was the idol of his acquaintance; and, in an innocent sense, was "all things to all men," and, we may add, women too. He was a good cricketer, and none sat a horse better. Who could feather his oarlike Tom, or drive a tandem with more ease and grace? But it was not in manly sports or exercises only that Tom shone as a "clever fellow;" to see him to advantage, we must follow him to the houses of his numerous acquaintances, and mark how admirably he adapts himself to the tastes and pursuits of his company for the time being, and how he wins smiles from bright eyes, and nods of approbation from grave old ladies, because he knows "something of every thing."

To a country community, such a personage is invaluable. Does the pretty Miss B— want a pattern copied? Tom Sharp, the good natured Mr. Tom Sharp, does it "beautifully!" Has one of the fiddlers disappointed the projectors of a country ball? Tom Sharp "plays divinely," and can take his place. Is there to be a fancy fair for the benefit of some charitable society? Tom Sharp makes drawings and copies music for the same. Is there a party where one is wanting to make up a rubber? send for Tom Sharp. Is a middle aged lady minus a dancing partner? Tom Sharp is looked for by the master of the ceremonies. Do the walls of the ball room require decorating? soon they are covered with verdant trees and crystal lakes, Italian temples and Swiss mountains. "Oh, how delightful!" exclaims the holiday Miss, "who could have done it?" "Who? why, Tom Sharp!"

Tom knew "something" too of science; he was versed in the mystery of pulserglass; told how water boiled at two hundred and twelve degrees, and froze at thirty-two: he threw potassium on water to 'set it on fire,' and frightened his sisters with phosphorus. It happened once, that an itinerant lecturer delivered a course on chemistry; and every one was surprised to hear how learnedly Tom conversed with him, and thought Sharp was much wiser than the travelling chemist. Tom was not brought up to any profession—what need had he of such, who knew "something of every thing?" His friends destined him for a gentleman and a philosopher, and hoped his talents would be his fortune. Tom soon became obliged to try what his universal knowledge would do for him. Making sonnets to young ladies would not support him; so he set off to London to seek his fortune, never doubting but that, with his multifarious acquirements, he should set the Thames on fire and carry all before him.

There is no place in the world which humbles a man in his own estimation more than London. It is all very well to hold our heads high in the country, and to fancy that we are persons of very great importance; let any one who entertains such notions be set down in Cheapside, at four o'clock in the afternoon, and in the midst of that hurrying, driving mass of intelligence, he will feel himself as a mere atom, almost a nonentity. The metropolis is the great reservoir of talent—from all parts of this vast empire it gravitates to London; there the master-hands are employed; there the master-minds are busied in conceiving and presenting to the world their beautiful creations; there the shallow pretender is exposed, and the inflated and presuming speedily find their level; inferior abilities are thrust aside to make room for the crowd of aspirants to excellence in every department of occupation, whether of physical or moral character.

Flung alone upon this turbulent sea of hopes and aspirations, Tom Sharp found, to his surprise, that his knowledge, after all, was but very inferior indeed, both in quality and quantity, to that of many around him. No one, to have seen him strolling through the crowded thoroughfares of London, would have recognized, in the dejected, lean-looking individual before him, the clever Tom Sharp, who 'knew something of every thing.' He had applied for occupation in a hundred different quarters, but he could not draw well enough for a drawing master; nor sketch well enough to be an artist's assistant; nor fiddle well enough to take a place in a band; nor knew enough of chemistry to assist in a laboratory; he did not know enough of short-hand to qualify him for a reporter's situation; in short, he did not know enough of any thing to make it available to the purposes of existence; and, with a hungry stomach and despairing heart, he returned every evening to his lodging, more spirit-broken and hopeless than when he set out in the morning.

In the house in which Tom Sharp lodged, there was another inmate, who, to our hero's great surprise, appeared to be always happy and thriving, although he did not seem to possess that versatility of talent which so distinguished himself. One evening, after work was over, this artisan and Tom were sitting together, Tom bewailing his ill success and wondering at its cause, when his companion remarked, that he hoped Mr Sharp would excuse him, but he thought, for his part, that it was not so strange, after all, that Tom could not gain employment.

"Indeed!" said Tom, "I think it very strange that, in this

great city, with all its resources and innumerable opportunities afforded to the enterprising and persevering, I should not find one chance of living; I am sure I have been persevering enough. It would not be so odd if I was acquainted with but one branch of knowledge; but knowing a little—'something of every thing'—

"That's the very hindrance, sir!" interrupted his friend; but in London, a man, to get on, only needs to know *one thing well*; if he does, and is industrious and careful, the chances are greatly in his favour."

Here the conversation ended. It was not lost upon Tom Sharp; he profited by the lesson, and lived long enough to see the evils of a superficial knowledge. There are thousands now in poverty and wretchedness, who would have been differently situated, had they applied their undivided energies to some one useful pursuit. The story must carry with it its own moral. We shall be well pleased if it convinces any one that a thorough knowledge of one subject is better than a smattering of all.

A MISSISSIPPI ROMANCE.—A correspondent of the Natchez Courier, writing from the seat of government of Mississippi, in a long letter about banks and banking, gives currency to the following story of adventure:

I turn from the legislature to give an item which smacks of romance and novelty. To-day there arrived in the stage, in company with Judge Bodly, a fair faced and juvenile passenger, in pantaloons arrayed, and on stopping at the mansion of Madam Dixon, the said personage was consigned to a room in company with Senator Thomas B. Rives.

