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Bentley's Miscellany.

THE NIGHT-WATCH.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

Youth, thoughtless and inexperienced, sees in the oddities of a stranger nought but food for ridicule; but some little knowledge of the world and its vicissitudes teaches a man of feeling to regard with melancholy the eccentricities of old age. Sorrow often leaves fantastic traces of her fatal visits, and the peculiarities which excite mirth are frequently the indications of a bewildered mind, and of a broken heart, which has done with mirth for ever.

Having business to transact in the city, I once remained for a few days at the much-frequented hotel where the coach stopped which conveyed me to London. The old-fashioned coffee-room was still fitted up with those compartments or boxes, which, though expelled from hotels of more recent construction, secure to the traveller some little feeling of seclusion and independence; and I in mine, to the right of the fire-place, having finished my late dinner, sat endeavouring to take an interest in a newspaper, which I had already sifted to its last advertisement. On the opposite side of the fire, in the private box corresponding with mine, sat another solitary person. He was tall and meagre, his countenance pale, his hair thin, and perfectly grey; his age I should have guessed to be between sixty and seventy. My attention was attracted towards him by the wild and painful expression of his large clear light-blue eyes.

His movements were so quick and eccentric, that it was with difficulty I could conceal my risibility; to restrain it was beyond my power. I had not then been taught the forbearance which I would now suggest to others.

I still held my newspaper before me, pretending to be occupied with its columns; but all the time I cast furtive glances at my neighbour, unable to account for his extraordinary gestures. For some minutes he would clasp his forehead with both hands, then he would start as if struck with a sudden recollection, and look round anxiously from side to side, until with a deep sigh he collapsed into his former position, or leant his brow disconsolately on the table before him; again he would look up, and with a stare of vacancy fix his eyes on me. I pretended to be unconscious of his scrutiny. Indeed, though his glance rested on my person, I doubt whether he was aware of my presence. Then something like a glimmering of intelligence passed over his wan countenance, and, half-conscious that his manner had attracted observation, he assumed an attitude and demeanour of composure. Thoughtless as I then was, the effort of an insane person to conceal his malady was inexpressibly affecting. I had laughed at his eccentricities,—I could have wept at his ineffectual endeavour to conceal them.

Suddenly he exclaimed, "Lost—lost!" and commenced an eager search for something. He looked anxiously round the box in which his table was placed, and then rose, and with hurried steps paced the room, peering into every corner where it was at all likely any thing could be concealed. At length his attention was turned to me, and approaching me in haste, he said, "Sir, I beg your pardon—I have lost—*myself*. Have you seen *me* anywhere? I am anxious—miserable—" and then he darted abruptly from me, looked under the seats and behind the curtains, shook his head despondingly after each disappointment, and finally left the room.

The waiter informed me that, though occasionally subject to wanderings similar to that I had witnessed, the gentleman was generally perfectly tranquil and in his right mind. He knew little of him, except that he had been a lieutenant in the navy. I soon retired to my own room, and am not ashamed to confess that the recollection of the stranger kept me long from slumber, and haunted my pillow when at length I fell asleep.

It was late before I entered the coffee-room the next morning, and I was somewhat startled at seeing the lieutenant sitting quietly at his breakfast. He offered me the newspaper he had been reading; and, making some remark on the weather, inquired whether I had been a traveller during the night. I believe it was with some embarrassment that I replied, that I had arrived on the afternoon of the preceding day, and had spent the evening in the coffee-room. His cheek became flushed, and he looked at me eagerly for a moment. He then seemed inclined to speak; but checking himself, he turned from me, and resumed his breakfast. Vexed with myself for the want of tact with which I had alluded to the preceding evening, I endeavoured to make amends by conversing on general subjects. His reserve gradually wore away, and we soon sat together talking more like old familiar friends, than strangers who had so recently met under circumstances so unpromising.

That night we were again the sole occupants of the coffee-room.

Every trace of mental excitement had vanished from the countenance and deportment of the lieutenant; and, though still most melancholy, he evinced no disinclination to meet my social advances. On the contrary, we soon occupied the same box, sitting opposite to each other, and chatting with the frankness and familiarity of old companionship.

There are some men with whom on the instant we seem to get acquainted. An hour's accidental association in a stage coach, a steam-packet, or a hotel, does more towards banishing reserve and restraint than many months of daily communication with beings less congenial. They seem to suit us—we part from them with regret, and long afterwards, when their names are forgotten, we remember a pleasant fellow and a happy hour. It is not then that friendships can be made; but we may learn from this the advantage of unpretending good humour and frank benevolence.

I already felt deeply interested for my unhappy companion, and I every instant dreaded inadvertently touching some chord which might arouse the terrors of his now slumbering malady; still I was fascinated by his singular manner, and at all risks prolonged the conversation.

"You are in the navy, sir?" said I, inquiringly.

"I have been a sailor," he replied.

"Have been?"

"Yes," said he, with a deep sigh, "I have been a lieutenant not in the British service,—in a merchant ship, the China trade. I ought never to have been permitted to assume command of any kind. I was afflicted with a malady which ought to have prevented it."

At this allusion to a "malady" I looked down, and changed colour.

"The malady I speak of," he calmly continued, "is not that which I believe you last night witnessed; that is the dreadful result of my having been intrusted with power. The cause of all my misery,—the malady which ought to have precluded me from all such responsibilities,—was an absence of mind, to which from my very boyhood I have been subject."

I said nothing; but secretly I could not help surmising that the absence of mind which afflicted the boy, might have been the germ of that insanity which afterwards bowed down the spirit of the man.

"If you will have patience to listen to a sad story, I will tell you mine," said my companion.

"Do not agitate yourself unnecessarily," I replied, "by recalling the past."

"Recalling the past!" he mournfully exclaimed; what an unmeaning phrase that is! To me, and to all who have so suffered, the past is ever present? Listen.—I was a lieutenant when I became acquainted with a young widow, who with one child, then two years old, resided at Brompton. My old malady had increased upon me, and a consciousness of my failing frequently occasioned me deep depression of spirits. The widow was kind to me,—I loved her and her infant boy,—and before a year was gone she became my wife; and the child, who had never known his father, learned to call me by that endearing name. No father ever loved a child as I did that sweet boy Frank. Whenever I returned from my voyage he was my pet, my constant companion; and, never having been blessed with a child of my own, all my paternal affections were lavished upon him. As he grew bigger, he learned to watch me in my absent fits; and, dearly as my poor wife loved me, I do think that the boy's attachment to me was even greater.

"At length nothing would satisfy him but to be permitted to accompany me to sea. I heard the proposition with delight; and though his mother wept bitterly, she could not censure his very natural bias towards my profession. She gave her reluctant consent, and the boy went with me.

"Often when my malady oppressed me most heavily, his watchful care concealed my deficiencies from others; and that which I had neglected to do was done by him before the omission was detected. How I doted on that dear boy!—it is not to be told! You could scarcely credit it; yet, when you hear the sequel, you'll say I must have hated him.

"His dear mother's health declined; and latterly, at the close of every voyage, she came on deck when we lay in the river to welcome us both, and to embrace and bless her child. She loved me,—but she idolised that frank, spirited, amiable, beautiful boy!

"The last time we sailed away together, how wildly she clung to his neck at parting!—how earnestly she urged me to cherish and protect him! He was then sixteen years old,—a merry midshipman. There was not a handsomer fellow in the ship, nor a

better heart in the world. My wife lay insensible when we were forced to leave her; the hope which on former occasions had sustained her seemed utterly to have forsaken her. Was it a misgiving?—did she suspect *me*? No—she would have roused herself to gaze once again on dear, dear Frank!

"The ship sailed, and we had a prosperous voyage. The captain, for reasons I forget, nor do they affect my story, was anxious at a particular period to make observations of the position of some island, respecting which, and indeed of its very existence, there was uncertainty.

"One bright and beautiful night the captain had gone to his rest, the watch was with me, and finding myself in the very latitude indicated by my orders, I gave directions for a boat to be manned, ordered Frank to take the command of her, and briefly intimated to him the observations which he was expected to make.

"Lightly he descended the ship's side, took his place in the boat, waved his hand to me, and away they went,—a merry boat's crew, commanded by a happy youth of sixteen.

"How beautifully calm was the sea! The huge vessel seemed to rest motionless on the tide, as if conscious that she was to await the return of that frail pinnace—a mother lingering for the coming of her infant! I never saw the deep blue sky so full of stars before! I gazed upwards, I know not how long, till a dreamy dizzy feeling oppressed my brain. I still leant over the side of the vessel, and my thoughts were of my wife, and the home where we had often been so happy!

"Another rose to take my place—my night's watch was over. I left my orders with my successor, and with my weary fellow watchers I descended to my rest.

"He who succeeded me had not long been on deck when a fresh and fair breeze arose. We had gone on sluggishly for many days, often quite becalmed; and now that the wished-for impetus was given, every white wing was quickly spread, and we flew over the foaming waters. The breeze increased almost to a gale, and for hours we had pursued our rapid course, when suddenly he who had the watch, the man who had taken my place, *missed the boat!*

"Inquiry instantly betrayed the truth! They came to me—to me!—the father of that boy—his sworn father—the man who loved him, and would have died for him—and they found me asleep! O the agony of returning recollection! In my brain's lethargy I had forgotten the departure of the boat! I had neglected to note it in the orders left to my successor. I heard the rushing of the wind, and the dash of the waves against the ship's side, and though with all speed she was put about, and we went in search of those we had abandoned, I had no hope—I felt that I was a murderer! I know not how long we cruised about—it was in vain—we never saw them more! Oh! what a dreadful death! Prepared but for an absence of an hour—without food—without water! O God! what must the poor boy have suffered!

"I remember nothing after that until we anchored in the river, and then my wife came on board. Then they could no longer restrain me. I rushed to her, pale, feeble, helpless as she was, and briefly as words could tell it, I shouted in her ears the fate of her loved boy. I told her of his death; but I had not time to tell of my remorse, for she fell dead at my feet.

"You will not wonder now at what you saw last night. I left the ship,—but where was I to go? I had lost my poor wife, and my boy, my merry boy,—and now at times I lose myself. No wonder. Can you tell me where I am, sir? My senses—my brain—where can I be?"

The poor lieutenant took a candle, and, after anxiously searching every part of the room, he left me, and I saw him no more.

Kind reader, this is a *true* story.

DUELLING.—Duelling, as a punishment, is absurd, because it is an equal chance whether the punishment fall upon the offender or the person offended. Nor is it much better as a reparation—it being difficult to explain in what the satisfaction consists, or how it tends to undo the injury, or to afford a compensation for the damage already sustained. The truth is, it is not considered as either. A law of honour having annexed the imputation of cowardice to patience under an affront, challenges are given and accepted with no other design than to prevent, or wipe off this suspicion—without malice to the adversary, generally without a wish to destroy him, or any other concern than to preserve the duellist's own reputation and reception in the world. The unreasonableness of this rule of manners is one consideration—the conduct of individuals, while such a rule exists, is another.

