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For the Pearl.

I WOULD I WERE A CHILD AGAIN.

I would I were a child again,
A young and happy child—
The same as when my mother pressed
My rosy cheek and smiled.
I would I were a child again,
As full of frolic glee
As when the world was new and strange
And beautiful to me.

I would I were a child again
To sit among the flowers,
And pluck a garland for my hair
In summer's sunny hours.
I would I were a child again
As careless and as gay,
As when I laughed as others laugh
And played as others play.

Oh, happy time!—how ill exchanged
For after-years of care—
The dark and weary lot of earth,
That man is doomed to bear.
Oh, happy time!—when on her hope
My tender mother smiled!—
I would I were a child again,
A young and happy child!

J. McPHERSON.

Halifax, 1840.

A LEGEND OF THE SILVER WAVE.

BY CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

(Continued.)

'White warrior,' said he, advancing nearer to Stuart, in the midst of the excited soldiers, 'the serpent has coiled himself in the brake, to sting at the midnight hour. The wolf has lurked in ambush, and his fangs are dripping with the blood of the young. But the eagle soars in the noontide beam, and hurls the thunderbolt in the face of his foe. His children are guiltless of the innocent blood.'

While Sakamaw was speaking, there was a sullen murmur of discontent among the soldiers; the low growl that harbinges the tempest's wrath. Gilmore too, rose from his recumbent position, and stood with clenched hands, shut teeth, ashy lips, and eyes that burned red and malignant through tears that the heat of revenge was drying ere they fell. There is nothing so exasperating to one inflamed by hot and contending passions, as the sight of stoic indifference or perfect self-control. As the waters chafe and foam against the moveless cliff that stands in 'unbleached majesty,' in the midst of the raging element, the tide of human passion rages most violently when most calmly opposed.

'Dog of an Indian!' muttered Gilmore, 'painted hypocrite! fiend of subtlety and guile! How dare you come hither with your vain boasting words, honey on your lips, and gall and bitterness in your heart? By the all-beholding heavens! you shall answer for every drop of blood spilled last night, by your own hand, or by the hands of your hellish tribe.'

'Gilmore, Gilmore!' exclaimed Stuart, in a tone of deep command, 'you are worse than mad. Respect the laws of military honor, nor dare to insult one who has voluntarily surrendered himself as a hostage for his tribe. This chief is under my protection, under the guard and protection of every noble and honorable heart. Look upon him; he is unarmed, yet with generous trust and confidence he has entered the white man's camp, to warn him of the very outrage over which we now mourn. Gilmore, be a man, be a soldier, and command our sympathy; not our indignation.'

The voice of the young commander, which had been wont to suppress every expression of mutiny or discontent, by its slightest tones, now made an appeal as vain as it was just. 'Down with the red dog! down with him, Gilmore!' burst forth and echoed on every side. Again did Stuart raise his commanding voice, till it rose high and clear as the bugle's blast. He was answered by the same rebellious and daring spirits. Lehella, who had looked on in wild, undefinable alarm, now comprehended the full extent of the danger which hung over the devoted Sakamaw, and rushing through the lawless band, she wreathed her slender arms around his majestic frame, in the unavailing hope of shielding him from their rage.

'Fly, Sakamaw, fly!' she exclaimed, 'the deer is not swifter than the foot of the hunter. Fly with Adario, from the home of the pale man. There is death in his gleaming eye.'

'Sakamaw will never fly from the face of his foe. The Great Spirit is looking down upon my heart, and he sees that it is white of the blood of the brave.' As the noble savage uttered these words, he looked up into the deep blue heavens, and drew back the deer skin robe from his breast, as if inviting the scrutiny of the All-seeing to the recesses of his naked heart. It would seem that,

'If heaven had not some hand
In this dark deed,'

such magnanimous sentiments would have arrested the course of their revenge, but they were blind, and deaf, and infuriated. Gilmore felt in his bosom for the pistol which he carried for his own safe-guard. Augusta saw the motion which was unperceived by Stuart, who was endeavouring to stem the torrent swelling around them. With an irresistible impulse she pressed forth and seized his arm at the very moment it was extended towards his victim. The motion and the report of the pistol were simultaneous. The angel of mercy was too late; the death-shot pierced the bosom of Sakamaw, and the faithful breast that had vainly interposed itself between him and the impending blow. They fell—the forest oak and the caressing vine—blasted by the avenging stroke, and the pause that succeeds the thunder's crash, is not more awful than that which followed the deadly deed.

'Great God!' exclaimed Stuart, 'what have you done? All the rivers of the West cannot wash out this foul stain.' With feelings of bitter agony he knelt beside the dying chieftain and his wife.

'Sakamaw,' he cried, 'friend, brother of the white man, speak, if you have breath to utter, and say you believe me guiltless of this crime—would that I had died ere I beheld this hour.'

The expiring Indian opened for the last time, that eye, which had been to his tribe a lamp in peace and a torch in war, but the eagle glance was quenched in the mists of death. Twice he endeavoured to speak, but the word 'Adario' was all that he could articulate.

'Yes, Sakamaw,' he cried, 'I will be a father to thy boy through life; in death I will cherish him.'

Who can fathom the depth, the strength of a mother's love? Lehella, who had lain apparently lifeless on the bosom of Sakamaw, while Augusta, with bloodless cheeks and lips, was weeping over her, seemed to arouse from the lethargy of death, at the name of her son. She raised her cold cheeks from its bloody pillow, and joined together her hands, already damp with the dews of dissolution, exclaimed in a voice unutterably solemn, while she lifted her dim and wavering glance to heaven.—'Oh! thou Every Where, protect my son!'

With this sublime adjuration to the Omnipotent Spirit of the Universe, her soul made its transit, and Stuart and Augusta were left kneeling on either side of the dead bodies of the martyred Indians.

It is painful to record a deed which must forever stain the annals of American History; but now while we glow with indignation at the tale of Indian barbarities on the frontiers of the West, let us remember the story of their past wrongs—let us think of the fate of the magnanimous Sakamaw, whose memory

'In long after years,
Should kindle our blushes and waken our tears.'

Years rolled on. The wilderness began to blossom like the rose, and the solitary places to look joyous, with life, and bright with promise; while on the fair banks of the Ohio, the inhabited village, the busy town, or the prouder city, rose in beauty and imitative splendor. It was where the 'father of ancient waters' flows on in all the opulence of its waves, still deep in the bosom of the wilderness, an isolated cabin reared its head through thick clusters of over-shadowing vines, and perennial trees. The moon showered down its virgin rays on the woods, the waters, the peaceful cottage, the rustling trees—and lingered in brightness round two solitary figures reclining on the bank, watching the course of the swelling stream. Its pallid beams revealed the features of a man who had passed life's vernal season, and was verging toward the autumnal grey; but though the lines of deep thought or sorrow, were distinctly marked on his pale brow, there was an air of military dignity and command investing his figure, which showed at once that his youth had been passed in the tented field. The other figure was that of a young man in all the vigor of earliest manhood, in the simple dress of a forester, with the swarthy cheek, glittering eye, and jet black locks of the Indian race. As we do not aim at mystery in the development of the simple story, we will gather up in few words the events of years in whose silent flight the young and gallant Stuart had become the subdued and pensive moralist, who sat gazing on the brink of the stream and

*This impressive prayer was in reality breathed by a dying Indian mother.

Adario, the orphan boy of the murdered Sakamaw, the manly youth, whose ardent yet civilized glance reflected the gleams that shone fitfully round them. The young, the beautiful Augusta, was now the dweller of 'the dark and narrow house,' and the widowed husband, disgusted with the world, had retired still deeper into the shades of the West, with the child of his adoption, and one sweet inheritor of her mother's charms, who had been baptized by the soft name of Lehella, in memory of the mother of Adario. This only daughter, accompanied by a maternal friend, had for the first time visited the scenes of her parent's nativity, and it was to watch the boat which was to bring back the rose of the wilderness to the solitary bower, that the father and Indian youth, night after night, lingered on the banks, catching the faintest sound which anticipation might convert into the ripple caused by the dipping oar. Restless and stormy, unuttered feelings agitated the breast of Adario. Bred under the same roof, educated by the same enlightened and gifted mind, these children of the forest grew up together entwined in heart and soul, like two plants whose roots are wreathed, and whose leaves and tendrils interlace each other in indissoluble wedlock. The son of Sakamaw, the daughter of Augusta—the dark and the fair—the eagle and the dove—it seemed to the sad and imaginative Stuart, that the spirit of the injured Sakamaw would rejoice in the land of ghosts, at the band that should unite these descendants of the Sundered tribes. Adario, tortured by jealousy and fear, awaited the return of Lehella with all the fiery impatience peculiar to the dark nation from which he derived his existence, though in her presence he was gentle and mild as the gentlest of his sex, and all the harsher traits of the aboriginal character were softened and subdued, retaining only that dignity and elevation we can never deny is their own legitimate dower.

Though they had usually retired before the midnight hour, they remained this night longer, by a kind of mysterious sympathy and indefinable apprehension. Clouds gathered over the calm and silvered heavens, and gradually deepening in darkness wrapt the woods and waters in their solemn shadows. A low, sullen growl broke at intervals on the silence of the night, and they looked anxiously for the flash which was to be the herald of another peal of yet distant thunder. All was gloom above and around; and the same sullen murmuring sound came more distinctly on the air, which was now damp with the laboring storm. At last a light gleamed on the waters—bright, but still remote—and sent a long stream of radiance down the channel of the river, far as the spot where they were seated, gazing in a kind of fascination on the unwonted splendor. Louder and louder were those sullen murmurs, and deeper and brighter grew the ominous and lightning-like flashes that illuminated the darkness of the wilderness. Onward it came, as if containing the principle of vitality in the fiery element that spread broader and fiercer around it—howling forth as it came, those unearthly sounds, which to the ear of an untutored savage would have seemed the angry thunders of the Manitou. Standing on the very brink of the river, with breathless suspense, they watched the approach of the blazing phantom, when the father, whose perceptions became clearer as it neared, and who had heard of those wondrous fabrics, one of those noblest inventions of human genius; that propelled by vapor, triumph in speed over the majestic ship or the lighter barque, believed he now for the first time beheld one of these wonders of the waves, enveloped in a glory which was only the herald of its destruction. The thought of his daughter, that she might be exposed to the awful fate, wrapped in those volumed flames, came over him like a death-blast. At this moment wild shrieks and tumultuous cries were heard confusedly mingling with the hoarse thunders and plunging sound of the waters—figures became visible through the sheets of flame, wreathed with blackening smoke, that reflected now their lurid brightness on the whole face of the sky. Suddenly a form burst through the blazing curtain, like an angel of light mid the region of despair—it was but a glimpse of loveliness; but that one glimpse discovered the fair, far-waving locks, the snow-white brow, and beautiful outlines of the daughter of Stuart. They saw her stretch forth her virgin arms to the heavens—then plunge through one devouring element into the cold embraces of another still as deadly. With one long, loud shriek of agony, the father and lover sprang from the shelving bank, and disappeared in the ignited waves!

The morning sun shone bright and clear on the blackened wreck of the 'Evening Star,' the name of the devoted boat, and the waters flowed on calmly and majestically, as if they never echoed to the shrieks of the dying, or closed over the relics of human tenderness and love. The solitary cottage—was still the abode of life, and youth, and hope. Adario and Lehella, redeemed from a fiery or watery grave, once more embosomed in its peaceful shades; but

they were orphans. The river of the West, was now the sepulchre of the gallant soldier. Lehiella wept for her father—but she wept on the bosom of her lover, and she felt she was not alone.

It was a mysterious destiny, that thus united the offspring of two hostile nations in the loveliness of nature, the sacredness of love, and the holiness of religion—for Adario had learned to worship the Christian's God. The memory of Sakamaw, the friend of the white man, is still hallowed in the traditions of the West; but many a traveller passes by the cottage of the wilderness, and gazes on its shaded images in the current that bears him along, unconscious that the son of the Eagle chief, and the daughter of his brave defender, dwell within its secluded walls.

MUSINGS BY LAWRIE TODD.

It was nine, p. m. a fine bed of hickory (not Lehigh coal) was glowing in the *Franklin*. Thinks I, how much better it is to pay twenty-five cents for such a comfortable fire, than to pay one dollar for a box-ticket.