In a few minutes suspicions were set afloat that the stranger aforesaid was a woman, whereupon Mrs. Dixon, in curious trepidation, repaired to the presence of her new guest. "You are a woman," said Mrs. D. "I know I am," replied the stranger, "but listen to my story." She then related an adventure that far eclipsed the dangers braved by the lover of Orlando, she had been cruelly treated, her husband fled the country, and, resolved to find him, she changed her dress and went to the Mississippi River, where she secured a berth in one of the steamboats as cabin boy; this life she followed, up and down the western waters for eight months; despairing of the object of her anxious pursuit, she is now on her way to the bosom of her family in one of the eastern counties of Mississippi.

When her sex was discovered, several ladies and gentlemen recalled her acquaintance, and by the kindness of her friends, she was soon transformed and conducted to the parlour glittering in all the splendour of her sex. The stories she told were intensely interesting, and all true—while a cabin boy she had two or three fights, in all of which she came off victorious! Who will say the Mississippi ladies are not brave, and do not love?

A LANDSCAPE OF NORTHERN FRANCE.—It was a wild and wooded country on the borders of the ancient Ardennes, with the scene continually varying in minor points, but never changing the character of rough, solitary nature, which that part of France, and indeed many other parts, at that time displayed. Here the ground was rocky and mountainous, shooting up into tall hills covered with old woods; there, smooth and even, with the feet of the primeval oaks carpeted with green turf. Then again, came deep dells, and banks, and ravines, and dingles, so thick that the bear could scarcely force his way through the bushes; and then the trees fell back, and left the wild stream wandering through green meadows, or sporting amongst the masses of stone. If a village appeared, it was perched high up above the road, as if afraid of the passing strangers; if a cottage, it was nestled in the brown wood, and scarcely to be distinguished from the surrounding banks. The air was now as warm as May, and all the sweet things that haunt the first dream of summer had come forth: the birds were tuning their earliest songs; the flowers were gathering round the root of the trees, and the branches above them were making an effort, though but faint, to cast away the brown cloak of winter, and put on the green garment of the spring.

The evening sunshine was clear and smiling. Pouring from under a light cloud, which covered a part of the sky, it streamed in amongst the bolls and branches of the trees; it gilded the green turf, and danced upon the yellow banks: and what between the wild music of the blackbird and the thrush and the woodlark, the flowers upon the ground, the balminess of the air, the spring sunshine, and the peaceful scene, Charles felt his sorrows softened; and owned the influence of that season, which is so near akin to youth and hope, and rode on with a vague but sweet feeling that brighter hours might come.

DIVERSITY OF RELIGIOUS SENTIMENT.—Nothing appears to us more certain, than that steadfastness of conviction is intimately related to an enlarged and magnanimous charity; while bigotry is evermore the vice of little and of narrow souls. Even the love of freedom, and of freedom especially of thought, may, we are painfully aware, become vicious through excess; and so, too, may that generosity of elevated sentiment which would prompt us to look with an undue tolerance even on error, rather than trench, though it were but by a hair's breadth, upon the intellectual prerogatives of others. But it is a vice nourished by the aliment, and partaking of the very essence of virtue; and of that virtue, too, without

which no other that is great or noble can at all subsist. We are not insensible of the advantages that may accrue from diversities of sentiment, and even of denomination, in the more jealous conservation of truth; in the more perfect investigation and pursuit of individual principles; in the more delicate and decisive trial of our spirits; in the occasion given for the exercise of mutual forbearance; in the discrimination enforced upon us between the lesser and the weightier matters of the Christian law; in the adaptation of the total system to meet the diversities of human judgment, habitude, and feeling; and, to include, under the varieties of our Christian profession, such also as inevitably spring out of the conditions and propensities which subsist amongst mankind. There is nothing in them all, if rightly understood, destructive to the welfare or the peace of the church, and, however fatal to its *uniformity*, its *unity* is left by them unmutated and untouched.—*Dr. M'Al's Discourses.*

SAYINGS OF ISAAC WALTON.—*The Nightingale.*—He that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and re-doubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth and say, Lord, what music thou hast provided for the saints in heaven, when thou offerest bad men such music on earth.

Wealth.—As for money, neglect it not; but note that there is no necessity of being rich, for there be as many misers beyond riches as on the side of them; and, if you have a competence, enjoy it with a meek, cheerful, and thankful heart.

How to choose one's companions.—To speak truly, your host is not to me a good companion, for most of his conceits were either Scripture jests or lascivious jests, for which count no man witty, for the devil will help a man that way inclined, to the former, and his own corrupt nature, which he always carries with him, to the latter. But let me tell you, that good company and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue.