For the Pearl.
COLLINS.

The poet Collins affords a melancholy example of the neglect which sometimes weighs down men of genius, and of the many sorrows to which their avocations prepare the way. The "man of the world" may sneer at the term genius, and at the sorrows and the avocations of the poet by profession;—but he should recollect that his god, the money bag, is not the god to whom all others are bound to bow, and that a world made up solely of the grabbers, would indeed be a world of grubs. Further, he should recollect, before he becomes rooted in his complacent contempt of intellectuality, that all the great lights of past ages—the demigods to whom even he yields willing homage, because time has hallowed their names—that they were disciples in the ideal school, and spent laborious days in imagining, and pouring forth, excellencies, and beauties, and peculiarities, unconnected with spinning jennies, or steam engines, or even interest tables. And was this sacrifice, of ease and riches, all vain? Yes, if the tints, and music, and fragrance of nature are vain,—because we might have corn and oil without them. If the rose is superfluous, and the dewy heath, and the balmy grove;—if the crimson, and the azure, and the gold, and the exquisite forms which embellish the firmament are vain,—if the many tinted greens of earth, and the rainbow hues of its multitudinous flowers are vain,—if the emerald, and the snow, and the ever-varying curves of ocean are vain,—if every thing which soothes and humanizes, and feeds with nectar, and makes philanthropic and pious, the self-love-divested soul, are vain,—then are the avocations of the poet and philosopher vain also. But the sneerer does not act up to his contempt. He despises the devotee, of art or nature, who has not amassed worldly wealth,—but he makes use of his own riches—except indeed he be a mere gambler—to accumulate the delights which the fools have created, and which he directly acknowledges to be the refiners of society.

Collins was born at Chichester, in December 1729. His father was a tradesman, reduced by misfortune or improvidence, and under many obligations to a brother-in-law, a Colonel Martin. This uncle of the poet deserves a place among the honorable, whose names are held in remembrance, for, by his liberality, the education was given, and the early aspirations were soothed, to which the world of letters owes so much, in the productions of the author of the *Ode to Evening*. Collins composed his *Eclogues* in Winchester school, and varied the scenes of the class-room, with his fancies of Arcadia, and of the Arabian desert, and the Georgian forest. Too early he learned to despise that tact, a little of which is so eminently useful, of gathering together, in sunshine, the comforts necessary for a "rainy day." Thus, he makes his camel driver, Hassan, exclaim, when he finds himself afar from the friends and scenes of his city home, out on the lone desert:

"Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Shiraz walls I bent my way!
Curs'd be the gold and silver which persuade
Weak men to follow far fatiguing trade!
The lily peace outshines the silver store,
And life is dearer than the golden ore."

Here, however, Hassan was wrong, as men generally are when they run to extreme opinions. The gold and silver, although often productive of evil, should not be denounced, and "far fatiguing trade" lures the strong, and the good, and lures them with generally good results, frequently, although it sometimes lures the "weak" to their own destruction.

At Winchester Collins was placed at the head of the list of candidates for New College. This is one contradiction, of the absurd and mischievous notion, that dull school boys, make smart men. They sometimes do, no doubt, as an exception; but the rule is, necessarily, from the nature of things, the other way. No vacancy occurred at New College, and Collins was removed, by the liberality of his uncle, to Queen's College. In 1742 he published his *Eclogues*. His habits and personal appearance, in 1742, are thus described by a cotemporary:

"He was passionately fond of music, good natured and affable, warm in his friendship, and, as long as I knew him, very temperate in his eating and drinking. He was of a moderate stature, of a light and clear complexion, with grey eyes so very weak at times as hardly to bear a candle in the room, and often raise within him apprehensions of blindness."

After some time spent in college life, and some disappointments as regarded preferments, Collins went to London. He there entered on a foolishly gay life, and complaints of his uncle's agent made him use energetic exertions to relieve himself from the pecuniary obligations to which he was so long beholden. He wrote several miscellaneous works, and published his *Odes*. The sale of the latter was so wretched, that the deeply mortified and cruelly disappointed poet, collected the unsold numbers, and burnt them. This appears to have had a dreadful effect on his mind; he became by slow, and almost imperceptible degrees—but not imperceptible to himself—insane; and to this shock has the malady been attributed. In 1748 he wrote an ode on the death of Thomson, author of the *Seasons*.

"Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore,
When Thomson in summer wreaths is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar,
To bid his gentle spirit rest."

This poetic prophecy has been well fulfilled. Oft has the wanderer on the Thames rested on his dripping oar, to think of Thomson's gentle spirit, which yet sanctifies the landscape, and inspires pastoral thoughts amid sweetly pastoral scenes. A century nearly has rolled by, since Collins wrote the above stanza, and the month just passed, gives a pleasing verification of the prediction. A writer in one of the periodicals which are peculiar to our age, thus babbles, lovingly, of Thomson and the Thames:

"But of all the reminiscences attached to Hammersmith, the most interesting is, that Thomson the poet once made it his dwelling-place, and composed part of his 'Seasons' there, in a tavern called the Dame Coffeehouse. Thomson, for the last twenty years of his life, was a constant haunter of the Thames; he lived, died, and was buried on the banks of his favourite river. It may be said, indeed, without any disparagement to the Thames, that it killed this sweet poet and amiable man; for he caught a severe cold upon the water, when sailing in an open boat from London to Kew, which, being neglected, proved fatal a short time afterwards."

Soon after the tribute paid to Thomson, Collins went to Flanders;—he returned, received, by his uncle's will, a legacy of £2000, gave up poetry, and attached himself almost solely to the study of the New Testament. His mental malady increased; but, doubtless, much of its force and fierceness was broken by the sublime companion which the sufferer had taken to his bosom. It had the power to calm and soothe him, when scarcely any thing else could check his melancholy aberrations. He died in 1756, aged 26 years. A monument was erected to his memory, in the Chichester Cathedral,—under whose walls the poet often sported in his days of boyhood, and where he was finally laid, apart from suffering and sorrow, to wait the second appearing of "the Resurrection and the Life" whose words had become his last earthly balm.

A better specimen of Collins' genius, and of the gentleness and tenderness which pervade his poetical character, need not be sought than his *Ode to Evening*. It is sweet and soothing, as the approach of that hour to which it is devoted. Poetry, and metre, and lyrical variety and melody, unite, without the jingle of rhyme to distract attention from its mellifluous flow,—"like eve's own solemn springs, her springs and dying gales." Thus, glides the melody, stanza after stanza, as a full brook, over a gently inclined grassy bed;—now, unbrokenly bright,—again, urged into sparkling circles by some reedy point,—and then gurgling and murmuring against the blue pebbles which border the boy-made shoal.

ODE TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve! to soothe thy modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs and dying gales;

O Nymph reserv'd! while now the bright-hair'd Sun,
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed;

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-eye'd bat
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum;
Now teach me, maid compos'd!
To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers stealing thro' thy dark'ning vale
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As musing slow I hail
Thy genial lov'd return.

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours and Elves,
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph, who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the fresh'ning dew, and, lovelier still,
The pensive Pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams:

Of chill blust'ring winds or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hat
That from the mountain's sides
Views wilds and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw,
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his show'rs, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy ling'ring light;

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves,
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrieking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name!

What a lovely and lively personification is here given, of Evening. The hour is represented as a Nymph, modest, reserved, composed, and meek. Her approach is heralded by the loveliest of stars:—the "tiny people" of fairy land, and the river nymphs, and lovelier still, the pensive pleasures, prepare her car; and her occupation is to draw, with dewy fingers, the dusky veil o'er mountains, floods, and hamlets brown.

And with what a series of gentle pictures does the poet surround his favourite. The sun, like a conqueror, sits in his tent, above the Atlantic wave;—the pilgrim is aroused from his meditation, by the heedless flight of the beetle, who winds his horn in cadences suited to the deepening shadows;—and the star, whose rise marks the time for "folding" the flocks, moves in his paly circlet, and announces the hour of harmless revelry to the flower-pillowed Fays. The landscape is in accordance with these figures;—on fine twilight hours, the scene is, the wild sweet heath,—and the ruins of castle, or abbey, which, in its lonely dells, tell of the times of old; but on wet blustering eyes, the point is the cottage on the mountain side, whence—seated beneath its rain-sheltering roof, its open door admitting the soft richly-laden gusts—the wanderer looks abroad. He beholds, far below—harmless to him, only features of the subject landscape—wild swelling floods, and clustered hamlets, and spires half grove-hidden;—and hears, delighted—mixed with the music of the pattering rain, the fitful wind, and the murmuring torrents—the tinkling of the simple bell, which tells the swains that the hour of repose has arrived, and that the family scenes of cottage and farm house, may supercede the furrow and the hay field and the home stead.

Critics have found fault with Collins, on account of the number of his epithets: those descriptive words, applied to the names of things, which, in the most brief manner, gives attendant qualities and circumstances. Often, no doubt, epithets are expletive, and burden a subject, both as regards sense and sound,—but is it so in the *Ode to Evening*? Which are the epithets there, that seem thrust in to fill up a line, and to remove which would add to the elegance and energy of the article? Which of them could be dispensed with, without a material injury to the sentence in which it appears? *Bright-hair'd*, in reference to the setting sun, gives at once the glory which surrounds his dazzling face. As expressive is the term, *wavy*, applied to the ocean, over which he sits. The *weak-eye'd* bat, imparts at once the peculiar character and habits of that creature of the dusk,—as does *short shrill shriek*, and *leathern wing*, give his voice and appearance. *Folding* is a sweet pastoral epithet applied to the evening star, as is *paly*, to the suppressed light of his sphere, in the pearly heavens. Of similar character, are, *pensive pleasures*,—*religious gleams*,—*dim-discovered spires*,—and *dewy fingers*,—and what could so well give to the imagination, the warm vapour which rises from the foliage after a summer shower, as the phrase, "thy *breathing tresses* Eve"?

A brief consideration, of the *Ode to Evening*, will suffice for the discovery of the distinction between the purely poetic, and the practically descriptive parts; and of the peculiar excellence of each part. The personification of Evening, and her attendants,—of the sun,—of the seasons,—and of Fancy, Friendship, Science, and Peace, are of the purely poetic kind. The picture of the bat, and beetle, and pilgrim, and of the mountain-but scene, are of the poetically descriptive character. The first are purely ideal, helped by natural objects,—the latter are real existences, heightened by poetical associations.