This idea carried me back to 1794, when there was only one playhouse in the city, and that was a small shabby-looking article, held together by old nails and pine-boards. It stood back in a yard, near number eleven John-street, where Flora now holds her court. There Hodgkinson used to act the *Devil to Pay*, to the astonishment of a hundred and fifty men and silly women; for, in those days, the folks thought twice before they spent a dollar once. There was a shed covered with boards, from John-street, leading to the play-house door. There were no hacks in those days; and it was a rare sight, indeed, when a carriage of any sort approached its entrance. One play-night a fire broke out in the neighbourhood. The people rushed out without waiting for checks. The fire was quickly put out. The people returned *en masse*. I was curious to see what they were about, having never seen a play. I had heard that it was a school for morality. So I went in with the crowd. At the time I entered, there was a man on the stage, dressed like a Scotch Ploughman, going to and fro, and whistling *Maggie Lomther*. He gave a smart crack with a whip; then there was such clapping of hands, stamping of feet, and shouting *evree*, till at last the thing settled down with a long and loud horse laugh. I stared all round, to find out what they were laughing at, but could see nothing but the man and the whip. Thinks I to myself I must either lack brains, or these people wits; for I saw nothing worth laughing at, when the uproar ceased. There next appeared a fine field of corn, with woods and waters, and every thing as natural as life. Presently a whole lot of singing men, and dancing women, came running out of the woods: they danced, sang, and cut all sorts of capers for near half an hour. This, I thought, was well enough, only the lasses wore their frocks shorter than the fashion; and the ladies had no shawls on their necks although it was winter. When I came out, thinks I, this is no school for morality, and no place for young men to sit; so I never went back.

At this time, (1794,) I don't think there were six pianofortes in the city; now, I suppose, there may be ten thousand. The lasses were all better employed; then they were the true yokefellows, always drawing equal, helping and cheering their good men, as they trudged along with the cares and burthens of life. The mother and girls made all the clothes in the family. No merchant-tailors and their five-hundred dollar bills in those days; no notes lying over. In fact, for the first fifteen years I lived in New-York, I never heard of a protested note; hence I infer, that the pressure in the money-market is all owing to the increase of playhouses and pianofortes; because the solitary, little playhouses at that time I don't think, would hold over three hundred people; but now we have seven or eight playhouses, and those so large as probably to hold three thousand each. I have heard that thirty thousand dollars a-week went support the playhouses. Now, only to think how many butchers and bakers' bills might be paid with this money! I heard of a man living in a five-story house, who one day, while at dinner, had the baker's bill, amounting to *seven-fifty*, brought up to him: he took out his pocket-book; his wife looks across the table—"See, my dear, that you leave money enough to buy the tickets;" ten dollars were wanted for the tickets—there were but fifteen in the book; so the baker had to call again, and the play got the ten dollars. Next morning they had nothing for their money but waking dreams. Now, how many thousand supernumerary door-keepers, and stage-sweepers, men-singers, and women-singers, lamp-lighters, and fiddlers are killing time in those concerns! If all the men were felling trees and hoeing corn, and all the women making cloth and knitting stockings, there would be no high pressure in Wall street, and the baker would not need to call again for his bill.

When Washington was president, his wife knit stockings in Philadelphia, and the mothers and daughters in New-York made all the dough-nuts and cakes between Christmas and New-year's: now the married ladies are too proud to make dough-nuts; besides, they don't know how; so they e'en send to Madame Pompadour, or some other French cake-maker, and buy sponge-cake or lady-fingers for three dollars a-pound. In those days New-York was full of substantial comforts—now it is full of splendid misery: then there were no grey-headed spinsters, (unless they were very ugly indeed,) for a man could get married for a dollar and commence house-keeping for twenty; and in washing his clothes and cooking his victuals, the wife saved him more money than it took to sup-

port her. Now I have known a minister lately to get five-hundred dollars for buckling a couple; then wine, cake, and other et-ceteras, five hundred more; wedding-clothes and jewels, a thousand; six or seven hundred in driving to the Springs, or some desert mountain; then a house must be got for eight hundred per annum, and furnished at an expense of two or three thousand; and when all is done, his pretty wife can neither make a cake nor put an apple in a dumpling. Then a cook must be got at ten dollars per month; a chambermaid, laundress, and seamstress, at seven dollars each; and as the fashionable folly of the day has banished the mistress from the kitchen, those blessed helps aforesaid reign supreme; and while master and mistress are playing cards in the parlour, the servants are playing the devil in the kitchen: thus, lighting the candle at both ends, it soon burns out. Poverty comes in at the door, and drives Love out at the window. It is this stupid and expensive nonsense which deters so many unhappy bachelors from entering the state of Blessedness: hence you find more deaths than marriages in the papers.

Forty-five years ago, our real wants were few, and easily supplied; our imaginary wants, none; now our real wants are just as few; but the world and all its stores can't supply our imaginary ones. In those days, men got married at night, and went forth to work in the morning, with all the sober realities of life on their backs; now they get married in the morning, and start off spending money, as if the wedding-day would last through life.

Much has been said and sung about the improvements of the age, going to Albany in ten hours, and England in twelve days, etc. It may be so, but what then? I know the folks were happier when we took three days in going to Newburg, eight to Albany, and twelve weeks to Europe. Now, to be sure, you may go to bed in New York and wake up in Albany; run round, collect money, and be home in time to take up your note; but all the time you are worried; for, if detained an hour by accident, your note may be protested. Well, you get home, five hundred short; you go from house to house, and at three p. m. the note is taken up. It is too late for the family dinner; you take a cup of coffee and a cold cut, plod away to your office, turn over the leaves in search of means to return the five hundred to-morrow, and get ready for another note, which is payable on Saturday. You are home at seven p. m., sore, fatigued, and jaded, both in body and mind. For fifty long hours your young wife has not seen your face; she hears your foot; she meets you at the door with one of her sweetest smiles. Your mind is soured; you can scarcely find a kind word to give her in return, nor half an hour to sing a song to the baby; you drop on a chair, fling your hat to the winds; you are tired, and in thirty minutes your head is on the pillow, where you dream of bank bills and brokers till daylight in the morning. These men stay; they don't live. Before steam was got up, man's life was compared to a journey: now, it's most emphatically a race, and most unhappy is he who is fore most.—*N. Y. Mirror*.

THE CRISIS.

DESPAIR AND HOPE.

From Adventures of Tittlebat Titmouse.—Blackwood's Magazine.

On Friday night, the 28th July, 182-, the state of Mr. Titmouse's affairs was this: he owed his landlady £1, 9s.; his washerwoman, 6s.; his tailor, £1, 8s.—in all, three guineas; besides 10s. to Huckaback, (for Tittlebat's notion was, that on repayment at any time of 10s. Huckaback would be bound to deliver up to him the document or voucher which he had given him,) and a weekly accruing rent of 7s. to his landlady, besides some very small sums for washing, tea, bread, and butter, &c. To meet these serious liabilities, he had—not one farthing.

On returning to his lodgings that night, he found a line from Thumberew, his landlady's broker, informing him that, unless by ten o'clock on the next morning, his arrears of rent were paid, he should distrain, and she would also give him notice to quit at the end of the week: that nothing could induce her to give him further time. He sat down in dismay on reading this threatening document; and, in sitting down, his eye fell on a bit of paper lying on the floor, which must have been thrust under the door. From the marks on it, it was evident that he must have trod upon it in entering. It proved to be a summons from the Court of Requests, for £1, 8s., due to Job Cox, his tailor. He deposited it mechanically on the table; and for a minute he dared hardly to breathe.

This seemed something really like a crisis.

After a silent agony of half an hour's duration, he rose trembling from his chair, blew out his candle, and, in a few minutes' time, might have been seen standing with a pale and troubled face before the window of old Balls, the pawnbroker, peering through the suspended articles—watches, sugar-tongs, rings, brooches, spoons, pins, bracelets, knives and forks, seals, chains, &c.—to see whether any one else than old Balls were within. Having at length watched out a very pale and wretched looking woman, Titmouse entered to take her place; and after exchanging a few words with the white-haired and hard-hearted old pawnbroker, produced his guard-chain, his breast-pin, and his ring, and obtained three pounds two shillings and sixpence, on the security of them. With this sum he slunk out of the shop, and calling on Cox, his tailor, paid his trembling old creditor the full amount of his claim (£1, 8s.) together with 4s., the expense of the summons—simply asking for

a receipt, without uttering another word, for he felt almost choked. In the same way he dealt with Mrs. Squallop, his landlady—not uttering one word in reply to her profuse and voluble apologies, but pressing his lips between his teeth till the blood came from them, while his heart seemed bursting within him. Then he walked up stairs with a desperate air—with eighteenpence in his pocket—all his ornaments gone—his washerwoman yet unpaid—his rent going on—several other matters yet unsettled; and the 10th of August approaching, when he expected to be dismissed penniless from Mr. Tag-rag's, and thrown on his own resources for subsistence. When he had regained his room, and having shut the door, had re-seated himself at the table, he felt for a moment as if he could have yelled. Starvation and Despair, two fiends, seemed sitting beside him in shadowy ghastliness, chilling and palsying him—petrifying his heart within him, WHAT WAS HE TO DO? Why had he been born? Why was he so much more persecuted and miserable than any one else? Visions of his ring, his breast-pin, his studs, stuck in a bit of card, with their price written above them, and hanging exposed to view in old Balls' window, almost frenzied him. Thoughts such as these at length began to suggest others of a dreadful nature.....The means were, at that instant within his reach.....A sharp knock at the door startled him out of the stupor into which he was sinking. He listened for a moment, as if he were not certain that the sound was a real one. There seemed a ton weight upon his heart, which a mighty sigh could lift for an instant, but not remove; and he was in the act of heaving a second such sigh, as he languidly opened the door—expecting to encounter Mr. Thumberew, or some of his myrmidons, who might not know of his recent settlement with his landlady.

"Is this Mr.---Tit---Titmouse's?" enquired a genteel-looking young man.

"Yes," replied Titmouse, sadly.

"Are you Mr. Titmouse?"

"Yes," he replied, more faintly than before.

"Oh---I have brought you, sir, a letter from Mr. Gammon, of the firm of Quirk, Gammon, and Snap, Saffron Hill," said the stranger, unconscious that his words shot a flash of light into a little abyss of sorrow before him. "He begged me to give this letter into your own hands, and said he hoped you'd send him an answer by the first morning's post."

"Yes---oh---I see---certainly---to be sure---with pleasure---how is Mr. Gammon?---uncommon kind of him---very humble respects to him---take care to answer it"—stammered Titmouse, in a breath, hardly knowing whether he was standing on his head or his heels, and not quite certain where he was.

"Good evening, sir," replied the stranger, evidently a little surprised at Titmouse's manner, and withdrew. Titmouse shut his door. With prodigious trepidation of hand and flutter of spirits, he opened the letter—an enclosure meeting his eyes in the shape of a bank-note.

"Oh Lord!" he murmured, turning white as the sheet of paper he held. Then the letter dropped from his hand, and he stood as if stupified for some minutes; but presently rapture darted through him; a five-pound bank-note was in his hand, and it had been enclosed in the following letter:

"35, Tharles' Inn,
28th July, 182--"

"My dear Mr. Titmouse,

"Your last note, addressed to our firm, has given me the greatest pain, and I hasten, on my return from the country, to forward you the enclosed trifle, which I sincerely hope will be of temporary service to you. May I beg the favour of your company on Sunday evening next, at seven o'clock, to take a glass of wine with me? I shall be quite alone and disengaged; and may have it in my power to make you some important communications, concerning matters in which, I assure you, I feel a very deep interest on your account. Begging the favor of an early answer to-morrow morning, I trust you will believe me, ever, my dear sir, your most faithful humble servant,

OILY GAMMON.

"Tittlebat Titmouse, Esq."

The first balmy drop of the long expected golden shower had at length fallen upon the panting Titmouse. How polite, nay, how affectionate and respectful—was the note of Mr. Gammon! and, for the first time in his life, he saw himself addressed

"TITTLEBAT TITMOUSE, ESQUIRE."

If his room had been large enough to admit of it, Titmouse would have skipped round it again and again in his frantic ecstasy. Having at length read over and over again the blessed letter of Mr. Gammon, he hastily folded it up, crumpled up the bank-note in his hand, clapped his hat on his head, blew out his candle, rushed down stairs as if a mad dog were at his heels, and in three or four minutes' time was standing breathless before old Balls, whom he almost electrified by asking, with an eager and joyous air, for a return of the articles which he had only an hour before pawned with him; at the same time laying down the duplicates and bank-note. The latter, old Balls scrutinized with the most anxious exactness, and even suspicion—but it seemed perfectly unexceptionable; so he gave him back his precious ornaments, and the change out of his note, *minus* a trifling sum for interest. Titmouse then started off at top speed to Huckaback; but it suddenly occurred to him as possible that gentleman, on hearing of his good fortune, might look for an immediate repayment of the ten shillings he had

recently lent to Titmouse, he stopped short—paused—and returned home. There he had hardly been seated a moment, when down he pelted again, to buy a sheet of paper and a wafer or two, to write his letter to Mr Gammon; which, having obtained, he returned at the same speed, almost overturning his fat landlady, who looked after him as if he were a mad cat scampering up and down stairs, and fearing that he had gone suddenly crazy.