THE BUSINESS OF LIFE.—We recollect walking with Mr. Thomas Carlyle down Regent-Street, when he remarked, that we poets had all of us mistaken the argument that we should treat. "The past," he said, "is all too old for this age of progress. Look at this throng of carriages, this multitude of men and horses, of women and children. Every one of these has a reason for going this way, rather than that. If we could penetrate their minds, and ascertain their motives, an epic poem would present itself, exhibiting the business of life as it is, with all its passions, and interests, hopes and fears. A poem, whether in verse or prose, conceived in this spirit, and impartially written, would be the epic of the age." And in this spirit it was that he conceived the plan of his own "French Revolution, a History."—*Monthly Mag.*

ANECDOTE OF BYRON.—The following instance of spontaneous and flattering homage to genius is worth noting. In 1815 Byron visited Cambridge at the time when the University confers its degrees; and, attracted by a kindred feeling, as well perhaps as by a love of display, the poet, accompanied by the late Dr. Clarke, went to the senate-house to be a spectator of the interesting scene. After remaining a few minutes under the gallery, Lord Byron proceeded to the other end of the room in order to address the vice-chancellor. He had only gone a few paces on the marble floor, when he was recognized by the sons of Alina Mater in the gallery, and immediately a chorus of voices repeated aloud simultaneously, the two well-known opening lines of the *Bride of Abydos*:—

"Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime!"

Lord Byron stopped and smiled, but the vice-chancellor rebuked the breach of collegiate discipline and decorum. "I know not what possessed us," said a man of Trinity, whom we heard relate the circumstance; "but it was a sort of free-masonry feeling---we could not restrain ourselves."

THE GRAVE OF L. E. L.—The following extract from the journal of Capt. Herapath, published in the London Railway Magazine, will prove interesting to many:

May 31st. Arrived at the castle, and was conducted by a soldier to the apartment of Captain Maclean, the Governor. I delivered the newspaper sent by Messrs. King, and his Excellency appeared very much affected on seeing the lines it contained, written on the death of Mrs. Maclean. Having heard that the remains of Mrs. Maclean were interred in the castle-yard, I gave a soldier a trifle to show me the spot. She is buried in that part of the courtyard facing the sea, close to the ramparts; no stone marks her grave, and were it not for the few recently placed bricks, it would be difficult to find the spot. It is not even raised above the level of the yard. I thought, while contemplating the narrow space she now occupies, of her own words:—

"The beautiful! and do they die
In you bright world as here?"

It will be something to say in England, "I have visited the grave of 'L. E. L.' on the coast of Africa."

PITCHING OF A SHIP AT SEA.—And now, my dear Gerard, imagine us all to creep like the exclusive lady into our own narrow

dormitories, not that we were sleepy, but that violent pitching of the ship made it difficult, if not impossible, for any mere landsman to sit or stand. Indeed, it would not have been easy to sleep, in spite of the concert that prevailed. First, a beam in one corner seemed taken in labour, then another began groaning, plank after plank chimed in with its peculiar creak, every bulk-head seemed to fret with ache in it, sometime the floor complained of a strain, next the ceiling cried out with a pain in its joints, and then came a general squeezing round, as if the whole vessel was in the last stage of collapse. Add to these, the wild howling of the wind through the rigging till the demon of the storm seemed to be playing coronachs over us on an Aeolian harp, the clatter of hail, the constant rushes of water around and overhead, and at every uncommon pitch, a chorus of female shrieks from the next cabin. To describe my own feelings, the night seemed spent between dozing and delirium.—*Thomas Hood's Tour up the Rhine*

SHORT-HAND WRITING.—It appears from petitions presented to the House of Commons, that upon the average of the last four years the short-hand writing business of Parliament has amounted to more than £14,000 per annum. The petition showed the effect of the monopoly by keeping respectable persons out of the field, and continuing an enormously high rate of charges. There is very little doubt that Parliament pays double as much for having its work badly done as other people pay for getting it well done. It appears that committees of the House of Commons frequently complain of the trouble and annoyance they are put to by the continual shiftings of the shorthand writer from one committee to another, which arise from the "deputies" being displaced, to make way for one of Mr. Gurney's own establishments.

THE TOUCHSTONE OF EVIL.—The mind of a pure and high-souled woman is the most terrible touchstone which the conversation of any man can meet with. If there be baser matter in it, however strong and specious may be the gilding, that test is sure to discover it. We mistake greatly, I am sure, when we think that the simplicity of innocence deprives us of the power of detecting evil. We may know its existence, though we do not know its particular nature; and our own purity, like Ithuriel's spear, detects the demon under whatever shape he lurks.

VILLANY AND VIRTUE.—Lacon, among many good things, says truly, "Villany that is vigilant, will be an overmatch for virtue if she slumber on her post; and hence it is that a bad cause has often triumphed over a good one; for the partizans of the former, knowing that their cause will do nothing for them, have done every thing for their cause; whereas the friends of the latter are too apt to expect every thing from their cause, and nothing from themselves."

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 16.

TEMPERANCE.—The Monthly Temperance Meeting was held at Mason Hall on Monday evening last. The fine large room was lighted and filled, and presented a very cheerful scene. On the platform were the President of the Society, B. Murdoch, Esq. the Rev. Dr. Twining, Rev. Mr. Cogswell, Rev. Mr. Breer, and Mr. Roach. The orchestra was occupied by a quire of vocal and instrumental performers. Several hymns and an anthem were performed with much effect, particularly the last, in which a French Horn bore a prominent part. The tones of this fine instrument, brought out with much taste, had an excellent effect.

The President addressed the audience, enforcing the importance of Temperance, in his usual good-tempered and fluent manner. Rev. Mr. Cogswell followed, urging the same subject, on religious and moral grounds;—the Rev. Gentleman remarked, that the custom had been to call it manly to be able to drink intoxicating liquors, but that the habit, instead of being *manly*, was *bestial*, *degrading*, and every way injurious. Rev. Doctor Twining related some affecting incidents illustrative of the evils of intemperance. Rev. Mr. Breer drew a graphic contrast between the home of the drunkard, and that of the reformed man,—and Doctor Teulon gave evidence, in a medical point of view, at the same side. The President closed the speaking part of the proceedings with some very appropriate remarks, respecting the ladies present; and an appeal to those who dealt in intoxicating drinks, either by wholesale or retail.