In this *Ode* there are some fine examples of figures of Rhetoric, which enable us to present an object to the imagination, by naming the peculiarities which belong to it, or something to which it is supposed to bear a resemblance. Thus, the shepherd's pipe, made of reed or cane,—a somewhat straw or oaten production, and having vents, called stops,—gets the pastoral and descriptive designation, of "oaten stop,"—the place, and fancied appearance, of the clouds which surround the setting sun, give the gorgeous vapours under the terms, "western tent,"—the dull humming noise of the beetle is elevated by the title "sullen horn,"—the small, rather dim, sphere, of Vesper, is named "paly circlet," and the moist verdure sending forth fragrant exhalations, are called, "breathing tresses."

Beautiful all!—"Blessings on the Poets," they have enriched the world, often to their own detriment;—they should, at least, get the gratitude of those generations to which their productions are handed, as elder inspirations which are to exist for ever.

OLINTHUS.

The understanding may not be long able to withstand demonstrative evidence; but the heart which is guarded by prejudice and passion, is generally proof against argumentative reasoning; for no person will perceive truth when he is unwilling to find it.

Religion does not banish mirth, but only moderates and sets rules to it.—Herbert.

For the Pearl.

SHONGASSON.

MR. EDITOR—A Correspondent of the Times, signing himself Albyn, having published his rejected prize poem, and prefixed thereunto a note, which appears to breathe a defiance,—I have taken up my quill to prove to him, and the “better judges;” that his poem at least is “full of defects:—of the others I am not at liberty to write, till they like this shall have made their public appearance.—

I am with respect,
ONE OF THE (*inferior*) JUDGES.

In the prosecution of the task it shall be my sole object, (not being a critic by trade) to measure the thing by itself; for it would be absurd to apply the rule and plummet, where their use would appear to have been totally disregarded by the constructor;—and besides, were I to proceed thus, I should find it “out of all proportion my Lord:” the errors would be almost as frequent as the words. Let it suffice then to shew, that the thing is at variance with itself, for by no law can that be judged which is made in contempt of all,—I shall now then as clearly as I am able, point out those absurdities, which in my opinion condemned the *Extract*.

In the first place, it purported to be the *speech* of an Indian Warrior,—an untutored Savage,—but upon examination, I found that either he or Albyn, misstated the fact; either it is not the *speech* of Shongasson,—or he was other than he seemed; and now for the proofs: In 22d line this Savage is made to use a metaphor, derived from a source whence he had never an opportunity to draw it;—he, ignorant of the effect of tillage upon land, is made to compare life to it.—The wily Indian would tell his tribe nothing which neither he nor they understood. In 42d line a similar incongruity occurs,—“Fighting furies worthy of our steel;” here, again he, talks nonsense,—“worthy of our steel!” Where did Shongasson get his trusty blade? Eh Mr. Albyn!—or where got he the expression?—peradventure he used words without a meaning like—like whom?—But these are slight slips,—little mistakes, compared with the absurdity to be seen in the 48th line.

“Be then your rivals, not those rude Centaurs.” O ho, Mr. Shongasson—You are there are you?—a Grecian emigrant by jingo—or an old Ruman (Roman) at least—A Centaur, eh, I say trap to you—Alas for the better judges,—well what do they say now—I suppose they call that “Good?”—He talks of Gallic signs too,—in short he talks very unlike a sober, “tall, thin,” “feeble,” “vast,” “great.” Indian; but enough of this, no Indian, (if so be he was an Indian) in his right mind, would undertake to harangue his fellow Chiefs in such fashion, therefore as an Indian’s speech it is a decided failure. Q. E. D. And here I might cast down my pen, and expect the reply of the “better JUDGES,” clever fellows they be, I’ll warrant, if they find you “not guilty” of a mistake. But you may say, is that all you have to say against my extract?—O no, Mr. Albyn, there are many more errors of which you may be convicted—not to say a word of the faults in composition, etc.—for instance the wretched similitude,—similitude do I say?—’tis none, the things compared are as utterly unlike as the opinions of Albyn and the prize committee:—what similarity is there betwixt the “tall,” “thin,” “feeble,” “vast,” “great Shongasson” —(or are these epithets intended for the “hush’d Minas?”) and the dull rolling cloud curling up a cape,—which casts its “doubtful mein” (*mein?*) o’er Horton vale? the “doubtful mein” of a vapour!—tell it not in “Cape Breton” nor blab it to the “House of Assembly!”

What does “equal years” mean?—5th line “Yet here indulgent in the council still:” who is indulgent? the old man or the council.—17th line, “Embalms their memories with praise:” this is a *bad* metaphor and a *worse* mode of preservation. 30th line: “When the fierce Mohawks from our warriors fled, “And Abenakis at our *port-arms* bled,” 38th line—*bow-wow-wow*—how extremely inelegant and unpoetical;—“Or when we quaff’d the running brooks of blood,” where is Albyn’s authority for imputing this cannibal propensity,—’tis very disgusting, and doubly so because untrue:—the noble Micmacs had no such appetite.

“My voice is peace,” please supply for,—but Mr. Editor although the half has not been told I am fearful that too much has been written to try the patience of your readers to warrant my proceeding any farther,—however, should Albyn or the better judges deem my task unfinished, I may at another opportunity, trouble them with a few more blunders.—And I here leave them, not because the errors have all been shewn, but because I would rather employ my leisure in searching for elegancies elsewhere, fully persuaded that all who read must allow that Albyn’s bantling is pretty only in its parent’s eyes, and that the prize Committee acted justly in its condemnation.

[Perhaps it would be scarcely fair to let the above appear without some qualification as regards the writer whose signature is attached to the poem in question. Some persons might be led to infer that the critic’s depreciation might be generally applied to the author’s literary productions; but—although the piece under review, may have blemishes, which, under circumstances,

call for remark—those acquainted with Nova Scotia literature know, that “Albyn” has, frequently, during a series of years, written and published articles, that, for sweetness of metre, delicacy and strength of thought, and appropriateness of diction, are worthy of much praise.]—*Pearl*.

For the Pearl.

QUACKERY A SCIENCE.

FREE TRANSLATION FROM THE ITALIAN OF GIUSEPPE DROGHILIO.

No. 2.

The field of Quackery is exactly where it was hundreds of centuries ago, it lies in the fertile regions of ignorance, prejudice, conceit, caprice, and hope deferred. It may seem somewhat paradoxical but it is nevertheless a truth that disease is not the “*scena bella*,” as Droghilio calls it, of Quackery. It is on the rude undisciplined senses, glimmerings of reason, and unaided animal and moral powers on which it displays its main influence—in its dealings with these it never fails—but disease often baffles its utmost exertions. Disease is always a secondary consideration with the thoroughly bred and scientifically working Quack; he glories in addressing himself personally and *newspaperly* to the wants and cravings of the fancy and imagination—whilst he exercises his persuasive eloquence with these, he holds them in absolute bondage by the mysteries of his art—he gathers herbs like a Druid by moonlight, he gives a glimpse of his mysterious pill, powder, or plaster—he speaks of death as a result entirely unknown to him, he places all the labours of the undertaker with admirable tact and skill on the interference and ignorance of the Regular Physician—and he concludes by leaving but one person in the whole world before the eyes of his patient, “*per sua natura*”——*himself*.

As in every grade of society there are numberless persons who view Quackery with esteem and confidence—and thousands who want to, and will, be *quacked*—it is a natural consequence that characters will arise out of these conditions of life:—and as circumstances have been long notorious for making men—so have they in every age been the prolific parents of quacks—nor can any one be justified in the present day, when the demands of our common nature are every where filled up by the ingenuity of scientific men, in outraging the persecuted names of charlatanism when the necessities of the community actually require them, and when acute and shrewd persons are to be found and are instigated to practice by such heavy arguments as those of the purest gold and silver.—Few birds are of greater consequence than the vulture, and why? Is it not because there is a great demand for his services? The demand for stews has maintained them for ages in the very face of christianity.

The clamorous boasting of quacks is often thoughtlessly ridiculed—but those who censure this so rashly forget that the pretensions of an *alcohest* or *lapis philosophorum* is one of the most accomplished qualifications of the science of Quackery—a Quack would indeed know little of his art if he was to commit a felony upon his own remedy—he but half understands the elasticity of human proselytism who would confine his panacea to one faculty when he can always extend it over all. As men will gluttonize on meat and drink so will they have excess of *humbug*—they will have it—they are not to be cheated—they will be *humbugged*. Are they not fools who refuse to gratify this craving of society, they ridicule it, they would turn it to contempt. They might as well argue against the wind or the confirmed drunkard—all such persons want practical knowledge—they hastily judge others by themselves—and like metaphysicians of old make rules that will answer but for one! The education of all the professions tends to lead them away from the real character of mankind—it unfit them for employment where it is most lucrative—it places them in positions where their abilities are withheld from the community—it places them as it were in reserve—they take up a position behind the parties engaged—and what is very often the case with the best disciplined troops their services may never be required. Thus it is with the Quack and the regularly bred Doctor. The quack with admirable address says to his less accomplished practitioner, “Stand you there while I whisper a word of consolation in the ear of your patient—he will pay me a pound when he wont pay you a farthing—be quiet—or swear away if you will—but you don’t understand it.”

When Paracelsus began his career he set out with right good sense by publicly burning the writings of Galen and Avicenna:—he did more,—he went further,—and with greater good sense still, he invested himself with the miraculous powers of mystery,—and as the writings were burning, he declared that he had just been down at the gates of Hell where he had refuted them both, to the Devil’s entire satisfaction!

Paracelsus knew mankind better than most men of his day, though all the Doctors of those days knew them pretty well—he invented an elixir which was to prolong men’s lives to that of Methusaleh’s—it was called his Elixir Proprietatis. And though it was only a mixture of saffron, myrrh and aloes, yet it answered all the purposes for which it was designed—it occupied men’s thoughts for the time—many had swallowed it and continued to

thrive and promise long continued life, and as Paracelsus was a drunken fellow, provided he did not drink his own elixir, which I believe he carefully avoided, the probability was that his medicine would do him good service to the last and for as long as he was concerned maintain its fame. Van Helmont a follower of Paracelsus says boldly—“let every one who cannot cure all diseases with the *alcohest* of Paracelsus be expelled the faculty.”

The translator begs here to quote a verse from another work of Giuseppe Droghilio—being a poetical sketch of the Dogmas, Theories and Doctrine of Physic—in reference to Paracelsus it runs thus:

“The stone of the philosophers he found
When wandering on the frontiers of great Cham,
Some say an Arab did the thing propound—
Some say it was the offspring of a dram
Which he had taken when a prisoner bound:
Some think it all a piece of fudge or flam,
And far behind his mercury or opium,
The greatest medicines in his Pharmacopium.”