From the Boston Mercantile.

FISHING STATIONS.

LIFE OF THE FISHERMEN DOWN EAST.—The editor of the Kennebec Journal has been making a tour along the coast of Maine, and he gives us some graphic sketches of a region and a people that, near neighbours as they are to us, and have been so long, may be said to be almost unknown. There is almost as much novelty in his observations as if they were genuine discoveries, accomplished by a Smith or a Cabot, a few hundred years earlier. The following is an account of the fishing craft, used in and about the Penobscot Bay. The "Bangor Packet," of Deer Isle, is the specimen in this case:—

"He [the Captain] lives on a small island between Deer Isle and the main land, and has a good house, barn, &c. He either owns or hires the fishing vessel, for these smacks may be hired by any responsible individual who will fish with him for four months, without paying anything whatever for their use, the owner merely receiving the fishing bounty. The smack is without a cabin, and has narrow berths from six to eight feet square, exclusive of the berths, and so low that a tall man cannot stand upright in it; and this serves for kitchen, parlor, saloon, and dormitories. The pantry is under the stairs, and the ceiling is garnished round with handsaw, knives, gimlets, tobacco pipes, and other furniture and implements of the trade. The fare is salt pork, hard bread, potatoes, tea, beans, and fish, the latter not often being fresh, for I am told fishermen do not eat a great deal of fresh fish.

The salt pork is a constant dish at every meal, and potatoes are so much valued that the Captain told us he would sooner dispense with bread than this wholesome esculent. On the deck are coils of rope, numerous small anchors to sink and fasten nets to catch herrings or small fish for bait, and buoys to float the top of the nets; cod lines and hooks are rolled up all around. By each side of the vessel are two more kids, or boxes, on the top of which the fish are cleaned and dressed, and then thrown into them. Below the hatches are the hogheads of salt, and the salted fish, and other heavy articles. These vessels are good sailors, and will ride safe in almost any storm, if they do not strike the rocks; but the Islands and rocks are in such countless numbers on this coast, that I can hardly comprehend how any one can ever learn where they all are. At high tide the water will appear to be a smooth sea for many miles; at half tide there will be fifteen or twenty rocks in sight, covered with sea weed and barnacles; and at low tide there will be a hundred of them, or long rows of ledges and sandbars laid bare."

Speaking of the Islands in and beyond Penobscot Bay, more generally, we are told that the inhabitants keep a few cattle and many sheep, cut their own hay, and raise some wheat, oats, and a few other things, and potatoes enough for their consumption, but for the most part they buy their corn and flour with the proceeds of their fish. Sheep do remarkably well on the islands. The winters are not so cold for them as might be supposed. The snow never lies deep. "Feed may always be had, and little hay is wanted. The hogs also can get their living in clams and muscles if allowed, but such food makes the pork fishy. As for the people themselves;

"The inhabitants are the hardest looking set of people I ever saw. They care no more about being wet with salt water or rain, than we should be of being fanned by a zephyr. The vessels which I have already described, are those which go down to the Grand Banks, and elsewhere, outside the islands and on the eastern coast, and among the islands, by the inhabitants, near where they live. They go out at night, or in cloudy weather, get a load of fish, and come in to some store or trading establishment on the coast, and exchange their fish for flour, corn, meal, clothes, or other goods, and return to their homes in the islands. The trader salts down the fish, then spreads them on his flakes and dries them, and exchanges them for goods with which to supply those fishermen who do not cure their own fish.—I have been at one of these stores for a few days, and seen the customers as they come in. Nearly all came by water, in boats from twelve to eighteen feet long, which cut through the brine at a rapid rate. A small sail might be seen at the distance of two or three miles, and in a short time it would be at the wharf, and two or three stout weather-beaten men, with tarpaulins and heavy boots, would come up to the store. Frequently women and children would be in the boat, and sometimes women alone. I noticed one of these boats yesterday. It was a rainy morning, when we could not go out. A short, thick set, hard featured man, with small black eyes, came in: he was dressed in a hair seal cap very much worn, a thick monkey jacket, large horse-hide boots, and Indian-rubber-cloth pantaloons. One of his sons with him, and another was left behind in his boat. He had a boat load of fish, which the three had caught the day before. He wanted a barrel of flour and some other articles. He soon made a bargain. He got about fifteen dollars for his fish; took his provisions into his boat, and was soon out of sight behind the islands. This man seemed to be about forty, and was quiet and

active as a cat; but we found on inquiry of those who knew him, that he was sixty-two years old. He lived on Mount Desert, with the rocks rising into mountains, bare and naked, above his rude dwelling, and the broad Atlantic rolling at his feet."

Even in this desert place, it seems there are many inhabitants, and some of them are wealthy, as many might be, for even the women can make money in fishing. "A boat came in yesterday morning, with two women and two or three children, no man being with them. These women had themselves caught two dollars worth of fish the day before, and now brought them in to exchange for tea, raisins, rice, cap ribbons, and other finery. At another time they might go out and catch nothing, perhaps be upset in a gale and lost. Thus people live in various ways, and all seem to like "their native land the best." For a summer ramble, these rocky islands have many attractions.

These are pleasant sketches, and we hope the writer will continue them. The more we know of our own country, the better.

Considerable excitement exists on the desert little sand band near the Narrows, called Coney Island. Some of the Mexican dollars buried some years since by Gibbs the pirate, have been found, and the beach is now strewed with diggers. The amount of this gold-fishery, it is said, is already some thousands of dollars. The whole of the plunder from the Vineyard, which Gibbs and his associates took out of her before scuttling, was 54,000 dollars.

BENEVOLENCE AND REVENGE.—Benevolence, itself of immortal quality, would immortalize its objects: malignity, if not appeased by an infliction short of death, would destroy them. The one is ever strengthening itself upon old objects, and fastening upon new ones; the other is ever extinguishing its resentment towards old objects by the pettier acts of chastisement, or, if nothing short of a capital punishment will appease it, by dying with their death. The exterminating blow, the death which "clears all scores"—this forms the natural and necessary limit even to the fiercest revenge; whereas, the out goings of benevolence are quite indefinite. In revenge, the affection is suddenly extinguished, and if returned it is upon new objects. In benevolence, the affection is kept up for old objects, while ever open to excitement from new ones; and hence a living and a multiplying power of enjoyment, which is peculiarly its own. On the same principle that we water a shrub just because we had planted it, does our friendship grow and ripen the more towards him on whom he had formerly exercised it. The affection of kindness, for each individual object survives the act of kindness, or rather is strengthened by the act. Whatever sweetness may have been originally in it, is enhanced by the exercise; and, so far from being stifled by the first gratification, it remains in greater freshness than ever for higher and larger gratifications than before. It is the perennial quality of their gratification which stamps that superiority on the good affections we are now contending for. Benevolence both perpetuates itself upon its old objects, and expands itself into a wider circle as it meets with new ones. Not so with revenge, which generally disposes of the old object by one gratification; and then must transfer itself to a new object, ere it can meet with another gratification. Let us grant that each affection has its peculiar walk of enjoyment. The history of the one walk presents us with a series of accumulations; the history of the other with a series of extinctions.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

LOVE OF HOME.—I have at times tried to image the feelings of a man who is about to emigrate, fully convinced that he never again will look upon his native land. To my mind it brings thoughts allied to death. I could fancy that it was going away to die—going to live somewhere until death came—in some huge prison, with a jail like sky above it, and an area that might stretch hundreds of miles, with a wide sea around it, on the margin of which I should wander alone, sighing away my soul to regain my native land. Every thing would be strange to me; the landscapes would call up no recollections, I should not have even a tree to call my friend, nor a flower which I could call my own. Ah! after all, it is something to look upon the churchyard where those we loved are at rest, to gaze upon their graves, and think over what we have gone thro' with them, and what we would now undergo to recall them from the dead. There seems something holy about the past; it is freed from all selfishness; we love it for its own sake; we sigh for it, because it can never again be recalled; even as a fond mother broods over the memory of some darling that is dead, as if she had but then discovered how much her heart loved it.—*Miller's Rural Sketches.*

A gentleman of noble extraction had held, during many years, different commissions in the army, and had risen to the rank of one of his Majesty's aids-de-camp. Shortly after, he became a convert to some religious tenets, which seeming to him inconsistent with the profession of a soldier, he sent his resignation. The king, unwilling to part with the services of one who had held his commission from boyhood upwards, sent to command the attendance of his ci-devant aid-de-camp, who of course, immediately obeyed the summons. The King took the officer into a private apartment, and demanded the cause of his resignation. When it was explained, his Majesty condescended to argue the subject with his scrupulous servant, who still remained unconvinced by the King's reasoning. At length the aid-de-camp was desired to withdraw, with an injunction to return next morn'g. When he appeared, the King received him coldly, and only said, "Go to your quarters, and re-

main there; the proper officer will bring my commands to you." The aid-de-camp retired, and was soon after waited upon by an official who put a paper into his hands, which he doubted not was an order for his arrest or disgrace; but judge his surprise, when upon opening it, he found it to be the king's patent, presenting him to a civil appointment about court, the emoluments of which were nearly equal to those of the office he had relinquished.—*Anecdote of the King of Denmark, from Conway's travels in that country.*

METALLIC SOLUTIONS.—Let one grain of copper be dissolved in nitric acid. A liquid will be obtained of a blue colour; and if this solution be mingled with three pints of water, the whole will be sensibly coloured. Now three pints contains one hundred and four cubical inches, and each linear inch contains at least one hundred equal parts distinguishable by the eye; each cubical inch contains, then, at least, one million of such parts, and the one hundred and four cubical inches of this solution one hundred and four millions of such parts; also each of these minute parts of the solution is colouring, otherwise it would not be distinguishable from the rest; each such part contains then a portion of the nitrate of copper—the colouring substance. Now from each particle of this nitrate, the copper may be precipitated in the state of a metallic powder—every particle of which is, therefore, less than the one hundred and four millionth of a grain in weight.

THE ATTENUATION OF GOLD LEAF.—An ounce of gold is equal in bulk to a cube, each of whose edges is five-twelfths of an inch, or nearly half an inch, in length, so that placed upon a table it would cover nearly one quarter of a square inch of its surface, standing nearly half an inch in height. The cube of gold the gold-beater extends until it covers one hundred and forty-six square feet; and it may readily be calculated, that to be thus extended from a surface of five-twelfths of an inch square to one of one hundred and forty-six square feet, its thickness must be reduced from half an inch to the two hundred and ninety thousand six hundred and thirty-sixth part of an inch.

JOHN HUNTER.—This ingenious man had so much diligence, that he often told his friends, that, for forty years, summer and winter, the sun never found him in bed. "I never have any difficulties," said he; "a thing either can be done, or it cannot. If it can be done, I may do it as well as another, if I take equal pains. If it cannot be done, I will not attempt to do it." Mr. Hunter made the completest collection in comparative anatomy that ever was assembled together.

GENUINENESS OF BOOKS.—Among all the absurdities of the learned, none seems to me to be so utterly ridiculous as their quarrels about the genuineness of old writings. Is it the author, or his work, that we admire or dislike? What do we care for the author's name when we are reading a book of merit? Who can prove that we have either Virgil or Homer actually before us, when we peruse the words ascribed to them? These very accurate critics seem to be but little wiser than a very pretty woman, who asked me once, in sober earnest, who after all was really the author of Shakspeare's tragic plays?

The value of national education is duly appreciated in Iceland, where no servant is permitted to marry who cannot read and write. The inhabitants in these northern regions are almost in darkness or confined to their habitations the greater part of the winter by snow, and find much solace or amusement in reading for their own edification, or for the entertainment of the minutes who are otherwise employed.

A scholar of Dr. Busby's, coming into a parlour where the Dr. had lain down a fine bunch of grapes for his own eating, takes it up and said aloud, "I publish the bands between these grapes and my mouth; if any one knows any just cause or impediment why these two should not be joined together, let them declare it." The doctor being in the next room, overheard all that was said; and coming into the school, he ordered the boy to be taken up; or as it was called, horsed on another boy's back; but before he proceeded to the usual discipline, he cried out aloud, as the delinquent had done, "I publish the bands between my rod and this boy's back; if any one knows any just cause or impediment why these two should not be joined, let them declare it." "I forbid the banns," cried the boy. "Why so?" said the Doctor. "Because the parties are not agreed," replied the boy. Which answer so much pleased the doctor, who liked to find any readiness of wit in his scholars, that he ordered the boy to be set down.

CHOP.—Cut onions into thin slices; between and over them put brown sugar—when the sugar is dissolved a teaspoonful of the syrup will produce almost instantaneous relief. This simple and effectual remedy for this distressing malady, should be known to all having the care of small children.