The hymns sung on the occasion were original, we understand,—printed copies were circulated in the room, and appeared to excite much attention. A stanza from each, as we have not space for the whole, will enable our readers to judge of the metre and style. The first, after appealing to the Drunkards, thus concludes:

"Temperance, hail to thee!
Great is our joy since we
Own thee our guide;
Comforts surround our way,
Now we thy laws obey;
Under thy Sceptre's sway,
We will abide."

The second has the subjoined verse, laudatory of the same virtue, and addressed to the "rising generation."

"Youths! her ways are full of pleasures,
Honor bright she brings to view;

Length of days among her treasures,
Is reserved in store for you."

The third hymn thus praises that precious boon, water:

"The fields their beauteous robes assume,
When fruitful show'rs their bosoms fill;
Gay Flora's tribes give forth perfume,
And pearly dews from heav'n distil."

The anthem thus forcibly appeals to those who "minister in holy things," in behalf of the good work:

"Wake ye that sleep in Zion, now;
Ye shepherds lead the flock,
From brooks where fiery waters flow,
And guide them to the Rock
Where purest streams of life divine,
The brightest gems of Earth outshine."

At the close of the proceedings a collection was made to defray the expenses of the meeting—some additional names were subscribed, and all separated, apparently much pleased with the evening's work.

The temperance reformation in Ireland continues to attract much attention. Excellent effects have already proceeded from the change, and the best are anticipated. A recent Dublin paper says, that the day is not far distant when Ireland will be quite a new country. A Glasgow paper, in remarking on this subject, says that the principle is extending rapidly in that city, that 7000 had already enrolled themselves under the Temperance banner, and that hundreds of persons who were scourges to their families have become blessings. Oh! for a Father Mathew in every community where men require to be aroused from the thralldom of their appetites and passions!

NEWS OF THE WEEK.—London dates, received by way of New York, are to April 14. They were brought to that city by the Great Western.

Nothing of much interest to persons at this side the Atlantic appears. The Canada Bills were making progress. The Printed Papers Bill, providing for the powers of the Commons, in publishing their proceedings, seemed to be going through the House, without much opposition.

The celebrated Doctor D. Jardner eloped recently with a Mrs. Heavside. The father and husband of the criminal woman pursued the fugitives, and overtook them in Paris. They were at breakfast, when the unwelcome visitors unexpectedly entered their lodgings, and spoiled the repast. Mr. Heavside seized the venerable culprit, and laid on with a cudgel, in a manner too much like perpetual motion for the philosopher's taste, in such experiments. The Doctor was kicked under the sofa, his wig placed on the fire, the lady ordered away, and a fitting finale made to a very bad act in life's drama. This exhibition of the Doctor's morals will, in all probability, spoil the celebrity of his science for the future.

The Duke of Wellington was seized with a fit while riding down Drury Lane, recently. These repeated attacks, on the physical powers of this celebrated man, must remind of a conqueror greater than "the greatest captain," who will not be conciliated by diplomacy, and cannot be driven from his purpose by the glittering sword or spear.

Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to command that a Library and Reading Room, shall be established for the use of the non-commissioned officers and soldiers, at each of the principal Barracks throughout the United Kingdom and the Colonies, to encourage the soldiery to employ their leisure hours in a manner that shall combine amusement with the attainment of useful knowledge, and teach them the value of sober, regular, and moral habits.

Sir James Graham's motion against ministers, respecting China, was defeated by a majority of 9.

UNITED STATES.—An arrival (British brig James Hay,) from Sierra Leone, at New York, reports, that two Baltimore built Schooners, from Havanna, had been taken by British cruisers, brought into Sierra Leone, and condemned. A New Orleans Schooner had been taken, and given up to the authority of the U. States, to be tried. During six weeks previous to the sailing of the James Hay, eighteen brigs and schooners, slavers, had been brought in, condemned, and broken up.

Indian incursions on the U. States frontier in various directions, outrages and most dreadful consequences, appear in almost every paper. It appears that the Otters and Toways had crossed the Missouri, and attacked the settlements,—military had been sent to the assistance of the inhabitants. Fears are entertained of a confederation of the tribes on the Western frontier, in which case a war of much consequence might ensue.

The abominable expedient of using bloodhounds for the purpose of hunting down the Indians, has, it appears, entirely failed. The ferocious creatures will not follow on the track of the red man. Thus the reckless men who introduced the dogs have all the blame and shame which their conduct deserves, without any of the benefit,—and, as in many other instances, perhaps the sin will rebound to the particular discomfiture of the sinner. In Indian affairs, generally, this is very discernible. The tribes have been driven from their grounds, into the far wilderness,—and there they mature their hostile feelings, and gather as thunder clouds ready to burst on the devoted settlements.

A Lieut. of the Rose Man of War, in attempting to impress men from on board a vessel, off Cape Ann, from Cadiz to Marblehead, was killed by one of the sailors with a harpoon.