“Of his Elixir Proprietatis
He boasted (it was saffron myrrh and aloes,)
With which none ever could be dissatis-
fied,—it was life to all but drunken fellows!
Now think of a discovery such as that is,
Which life prolongs beyond Methusaleh’s!
It would have ended all our books and shelves,
By handing down our ancestors themselves!”

MORNING AT COLLEGE, AFTER A NIGHT’S DEBAUCH.—Quickly and quaintly did Sleep body forth its ever-varying figures to his view, like the forms displayed on the shifting sides of an Italian image boy’s tray; till Fancy finished by conjuring up a ferocious looking custom-house officer out of the diminutive figure of his Scout, who had utterly forgotten his new master’s existence till the bell ceased, and only roused him just in time to present himself in his shirt at the sitting-room window, and catch a glimpse of the last scholar, as he spread the wings of his white surplice, and flew furiously towards the already closing doors of the chapel.

The Freshman returned to his bedroom, said it was pleasant, and looked as if it was anything but pleasant,—sighed, sat down, and rested his head on his hand for a few minutes. He then rose, looked in the glass, saw a very pale face, and a pair of eyes, which looked like glazed miniatures of themselves,—rushed suddenly to the water-jug, poured its contents into the basin, inserted his head in it, and drank himself nearly high and dry before he withdrew it again,—sate down once more, sighed once more,—commenced dressing very slowly,—made a most unsatisfactory bow to his neckcloth,—looked at his hand,—it was shaking,—so he shook his head to keep it company, and then tapped it gently with his fore-finger, as if he was knocking up Memory to consult her on the occurrences of the preceding evening. The attempt was a failure. There was no concealing the fact any longer,—either the mulled claret had been too aristocratic, or the gin-punch too plebeian for him.

He sank upon the sofa, and gazed upon the quiet quadrangle and green garden beyond it. Above, around, beneath, all was sunny, and soft, and tranquil. The stillness of Sabbath blended sweetly with the brightness of summer, and the Freshman’s dim gaze roved vacantly over the broad beauty of earth and heaven, and his ear drank in half unconsciously the faint song of the distant spring-bird, till something seemed to tell him that his own feverish head and languid pulse were not exactly in keeping with the general harmony of the picture. Besides the light hurt his eyes. He drew down the blind, and retired from the window to try and remember what great scholar it was of whom it was recorded, that having taken somewhat more than was good for him at some annual college festival, he was discovered in the morning with his night-cap placed on the candle by way of extinguisher.

LORD BROUGHAM’S OPINION OF JUNIUS.—We find the following opinion of Junius expressed by Lord Brougham, in his late work, “Historical Sketches of the Statesmen of the Times of George III:”—

“He appears to have been a person in whose bosom every fierce and malignant passion rag’d without the control of a sound judgment, and without any kindly feeling to attemper his nature. Writing at a time when good or even correct composition was little studied, and in the newspapers hardly ever met with, his polished style, though very far from being a correct one, and further still from being good pure English, being made the vehicle of abuse, sarcasm, and pointed invective, naturally excited a degree of attention which was further maintained by the boldness of his proceedings. No man can read a page of any letter without perceiving, that the writer has but one way of handling every subject, and that he constructs his sentences with the sole design of saying the most bitter things he can in the most striking way, without ever regarding in the least degree their being applicable or inapplicable to the object of the attack. The consequence is, that the greater part of his invective will suit just one bad man or wicked minister as well as another.”

Tait's Magazine.

POETRY AND STEAM.

The man of genius is often looked upon as a being that shuts himself up and knows little of what is going on in the real world around him. He is supposed to live in a fairyland of his own creation—often a very barren and profitless one—delusions. In reference to him, men of arts and full of all manner of enchantments and magical sciences, the men of spinning-jennies and steam-engines—say, the naturalists, and many other writers—talk of themselves as practical men. They often smile at the poet and the romance-writer, as men of the world affect to do, and say—"Oh! a very clever, a very clever fellow indeed; but as ignorant of actual life as a child." But the poets and romancers of late have proved themselves both to be profitable fellows and practical ones. To say nothing of vast sums coined from the brain of Scott and of Byron, look at the comfortable nest which Moore has feathered for himself. Very pretty sums he has fobbed now and then. See old George Crabbe going down to his parsonage with £3,000 in his saddle-bags at one time. Look at the poet's house at Keswick: it has a library in it which has cost a fortune; and the poet and historian sits there now, what with salaries, pensions, Quarterly Review articles, and residuary legateeships, as no inconsiderable man of substance. There is that "old man eloquent" too, his neighbour, at Rydal Mount, who, if he have not amassed a mount of gold on which to build his palace, has got a poet's bower on one of the most delicious little knolls in Europe, warmed by as much affection and domestic peace as ever crowned one man's hearth; and having no mark or stamp of poverty about it. Yes, and spite of Edinburgh and Quarterly, and a host of lower critics who echoed their owl-notes, his poetry is become fashionable! Only think of that—"The Idiot Boy" and "Betty Foy," "The Old Wanderer" in his worsted stockings, and "Michael" and "The Wagoner," become fashionable, so that every critic who knows no more of poetry than he did ten years ago, now cries "glorious! divine! inimitable!" at every new edition of his poems. Yes, and so they shall cry—for such is the ultimate triumph of general sense and taste over professional stupidity. His poetry is become golden in all senses; and, if Government only act in the matter of copyright as a British government ought to act, it will flow on in a golden stream to his children's children, to the third and fourth—ay, to the fortieth and four hundredth generation.

These are your dreamers and thrifless poets of the present days! But they are not merely the profitable, they are the really practical men too. We ask, where would your Watts and Boltons be, if it were not for them? Why, it is they—it is the men of poetical genius—who build your steamboats and steamcoaches. The man of genius is not now merely a scrawler on paper, a writer of poems or of tales; but his pen is become a magician's wand, the most potent one that was ever wielded: and, while other men think that he is merely inditing some pleasant lay, or matter for a winter-evening's fireside, they who see farther into a millstone know that he is actually building ships and boats, steamengines and steamcarriages; launching new and splendid packets; laying down railroads, and carrying them through mountain and forest; erecting inns, furnishing them with hosts, and guests, and waiters; spreading tables with every delicacy of the season—as witness, ye grouse on many a heathery hill, ye herrings of Loch Fine, and salmon of countless lochs, and rivers running like silver from the mountains—spreading them for thousands who run to and fro in the earth, not merely increasing knowledge of one another, but the good luck of landlords, and the employment of whole troops of poor and deserving men. The man of genius does this, and more: he creates joint-stock companies, he invests large capitals, he makes captains and stewards of steamers, clerks, coachmen, and sailors—these, and many other creatures after their kind, are of his creation.

Does any one doubt it? Why, Sir Walter Scott has done more than this, of his single arm. See what he has done for Scotland. See every summer, and all summer long, what thousands pour into that beautiful country, exploring every valley, climbing every mountain, skimming on every frith and loch, and spreading themselves and their money all through the land. And what roads and steamvessels, what cars and coaches, are prepared for them! what inns are erected!—and yet not half enough!—so rapidly does the spirit of the poetical and picturesque spread—so wonderfully do the numbers of its votaries increase, seeking a little easement of their swollen purses, a little outlet for all their taste and enthusiasm. No less than nine hundred persons, on a daily average, pass through the single city of Glasgow, chiefly of this class of persons, set astray by this great spirit which has of late years sprung up, the work of our poets and romancers. In summer all the inns there are filled jam-full; trains of omnibusses, or omnibis, are flying down to the Broomielaw every hour, to discharge the contents of the inns into the steamers, and return with the living cargoes of the steamers to the inns. Every hour, the bell of some packet, bound to the Highlands, the Western Isles, Ireland, Wales, and all such places, attractive as the very land of the Genii to poetical imaginations, is heard ringing out its call to the picturesque and pleasure-hunters; and that call is obeyed by swarms of eager tourists, to the height of all human astonishment.

And when did all this grow up? "Oh," say the mere mechanic heads, "why, when steam created such facilities." Yes, since the steam of poetic brains created it! Where would your steamboats and your railroads have been leading us, do you think, if Bishop Percy had not collected the glorious ballads of nature and of heroism that were scattered over Scotland and England—the leaves of a new Sybil a million times more fateful and pregnant with wonders than the old; if Bishop Percy had not done this, and set on fire the kindred heads of Southey, of Wordsworth, and of Scott; if the Border Minstrelsy had not been gathered by Scott; if ballads and eulogues of a new school, if poems full of a pensive beauty and a pure love, had not been framed by Southey; if Wordsworth had not—stricken, as he confesses, by the mighty power of nature through this very medium—gone wandering all over the mountains of Cumberland, filling his heart with the life of the hills, and the soul of the over-arching heavens, and the peace or passion of human existence hidden in glens and recesses where poets had ceased to look for them; if the first of these great men had not come forth again in a fresh character, with Metrical Romances, and with Historical Romances in prose, pouring a new spirit through field and forest; bringing down from the mountains of the North a clan life, and race of fiery warriors, with their pride, their superstitions, their bloody quarrels, their magnanimity of mutual devotion and fatal loyalty, such as we should otherwise never have known; and, besides this, peopling mountain and glen, palace and cottage, garrison and town, with a host of characters which live and move before us, as if they were not the offspring of a mortal brain, but of the earth and the heavens themselves? I say, where would these steamboats and railroads now have been leading their passengers? Why, dully enough, to the market—to purchase cottons and printed calicoes in Glasgow, Paisley, and Manchester; ashes and indigo in Liverpool; teas, and a thousand other things in London. They would be going, not the packhorse, but the railroad round of dull and wearisome commerce, wearing out its own soul by its over-draggery; and, even of these, there would not have been a tithe of the present outgoers. But now, the soul which has been crushed under the weight of daily duty, has felt a spark of this great spirit, has felt an indefinable impulse, which is, in fact, the nascent love of nature and of out-of-door liberty; and, in the summer months, the weavers and spinners, the thumpers and bumpers, the grinders and shearers, the slaves of the desk, the warehouse, the bank, and the shop, leap up, and issue forth—as bear witness Sir George Head—by hundreds, and by thousands, in all directions, for a pleasure that their fathers, poor old fellows! never dreamed of on the most auspicious night of their lives. O boats, whether on canal or river, driven by steam or drawn by horse! O ships, on loch, or frith, or ocean, propelled by engines of three hundred horse power! cabs and cars, omnibis and stages, inns and lodging-houses, wayside rests and fishing taverns, Tom and Jerries, Tillysues or Kidley-Winks! bear ye witness to the tribes set on fire by this Walter Scott, these poets, and even these naturalists—Bewick, Walton, Gilbert White, and that class of quiet agitators—tribes who have gone forth, to scramble up hills, and tumble down them, to sport parasols amongst frightened sheep, and scream on precipices, that they may fall into the arms of careful lovers; to eat beef-steaks, and drink ginger-beer and soda-water, with open windows, and under trees, in boats or in booths—bear witness all of you in all quarters of these islands! Let us hear no more about the poets not being practical men: they are the men practical and promotive of public wealth and activity; they are your true political economists, your diffusers of the circulating medium; in fact, your ship-builders, house-builders, smiths, black, white, or copper; your tailors and clothiers, your very hosts, cads, waiters, and grooms—for, to all these, they give not merely employment, but life and being itself.