TACITURNITY OF GENIUS.—In conversation Dante was taciturn or satirical; Butler was silent or caustic; Gray and Alfieri seldom talked or smiled. Descartes, whose avocations formed him for meditation and solitude, was silent, Rousseau was remarkably trite in conversation—not a word of fancy or eloquence warmed him. Milton was unsocial, and even irritable, when much pressed by the talk of others. Addison and Moliere were only observers in society; and Dryden has very honestly told us—"My conversation is dull and slow, my humour saturnine and reserved; in short, I am not one of those who endeavour to break jests in company, or make repartees."

For The Pearl.

THE AMERICAN LOYALIST.

I.

Accurs'd treason, threescore years ago,
In Britain's Provinces this side the sea,
Caus'd hearts to tremble—streams of blood to flow,
And kindled the wild fires of anarchy,
Where loyalty and peace were wont to be:
Oh! while rebellions banner was unfurl'd,
It was an agonizing sight to see
Laws and Religion in disorder hurl'd,
As if Hell's seathing flames had burst upon the world!

II.

Then near the Hudson's* shore DeArcy dwelt;
And while war's devastation spread around,
Deep in his faithful heart he strongly felt
The holy ties of loyalty that bound
Him to his sov'reign.—When the deadly sound
Of battling hosts was echoed through the land,
Beneath the Royal Standard he was found,
Determin'd firmly, with his sword in hand,
In the defence of England's righteous laws to stand.

III.

Ianthe, was DeArcy's only child—
The maiden mistress of his home and hearth;
And as the Spring is deck'd with May-flowers wild,
When op'ning leaves and buds adorn the earth,
And groves resound with bird-rejoicing mirth;
So she—fair girl! was modestly array'd
In beauty and in intellectual worth:
But virtue's charms Ianthe lovelier made;
For moral loveliness can never, never fade.

IV.

Fitz George was sacredly betroth'd to her—
A youth who gallant deeds in war had done;
And many an older British officer,
Such laurels as were his had never won.
Though short the race of glory he had run,
Envy, insidiously assail'd his fame:
For as eclipses sometimes shade the sun,
So calumny obscur'd this soldier's name,
And strove to overcloud his character with shame.

V.

By strict investigation to disprove
Before a Martial Court these charges vile,
He, speedily as ship o'er sea could move,
By wind and wave impell'd sought Britain's Isle,
Conscious of pure innocence:—meanwhile
Ianthe felt stern disappointment's sting—
And her angelic features wore no smile;
For her Fitz George's woes were withering
Anticipated bliss, that hope was wont to bring.

VI.

When bloody war's tumultuous din was o'er,
Through which DeArcy like a hero fought,
On Nova-Scotia's unapplauded shore,
He British freedom and a refuge sought—
A land of barrenness, as he thought.
(O, libell'd country! shamefully disgrac'd
By what geographers have falsely taught!)
But he would never have complain'd though plac'd,
If English Laws prevail'd, on cold Siberia's waste.

VII.

The ship in which he sail'd, one night in June,
Enter'd "Annapolis Gut"—O, what a scene
Of majesty was there! The bright full moon—
Night's star-surrounded, silver-mantled queen,
Smil'd then as if no cloud had ever been
Across her azure features darkly spread:—
And hills were near, array'd in summer's green,
On which the moonlight was so richly shed,
That one could scarcely deem the daylight's hues were fled.

VIII.

At anchor in that narrow straight 'till morn
The ship securely lay.—With glad surprise
DeArcy, who arose at day's first dawn,
Gaz'd on the verdant shore and deep blue skies;
And he heard joyously the melodies,
Which minstrel birds from hills and woods around
Most sweetly hymn'd. Where'er he turned his eyes,
On towering steep—or slope—or level ground—
All did with grandeur—music—loveliness abound.

IX.

The hills on each side stand sublimely high,
Richly adorn'd with foliage-cover'd trees,
Above whose tops, perchance, far up the sky
The gazer, in the golden sunlight, sees
An eagle buoyant on the fluttering breeze.
There is a Miemac village on the beach,
Where are enjoy'd home's sweet felicities,
By men untaught in what the learned teach,
Or in what moralists to letter'd nation's preach.

* A majestic river in the State of New York.

X.

Bound for Annapolis Royal,—gently sail'd
The ship before the western breeze along,
While they on board with joy new prospects hail'd,
Or listen'd to some sea-birds plaintive song,
The notes of which would echoing hills prolong:
All—all around the hill-encircled bay
Look'd so delightful to the gazing throng,
Who stood upon the deck, that half did they
Forget their former homes in regions far away.

XI.

Ere noon they disembark'd, where long before
A town was built by emigrants from France;
And batt'ries stood contiguous to the shore,
Resembling tow'rs, describ'd in old romance,
When knights excell'd in wielding sword and lance:
Above this spot, by ramparts fortified,
Wav'd Britain's banner in the bright expanse
Of azure sky: they saw that flag with pride,
In the defence of which has many a Briton died.

XII.

On each side mountains rear their lofty heads—
A calm, majestic river rolls between;
While summer hues of loveliest verdure spreads,
To beautify the variegated scene.
When hill and dale are thus array'd in green,
And flocks and herds in fertile pastures feed—
All looks so Eden-like and so serene,
That while we gaze on mountain, river, mead—
We think no spot on earth Annap'lis can exceed.

XIII.

Such was the scene, when first DeArcy stood
A refugee, on Nova-Scotia's shore;
And while o'erjoy'd, the landscape round he view'd,
His exil'd fate he hardly could deplore,
Although his native home he never more
Might gaze upon again. He felt resign'd;
For all he look'd on tended to restore
Repose to his long-agitated mind—
Repose felt in that home which he had left behind.

XIV.

Soon went DeArcy up the river, which,
In serpentine mead'ring, softly glides
Through clover'd marshes, yearly made more rich
By dashing streams, that, from the mountain's sides,
More swiftly rush than ocean's strongest tides,
And fertilize the vales through which they flow:
But when spring's o'er, each streamlet half subsides—
Increas'd no longer by the melting snow,
It runs in gentle currents through the vales below.

XV.

And many a farmer's cottage stood midway
Between the river and each mountain's base,
While cultur'd fields expansive round them lay
In rural loveliness. If nature's face
Is ever beautiful, 'tis when we trace
Some cultivated spot of fertile ground,
Where agriculture's unambitious race
Industriously in toil are daily found
Improving evermore the landscape bright'ning round.

XVI.

Delightful gardens near each dwelling smil'd,
In which both trees and shades were blossoming—
The rose, admir'd as summer's sweetest child,
Look'd lovely there as some celestial thing;
And many a humming bird, on fairy wing,
Play'd round the flowers that were so bright and fair:
And while along the breeze was fluttering,
Its fragrance did from blooming orchards bear,
Which Frenchmen many years before had planted there.

XVII.

Amidst these scenes a home DeArcy sought—
Nor sought in vain. His was a rural cot;
And with Ianthe peacefully he thought
To spend his days in that secluded spot,
And never wish a more exalted lot.
But what is there has magic power to heal
A girl's woe-stricken heart? Or what
Will soothe the pangs that ardent lovers feel,
When flatt'ring hope has ceas'd its visions to reveal?

XVIII.

For rolling years, nor change of home—nor all
A father's tenderness had power to yield
Enjoyment to Ianthe; or recall
The bliss that love and hope to her reveal'd
When ev'ry lurking thorn was well conceal'd,
That 'midst life grow. A wounded heart,
Through all her future years to be unheal'd,
She thought was hers,—and that misfortune's dart
No deeper, deadlier anguish, ever could impart.

XIX.

Unchangeably her virgin love was plac'd
On young Fitz George, though slander's tongue averr'd
That he, across the sea, had been disgrac'd;
But innocent she thought him: what she heard
Of his lost reputation only stirr'd
Within her heart more strongly than before
Affection's sympathies—yes—ev'ry word
Against him falsely brought from England's shore,
But bound her faithful heart to her betroth'd the more.

XX.

Years pass'd—and still a cloud of discontent
Was like a shadow on Ianthe's brow,
Until, at length, th' illustrious Duke of Kent,—
(The Royal Sire of HER whose sceptre now
Is own'd by millions that with freedom bow
To England's throne—) was commandant supremo
Of Britain's soldiers in the land. Oh! how
Ianthe felt to hear Fitz George's name,
Who with the Prince had come, with proud, unsullied fame!

XXI.

In love—unalter'd love, they met again,
False rumours told to each by secret foes,
Had kept them long apart; but all their pain—
Their agonizing life-embittering woes
Were destin'd now in happiness to close:
For they were wedded; and the highest bliss,
That from connubial rapture sweetly flows,
Was theirs:—the half-cœles'tial joyfulness
They felt, we may conceive, but cannot well express.

XXII.

"Perpetual as the stars that shine on high,
Or rivers that to ocean's bosom run,
Be in our hearts the ties of loyalty
To Britain's monarch—yes, till time be done
Be England's King and ours forever one;"
Thus said DeArcy, fill'd with joy and pride
To see beneath his roof his Sov'reign's son,
The day Ianthe stood a blushing bride,
At Hymen's sacred altar, her Fitz George beside.
Annapolis, Dec. 1838.

In accordance with the principles of the Pearl, we would fain be excused from publishing the political stanza which commences this poem. To omit it, however, would be to mutilate the article, and poets have a licence, in expressing opinions, as well as in forms of expression, not generally accorded to other writers.—[PEARL.]

LAST MOMENTS OF BEETHOVEN.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

In the spring of the year, 1827, in a house in one of the *faubourgs* of Vienna, some amateurs of music were occupied in decyphering the last *quatour* of Beethoven, just published. Surprise mingled with their vexation, as they followed the capacious turns of this whimsical production of a genius then exhausted. They found not in it the mild and gracious harmony, the style so original, so elevated, the conception so grand and beautiful, which had marked former pieces, and had rendered the author the first of composers. The taste once so perfect, was now only the pedantry of an ordinary counterpointist; the fire which burned of old in his rapid *allegri*, swelling to the close, and overflowing like lava billows in magnificent harmonies, was but unintelligible dissonance; his pretty minuets, once so full of gaiety and originality, were changed into irregular gambols, and impracticable cadences.

"Is this the work of Beethoven?" asked the musicians, disappointed, and laying down their instruments. "Is this the work of our renowned composer, whose name, till now, we pronounced only with pride and veneration? Is it not rather a parody upon the master-pieces of the immortal rival of Haydn and Mozart?"

Some attributed this falling off, to the deafness with which Beethoven had been afflicted for some years; others, to a derangement of his mental faculties; but, resuming their instruments, out of respect to the ancient fame of the symphonist, they imposed upon themselves the task of going through the work.

Suddenly, the door opened, and a man entered, wearing a black great-coat, without cravat, and his hair in disorder. His eyes sparkled, but no longer with the fire of genius; his forehead, alone, by its remarkable development, revealed the seat of intellect. He entered softly, his hands behind him; all gave place respectfully. He approached the musicians, bending his head on one side and the other, to hear better; but in vain, not a sound reached him. Tears started from his eyes; he buried his face in his hands, retired to a distance from the performers, and seated himself at the lower end at the apartment. All at once the first violincello sounded a note, which was caught up by all the other instruments. The poor man leaped to his feet, crying, "I hear! I hear!" then abandoned himself to tumultuous joy, applauding with all his strength.

"Louis," said a young girl who that moment entered; "Louis, you must come back—you must retire; we are too many here."

He cast a look upon her—understood, and followed her in silence with the docility of a child accustomed to obedience.

In the fourth story of an old brick house, situated at one end of the city—a small chamber, which had, for its furniture, only a bed, with ragged coverlet, an old piano, sadly out of tune, and a few bundles of music, was the abode, the universe of the immortal Beethoven.

He had not spoken during the walk; but when he entered, he placed himself on the bed, took the young girl by the hand, and said—'My good Louise! you are the only one who understands me. You think these gentlemen, who perform my music, comprehend me, not at all. I observed a smile on their lips as they executed my *quatuor*; they fancy my genius is on the decline, whereas it is only now that I have become a truly great musician. On the way, just now, I composed a symphony, which shall set the seal to my glory, or rather, immortalize my name. I will write it down, and burn all others. I have changed the laws of harmony; I have found effects of which nobody till now, has thought. My symphony shall have for a bass, a chromatic melody of twenty kettledrums; I will introduce the concert of an hundred bells; for added-he, bending his head towards Louise, 'I will tell thee a secret. The other day, when you took me to the top of St. Stephen's steeple, I made a discovery; I perceived that the bell is the most melodious of instruments, and can be employed with greatest success in the *adagio*. There shall be, in my finale, drums and fusil-shots;—and I shall hear that symphony, Louise! Yes!' cried he, with enthusiasm, 'I shall hear it! Do you remember,' he resumed, after a pause, 'my Battle of Waterloo? and the day when I directed the performance, in presence of all the crowned heads of Europe? So many musicians, following my signal—eleven masters of the chapel superintending—a firing of guns—pealing of cannon! It was glorious, was it not? Well, what I shall compose will surpass even that sublime work. I cannot deny myself the pleasure of giving you an idea of it!'