COLONIAL.—Despatches from the Colonial Office to the Governor of Newfoundland have been published. They state that

an address, from the House of Assembly, impugning the conduct of the Governor, the Council, and the Clerk of Assembly, had been received,—as also vindications on the subjects. Lord John Russell exculpates the Governor and Mr. Archibald, late clerk of the House, and states that his retirement from that office, under circumstances, was highly honorable to him. His Lordship disclaimed, on the part of the Government, any right to interfere between the Council and Assembly, and states that on an ordinary occasion, he would decline expressing an opinion; but that, as the question presented itself, such a mode of treatment was precluded. His Lordship says that there are not sufficient grounds for the charges made against the Council, that forbearance on the part of the Assembly is called for,—that a re-arrangement of the Elective franchise may be desirable—and that he trusts, wise concessions will remove the dissatisfactions that exist.

A meeting was recently held in Quebec, for the purpose of devising means to perpetuate the memory of the late Andrew Stuart, Esq. Solicitor General of Lower Canada. It was resolved that a tablet or monument should be erected, with an inscription expressive of the esteem and admiration which the citizens held for the deceased.

The navigation between Quebec and Montreal had opened, and the first launch in 1840 had been made. A proclamation respecting Quarantine had been issued by the Governor General, directing vessels arriving under any dangerous circumstances, to repair to Gross Isle, and there wait their discharge.

Much excitement has been caused in U. Canada by the destruction of a Monument, erected to the memory of Gen. Brock, on Queenston Heights. Early on Good Friday morning, the inhabitants in the vicinity of the monument heard an explosion, as of artillery, and saw a column of smoke rising from the monument. On examination it was found to be rent and shattered in such a manner as almost to preclude repairs. Persons from the U. States are charged with having committed this outrage, by means of gunpowder, and great indignation was the consequence, as might be expected.

The office bearers of the Wesleyan Societies at and near St. John, N. Brunswick, resolved to celebrate the Queen's marriage, by religious exercises and a tea-meeting.

A Mr. Collard, who is highly spoken of, has been delivering lectures on Elocution in St. John.

The P. E. Island Legislature was prorogued on the 29th April. The Cape Breton, Steamer, had commenced her trips.

"HARD CASE."—In last Monday's Journal a letter appeared, signed Thomas Willis, and detailing a case of much hardship, apparently. The writer arrived here in April, from New Orleans, as mate of the American brig Syren. One of the crew (Bitton) threatened to commence proceedings against the captain for some alleged ill usage, but finally compromised the matter on being paid his wages and an extra dollar. Subsequently a warrant was issued against the mate (Willis) from the Admiralty Court, on complaint of Bitton, for an assault. Willis was apprehended and lodged in Jail. Bitton, it appears, acknowledged that the matter was trifling, and left the Province;—but Willis is debarred by the rules of the Court, from taking steps for his release, without incurring expenses which he is not able to pay,—and so he remains in confinement. This, we doubt not, is according to law, but is it consistent with justice? A man complains on frivolous pretences,—he drops his suit and leaves the country;—but his victim finds the Jail doors shut on him, although none accuse him, because he cannot afford to pay for the formal proceedings which are prescribed in the case. There may be some features in the Admiralty Court which deserve to be continued, but the penalties which it exacts for justice, on all who pass its precincts, can not be too speedily set aside. If the proceedings of the Admiralty Court terrify persons into submission to improper demands, in order that they may escape worse costs,—by its proceedings being unnecessarily formal, verbose, and expensive,—those who seek justice, or who answer charges within its walls, have good reason to complain that redress is, in some cases, almost set beyond their reach,—that they are punished in mind and pocket for seeking it, and that common sense, if not common honesty, seems outraged by the facts.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—The adjourned annual meeting was held last Wednesday evening. The Committee's report was read and adopted. (We will endeavour to give it an early insertion.) The following officers and Committee were chosen for the ensuing year:

Mr. A. McKinlay, President. Mr. A. McKenzie, 1st Vice President. Mr. R. Noble, 2nd V. President. Mr. James Forman, Jun. Treasurer. Mr. John McDonald, Curator. Mr. J. S. Thompson, Secretary.—Messrs. G. L. O'Brien, J. McLean, James Thomson, Geo. Esson, A. Downs, A. Mitchell, P. Lynch, Jun. R. W. Young, and C. Patterson—Committee.

A resolution passed, electing as Honorary Members of the Institute, Messrs. Chambers, Edinburgh,—Doctor Siliman, United States,—Doctor T. Thomson, Glasgow.

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—An interesting Report of the Halifax Agricultural Society, has been published. The amount of the Agricultural produce raised on the Peninsula of Halifax, and the Dutch Village, during the year 1839, is stated as follows:

Wheat,	116 acres.	2900 Bushels.	Value £1160
Oats,	102 "	3672 "	" 550
Barley,	11 "	385 "	" 62
Potatoes,	179 "	35400 "	" 4125
Hay,	630 "	945 Tons.	" 3780

Total, about, £9987

"The Drilling Match which was to have taken place on Tuesday, the 5th inst. was deferred, in consequence of the weather, until the following day at three o'clock, at which time eight Ploughs

appeared on the ground, being ready to compete for the Prizes offered by the Agricultural Society. The ground being prepared in a style highly creditable to the Proprietor, Mr. A. McCulloch, and the requisite arrangements completed by the Committee, each Ploughman began his work, which was limited to twelve Drills of moderate length. The operations went forward with much spirit and interest, and all were finished in about an hour and three quarters. When the teams had left the field, the Judges, Messrs. Veitch, Lynch, and Walker, were called on to decide, who were the successful competitors. After a patient and close inspection, their decision was handed to the Secretary, and awarded the Prizes as follows:—

First Prize, Silver Medal, value Ten Dollars, to Mr. John Winters.
Second " Eight Dollars, " Wm. Mitchell,
Third " Six " " " S. McCulloch,
Fourth " Four " " " Wm. Winters,
Fifth " Two " " " John Kline, Jr.