And yet, it is a curious fact that the poets and the mechanists struck out into a new and bolder line together; that this new growth and outburst of intellect and ideality, this revival in the world of mind, indicated its presence at once in the imaginative and the constructive crania. It is curious that steam, mechanism, and poetry, should have been brought simultaneously to bear in so extraordinary a degree on the public spirit and character. The love of poetry and nature, of picturesque scenery and summer-wandering, no sooner were generated by the means I have here stated, than lo! steamers appeared at the quays, and railroads projected their iron lines over hill and dale. Impulse was given at the same moment to the public heart, and facility to yield to it. Had the one appeared without the other, there must have been felt a painful restraint, an uncomprehended but urgent want. Had the poetic spirit come alone, it would have lacked wings to fly to the mountains and the ocean shores. Had the mechanic impetus arisen without this, it would have wanted employment for its full energies. Their advent was coincident; and their present effect is amazing, and their future one, a matter of wild speculation and wonder.

But there is yet another feature of this subject that is worthy of notice; and that is, how cunningly our great masters have gone to work. Call them dreaming and improvident! It is the most absurd abuse of language ever committed. There is no class of men more notorious for saving and care-taking than that of your great geniuses. Accordingly, as we go through the country, propelled in the human tide by the double power of poetry and steam, what

is one of the first facts that seizes on your attention? Why, the ingenuity and tact with which these thoughtless poets and air-dreaming romancers have laid hold not only of the most glorious subjects, but the most glorious scenes. They know that, next to a popular theme, is the popular allocation of it—and what beautiful spot is there now, from Land's End to John O'Groat's—what spot known for its loveliness, or sacred for its history, or made mysteriously interesting by traditions—on which they have not seized? The monks were said, of old, to have pounced upon all the paradisiacal valleys and rich nooks of the country; but the poets have pounced upon them now. The ancients were accused of having robbed us of all our fine thoughts and spirit-stirring topics; but the modern poets having taken away our very mountains and cattle-fields, our fairy haunts and our waters, lying under the beautifying lights and shades of love, and heroism, and sorrow. They have preoccupied them before our very eyes. There is nothing which has impressed me so much with the prescience and deep sagacity of our great modern geniuses as the care with which they have perched themselves on every pleasant nook and knoll all over the land. Every spot of interest has this Scott, this Wordsworth, or this Campbell appropriated—and who does not admire their policy? The grandeur and intellectuality of a subject may, of themselves, give it a great charm; but it is better to have two strings to your bow—a subject noble and beautiful in itself linked to noble and beautiful scenery; not confined to the library or the fireside book, but thrown, as it were, in the way of the public, cast before the summer wanderers, where natural beauty and traditional romance exert a double influence. What a fine effect it has, both for poet and reader, when, as you stop to admire some lovely landscape, some sublimity of mountain or seashore, you hear it said—"This is the scenery of Marmion—this is the Castle of Ellangowan—this is the spot where Helen M'Gregor gave her celebrated breakfast—here fought Bailey Nicol Jarvie with his red-hot ploughshare—this is Lammermuir—or this is Atonish Hall." What a charm and a glory suddenly invest the place! How deep sinks the strain of the bard or the romancer into your soul! The adroitness with which great names have thus been written—not on perishable paper, but on every rock and mountain of the land—is admirable.—Howitt.

STATISTICS.

The condition of the young people employed in factories was, a few years ago, the subject of many pathetic statements in the House of Commons and elsewhere, from which it was made to appear, that through the severity of their labours, they were deprived of nature's fair proportions, and ushered into mature life (when they survived so far) a miserably stunted race of beings, threatening to produce a wide-spread degeneracy. As long as figures of speech had been permitted to reign, these statements would have passed current, and the public mind would have received them as truth. But what said figures of arithmetic? When the royal commissioners, appointed for the purpose, began to inquire into the real state of the case, instead of contenting themselves with a mere ocular survey of the factory children, they resolved to subject them to a test which could not err. They resolved to weigh and measure them. They took factory boys and girls from various places, the former to the number of 410, and the latter 652, and a large but lesser number of children of both sexes not employed in factories; and, on weighing and measuring the one against the other, they found that there was scarcely any difference in either respect between the two sets of children.

The average weight of a number of boys and girls employed in factories between the ages of nine and seventeen, was for the former 75.175 pounds, for the latter 74.049: the average weight of an equal number of boys and girls of the same ages, not labouring in factories, was for the former 78.680, the latter 75.049. The average stature in inches of a number of factory boys and girls was, respectively, 55.282 and 54.951, while the average stature of an equal number of non-factory children at the same ages, was, respectively, 55.563 and 54.971.

Amongst the common notions respecting a manufacturing as contrasted with an agricultural population, no one is more universally prevalent, or more readily received, than that the former are much more addicted to crime than the latter. When figures are resorted to, the very reverse appears to be the truth. In 1830, the proportion of thieves in the county of Edinburgh, a rural district containing a large non-manufacturing city, was as 1 to 1462 of the population, while the proportion in the manufacturing counties of Lanark and Renfrew was as only 1 in 2097. In non-manufacturing Sweden, the proportion of criminals is as five to one of what it is in manufacturing England. Another prevalent notion, respecting crime is, that want is its chief prompting cause. This is also an error. Of a thousand criminals confined in Preston jail between October 1832 and July 1837, and into whose cases the chaplain made the most minute investigations, "want and distress" were alleged to be the prompting causes of the offence, even by the parties themselves, in only 76 instances. It may be added that "idleness and bad company" were the causes in 88 instances, and "drunkenness" in no fewer than 455, or nearly half of the whole.

It was long believed that consumption (phthisis pulmonalis) was

more prevalent in cold than in warm climates; but of late it has been ascertained that, of the troops serving in the West Indies, 12 in the thousand are attacked annually by this complaint, while of the dragoon guards and dragoons serving in England, only 5 in the thousand become its victims.

The science which makes out these curious results is the science of statistics, one not known by name till the middle of the last century, and which is still in its infancy with us, although in high and well-regulated cultivation on the continent. It is the glorious tendency of this science every where to diminish the regions of the disputable.

Silently, day after day, a set of pains-taking men are garnering up arithmetical truths on most of the great subjects of human concernment, and thus preparing the way for a mighty change. In medicine, in political economy, in the science of our mental nature, in every department of study heretofore only the theme of conjecture, facts are in the course of being stored, which, on the arithmetical principle above described, must in time solve questions now considered the most perplexing. Even the spirit of war and of party must give way before this mighty influence; and where now men meet to shed each other's blood, or to do all they can to thwart each other's measures, Mr. Cocker will by and bye come peacefully in, and in a few minutes, by reference to universally acknowledged authorities settle every dispute.—*Chambers.*

THE NEW YEAR OF 1812.

Immemorial usage has dedicated the first and last days of the year in Scotland to mirth and festivity, but those who have only witnessed such celebrations at the present day can have little idea of the character which they assumed in the Scottish capital some twenty or thirty years ago. A sort of licence seemed to be given, for the time, to every species of disorder and misrule. The authorities forbore in a great measure to exercise their usual control over the city, and its streets were taken possession of by the populace, who frolicked about them like some wild animal let loose from its bonds, and committed unrestrained outrage on every peaceful inhabitant whom necessity or any other cause called abroad during this "reign of terror." Such occasions never passed away without serious crimes and accidents; yet, year after year, the same scenes were permitted to recur, the whole affair being regarded, seemingly, as a mere exhibition of boisterous mirth, excusable on account of the season which had called it forth. The events, however, of the New Year's morn of 1812, were instrumental in producing a change in these views, and in leading to the adoption of measures, which, with the help of other causes, abolished by degrees this evil custom, leaving it but to be the subject of a fireside tale.

About eleven o'clock of the last night of the year 1811, the annual disturbances commenced, and soon reached a height unprecedented even on these riotous occasions. Bands of young men, chiefly apprentice boys, armed with bludgeons and other weapons of offence, infested the principal streets of the city, which, as usual, were crowded with boys and other persons, whose only object was to partake of the ordinary diversions of the night, and enjoy the "fun" and noise which always prevailed. The bands alluded to had more mischievous purposes in view, and were certainly, to some extent, organized for the occasion. They, as it afterwards appeared, had arranged a methodic plan of assaulting and partially robbing or stripping the passengers on the streets, both male and female, and of carrying off the plunder as it was gathered to an appointed depot. One part of the plan consisted of posting brigades of lads across several main thoroughfares, so as to intercept all who passed these spots, and enclose all who were within them. Thus prepared and secretly marshalled, this daring association of juvenile rioters, as the signal o'clock was struck on the city clocks, burst forth into activity on all sides. The hilarious citizens, unsuspecting of evil, were in a moment attacked by unknown hands, while the police, equally unaware of the plot, were driven from their posts, and in some instances severely injured. One unfortunate officer of the corps, named Dugald Campbell, was the first victim of the night. On being attacked, he fled from his assailants, but was pursued and struck down on the High Street. The unfortunate man cried for help; no help, however, could be extended to him. He was struck and kicked when on the ground, till past all human aid. He was afterwards removed to the Royal Infirmary, where he died in a day or two.

It is said that a single tasting of blood will make the tame tiger wild, and so it appears to have been with men on this occasion. The rioters now assaulted every respectable person to be seen on the streets, struck them with bludgeons, and robbed them. The uproar grew terrible beyond conception. With that strange passion of flocking to all scenes of disturbance, so often exhibited by people in spite of risk and danger, crowds of spectators remained on the streets, and thus afforded a screen, under cover of which the rioters went on with their work. The police and magistrates made active exertions to check the mischief, but could not, although they succeeded here and there in capturing single offenders. Numerous were the cases of severe injury inflicted on persons who had the misfortune to be abroad that night. Cries for

"help" and "mercy" mingled in all directions with the roaring of the mob. One ill-fated person, Mr. James Campbell, a clerk in Leith, was so seriously wounded as to die a few days afterwards. But these were not the only instances where injuries, ultimately fatal, were received. Many of the respectable inhabitants of the city were engaged, according to custom, in celebrating the occasion, along with parties of friends, in their own houses. The sounds of riot reached the ears of these convivial assemblages, and they sat trembling at the board, with locked and bolted doors. A friend of ours remembers being in such circumstances on the night in question, in his house in the High Street, when suddenly a noise was heard at the door of the dwelling, and a man's voice cried for "admittance and shelter in the name of God!" The door was opened without a moment's delay, and a gentleman burst hurriedly into the house. The door was shut again instantly, for the roar of the mob was heard below. The intruder presented a pitiable spectacle. He was stained with blood from some severe wounds, his dress torn off him, and every part of his appearance, indeed, betokened the violence which he had sustained at the hands of the mob. The irruption of such a figure into the midst of a convivial party was strangely impressive and alarming, but every attention was paid to the unfortunate sufferer, who was faint and exhausted. He was kept till a period of safety, and sent to his home. Though his name was not publicly enrolled in the number of the victims of this New Year's celebration, it might justly have been so, as the wounds which he had received brought him to a premature grave.