At these words, Beethoven rose from the bed, seated himself at the piano, in which a number of keys were wanting, and touched the instrument with a grave and imposing air. After playing awhile, he struck his hand suddenly on the keys, and ceased.

'Do you hear?' said he, to Louise, 'there is an accord nobody else has attempted. Yes, I will write all the tones of the gamut in a single sound; and I will prove this the true and perfect accord. But I hear it not, Louise, I hear it not! Think of the anguish of him who cannot hear his own music! And yet it seems to me, when I shall have blended all these sounds in a single sound, they will ring in my ears. But, enough. I have, perhaps, wearied you! I, also, am weary of everything! As a reward for my sublime invention, I think I ought to have a glass of wine. What think you, Louise?'

The tears ran down the cheeks of the poor girl. She alone, of all Beethoven's pupils had not forsaken him, but supported him by the labor of her hands, under pretence of taking lessons. The produce of her work was added to the slender income yielded by the companions of the master. There was no wine in the house! There scarcely remained a few pence to buy bread! She turned away to hide her emotion, then poured out a glass of water and offered it to Beethoven.

'Excellent Rhenish wine!' said he, as he tasted the pure beverage; 'tis wine good enough for an emperor. 'Twas drawn from my father's cellar; I know it; it grows better every day!'

He then began to sing, with hoarse voice, but with true tone, the words of Mephistopheles, in the Faust of Goethe;

"Es war einmal ein König der hatt, einen grosed Floh."

but returned, from time to time, to the mystic melody he had composed, formerly, for the charming song of *Mignon*.

'Listen, Louise,' said he, returning her the glass. 'The wine has strengthened me; I feel better.—I would fain compose, but my head grows heavy again; my ideas are confused; a thick mist seems before my eyes, I have been compared to Michael Angelo, and properly; in his moments of ecstasy, he struck great blows with the chisel on the cold marble; and caused the hidden thought to leap to life under the covering of stone; I do the same, for I do nothing with deliberation. When my genius inspires me, the whole universe is transformed for me, into one harmony; all sentiment, all thought becomes music; my blood revels in my veins; a tremor pervades my members; my hair stands on end;—but hark! what do I hear?'

Beethoven sprang up and rushed to the window, threw it open, and sounds of music, from the house near, were plainly audible.

'I hear!' he cried, with deep emotion, falling on his knees and stretching his hands towards the open window; 'I hear! 'Tis my overture of *Elmout*! Yes! I know it; hark! the savage battle-cries; the tempest of passion. It swells—it threatens! Now all is calm, again. But lo! the trumpets sound afresh; the clamor fills the world—it cannot be satisfied.'

Two days after this night of delirium, a croud of persons were passing in and out of the *salon* of W——, the Counsellor of State, and Prime Minister of Austria, who gave a grand dinner.

'What a pity!' said one of the guests, 'Beethoven, director at the Theatre Imperial, is just dead, and they say he has not left enough for the expense of his funeral.'

His words passed unnoticed. The rest of the company were absorbed in listening to the discourse of two diplomatists, who were talking of a controversy which had taken place between certain persons at the place of a certain German Prince.

VERSAILLES.

Walked in the noble woods of Versailles. The leaves were beginning to fade and fall around; but they had not the intense hues, especially the hectic flush of crimson—that make our own September and October scenery so very beautiful. But here our triumph ends! America never will match the splendor—the regal magnificence of Versailles. The palace and gardens were the creation of Louis XIV; and were commenced in 1664; completed in 1702. The money expended in their formation, amounted to between thirty and forty millions pounds sterling; or nearly two hundred millions of dollars. Since that time, large sums have been expended there. The palaces have not been occupied for several years as a royal residence. The gardens are opened to the public at all times, and the palace, whose immense and numerous apartments are filled with rare paintings and statuary, are accessible to all without expense, during four days in the week. The fountains in the gardens, are made to play on the first Sunday of each month, and on great fete days, when multitudes are collected thither to witness the spectacle. The expense of the display of the water-works is said, each day to be about ten thousand francs, or two thousand dollars. For several years, the talents of some of the best artists have been employed by the present king, at his own expense; chiefly in preparing paintings and statuary, commemorative of the military glory of France. The extent and magnificence of the palace is, indeed, incredible; one traverses room after room, for hours together, till the limbs fail with fatigue, and the eye is almost over-feasted with the number of the beautiful works of art presented before it. It is stated that one passes over the extent of (I believe) six miles, in passing through the various apartments. If all the pictures were arranged in a line, they would extend some eighteen miles! The pictures consist, in a great degree, of representations of the numerous battles, in which the French have distinguished themselves; and in portraits of the monarchs and marshals of France. The wars of Napoleon form a fruitful subject for many of them, and afford a rich treat to all admirers of the arts, and especially to those who enjoy battle scenes in preference to pictures of a different character. But the gardens, filled as they are with blooming flowers, in profusion; laid out with majestic plantations of trees, extending for miles; enriched with rare statuary of the purest and choicest marble, with fountains and grottoes of rare workmanship, far exceed any thing I had ever before imagined, or can describe. Here one can meet the most striking evidence of royal wealth and magnificence; and also a fine instance of noble liberality, in the erection of so grand a monument of national glory, and in making it perfectly accessible to all; to the highest and to the lowest.

Versailles was originally occupied as a hunting lodge by Louis XIII. Hither he was accustomed to retire, happy to exchange the pomp and business of Paris, for dim secluded forests and wide-extended lawns. But the days of its splendor begun with Louis XIV., "Louis, le Grand Monarque." Louis was dissatisfied with his palace at St. Germain, because so near to the tombs of St. Denis, where the ashes of his royal ancestors reposed in peace. When his eye looked forth from St. Germain, it reposed always on the lofty spire, which reminded him of his own mortality, and of the little spot of earth that must in the end close over his remains: and this saddening admonition so weighed upon his gay spirit, that he resolved to erect a sumptuous palace at Versailles. He began the work with all the zeal of his ardent spirit, and for forty years, all that unbounded wealth, despotic authority, and refined taste could accomplish, were exercised in the erection of palace after palace, and the construction of parks, gardens and fountains.

These gay halls and sumptuous walks are identified with the glory and magnificence of Louis le Grand. To him they owed their origin, and with him their gayety and their splendor departed. Here he held his splendid court, and with a lavish magnificence, that has not been, since his reign, equalled, celebrated his fetes and festivals, in which all the nobility, the beauty and the genius of his time, so proudly participated. Here presided those three dames, who successively ruled over his heart—that "humble violet," Madame la Valliere; the gay, the proud, the brilliant Montespan; and the intriguing de Maintenon. In these wide apartments the ball and the feast were celebrated with all regal magnificence; the voice of song, the burst of music, and the echo of the dancers' feet resounded. In these green arcades, and far-spreading woods, the secret heart of the woods rang with the hoof of the bounding charger, and the deep bay of the hound, and the blast of the forester's horn.

As we pass along these vast halls and long-drawn galleries, let us recall to mind the memory of those departed spirits, whose portraits and whose busts are gazing upon us from the marble and the canvass, from all the walls around. These oaken floors, so smoothly polished, were long ago paced by their footsteps, at many a royal assembly or queenly ball. Yonder stern old swordsman, who frowns so grimly from the wall above, passed not all his days in the camp and in the battle, under the banner of Louis or Napoleon, but his martial figure may often have been met with here. Yonder sweet being, all bloom and smiles, has here often whirled in the giddy waltz, her slight waist encircled by the arm of yonder gallant in the opposite canvass. From these tall windows monarchs and princes have gazed abroad over the green forests that wave around, and perhaps sighed for the peace and repose that might be found

in their lonely depths. Yonder extended line of marble busts and stony figures still present to the living gaze the form and features of kings and heroes of France, whose very dust has disappeared in the charnel-vault, and whose names (once often heard among men) have almost vanished from the memory of man, the scroll of fame, and the page of history. The dim cloisters of St. Denis, and the mouldering hatchments of many a crumbling old abbey, dreary church or lordly castle, have been disturbed, and compelled to yield their tribute to the treasures of galleries. Here all the royal heads of France, from King Pepin and Charlemagne to the citizen Monarch of the present day, are preserved in marble and on canvass, and all the deeds of renown and glory, wrought by them in their day, are perpetuated by the cunning of the artist. First is the Halls of the Kings,—next the Hall of Marine Pictures,—and then the Hall of the Marshals.—*Correspondent of the Boston Cour.*

THREE BAD HABITS.—There are three weakness in our habits which are very common, and which have a very prejudicial influence on our welfare. The first is giving way to the ease or indulgence of the moment, instead of doing at once what ought to be done. This practice almost always diminishes the beneficial effects of our actions, and often leads us to abstain from action altogether; as for instance, if at this season of the year there is a gleam of sunshine, of which we feel we ought to take advantage, but have not the resolution to leave at the moment a comfortable seat or an attractive occupation, we miss the most favourable opportunity, and perhaps at last justify ourselves in remaining indoors on the ground, that the time for exercise is past. One evil attendant upon the habit of procrastination is, that it produces a certain dissatisfaction of the mind which impedes and disarranges the animal functions, and tends to prevent the attainment of a high state of health. A perception of what is right, followed by a promptness of execution, would render the way of life perfectly smooth. Children should be told to do nothing but what is reasonable, but they should be taught to do what they are told at once. The habit will stand them in stead all their lives..... The second weakness is, when we have made a good resolution, and have partially failed in executing it, we are very apt to abandon it altogether. For instance, a person who has been accustomed to rise at ten, resolves to rise at six, and after a few successful attempts happens to sleep till seven, there is great danger that he will relapse into his former habits, or probably even go beyond it, and lie till noon. It is the same with resolutions as to economy and temperance, or any thing else; if we cannot do all we intended, or make one slip, we are apt to give up entirely. Now what we should aim at is, always to do the best we can under existing circumstances; and then our progress, with the exception of slight interruptions, would be continual..... The third and last weakness to which I allude is, the practice of eating and drinking things because they are to be paid for. How seldom it happens that two men leave a few glasses of wine in a decanter at a coffee-house, though they both have had enough? and the consequence of not doing so is frequently to order a fresh supply; but, at any rate, even the first small excess is pernicious. Excess, however slight, either in solids or liquids, deranges the powers of digestion, and of course diminishes the full benefit of any meal. It often induces an indisposition to move, and so one excess leads to another. What is called a second appetite is generated; and, the proper bounds once passed, it is not easy to fix another limit. The importance in a man's life of stopping at enough is quite incalculable; and to be guilty of excess for the reason I have just mentioned, though very common, is the height of folly. A very small quantity will cause the difference between spending the remainder of the day profitably or agreeably and in indolence and dissipation.—*The Original.*

THE DESOLATE HOME.