"The Judges reported the work to be executed in a superior manner, and highly creditable to the Ploughmen on the Peninsula, as well as decided improvements on the work done at the Drilling Match in May, 1839."

CELEBRATION OF THE QUEEN'S MARRIAGE.—The North British and Highland Societies gave a ball in honour of the Queen's Marriage, on Tuesday week. A very brilliant display was made, and a large company assembled.

PUBLICATION.—Rev. Mr. Cogswell's Sermon, before the N. S. Philanthropic Society, on the day of the celebration of the Queen's Marriage, with an Appendix, giving a narrative of the proceedings on that day, has been published, and is for sale at the Book-stores.

MARRIED.

On Saturday evening last, by the Ven. Archdeacon Willis, Mr. John McFarlane, to Miss Mary Ann Panton, all of Halifax.
On Friday the first of May, by the Rev. Donald A. Fraser, Mr. Henry Gardner, of St. John N.B., to Miss Ann Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. Robert Davies, of Lunenburg.

DIED.

At Truro, 30th ult. Margaret Nash, wife of Mr. James Gildred, after a short but severe illness.
At Londonderry on the 17th of April, of the Consumption, after nine months illness, Jane Colvan, third daughter of Thomas Corbet, aged 18 years.
On Tuesday morning suddenly, Amelia Phoebe Beamish, aged 22, eldest child of Mr. Thomas Ott Beamish, of this town. Her pious and estimable conduct endeared her to her family and acquaintance.

MR. W. F. TEULON,

ACCOCHEUR, &c.

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

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

NO. 88 & 89, GRANVILLE STREET.

CALL AND SEE.

THE SUBSCRIBER has received, per recent arrivals from Great Britain, the largest collection of

JUVENILE WORKS

ever before offered for sale in this town, among which are to be found a number of Peter Parley's, Miss Edgeworth's, Mrs. Child's, and Mrs. Hoffland's publications.

He has also received, in addition to his former stock, a very large Supply of Writing, Printing, and Coloured Papers, Desk Knives, pen and pocket Knives, Taste, Quills, Wafers, Sealing Wax, Envelopes: and a very extensive collection of Books of every description.

Printing Ink in kegs of 12 lbs. each, various qualities; Black, Red, and Blue Writing Inks, Ivory Tablets, Ivory Paper Memorandum Books, and Account Books, of all descriptions, on sale, or made to order.

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

May 9. ARTHUR W. GODFREY.

NO. 88 & 89, GRANVILLE STREET.

THE SUBSCRIBER has just received, per Acadian, from

Greenock,
Doway Bibles and Testaments for the use of the Laity,
The Path to Paradise,
Key to Heaven,
Poor Man's Manual,
Missal,
Butler's first, second, and general Catechisms.

May 9. ARTHUR W. GODFREY.

SEEDS—FRESH SEEDS.

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

RED AND WHITE DUTCH CLOVER,

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

G. E. MORTON.

May 9. Pearl and Novascotian, 3w.

ROHAN AND LONG RED.

FARMERS disposed to cultivate those Potatoes, will be supplied with small quantities of them, on application at the Gazette office.
April 25.

THE WANDERING BEE.

The spectres whom no exorcism can bind,
The cold—the changed—perchance the dead.

BYRON.

Whence art thou roaming, poor wandering bee?
To the boundless paths of the old blue sea,
From the flowery shores of the verdant earth,
To the ocean plains, where rude storms have birth,
Where no heath flower blows—where no roses bloom,
Nor is rest for thee on the golden broom.

Oh! why hast thou strayed from the sunny shore
To the cold sea breeze and the billows' roar?
Or why dost thou roam from thy quiet cell
Where thine own beloved companions dwell,
Where the honey-flower blooms in golden showers
In those garden homes of the sunny hours.

Comest thou with tales of thine own green dells,
Where the young bees hum in the cowslip bells,
Toiling away with their low sweet song,
I heedless that earth hath a sorrow or wrong?
Comest thou with tales of those happy things,
With the merry buzz and the fairy wings?

Or comest thou weary and drooping here,
Mourning—(what mourns not in earthly sphere?)
Mourning some loved—ay, some idolized thing,
Gone like the dead in hope's brightest spring?
Poor wandering bee! return to the shore—
The dead are the happy—they mourn no more.

Or comest thou with tales of home to me?
Art thou the herald of Destiny?
Hath death been busy on yonder shore?
Would they bid me back from the water's roar?
For thy pensive murmur hath tone of grief—
Well may I tremble—"the bright are brief!"

And the ocean is trackless, the world is dark!
There are sorrowful hearts in our lonely bark:
Oh! 'tis a sweet sorrow to hear thee sing,
Hovering, perchance, on a fated wing:
Go—go, thou art free—return to the shore—
But, messenger bee—wander thence no more!