Many other individuals were seriously hurt, as has been said, and many robberies committed, in the course of the rioting, which extended far into the morning of the 1st of January. It was remarked by many persons that among those of the mob who seemed to act with something like concert, one youth was regarded as a leading party, being frequently addressed by the title of *Boatswain*. A peculiar whistle which he emitted, and which drew his associates around him, appeared to be the source of this name. Doubtless, however, many of the assaults and crimes which signalled this night, were committed by persons who knew nothing of the Boatswain or his whistle. Be this as it may, when the rioters had wearied themselves, or thought it prudent to come to a close, and when the crowd had in a great measure dispersed, the police found in their hands a number of offenders, but few or none of the ringleaders. When daylight came, and men could walk the lately disturbed streets in quietness, the amount of mischief done to persons and property was found to be even greater than had been anticipated in the fears of the night. Creech, the well-known bookseller, then Lord Provost of the city, immediately issued notices, offering a reward of one hundred guineas to any persons who might bring the leaders in the riot to justice. A similar reward was offered for the discovery of Dugald Campbell's murderer or murderers. The whole city was deeply agitated by these disturbances. All the incorporated trades, and other public bodies, met successively to express their detestation of these occurrences, and to aid the magistracy in discovering the offenders, as well as in organising measures for the better preservation of the peace of the town in future. All possible steps were taken in the first instance to find out the rioters.

Some few days after the New Year's day, a young lad, about eighteen or nineteen years old, came to the village of Innerleithen, and sought employment, he remained in the pursuit of this employment up to the 10th of February. He was a stout lad, decently dressed, and very peaceable in his behaviour. But on the day just mentioned, a large and portly personage, of middle age, entered the village of Innerleithen in a carriage. The visitor was Archibald Campbell, long the principal officer of the city of Edinburgh; and the person he came to seek, and found, was the reputed ringleader of the rioters—the *Boatswain*, for whose apprehension a large reward had been offered. The young man was taken into custody, and soon after was on the way to Edinburgh. Previous to his capture, his cousin Hugh Mackintosh, and Neil Sutherland, both of them lads of sixteen or seventeen years of age, had been seized at Glasgow, along with a considerable quantity of valuable property, which they had conveyed thither after the riots, and which was the fruit of the robberies on that occasion. On the 20th of March, these three young men were put on their trial before the *Justiciary Court*, for the murder of Dugald Campbell, and for eleven distinct robberies, accompanied with violent assaults of the person. They pled not guilty; but a large body of evidence was adduced, which in addition to the heavy testimony afforded by the stolen property, brought home to the prisoners a great portion of the guilt involved in the accusation. One witness, John Tasker, who had been an associate of the prisoners, and who had become king's evidence, gave an account of the origin of these riots, which may well furnish a warning lesson to young trades-lads in large cities. Tasker said that he and the prisoners belonged to a set of lads who used to meet twice or thrice a week at the foot of Niddry Street; that they used to "pick quarrels" with people, and strike them, but "never took any thing" from them; that the gang had a particular whistle for a call, and used to be called the "Keelie Gang;" and that some weeks before the New Year, he heard of a "plan

to give the police a licking," particularly some members of the body, who had sometimes chased the gang off the Bridge.

Here, then, in these street meetings and street resolutions, we have the germ of the misfortunes which fell on these poor boys, made them robbers, if not murderers, and brought them to an infamous end in the spring of their days. They were sentenced to be hanged on the 22d of April, and on that day the sentence was accordingly carried into execution. Before their death, the three youths admitted their participation in the outrages and robberies of the evening. In the striking of Campbell the police-officer, many had borne a share, but the main guilt appeared to lie on an individual who had escaped capture. The extreme youth of the three lads rendered them the object of the greatest commiseration.

Such an extraordinary and unforeseen outbreak of mere boys and lads astonished the respectable citizens, including the various public authorities, in no small degree. Attention was for the first time drawn to the fact, that there was a large juvenile population growing up in the town in a state of complete ignorance and barbarity. Shocked with the disclosure, plans were now devised for improving both the moral and physical condition of the humbler orders of society. The first spur given to social improvement in the Scottish metropolis, and thence to that of the country round, is, therefore, in some measure to be traced to what is now the subject of a fireside story—the New Year's riot of 1812.—*Ibid.*

TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.—Nature is industrious in adorning her dominions; and man, to whom this beauty is addressed, should feel and obey the lesson. Let him, too, be industrious in adorning his domain—in making his home, the dwelling of his wife and children, not only convenient and comfortable, but pleasant. Let him, as far as circumstances will admit, be industrious in surrounding it with pleasant objects—in decorating it, within and without, with things that tend to make it agreeable and attractive. Let industry make home the abode of neatness and order—a place which brings satisfaction to every inmate, and which in absence draws back the heart by the fond associations of comfort and content. Let this be done, and this sacred spot will become more surely the scene of cheerfulness and peace. Ye parents, who would have your children happy, be industrious to bring them up in the midst of a pleasant, a cheerful, and a happy home. Waste not your time in accumulating wealth for them: but plant in their minds and souls, in the way proposed, the seeds of virtue and prosperity.

The Kamschadale in his *jour*, surrounded by deserts and tempests, believes his native land to be the most eligible part of the earth, and considers himself to be the most fortunate and happy of human beings. The Laplander in the midst of mountains and storms, enjoys good health, often reaches old age, and would not exchange Lapland for the palace of a king. The native of Congo believes that every other part of the earth was formed by angels; but that the kingdom of Congo was the workmanship of the Supreme Architect, and must therefore have prerogative and advantages above the rest of the earth. Although every other tie were broken, the dust of their fathers would bind most men to their native land. Let the cold sceptic deride the thought. The native of Asia frequenting the grave of his ancestors, or the afflicted wanderer of the American wilderness piously pulling the grass from the tomb of a departed relative, will awaken sympathetic emotions in every ingenuous and affectionate mind.

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but little things, in which smiles and kindness, and small obligations given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart, and secure comfort.—*Sir H. Davy.*

Go not to bed till you are wiser than when you arose; for observation, experience and reflection, the elements of wisdom, are the property of all those who like to enjoy them.

Handel's early oratories were but thinly attended. That great composer would, however, often joke upon the emptiness of the house, which, he said, "would make de moosic sound all de petter."

A captain of a privateer, who had been in an engagement, wrote to the owners, acquainting them that he had received but little damage, having only one of his *hands* wounded in the *nose*.

INFLUENCE OF TEMPER ON THE VOICE.—The influence of temper on tone deserves much consideration. Habits of querulousness or ill nature will infallibly communicate a likely quality to the voice. That there really exists amiable tones, is no deception; it is to many the index of the mind denoting moral qualities; and it may be remarked that the low soft tones of gentle amiable beings seldom fail to please.

'It appears to me I have seen you somewhere before,' as the man said when the collector called on him the 27th time for money.

More than half the miseries of life are those of our own creation. If people would learn to make the best instead of the worst of every thing, the wheel of time would not grate half so harshly as it does now.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 19, 1839.

An article on our first page has interest, from recent notices of the writer, and the tact with which a melancholy story is told. Its truth is vouched for, and it seems, as described, the mere recital of the incident and the narrative of the Inn.

T. H. Bayly commenced life under most smiling circumstances. With a good income, married to an elegant woman who brought him a fortune, a popular poet, and a most welcome companion. High company, and high living, however, soon worked out their results, as in many other cases, and left poor Bayly, shipwrecked in health and purse, deserted by "the world," and labouring, inadequately, for a wife and family. A common, and gross fault of men of genius is, to imagine, that because their intellect is, their companions should be, of a high grade,—understanding the term *high* in the vulgar sense—and to act on this notion reckless of the means requisite for retaining the standing. If they had the philosophy which their writings sometimes exhibit, they might recollect that worldly happiness may be attained with *competence* only,—and that real worth, and pleasure, as regards friends, are not confined to any particular class in society.

An article from Tait's Magazine, headed Poetry and Steam, helps to prove, not only (as "Olinthus" argues) that the poetic character is not useless as regards moral riches, but that it has been found, individually and nationally, effective in more tangible wealth.

We have devoted last page of the present number, to a spirited translation, of a fine poem, by the celebrated German, Schiller. The valor and prudence of the Knight, his conquest and triumph, the Prince's reproof and its results, are all finely told.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Some copies of verses, bearing the signature of *Hermoine*, Evan and G. M. R. have come to hand. We regret that they are not altogether such as we would like to publish. Each has some good lines, but some countervailing defects, and, we trust, a little perseverance will enable the respective authors to do much better. Those who wish to attain to respectability in literary composition, should, beside indulging their own strong and beautiful thoughts, study some work or works of the masters of their art, and also pay some attention to critical writings which dissect articles, and demonstrate their defects and excellencies.

"One of the (inferior) Judges" will pardon, we expect, some very slight liberty, taken with his communication. Should any at the opposite side wish to answer, and to make the Pearl the vehicle, we will be happy to publish, if communications be of the requisite character.

LATE ITEMS, FOREIGN, COLONIAL, &c.

UNITED STATES.

The Ohio Anti-Slavery Society held a meeting lately, at Zanesville,—264 delegates attended. A mob attempted to get up a riot, but the leaders of it were arrested. Barns, belonging to abolitionists, in a neighbouring village, were set on fire. A reward of \$1200 was offered for the incendiaries. Abolition seems to make progress even southward.

New wheat had appeared in the Baltimore market, and sold at \$1 30 per bushel.

Mr. Coombe, the celebrated lecturer on Phrenology, is resting at Buffalo, after a lecturing campaign of eight months.

McKenzie's Gazette appeared in mourning, dated, Munroe county Jail, where the Editor is confined for his attempts on Canada.

Steam communication between Havre and New Orleans, is expected to be in operation in the course of a few months.