I had been absent from England three years, and on my return, having called upon all my principal friends, I bethought me of paying a morning visit to Spencer Warrender, at whose wedding with the beautiful Emmeline Travers I had been present, a few days before I left England. Spencer had been a fellow collegian with me at Oxford, and though we had never been to say close friends, yet I respected him greatly; he was a man of worth and talents, and and I was happy when I found that he was possessed of such a perfect treasure as Emmeline Travers. I was lounging down St. James's-street, looking into the shop-windows, thinking of a variety of things, but not one of them of any particular importance, first wondering who that very tall gentleman in black on the opposite side of the road could be, then what o'clock it was, and anon that I could find nobody whom I knew at the clubs, when the marriage of Spencer Warrender occurred to me, and I resolved upon giving him a call. Telegraphing my tiger who had pulled up, according to my direction, at Sams's, I leaped into the cab, and gently persuading my bits of chestnut, in a few moments they brought me to No. —, — street, Grosvenor Square, the abode of the much-respected Warrender. I had pictured to myself, as I had caravolled along, Spencer, a fine portly picture of an English gentleman, and his devoted Emmeline, a pattern of amiable wives, with two or three little cherrubs prattling about my friend's knee. "Ah!" I exclaimed involuntarily, "this bachelorism is a sad, dull, deplorable life. I will get married!" At that moment my cab stopped at Spencer's door. To my great surpris, I beheld a car-

prise, I beheld a carpet suspended from the balcony, with a great printed bill fixed upon it, announcing that a sale was about to take place within. "Good heavens, I exclaimed, "what can have become of Warrend!" I leaped from my cab, and without waiting to make enquiry, ran my eyes over the catalogue that was suspended from the door-post, and instinctively they fell upon this expressive line—"By order of the executors of the late Spenceur Warrender, Esq." Poor Warrender, then, was dead! I entered the house, which, when I left it last, was the scene of mirth and rejoicing—and now all was confusion. Death had been there, and these were the results.—Upon a mahogany sideboard, six flat-irons and a foot-pan were displayed, and a lady's dressing-table was graced with a set of large decanters, one small ditto, one tea-urn, and a mouse-trap. There stood a harp with three whole strings, and a guitar that was broken—its music now was mute. Carefully laid out upon the surface of a four-post bedstead was the best blue and gold dessert service, and a feather-bed and bolsters slumbered peacefully in the recesses of a book case. There was a long table in the centre of the room, around which were placed sundry old ladies, each provided with a pencil and a little book, like so many short-hand writers, and who, ever and anon, cast about certain wistful glances, first at the empty plates and dishes, and decanters, and then at the long table before them, as if they should very much like to see each of the said articles fulfilling its useful vocation, just at that particular moment. My eyes fell upon a female domestic in deep mourning, and approaching her, I asked if Mrs. Warrender was well. The woman stared at me for a moment, and then exclaimed, "Bless you, sir, Mrs. Warrender has been dead these two years." So the pair whom I had left young, happy, and in the possession of every blessing this world could give—had both been summoned to that bourne from which no traveller returns! It seemed to me but a few days since I had left them in health, and yet the beautiful and lovely Emmeline had been dead two years, and the "effects" of poor Spenceur were now to be disposed of for the benefit of the heir-at-law! I turned from the scene and drove leisurely home, full of strange thoughts—"a sadder but a better man."

MEMOIRS OF FEMALE SOVEREIGNS.

BY MRS. JAMESON.

—'Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble lives in content,
Than to be perch'd up in a glistening grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.—*Shakspeare.*

SEMIRAMIS.

Semiramis, queen of Assyria, is the first female sovereign upon record who ever held undivided empire. All the accounts which have come down to us concerning this celebrated queen are mixed up with so much exaggeration, absurdity, and mythological fiction, that she may be considered partly a fabulous and partly an historical personage. As beheld through the long lapse of ages, and in the dim distance of primeval time, with all her gorgeous and Babylonish associations around her, Semiramis appears to our fancy rather as a colossal emblem of female sovereignty overshadowing the east, than as a real and distinct individual; yet, that such a woman did once exist is more than probable, and her name has been repeated from age to age, till it has become so illustrious, and her exploits and character so frequently alluded to in history, in poetry, and in the arts, that it is obviously necessary to be acquainted with the traditions respecting her; though quite unnecessary to give implicit credit to the relation of events resting on such a vague, remote, and doubtful testimony, that, if it be difficult to believe, it is impossible to confute them. The time at which Semiramis lived is a matter of dispute; and the authorities vary so extravagantly that we are tempted to exclaim, with Bryant, "What credit can possibly be given to the history of a person, the period of whose existence cannot be ascertained within one thousand five hundred years?" Yet, so universal a celebrity must surely have had some foundation in truth.

According to Rollin, Semiramis flourished about nineteen hundred and fifty years before the Christian era, that is, about four hundred years after the flood, and nearly about the time of Abraham. Other chronologists, with far more probability, place her reign about six hundred years later; thus making her nearly contemporary with Gideon, judge of Israel, and Theseus, king of Athens.

She was born at Ascalon, in Syria, and was the wife of Menones, one of the generals of Ninus, king of Assyria. At the siege of Bactria, whither she accompanied her husband, she distinguished herself by her prudence and courage, and through her sagacity the city was at length taken after a protracted siege. She discovered a weak part in the fortifications, and led some soldiers up a by-path by night, by which means the walls were scaled, and the city entered. Ninus, struck with her wisdom and her charms, entreated her husband to resign Semiramis to him, offering his daughter, the Princess Sosana, in exchange, and threatening to put out the eyes of the husband if he refused. Menones, seeing the king resolved on his purpose, and the lady in all probability nothing loath, and unable to determine between the alternatives presented to him—the loss of his eyes, or the loss of his wife—hung himself in a fit of jealousy and despair, and Ninus immediately afterward married his widow. Semiramis became the mother of a son named Ninias, and the king, dying soon afterward, bequeathed to her the govern-

ment of his empire during the minority of his son. We have another version of this part of the story of Semiramis, which has afforded a fine subject for poets and satirists.

She was twenty years of age when she assumed the reins of empire, and resolved to immortalize her name by magnificent monuments and mighty enterprises. She is said to have founded the city of Babylon, or at least to have adorned it with such prodigious and splendid works that they ranked amongst the wonders of the world. When we read the accounts of the "Great Babylon," of its walls and iron gates, its temples, bridges, and hanging gardens, we should be inclined to treat the whole as a magnificent piece of poetry, if the stupendous monuments of human art and labour still remaining in India and Upper Egypt did not render credible the most extravagant of these descriptions, and prove on what a gigantic scale the ancients worked for immortality. We are also told that among the edifices erected by her was a mausoleum to the memory of the king, her husband, adjoining the great tower of Babel, and adorned with statues of massive gold. When Semiramis had completed the adornment of her capital by the most wonderful works of art, she undertook a progress through her vast empire, and everywhere left behind her glorious memorials of her power and her benevolence. It seems to have been an article of faith among all the writers of antiquity, that Assyria had never been so great and so prosperous as under the dominion of this extraordinary woman. She built enormous aqueducts, connected the various cities by roads and causeways, in the construction of which she levelled hills and filled up valleys; and she was careful, like the imperial conqueror of modern times, to inscribe her name and the praises of her own munificence on all the monuments of her greatness. In one of these inscriptions she gives her own genealogy, in a long list of celestial progenitors; which shows that, like some other monarchs of the antique time, she had the weakness to disown her plebeian origin, and wished to lay claim to a divine and fictitious parentage.

"My father was Jupiter Belus,
My grandfather, Babylonian Saturn;
My great-grandfather, Ethiopian Saturn;
My great-grandfather's father, Egyptian Saturn;
And my great-grandfather's grandfather,
Phoenix Caelus Ogyges."

After reading the high-sounding catalogue of grandfathers and great-grandfathers, it is amusing to recollect that Semiramis has left posterity in some doubt whether she herself ever had a real existence, and may not be, after all, as imaginary a personage as any of her shadowy, heaven-sprung ancestors.

There is another of the inscriptions of Semiramis, which is in a much finer spirit.

"Nature bestowed on me the form of a woman; my actions have surpassed those of the most valiant of men. I ruled the empire of Ninus, which stretched eastward as far as the river Hyhanan, southward to the land of incense and of myrrh, and northward to the country of the Scythians and the Sogdians. Before me no Assyrian had seen the great sea. I beheld with my own eyes four seas, and their shores acknowledged my power. I constrained the mighty rivers to flow according to my will, and I led their waters to fertile lands that had been before barren and without inhabitants. I raised impregnable towers; I constructed paved roads in ways hitherto untrodden but by the beasts of the forest; and in the midst of these mighty works I found time for pleasure and friendship."

We are told that Semiramis was extremely active and vigilant in the administration of her affairs. One morning, as she was dressing, information was brought to her that a rebellion had broken out in the city; she immediately rushed forth, half-attired, her hair floating in disorder, appeased the tumultuous populace by her presence and her eloquence, and then returned to finish her toilette.

Not satisfied with being the founder of mighty cities, and sovereign over the greatest empire of the earth, Semiramis was ambitious of military renown. She subdued the Medes, the Persians the Libyans, and the Ethiopians, and afterwards determined to invade India. She is the first monarch on record who penetrated beyond the Indus, for the expedition of Bacchus is evidently fabulous. The amount of her army appears to us absolutely incredible. She is said to have assembled three millions of foot-soldiers and five hundred thousand cavalry; and as the strength of the Indians consisted principally in the numbers of their elephants, she caused many thousand camels to be disguised and caparisoned like elephants of war, in hopes of deceiving and terrifying the enemy by this stratagem. Another historian informs us that she constructed machines in the shape of elephants, and that these machines were moved by some mechanical contrivance, which was worked by a single man in the interior of each. The Indian king or chief, whose name was Stabrobates, hearing of the stupendous armament which was moving against him, sent an ambassador to Semiramis, demanding who and what she was? and why, without provocation, she was come to invade his dominions? To these very reasonable inquiries the Assyrian queen haughtily replied, "Go to your king, and tell him I will myself inform him who I am, and why I am come hither." Then rushing onwards at the head of her swarming battalions, she passed the river Indus in spite of all opposition, and advanced far into the country, the people flying before her unresisting, and apparently vanquished. But having thus insidiously led her on till she was surrounded by hostile bands, and beyond the

reach of assistance from her own dominions, the Indian monarch suddenly attacked her, overwhelmed her mock elephants by the power and weight of his real ones, and completely routed her troops, who fled in all directions. The queen herself was wounded, and only saved by the swiftness of her Arabian steed, which bore her across the Indus; and she returned to her kingdom with scarce a third of her vast army.

We are not informed whether the disasters of this war cured Semiramis of her passion for military glory; and all the researches of antiquarians have not enabled us to distinguish the vague and poetical from the true, or at least the probable events in the remainder of her story. We have no account of the state of manners and morals during her reign, and of the progress of civilization we can only judge by the great works imputed to her. Among the various accounts of her death the following is the most probable:—An oracle had foretold that Semiramis should reign until her son Ninias conspired against her; and after her return from her Indian expedition she discovered that Ninias had been plotting her destruction. She immediately called to mind the words of the oracle, and, without attempting to resist his designs, abdicated the throne at once, and retired from the world; or, according to others, she was put to death by her son, after a reign of forty-two years. The Assyrians paid her divine honors under the form of a pigeon.

From Addison's Travels in the East.

ASKELON.

More than two thousand years ago the prophet Zephaniah foretells that "Ashkelon shall be a desolation." It was then a strong and populous city; two centuries back, when Sandys visited it, a Turkish garrison was still maintained: that has been since withdrawn, and not a single habitation is now left.

Descending into the hollow, we wandered amidst masses of masonry, heaps of stone, and heaps of rubbish. Here and there we perceived the mutilated shafts of grey granite columns, and some broken pillars of coarse marble. The foundations of walls and the ruins of houses encumbered the ground at every footstep, and the remains of gardens and of courts, once attached to the domestic habitations of the city, were plainly distinguishable on all sides. Near the centre of these ruins we observed some fragments of the red Thebaic granite, and some small pieces of blue terra cotta.

These confused heaps present a scene of thorough desolation; not a single column is erect, nor a single shaft entire. The capitals are all broken, buried or carried away, and the order of the architecture cannot be distinguished.

An excavation was made some years back by Lady Hestor Stanhope, or, as one of my guides informed me, by the pasha, with the hope of discovering buried treasures. An apartment, which is now again nearly overwhelmed by the loose stones and sand, was found a few feet below the surface. It is arched, and appears to have been a corridor or gallery, leading to an ancient bath.

We wandered down to the sea shore, and crossed over shattered masses of wall, which once formed the defences of the town towards the sea. Ashkelon was the principal maritime town in Philistia; now not the vestige of a port is traceable. A wild, solitary and naked coast, stretches far away on either side, and no safe refuge for the ships is now anywhere to be distinguished. The walls along the sea-shore present a strange scene of ruin; they appear to have been overthrown by some engine of tremendous power, and lie scattered in huge fragments along the shore, mixed with columns and broken pillars, which are wedged in among them. The stones are bound together by a cement worked up with marine shells and beach, and this cement sometimes forms nearly one half of the solid mass of masonry.

We ascend the sandy eminence crowned by the ruin, and examined the broken and solitary walls of the tottering edifice. It appears to have been a christian convent, and was the last inhabited dwelling on the spot. A few monks here sheltered themselves amidst the ruins of the once-populous town. They were often visited by the surrounding Arab shepherds, to whom they offered charity and dispensed medicines, and the shelter of the convent was often hospitably extended to the wayworn traveller and the humble pilgrim. For a long time they struggled against the genius of desolation which brooded over the place: they cultivated a little garden below, and subsisted on the charity of distant brethren. Their resources, however, at last diminished—the support from abroad was withdrawn—the building was gradually allowed to go to ruin; some of the monks sought refuge in other establishments, and the last of the inhabitants of Ashkelon—the last member of this little religious community—was laid in his sandy grave many a year back.

By the side of the convent is a deep well of excellent water, which once supplied the inmates of the establishment, and just beyond the well we enjoyed an excellent view of the strange and wild scene of desolation which the surrounding landscapes presents to the eye. On one side extended the wide expanse of the blue Mediterranean, and the solitary and sandy shore, and on the other the shapeless ruins of the town. The sea broke with violence upon the base of the hill, and the waves surged and murmured between several granite columns which lay prostrate in the water, and among large fragments of stone scattered on the beach. Over the extensive hollow, where once stood the city, fantastic mounds of sand and confused heaps of stone and masses of masonry alone met the eye.