HABITS OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.—The following account of the mode of life of Louis Philippe is given by one of the journals:—"He is called very early, and is no sooner up than he begins to read the diplomatic despatches and the secret and confidential communications of the Ambassadors. He works until 11 o'clock, and then breakfasts upon plain bread and a pitcher of beer. He rarely indeed indulges in the luxury of butter. After his breakfast he transacts business with his ministers, and prefers receiving them individually; and these interviews over, receives other visitors, with whom he converses familiarly on trade, manufactures, buildings, mechanical inventions, &c. all which subjects he understands thoroughly. At three o'clock he shuts himself up in his cabinet, reads the journals, and the reports from the police, on which he makes and gives audience to intimate and devoted friends. At five o'clock, when he is at Neuilly, he goes out; and when he is at the Tuilleries, walks in the balcony which overlooks the garden. At six o'clock he dresses himself for dinner, but seldom arrives until it is nearly over, for he will not allow his family to wait for him. He is his own barber, and dresses with the greatest simplicity. When at dinner he sits between the Queen and his daughter the Princess Clementine, helps himself to soup, cuts up a poulet au riz, nearly the whole of which he eats, takes a cup of tea, and jumps up from table with some dried fruit in his hand, which he eats whilst conversing after dinner with architects and builders. He returns to pass a part of the evening with his family, and examine his sons in their scientific studies. The visitors who arrive are received *en famille*, and politics are generally avoided. At ten o'clock he retires to his cabinet, and then, except on very important occasions, he does not allow himself to be disturbed. At midnight he closes his books and commences his correspondence. He frequently remains in his cabinet till daylight, and then goes to bed, but is invariably called at seven, and sometimes six in the morning. Sometimes he sleeps for an hour or two in the day, and when on his journey to and from Neuilly sleeps soundly in his carriage. When in the country, if he does not go after dinner to look at his masons or his gardeners, he stretches himself out on a sofa and sleeps for an hour.

THE FIRST CLUBS.—The first club in point of magnificence in this metropolis undoubtedly is Crockford's. The internal decorations of this mansion are costly in the extreme; the members are for the most part the elite of the gay world, who can well afford to support the enormous cost of such an establishment. The *cuisine* is under the superintendence of the renowned Ude, who is engaged at an enormous salary. I need scarcely add that this department is perfect in its way: the dinners are *recherches* and unlimited as to price, and the suppers beyond all praise; and I have been told by more than one member that it is worth a year's subscription to taste

even once a pottage a la Reine, and a vol-au-vent, served up by this matchless artiste; his 'Pigeons en compote,' also, are euperlatively delicious, and a dish much relished by the proprietor. Opposite to Crockford's is White's Club, styled *par excellence* the exclusive; none but a certain set are admitted within its hallowed precincts. It has for years been the stronghold of the *oreme du bon ton*, and will ever stand pre-eminent as a coterie of distinguished leaders of fashion. Brooke's can vie with White's in point of antiquity, but it partakes more of a political character than any club of the olden time. Here do the Whigs congregate as of yore; but 'the light of other days is faded'—it can no longer boast a Fox or a Sheridan; it is something, methinks, nevertheless, to belong to a club that once enrolled such men as members. Boodle's is the 'Old English Gentleman's Club, patronised by men of a certain age, who wear powder, shovel hats, white neckcloths, blue coats with brass buttons, drab smalls, and top boots; very red in the face and choleric withal; holding in abhorrence all innovations, and sending to an unnameable place, while sipping their port, all tee-tallers. These venerable bigots are for the most part wealthy landholders, glorying in the title of squire, and who adhere as religiously to the manners and habits of their forefathers as a Turk to the Mahomedan creed. The good old English fare is much patronised here, and the haunches of venison are unrivalled, the old gentleman being exceedingly particular as to the breed, the feeding, and the dressing.---*Sportsman.*

THE PROOF READER.—Let these sharp-seeing individuals, who are so ready in the detection of typographical errors, and so fervent in their denunciations against the proof reader, look for a moment at the following picture of that much abused individual, and henceforth entertain towards him more kindly feelings. He is worthy of all commiseration.---*Am paper.*

"In a printing establishment 'the reader' is almost the only individual whose occupation is sedentary; indeed, the galley-slave can scarcely be more closely bound to his oar than is a reader to his stool. On entering his cell, his very attitude is a striking and most graphic picture of earnest attention. It is evident from his outline, that the whole power of his mind is concentrated in a focus upon the page before him; and as in midnight the lamps of the mail, which illumine a small portion of the road, seem to increase the piteous darkness which in every other direction prevails, so does the undivided attention of a reader to his subject evidently abstract his thoughts from all other considerations. An urchin stands by reading to the reader from the copy, furnishing him, in fact, with an additional pair of eyes; and the shortest way to attract his immediate notice is to stop his boy; for no sooner does the stream of the child's voice cease to flow than the machinery of the man's mind ceases to work; something has evidently gone wrong! he accordingly at once raises his weary head, and a slight sigh, with one passage of the hand across his brow, is generally sufficient to enable him to receive the intruder with mildness and attention.

"Although the general interests of literature, as well as the character of the art of printing, depend on the grammatical accuracy and typographical correctness of the reader, yet from the cold-hearted public receives punishment, but no reward. The slightest oversight is declared to be an error; while, on the other hand, if by his unremitting application no fault can be detected, he has nothing to expect from mankind but to escape and live uncensured. Poor Goldsmith lurked a reader in Samuel Richardson's office for many a hungry day in the early period of his life!"