The loss by the recent fire at Eastport, is estimated at \$250,000. The men who were stationed on the Aroostook, by American authorities, to guard the trespass timber, make roads, &c., have all returned, without leave, tired of their work, and discontented with their treatment.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.—This Anniversary of American Independence was celebrated with many demonstrations of rejoicing, in the United States. Processions, reviews, meetings, fire works, steam boats, steam cars, and many other means, were resorted to, on the occasion. Great numbers collected together, and several accidents occurred. We subjoin some of the more interesting items connected with the celebration.

The Sunday School children, New York, probably presented as pretty a spectacle as any thing during the day—somewhere about twelve thousand of them, attended by some thousands of their teachers, went over in steamboats to Staten Island. The President of the United States, and the Governor of the State, were both present at this interesting encampment of juveniles.

Mr. Lauriat, at Chelsea, ascended with his balloon, to a great height, and being wafted a distance of about twenty miles, descended after being aloft an hour, near Ipswich.

Some of the New York Fire Companies visited Albany on an invitation from the Firemen of that city to spend the 4th of July there. They arrived on the evening of the 3d, and were received by the whole department under the direction of the Chief Engineer and assistants, by torch light. The Albany papers describe the scene as being most splendid.

A boiler of a locomotive exploded on the Harlem Railroad. The locomotive had drawn down the train of cars to 15th street, and while preparing to take another train up, accidentally run off the track—probably from some mistake about the switch. While it was thus stationary, it exploded, killing the engineer and his son-in-law. Five persons were also severely injured. At the time of the accident, two men were placing a stone near the engine, so as to get a purchase to raise it upon the track. The whole blew over their heads, injuring them very slightly.

On board the steamboat Sampson, as it was returning from Staten Island, with a freight of between seven and eight hundred persons, a frightful crash took place. The promenade, with about 250 persons upon it, and 300 beneath, gave way, and ten persons were killed, and others severely injured.

A young man was drowned by falling overboard from the steamboat Bolivar, on her passage from Staten Island, on Thursday evening, at twilight.

There was a disgraceful fight in the upper part of N. York, between the members of fire companies, five persons were stabbed—two of them dangerously.

Two boys, one three and the other five years old, were killed in Beekman-street by the explosion of a small cannon.

Mr. Lycom Bruce, of Boston, manufacturer of soda water and mead, was killed by the explosion of a fountain he was charging with gas. A part of the fountain struck him on the head.

A man had his hand blown off by the bursting of a pistol.

A boy was seriously injured by a Roman candle being let off in his face. It is supposed that one of his eyes will be destroyed, and his features disfigured for life.

At Ithica, a man while engaged in loading an iron cannon, was literally torn in pieces by the explosion of the piece. Another man also engaged in loading the piece, had three fingers on one of his hands torn off, his face most horribly mangled, and otherwise dreadfully injured. The gun in use by them was cast at Ithica, weighed between four and five hundred pounds, and was eight or nine feet long.

Canadaigua, N.Y.—A man was killed at that place, under the following circumstances. From the commencement of the firing of the salute, the unfortunate individual had stationed himself near the cannon, and at the time of the accident he threw himself directly in front of the mouth of the cannon, at the moment it was touched off, when the wadding and air severed his body. The concussion was so tremendous as to tear his clothes into atoms, and of course, killed him instantly.

The celebration at Bangor, Maine, afforded some scraps interesting to Provincials. At a public dinner, the following toasts were given:

"The spontaneous and uncontrollable feelings against the late Provincial assertions; aroused by false statements and quieted by fair promises."

"The Aroostook expedition; from this may the Blue noses learn, that in our citizen soldiery we can rely with safety."

The point of the first turns on, who made the "false statements," and "fair promises?" Blue nose thinks Jonathan did.

The latter is unobjectionable, as a Maine sentiment, if it is understood as a wish, not an assertion.

COMMERCE OF BOSTON.—The number of foreign clearances from Boston, from January 1st to June 30th, 1838, was 430. The number of foreign clearances, from January 1st to June 30th, 1839, was 607. Increase 177.

The number of foreign arrivals in Boston, from January 1st to June 30th, 1838, 471. The number of foreign arrivals from January 1st to June 30th, 1839, was 614. Increase 143.

Revenue two quarters, 1839, \$1,463,657 27.

Increase of revenue over the two first quarters of the last year, \$517,590 84.

To June 24,—1838, there were 1327 passengers entered for Quebec, from New York,—to June 24,—1839, the numbers were 3390.

Dr. Theller, another of the "Canadian Heroes," was tried, and acquitted, at Detroit.

President, Van Buren, was on a tour through the State of New York.

By intelligence from Mexico to June 20, it appears that the Federalists had taken Saltillo.

A Gibraltar paper of June 6, had been received at Boston. Nothing of a decisive character appears respecting the Spanish war.

COLONIAL.

WEST INDIES.—Sir Evan McGregor was sworn in as Governor General of Trinidad, on May 25. A member of Council, Mr. Daracott, declined taking the oath, on the ground that it would be injurious to the Island that it should be placed under a Governor who resided at Barbadoes,—as Sir Evan did. The objecting councillor was suspended as a member of the board.

The Grenada House of Assembly, resolved, on May 17,—That the Chief Justice of the Island had lost the confidence of the House, and that his continuance in office was injurious to the colony.

The French brig of war, *l'Inconstant*, is cruising among the British W. I. Islands, for the purpose of enabling a French Commissioner, General Bertrand, to make examinations respecting slave emancipation. The French Government, it appears, intend to pass a similar act of grace for the colonies subject to France.

West India dates, Barbadoes June 15, St. Thomas, 10th, state, that the enfranchised classes at Demerara, are greatly demoralized, and that outrages on persons and property are numerous.

The Governor of Guadeloupe, under date May 29, has decreed that the Sugars of that Colony and its dependencies may be exported to the open ports of every flag.

The crops at Martinique were suffering from dry weather.

The Governor and Legislature in St. Christopher's were at issue on the tax bill. Disension had arisen in Antigua between the Council and House, respecting a dispatch of Lord Glenelg. A terrific thunderstorm, and shock of an earthquake, were experienced at Antigua on the 9th.

Warm discussions have occurred in the House of Lords respecting the conduct of Col. Prince, in shooting some prisoners, without trial, after the battle of Windsor, Upper Canada. Another public dinner was given to Col. Prince on June 18, at Sandwich, U. C. On this occasion he complimented the French Canadians, and some U. S. Citizens who attended the dinner.

A Magazine, called the Canadian, British American, and West Indian, has appeared in London.

An armed boat on the British side of the St. Lawrence, watches the movements of Bill Johnson, and the other pirates of the Thousand Isles.

Col. Dundas has the command of the frontier from Kingston, to the Ottawa, the Eastern boundary of the Province,—a distance, along the St. Lawrence, of about 140 miles.

Attempts on property and life, by Brigands, still appear to annoy the frontier.

A party, it appears, went from Prescott, to Ogdensburgh U. S. to capture, or induce the return of a deserter. Two of the party, soldiers, were seized by the mob, and were maltreated, and tarred and feathered. One of these, it is said, on his return to Prescott, was so affected by the treatment which he received, that he shot himself.

NOVA SCOTIA.

Trials, in the Court of Vice Admiralty, respecting the American fishing vessels, seized for breaches of the navigation laws, have occurred. Two, of the four vessels seized, have been condemned, and two liberated.

H. M. S. Madagascar ran ashore on Land Point, Gut of Canso, but got off without injury. The *Medea*, Steamship, went to her assistance, and towed her through the Strait.

SUPREME COURT.—Lawrence Cleary, was tried on Tuesday last, for the murder of John Doyle. Verdict, Manslaughter.—It will be recollected that the death of Doyle was the result of a dispute and scuffle, at the Hay depot, Spring garden road.

The Halifax races concluded on Friday last. Some disgraceful fighting occurred on Thursday, the consequence, it is said, of drunkenness.

CONFERENCE.—The annual Conference of the Wesleyan Ministers of Nova Scotia, P. E. Island, and Cape Breton, commenced in Halifax on July 2. The Rev. R. Knight was chairman of the Conference. From a report in the Wesleyan we glean as follows: Number of persons in Society, in the district, 2,842—increase over last year 29,—number of Sunday School scholars 1,269,—increase 310. Stations of Ministers:

Halifax,—John Marshall, Charles Churchill; James Knowlen, Supernumerary. Lunenburg, William Webb. Liverpool, Richard Knight. Barrington, William E. Sheenstone. Yarmouth, Charles Dewolf. Horton and Cornwallis, Henry Pope, and James Buckley, Assistant Missionary. Windsor, Newport, and Shubenacadie, William Croscombe and William Bennet, Supernumerary. Parrsborough, William Wilson. Wallace, Jeremiah Jost, Assistant Missionary. Guysborough, Alexander W. McLeod. Sydney, C. B. John McMurray. Ship Harbour, one wanted. Charlotte Town P. E. I., William Smith. Bedeque, Thomas H. Davies. Murray Harbour, one wanted. REV. RICHARD KNIGHT, Chairman. REV. ALEXANDER W. McLEOD, Secretary.

The Conference appointed the observance of Fast days, and recommended protracted meetings,—the establishment of a Depot for Wesleyan literature was resolved on, and Rev. C. Churchill appointed superintendent of the same. The establishment and management of the school at the Brunswick Street Chapel were provided for, and a Committee of management, to act in conjunction with the Ministers stationed at Halifax, was appointed. The members of Committee are also trustees of the Chapels; their names are:—M. G. Black, J. N. Shannon, Hugh Bell, John H. Anderson, William Wiswell, W. J. Starr, Daniel Starr, Esqrs.

The Missionary Meeting was held on July 11th. Rev. R. Alder, representative of the British Conference, addressed the meeting.

NOVA SCOTIA SCENERY.—Mr. Eagar's first number of Illustrations of Nova Scotia, on Stone, has appeared. Its reception has given much pleasure, both for the beauty of the drawings, and for the degree of success which has attended Mr. Eagar's persevering efforts, to get his work well lithographed, and to present it to the Public in a respectable form, and at a very low price.

We have in this number four Scenes for five shillings,—any one of which, some time ago, without the aids which modern improvements give the draughtsman, would be cheap at the whole money.

The first is a Vignette, embellishing the title page. It is a sketch of the Rotunda at the Prince's Lodge, a few miles from Halifax, on the Basin road. This is a neat, delicately handled, representation, of an interesting subject. The rotunda is a picturesque object in a little sylvan scene, and has somewhat of the romance which time and change attach to inanimate things. It reminds of the pageant and banquet, when the Duke of Kent was there surrounded by some of England's chivalry and beauty,—when its royal owner little anticipated early dissolution, and when order and beauty, instead of wildness and delapidation, was characteristic of itself. An objection might be taken to the picture on this head,—it can scarcely be called a portrait,—the tangled glade, and the ruined wall, are not depicted,—all seems in a state of graceful prime. This may be deemed an excellence, by some, as giving the little summer temple in its better days. Considered as a mere fancy sketch, the vignette is of value,—it is a study, worthy of the amateur's portfolio.