Not a single fabric of any kind is there to be found erect. Fragments of walls and foundations of masonry mark the site of the domestic habitations, and the granite columns and the fragments of marble alone point out the situation of a temple or a theatre.

Upon this forlorn spot, where once was congregated a large population, and where once stood the proudest of the five satrapies of the lords of the Philistines, there is now not a single inhabitant. There is not a dwelling near the spot, and the surrounding country is deserted and uncultivated.

Ashkelon was once the most commercial city of the Philistines, and the most strongly fortified of all the towns of the Philistine coast. About five hundred years ago, when Ashkelon and the neighbouring city of Gaza were in their most powerful and flourishing state, both equally prosperous, thus said the prophet Zachariah, "The king shall perish from Gaza, and Ashkelon shall not be inhabited!"

From Peninsula Wars.

FIELD OF WATERLOO AT NOON ON THE DAY AFTER THE BATTLE.

On a surface of two square miles, it was ascertained that fifty thousand men and horses were lying! The luxurious crop of ripe grain which had covered the field of battle, was reduced to a litter, and beaten into the earth—and the surface, trodden down by the cavalry, and furrowed deeply by the cannon wheels, strewn with many a relic of the fight. Helmets and cuirasses, shattered firearms and broken swords; all the variety of military ornaments; leather caps and Highland bonnets, uniforms of every color, plume and pennon; musical instruments, the apparatus of artillery, drums, fifes, bugles; but, good heaven! why dwell on the harrowing picture of a foughten field! Each and every ruinous display bore mute testimony to the misery of such a battle.

Could the melancholy appearance of this scene of death be lightened; it would be by witnessing the rescuing of the living, amidst its desolation, for the objects of their love. Mothers, wives and children, for days were occupied in that mournful duty; and the confusion of the corpses, friend and foe intermingled as they were, often rendered the attempt of recognizing individuals difficult, and in some cases impossible.

In many places the dead lay four deep upon each other, marking the spot some British square had occupied, when exposed for hours to the murderous fire of a French battery. Outside, lancer and cuirassier were scattered thickly on the earth. Madly attempting to force the serried bayonets of the British, they had fallen, in the bootless essay, by the musketry of the inner files. Farther on, you traced the spot where the cavalry of France and England had encountered. Chasseur and hussar were intermingled; and the heavy Norman horse of the Imperial Guard were interspersed with the gray charges which had carried Albyn's chivalry. Here the Highlander and tirailleur lay side by side together, and heavy dragoon, with green Erin's badge upon his helmet, grappling in death with the Polish lancer.

On the summit of the ridge, where the ground was cumbered with, and trodden fetlock deep in mud and gore, by the frequent rush of rival cavalry, the thick strewn corpses of the Imperial Guard pointed out the spot where Napoleon had been defeated. Here, in columns, that favored corps, on whom his last chance rested, had been annihilated, and the advance and repulse of the Guard was traceable by a mass of fallen Frenchmen. In the hollow below, the last struggle of France had been vainly made; for there the Old Guard, when the middle battalions had been forced back, attempted to meet the British, and gain time for their disorganized companies to rally. Here the British left, which had converged upon the French centre, had come up; and here the bayonet closed the contest.

ODESSA.

BY A LADY OF NEW YORK.

We were at a magnificent Court dinner, and a day or two after attended a splendid ball at the palace of Count Woronzoff, the Governor General of New Russia.

The Count commanded the Russian army of occupation at Paris after the overthrow of Napoleon. He resides in almost regal splendor, and is, next to the Emperor, the first man in the Empire. A singular anecdote was related to me the other day, which sets forth in bold relief the high toned sense of honor of the Count, while it exposes the lurking Tartar principle in the Czar Alexander.

When the Allied Armies were about leaving Paris, the Russian officers were deeply in debt to the Parisian tradesmen, and were about returning home with their debts unpaid. Their creditors made a respectful remonstrance to Count Woronzoff, who, calling the gentlemen to account, they justified their conduct by pleading empty purses.

The Count, feeling that the honor of his country was at stake, immediately gave each of the officers an order on the military chest for the amount of his debts. On the return of the army to St. Petersburg, Alexander was informed of the matter, and took the Count severely to task for his officiousness in draining the Imperial chest of so large an amount.

The Count was shortly after placed in honorable banishment, by being invested with the government of all the Southern Provinces

of the Empire, at that time of much less importance than at present. The events of late years have given to this station an importance next to that of Emperor; and the Count at present maintains a fearful pre-eminence over every individual in the Empire, beneath the Czar. Although Nicholas appears to be on the most amicable footing with his illustrious Viceroy, by taking up his abode with him in the palace when here; dining at his table, and manifesting the most unbounded confidence in him, yet I doubt if he does not incline to the belief that the Count may have imbibed too much liberalism at the Court of St. James, where his father was so long Minister.

Little more than thirty years since, the site of this city was a small portion of the open steppe, in the midst of which it now stands, like an oasis in the desert. It is the only city I have seen in the Empire built of stone. It is very regularly laid out, and has many fine houses. It stands on a high bluff, with a delightful promenade on the precipice, at one end of which is the palace of the Governor General, and at the other a noble pile of public buildings. It has two commodious artificial harbours, full of vessels of all nations. It is a free port, and its inhabitants are principally from Western Europe. The *embouchure* of the great rivers, falling into the Black Sea, being very unhealthy, and unsuitable in all respects for the location of sea ports, this inconvenient site was chosen from necessity. The streets of this city are all unpaved, but its thriving commerce will soon supply it with the means of obtaining all the comforts and elegancies requisite for a great capital.

DECAYED GENTRY.—It happened in the reign of King James, when Henry, earl of Huntingdon, was lieutenant of Leicestershire, that a labourer's son in that county was pressed into the wars, as I take it, to go over with Count Mansfield. The old man at Leicestershire requested that his son might be discharged, as being the only staff of his age, who by his industry maintained him and his mother. The earl demanded his name, which the man, for a long time, was loath to tell, (as suspecting it a fault for so poor a man to confess the truth;) at last he told his name was Hastings. "Cousin Hastings," said the earl, "we cannot all be top branches of the tree, though we all spring from the same root; your son, my kinsman, shall not be pressed." So good was the meeting of modesty in a poor, with courtesy in an honourable person, and gentry, I believe in both. And I have reason to believe, that some who justly own the surnames and blood of Bohuns, Mortimers, and Plantagenets, (though ignorant of their own extractions) are hid in the heap of common people, where they find that, under a thatched cottage, which some of their ancestors could not enjoy in a thatched castle, ---contentment, with quiet and security.

GOOD EFFECTS OF A PREDILECTION FOR SOME CELEBRATED AUTHOR.—A predilection for some great author, among the vast number which must transiently occupy our attention, seems to be the happiest preservative for our taste. Accustomed to that excellent author whom we have chosen for our favourite, we may possibly resemble him in this intimacy. It is to be feared, that if we do not form such a permanent attachment, we may be acquiring knowledge, while our enervated taste becomes less and less lively. Taste embalms the knowledge, which otherwise cannot preserve itself. He who has long been intimate with one great author, will always be found to be a formidable antagonist; he has shaped his faculties insensibly to himself by his model! The old Latin proverb reminds us of this fact.—*Cave ab homine unius libri*: be cautious of the man of one book.

RELIGIOUS BELIEF.—Sir Humphrey Davy said— I envy no quality of the mind or intellect in others; be it genius, power, wit, or fancy: but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to any other blessing: for it makes life a discipline of goodness; creates new hopes, when all earthly hopes vanish; and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life even in death, and from destruction and decay calls up beauty and divinity; makes an instrument of torture and shame the ladder of ascent to paradise; and, far above all combinations of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amaranths, the gardens of the blest, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and the skeptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation and despair.

AFFECTING INCIDENT.—When Dr. Hutton was Bishop of Durham, as he was travelling over Cam, betwixt Wensleydale and Incedon, a friend who was with him was surprised to see him suddenly dismount, and having delivered his horse to a servant, walked to a particular place at some distance from the highway, where he knelt down, and remained some time in prayer. On his return his friend took the liberty of asking "his motive for so singular an act?" The bishop, in answer, informed him, that when he was a boy, without shoes or stockings, travelling this cold bleak mountain on a frosty day, he remembered that he had disturbed a red cow, then lying on that identical place, in order to warm his feet and legs on the spot.

A person not very intimate with Santeuil, called him plain Santeuil: "Surely, sir," said the poet, "by you I ought to be called Monsieur Santeuil." "Why, pray," replied the familiar gentleman, "do you ever hear of Monsieur Horace, or Monsieur Pin-dar?" "Oh, your most obedient, sir!" exclaimed Santeuil.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 8, 1840.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.—Dates from Liverpool, England, are brought to Dec. 17th by an arrival at New York. Little new appears. The price of Timber and of Ships had fallen. Fears were entertained that attempts would be made to rescue the Chartist prisoners of Newport. Affairs in Hanover were approaching a crisis,---a dissolution of the Assembly of the Estates was expected, and several towns resolved not to elect deputies for a new Assembly.

Another great fire had occurred at New York.

The Legislative Session of New Brunswick had been opened by a speech from Sir John Harvey. His Excellency adverted to the loyalty and prosperity of the Province, and recommended attention to the great roads, and the construction of a ship Canal at Bay Verte.

Sir George Arthur, it is asserted, has been recalled from the Government of U. Canada.

THE LEGISLATURE.—The question of responsible government occupied the attention of the House on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday last. The subject was introduced by Mr. Howe, who submitted four resolutions, declaring that inconvenience, delay, and loss of funds, and dissatisfaction, had arisen from the present system, and that the House had not confidence in the Executive Council. These were explained, as being preparatory to a change of men and measures in the Executive Council, and to the harmonizing of the various branches of Government. The resolutions were carried 30 to 12. The whole House will wait on His Excellency, with an introductory address and the resolutions, on Monday, at 1 o'clock.

On Thursday the Civil List Bill of last year was taken up. After some discussion it was referred to a select Committee. The opinion seems to be that a measure will pass, providing that incumbents receive their present salaries, that reductions shall take place on new appointments, that a sum of about £4500 be granted for the payment of public officers, not already provided for, and the Casual and Territorial revenues be placed at the disposal of the House.

A Bill for granting a Charter of Incorporation to Queen's College, and enabling that institution to grant degrees, occupied the House on Friday. An adjournment left the Bill before the House. The question will no doubt be taken to-day.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—Mr. A. McKinlay concluded his lectures on Heat, with several beautiful experiments, last Wednesday evening. Doctor Grigor will lecture on next Wednesday evening.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.—The debate of last Monday evening was on the effect of anonymous writings in the public papers. Next Monday evening is appropriated to Recitations.

The monthly Temperance Meeting will be held in the Old Baptist Meeting House, on Monday evening next at half past seven.—Simultaneous meeting at the Masonic Hall on the 26th.

Acting Commissioner for the Pools' Asylum for this month—J. W. NUTTING, Esq.

MARRIED.

At Rawdon, on the 26th ult. by the Rev George E. W. Morris, Mr. Wickworth Eustace, to Mrs. Experience Parker, of Newport.—Also, on the 24th, Mr. William McDowal, of Douglas, to Miss Phoebe, only daughter of Mr. John Desmore of Rawdon.

DIED.

On Thursday last, departed this life, with a glorious prospect of life eternal, Mr. Daniel Livingston, of H. M. Ordnance—a native of Dublin, Ireland—aged 72—after a long and painful illness, through which he exhibited the power of the religion of Christ to support amidst the greatest bodily sufferings. Never was he heard to murmur, but calmly and patiently endured the Divine will. Few of whom it might be more emphatically said, "Behold an Israelite, indeed, in whom was no guile." Funeral to take place from his late residence in Jacob's Street, at 1 o'clock on Sunday next.

On Monday last, Mrs. Rachel Longard, in the 84th year of her age, an old and respectable inhabitant of this town.

Drowned, on Thursday, 30th ult. by falling through the ice in Bedford Basin, near the nine mile House, Adelaide Agnes, aged 8 years youngest daughter of Mr. John Heffer.

At Truro on the 22d ult. Mr. David Page, Senr. an old and respectable inhabitant of that place, aged 70 years.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

PORT OF HALIFAX.

ARRIVED.

THURSDAY—Brigt. Pearl, West, Martinique, 20 days—molasses to C West & Son;—lost jib and anchor in the gale of the 23d. off Capt Lollave—left brig Gazelle for Liverpool NS.