A FEW FACTS ABOUT LONDON.—London is the largest and richest city in the world, occupying a surface of thirty-two square miles, thickly planted with houses, mostly three, four and five stories high: it contained in 1831 a population of one million four hundred and seventy-one thousand nine hundred and forty-one. It consists of London city, Westminster city, Finsbury, Marylebone, Tower Hamlets, Southwark, and Lambeth districts. In 1834 there entered the port of London three thousand seven hundred and eighty-six British ships, one thousand two hundred and eighty foreign ships; two thousand six hundred and sixty-nine were registered as belonging to it in 1832, with thirty-two thousand seven hundred and eighty-six seamen. The London Docks covers twenty acres. The two West India Docks cover fifty-one acres; St. Katherine's Docks cover twenty-four acres. There are generally five thousand vessels and three thousand boats on the river, employing eight thousand watermen and five thousand labourers. London pays about one third of the window duty. In England the number of houses assessed are about one hundred and twenty thousand, rated at upwards of five millions sterling; about one-third are not assessed. The house rental is probably seven or eight millions, including taverns, hotels, and public houses. The retailers of spirits and beer are upwards of ten thousand; while the dealers in the staff of life are somewhat about a fourth of this number. Numbering all the courts, alleys, streets, lanes, squares, places, and rows, they amount to upwards of ten thousand; and on account of their extreme points, no individual can pass through them in the space of one whole year.

INFLUENCE OF COMMERCE UPON MORALS AND MANNERS.—The old members of a rising commercial society complain of the loss of simplicity of manners, of the introduction of new wants, of the relaxation of morals, of the prevalence of new habits. The

young members of the same society rejoice that prudery is going out of fashion, that gossip is likely to be replaced by the higher kind of intercourse which is introduced by strangers, and by an extension of knowledge and interests; they even decide that domestic morals are purer from the general enlargement and occupation of mind which has succeeded to the ennui and selfishness in which licentiousness often originates. A highly remarkable picture of the two conditions of the same place may be obtained by comparing Mrs. Grant's account of the town of Albany, New York, in her young days, with the present state of the city. She tells us of the plays of the children on the green slope which is now State Street; of the tea-drinking and working parties, of the gossip bickerings, and virulent petty enmities of the young society, with its general regularity and occasional backsliding: with the gentle despotism of its opulent members, and the more or less restive or servile obedience of the subordinate personages. In place of all this, the stranger now sees a city with magnificent public buildings, and private houses filled with the products of all the countries of the world. The inhabitants are too busy to be given to gossip, too unrestrained in their intercourse with numbers to retain much prudery: social despotism and subservience have become impossible: there is a generous spirit of enterprise, and enlargement of knowledge, and amelioration of opinion. There is, on the other hand, perhaps a decrease of kindly neighbourly regard, and certainly a great increase of the low vices which are the plague of commercial cities.—*Harriet Martineau.*

An Orchard is a very pleasing appendage of the garden. If thickly planted with dwarfs, the ground should be always kept digged, the surface around the stems mulched with stable litter, and the central intervals cropped in lines with potatoes. But if the trees be tall standards, not very near to each other, a very good crop of grass can be obtained, which may be made into hay, or cut green for a cow, always remembering to carry the fodder to the stall. The grass of an orchard is generally too much neglected; it ought never to be trampled by horses or cattle, but fed off by sheep in October and November, then dressed with some maiden loam, mixed with a fourth of rotten manure, and a trifle of soot and salt. Being sprinkled with a pound or two of Dutch clover to the acre, raked, or bush-harrowed, and rolled every March, a pasture of no despicable quality will speedily reward the industry of the occupier.

SWEARING.—A king was riding along in disguise, and seeing a soldier at a public house door, stopped and asked the soldier to drink with him, and while they were talking the king swore. The soldier said, "Sir, I am sorry to hear a gentleman swear." He swore again. The soldier said, "Sir, I'll pay my part of the pot, if you please, and go; for I so hate swearing, that if you were the king himself I should tell you of it." "Why, should you?" said the king. "I should," said the soldier. His Majesty said no more, and left him. A while after, the king having invited some of his lords to dine with him, the soldier was sent for; and while they were at dinner, was ordered into the room to wait awhile. Presently the King uttered an oath. The soldier immediately (but with great modesty) said, "Should not my lord the king fear an oath?" The king, looking first at the lords, and then at the soldier, said, "There, my lords, there is an honest man. He can respectfully remind me of the great sin of swearing; but you can sit and hear me, and not so much as tell me of it.—*Friend of Youth.*

PAVED AND MACADAMISED ROADS.—It appears that Blackfriars-bridge requires for keeping it in a proper state of repair £1000 per annum, when macadamised; but it was kept in repair, as a paved road way, for an annual average sum of £120. By a return presented to the House of Commons (1837) it appears that the first cost of converting one mile two hundred and fifty yards from a London pavement into a broken stone road, was £12,842; the annual expense of maintaining which road has been £403 or 1s. 2d. per superficial yard.

THE COLONIAL PEARL,

Is published every Saturday, at seventeen shillings and sixpence per annum, in all cases, one half to be paid in advance. It is forwarded by the earliest mails to subscribers residing out of Halifax. No subscription will be taken for a less term than six months. All communications, post paid, to be addressed to John S. Thompson, Halifax, N. S.

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HALIFAX, N. S.: Printed at The Novascotian office.