FRIDAY—Brig Louisa, Dolby, Pernambuco, 42 days—lides to Fairbanks & Allison—experienced heavy weather, lat 40, lon 41, lost part of sails; brig Lady Sarah Maitland, Grant, Demerara 33 and St. Thomas 24 days.

MONDAY—Schr. Rival Packet, McLear, Liverpool NS, staves—brigt. Dove, Cobb, for Barbadoe, in heating out of Liverpool harbour missed days, and went ashore near Herring Cove, 31st ult. was got off same night; and will have to discharge; schr. Vernon, Cunningham, Montego Bay, 58 days, via Isaac and Country Harbour, ballast, to J. Strachan; made Cape Sable 15th ult; barque Norman, Bond; brig. Susan Crane, Coffin, sailed a day previous for Savannah la Mar and Bristol, Falmouth; Dec 6 sailed, schr. Venus, DeLong, Wilmington.

FRIDAY—Brigt. Portree, Simpson, Boston 48 hours—wheat; brigt. Margaret,—molasses to T. C. Kinnear.

CLEARED.

THURSDAY 31st.—Brig Trial, Hobson, Liverpool GB—oil, lumber &c. by W. Stairs. 1st. brig Coquette, Harrison, BW Indies—four, fish, &c. by J. A. Moren; schr. Louisa, Muggah, Cuba—fish, and lumber by Fairbanks & Allison; brigt. Margaret, Kinney, BW Indies,—pork, flour, oil, &c. by Fairbanks & Allison. Feb. 3 schr. Eight Sons, Eaton, BW Indies,—fish, lumber flour, &c. by J. Fairbanks.

SAILED—Wednesday 29th ult. H. M. Packet Darque Spey, Lieut James, for Falmouth. Friday, 31st brigt. Emerald, Freeman, Lunenburg.

For the Pearl.

TO MY SISTER.

My sister? I am sad for thee,
And freely fall affection's tears,
That dark affliction's doom should be
The curse of these thy youthful years.
A lot hereof of all that cheers
A dark and rugged way, is mine;
And, oh! a fate too like appears
To be too early also thine.

Alas! that one so young as thou
Shouldst feel the opening world so drear,
To deep and wasting sorrow bow,
And heave the sigh and shed the tear.
In early youth when life is dear,
When love is pure and hope is high—
Oh! why should fortune's frown severe
The smile of happiness deny?

Perchance this weight of mortal woe
Some great and good design fulfills.
But life is all too dark to show
Why Heav'n in sovereign wisdom wills
The darkest lot, the deepest ills,
To those so fitly formed for joy,
That when with bliss the bosom thrills
They dream not of the world's alloy.

But wherefore murmur?—Man is blind—
Or seeing part but dimly sees;
But God is greatly good and kind
And but in righteousness decrees.
What though deprived of health and ease
And every prospect of delight—
What though all pleasure fail to please—
He wills, and what he wills is right!

It must be so.—Perhaps the soul,
An erring yet immortal thing,
Unmindful of her glorious goal,
To this poor world confines her wing.
Perhaps our hearts too fondly cling
To all decreed to pass away—
To flowers that wither as they spring,
And love with bitterness repay.

Then wherefore murmur? We but bear
Part of the common lot of all—
The toil, the pain, the strife, the care—
The curse that followed from the fall:
And though to us severe the thrall,
As man was surely made to mourn,
The doom that life may not recall
Till death in patience must be borne.

1839.

ANON.

CELERY.

The last number of Hovey's Magazine contains the following, on the cultivation of Celery:—

"There are six or eight varieties of celery cultivated, and all those who cultivate it, have their favourite kinds; nevertheless, I will venture to recommend the white solid, and the rose coloured solid celery, to be grown, either for the market or for private family use. The second week in April, if there is a cucumber frame at work, prepare two or three shallow boxes, and fill them with a fine rich soil, and sow the seed on the surface, with a liberal hand; then press it down pretty solid, with a piece of board, and cover it lightly with very fine sifted earth; this done, give the whole a gentle watering, and place the boxes in the frame, close to the front.

When the plants make their appearance, give them air every day, if possible, by propping up the sash, at the front, where the boxes are placed. As soon as it is perceived that the plants have the least tendency to grow weak, they must be removed from the frame, immediately to the open air, choosing some well sheltered spot. On the approach of foul weather, they may be removed to some place under cover, and taken out again after the unfavourable weather is over. If no frame, as spoken of, be at hand, sow the seed on a rich moist piece of ground, the last week in April, in a sheltered situation: the ground must be well enriched for this purpose, and the older the manure is, the better. Dig it over, and rake the surface very fine and even; then sow the seed pretty thick, on the surface, and with a clean spade beat it lightly down, nice and even, and cover about a quarter of an inch, with fine soil.

As soon as the plants are about two inches high, they should be transplanted into a nursery bed—but previous to this, the ground must be well manured and dug over; then lay a board on the ground, in order to stand upon, and set the plants out in regular order, at least three inches apart, plant from plant. When the plants are taken up from the seed bed, before proceeding to transplant them, do not neglect to rub off all the side shoots, which it will be seen are just making their appearance around the base of

the plants, and cut off the ends of the roots, if it is desired to produce first rate celery.

About the first or second week of July, the plants will be ready for final planting out—their strong, robust appearance, by this time, I imagine, will give great encouragement to the grower, by removing them with a trowel in a damp day they will scarcely feel the change.

One sure guide to go by is, always deep moist soil, whatever the sub-soil may be; for it matters not how rich the ground is made with manure; if there is a deficiency of moisture the growth will be stunted.

In preparing the trenches for the final planting, if the soil is deep, dig it out of the depth of eighteen inches in width: and the length as far as is thought proper for the number of plants; six inches of the trench must be filled up with the best old rotted manure that can be procured; as long strawy litter is not suitable, it should not be used. After the manure has been thrown into the trench, it should be dug over, in order to mix the soil at the bottom of the trench thoroughly with it; this done, cut a little of the soil from each side of the trench, for the purpose of covering it about an inch, and it will then be ready for the plants, which should be set out six or eight inches apart, in a straight line down the centre.

Keep the celery free from weeds, and earth a little, at different times, till the trench is nearly filled up; then earth it up no more, until it is done for the last time, which should be the first or second week of September, sooner, if necessary. I have two reasons for following this process. The first is, that the roots of the plants are already covered as much as they ought to be, if we suppose the sun and air has any effect on them, or is of any benefit to them. My second reason is, that the celery will make a stronger growth, and will be very much superior, both in size and quality, to that which is earthed up every week or ten day, as is generally done. Good celery ought to be solid, thoroughly blanched, and of large size, and perfectly clear of any blemish, such as rust or canker.

J. W. RUSSELL.

DELIRIUM TREMENS.

One of the most frightful maladies consequent upon the abuse of vinous drinks, is *delirium tremens*, which bears with it a melancholy train of symptoms which are closely allied to some of the most aggravated forms of the disease which the sad catalogue of human afflictions present us with. Some time previous to the development of this disorder, there are observed weakness, languor and emaciation; there is no appetite for breakfast or for dinner; there is a slowness of the pulse, coldness of the hands and feet, a cold moisture over the whole surface of the body, cramp in the muscles of the extremities, giddiness, nausea, vomiting. To these signs succeed a nervous tremor of the hands, and likewise of the tongue; the spirits become dejected, a melancholy feeling pervades the mind: the sleep is short and interrupted: this may constitute the first stage; after which a second comes on, attended with the highest degree of nervous irritation, ending in mental alienation. Objects of the most frightful nature are present to the imagination; the eye acquires a striking wildness; the person cannot lie down; he fancies he sees faces of extreme hideousness before him, beings enter into a conspiracy against him: sleep is altogether banished. This disorder sometimes bursts forth after a debauch with tremendous violence, and in an unmanageable form; it is sometimes characterized by the exhibition of a furious delirium; the eyes become ferrety, the perspiration enormous, and the want of sleep is almost painful to the attendant. Oftentimes the paroxysm is of a melancholy kind; the appearance of the sufferer is very striking from his total helplessness; his incoherence of ideas, and his refusal to drink, which produces almost as striking an effect of hydrophobia, excite the utmost alarm. Death is sometimes sudden. Dr. Pearson witnessed a distressing incident in a patient who, for a considerable time before his death, imagined he saw the devil at the ceiling above the bed; and as the disease increased, he fancied the evil spirit approached him with a knife to cut his throat, and actually expired making violent efforts to avoid the fatal instrument.—*Dr. Sigmond.*

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

An old fellow whose name we veil under that of Hunks, died in the adjacent town of Charleston recently, who would have been a capital subject for Dickens. He was a miserly, close-fisted, real skin-flint, who, it was supposed by his neighbours, had scraped together, assuch characters will, in one way and another, a considerable sum of money.—This was not known, however. He lived like the poorest, shutting his door upon every intruder—till at last Death knocked, and he was obliged to open. During his sickness he was wont to send daily for a small purse of silver and gold hid in the wall of his cellar, which he would count over with that feeling of painful delight, which inhabits the bosom of the true miser alone. Disease, however wore down his frame rapidly, and at last he was unequal to the task of going through his daily custom of counting the pieces in his purse, and could only as they were displayed before him, pat them softly with his hands as a lady pats her favorite dog on the back.

One day during the last stages of the disease, he sent for a neighbor, and expressed a wish to impart a secret to him—"Go down to the cellar (said he) and in the further corner you will find

a tub. Raise it, and you will see a shingle, beneath which is a box." The individual followed the directions, and found a box of specie. "Now go to another corner"—said the miser, describing the place. Another box was found embedded in the earth. A day or two after, when he found he must soon leave all his earthly treasures, he desired to be raised up in his bed. His request was granted, when he immediately reached out his skinny hand beneath his pillow, and lo! another box was found cunningly concealed under it, containing about five hundred dollars in French gold pieces, which it is understood he took from one of the banks about the time of the suspension of specie payments. All these buried treasures were given in the keeping of his neighbour for the benefit of others. He said there was one other box, but that he didn't like to tell where it was, as he might want it himself. He however consented to write the place of interment on a piece of paper, so that the secret might not perish with him. He died soon after, and his hidden treasures were counted over at the close of the funeral ceremonies.

Thus died, at an advanced age, one, whose only aspiration, through a long life, seems to have been the hoarding of specie and burying it, where it could be of no earthly benefit to any one, —a perfect miser—a lover of money, not for the blessings which it might impart and diffuse around him, but for its own sake—not for the name of possessing it, for he feigned and was thought to be poor—but because the mere habit of acquisition had become a passion, and the bare consciousness of possession was a pleasure—a phantom of delight, which he hugged with rapture to his bosom. Well will it be for such if they have laid up treasures in Heaven as well as on earth.—*N. H. Eagle.*

DEER PARK AT TAYMOUTH CASTLE.—There is something indescribably striking in the appearance of the antlered herd feeding on their rich pastures, or bounding about in all the poetry of motion, with their graceful figures, branching horns, and soft sparkling eyes, which seem lighted up by intelligence. The picturesque appearance of the deer is greatly heightened by his almost preternatural acuteness of hearing and smelling: he stops at every whisper, crests his head, tosses his antlers, and seems to catch the most faint and distant sounds; whilst, at the same time, some are slowly ruminating on the grass, the fawns duly following their dams, and others are seen darting off unhunted to the woods. Deer feed generally in the night or at early dawn, and retire in the day to the shelter of the woods. Their morning retreat is thus picturesquely described by Gilpin:—

"The day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawn prospect wide;
The hazy woods, the mountain's misty top,
Swell on the sight, while o'er the forest glade
The wild deer trip, and, often turning, gaze
At early passengers."

The deer park at Taymouth Castle contains seven hundred fallow deer, nearly a hundred red deer, some fine specimens of the black deer, and you can move in no direction without starting the light-footed roe: and in a small paddock to the east of the deer park are to be seen some specimens of the moose deer, which are so tame that they will come up and fawn upon you. There are also some wild Indian buffaloes, sent to this country a few months ago by Sir W. D. Stewart, Bart. of Murthly Castle and Grantully, from the rocky mountains of the New World.—*Old Sport. Mag. for Oct.*

CLERICAL ANECDOTE.—Old parson W. of Bristol Co. Mass. related the following anecdote of himself. He wished to address every portion of his flock in a manner to impress them most deeply, and accordingly gave notice that he would preach separate sermons to the old, to young men, to young women, and to sinners. At the first sermon his house was full,—but not one aged person was there. At the second, to young men, every lady of the parish was present, and but few of those for whom it was intended. At the third, few young ladies attended, but the aisles were crowded with young men. And, at the fourth, to sinners, not a solitary individual was there, except the sexton and the organist. "So," said the old parson,—"I found that every body came to church to hear his neighbours scolded, but no one cared to be spoken of himself."

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