The second illustration is a view of Halifax from the Red Mill, near Dartmouth. In the foreground is the rude aqueduct, by means of which the ships of war get their supply of fresh water, pure and cool, from the shades of the primeval forest. This is a pleasing view,—a rural foreground,—line-of-battle ships and the town beyond,—and the islands and ocean, in the distance. It wants more force, however, particularly in the foreground;—the distant features of the landscape, seaward, also, have to be imagined by those acquainted with the real scene, for they are scarcely delineated in the picture. Some hold too timid a pencil, in this respect, and some, run on the other extreme, and are too bold and harsh. These slight objections, by the bye, may be caused by defective press-work, in the lithographer,—which, also, may be limited to a few copies.

The entrance to Halifax harbour, from Reeve's Hill, Dartmouth, forms the next picture. Here we have a forest glade, on which cattle are reposing, for a foreground,—and, beyond, the village scene of Dartmouth, the harbour, the town, the bay and its picturesque banks and islands. The objections made to number 2, respecting definiteness and force, seem to apply here also.

A view on Bedford Basin is the last in the number. The trees in the foreground are worth more than the cost of the picture. As a whole it is rather sporty, and wants harmony, and definiteness; but it affords one specimen of a multitude of fine scenes, in the same direction, which would well repay the attention of the rambler, whether gifted with a painter's power or not.

We hail Mr. Eagar's work, for its own sake, and the artist's,—and also, because it tends to demonstrate how much of beauty and interest lie within an easy walk of Halifax,—it will also help to increase taste in this delightful department of intellectual effort, and to make the province better known, and more respected, at a distance. No doubt the series will improve, in some of the points alluded to, as it advances,—we trust that the artist will receive the ample encouragement which his industry and talent, and the nature of the work which he has undertaken, deserve.

The number noticed above is for sale at Mr. Belcher's.

NOTHING NEW.—The good citizens of the United States were lately set staring, by the propositions of a philosopher who would indeed cast Franklin into the shade. He asserted, that he could cause rain to descend, at pleasure, and thus negative one great cause of occasional sterility, and public difficulties. He required compensation for his stupendous discovery, and undertook to prove his scheme, on facilities being afforded. In some late lectures this prince of naturalists disclosed his secret, and like most great things, it was of the simplest character. He attempted to demonstrate, that whenever a great fire occurred, the action of the concentrated heat on the atmosphere, invariably produced rain. From this, he philosophically argued, that if he made a great fire, at any given place, similar results would follow. His plan, therefore, was, when rain was desired, to raise a great pile, and set it on fire, and thus to attract the clouds laden with moisture, to the district where rain was desired. We have no wish to dispute the theory, but would not the cost and labour of the wood piles, soon exhaust the forests of even America, and much sooner the patience and pockets of the rain-causer's employers?

This trade of causing rain is not new, it appears,—the ancient medicine men of the Indian nations, undertook by their charms and incantations to cause rain to descend, when the ground of the squaws was parched, and their crops of corn in danger. The mode was simple in this case also,—the medicine man continued his antics, presenting his shield to the wind, firing arrows at the

clouds, and burning fragrant shrubs as incense to the great spirit, until rain did come;—and he did not try a second time, but, establishing his fame on one shower, left to others further efforts in the same line.

Only let the ancient medicine man go on long enough, and he succeeded,—only give the modern fire enough, and no doubt he will succeed. Still either, in time, or fuel, and failure is the fault of the employers.

The New York Mirror tells a story of a medicine man on the Upper Missouri, who was performing, on one occasion, in the rain thunder and lightning line. After persevering exertions, an explosion was heard, which he announced as the precursor of the storm;—but it was only a gun from the first steam boat, which was plying up stream. From the elevation where he stood, to his astonishment, he soon espied the monster, with its unnatural breathings and bellowsings, and, believing that something worse than thunder had come at his bidding, and that his nation would take vengeance on him for the evil which was approaching, he fled, and hid himself, and was not to be found until the mystery was cleared up. Others, besides the "poor Indian," make attempts beyond their knowledge, at times, and cry "that's my thunder," when nothing more than the strange steam boat is passing along.

FINE ARTS.—The Members of the Academy of Vienna, requested permission to take casts of the Elgin Marbles. Her Majesty caused casts to be taken, and presented them to the Academy.

These Marbles receive their name from the Earl of Elgin, who was appointed British Ambassador to the Court of Constantinople, in 1799. Feeling deep interest in the Fine Arts, his Lordship devised the bold project of removing the remains of ancient sculpture from Athens, then under Turkish subjection. The project succeeded; the marbles, and other specimens were removed, and were finally lodged in the British Museum, where they now are.

These remains are considered standards of perfection, in Art. They consist of statues, and fragments of statues, friezes, and vases. Canova, the most celebrated of modern sculptors, was consulted by Lord Elgin, respecting the retouching of the statues. The artist attested to their great beauty, rarity and value, and declared that it would be sacrilege to attempt any renewal or repairs, by a modern chisel.

MARRIED.

On Saturday evening last, at St. Paul's Church, by the Venerable Archdeacon Willis, Mr. P. L. Zaionczek, to Anne, daughter of the late George Greaves, Esq. M. D.

At Trinity Church, Yarmouth, N. S. on the 26th ult., by the Rev. T. H. White, Mr. J. Collins, Merchant, to Miss Deborah, eldest daughter of James Bond, Esq. M. D.

At Galt, Upper Canada, on the 28th of June, by the Rev. Mr. Strang, Mr. Gilbert Elliott, of the firm of Stewart & Elliott, Halifax, to Miss Mary, second daughter of Mr. Thomas McKenzie, formerly of Dartmouth, N. S.

DIED.

Last evening, Mrs. Sarah Wells, aged 57 years,—funeral on Sunday next, at half past 4 o'clock from her late residence, near the Honorable H. H. Cogswell's,—the friends and relations of the family, are respectfully requested to attend.

On Monday morning, James Fraser, aged 70 years, a native of Aberdeenshire, Scotland.

At Pictou, on the 14th inst. after an illness of nearly three years, duration, Jotham Blanchard, Esq. eldest son of Mr. Jonathan Blanchard, of Pictou; aged 40 years.

At Crimmond, N. B. on the 28th of April last, the Rev. William Boyd, Minister of that parish, in the 90th year of his age, and 43d year of his ministry, in connexion with the Church of Scotland.

At Digby, N. S. on Wednesday, the 26th ult. the Rev. Roger Veits, (for upwards of 20 years Rector of that parish,) in the 55th year of his age, deeply lamented by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

On Saturday morning, James Boyle, youngest son of the Hon. James Boyle Upiacke, aged six months.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED.

Wednesday, 17th—Schr. Isabella, Martin, Miramichi, 14 days—fish and lumber, to J. & M. Tobin; brig St. Lawrence, Marmand, Martinique, 20 days—sugar, to G. P. Lawson; HMS. Madagascar, Captain Wallis, Quebec, 20 days.

Thursday, 15th—Brigs Mabel, Nicholson, Quebec; Planet, Crockett, Gibraltar—rum, tobacco, etc. by Creighton & Grassie; schr. Micmac, LeGreely, Gaspé—rum and molasses, by do. 17th—Brigt Effort McDonald, BW. Indies—oil, etc. by M. B. Almon; schr. Caroline, Deagle, P. E. Island—general cargo.

CLEARED.

Thursday,—18th Am. schr. Mary, Bridgeport,—coal and herrings; schr. Rifleman, Power, Quebec, 19 days;—flour, pork, etc. to W. I. Starr, S. Binney, and S. Cunard & Co. Schr. Rival Packet, McLean, Liverpool, N. S. 1 day; schr. Mary, McInnis, P. E. 1. 18 days—produce; brig Luna, Hoyle, St. Vincent, 26 days.

Friday,—19th schr. Good Will, Annapolis; 400 boxes herrings; schr. Swallow, McGath, Guadaloupe, 19 days; 126 hds and 52 barrels sugar; to J. Allison & Co.

SCOTT'S VENEERING, STAVE AND SIDING MILLS.

THE Subscriber having established the above Mills at Hillsborough Bear River, Nova-Scotia, for the sole purpose of sawing Mahogany, Boards, Plank and Veneering of every description, and Staves for wet and dry Barrels, Hogsheads, ditto ditto.

Also, Siding from 5 to 18 feet long, and 4 to 10 inches wide, one edge thick the other thin.

The Machine for sawing Staves and Siding is of a different construction from any now in operation.

The Staves and Siding are much smoother than any ever sawed; the Staves will be sawed bigging, or straight and edged to suit purchasers. N. B.—The Subscriber will keep constantly on hand a good supply of wet and dry Barrels, Hogsheads, do. do.

All orders thankfully received and punctually attended to.

WILLIAM H. SCOTT.

For orders apply at the Mills at Bear River, or to Mr. Henry Blaklee, Agent, North Market Wharf, St. John, N. B. Halifax, April 5th, 1839.

DRUGS, SEEDS, TEAS.

THE SUBSCRIBER having by the late arrivals completed his extensive SPRING SUPPLY of the above, together with Spices, Dye Stuffs, Perfumery, (Among the latter Farina's Eau de Cologne) Combs, Brushes, etc. PAINTS and OILS, etc.

The whole are offered for sale on the most reasonable terms, at his Drug Store, near the Market. JAMES F. AVERY. May 10 6w

'SPICES, DRUGS, &c.

RECEIVED by recent arrivals and for sale low by the Subscriber—R. bags of E. I. Ginger, Cloves, Pimento, Caraway Seed, black and white Pepper, cases Cinnamon, Liquorice and Indigo, barrels Rose Ginger, Nutmegs, Currants, Saleratus, Soda, blue Vitriol, Alum and Copperas, boxes Arrow Root, Lozenges, Sugar Candy, Raisins, Windsor Soap, Black Lead, Starch; and Crown Blue, Olive Oil, in small packages; kegs of Salt Petre and Mustard, with a general supply of Drugs, Chemical and Patent Medicines, Apothecaries' Glass, Trusses, Lancets, etc. (6m) GEO. E. MORTON. Halifax, May, 1839.

J. R. CLEVERDON, WATCH MAKER.

HAVING commenced Business in the shop lately occupied by the late Mr. La Baume, begs leave to inform his friends, and the public in general, that he hopes by unremitting attention and long experience in the above business, (both in England and Halifax) to obtain a share of their patronage.

Jewelry, Watches, Clocks, etc. for sale. May 31.

NOTICE TO TEAMSTERS.

TEAMS are required for hauling from the Saw Mill on Grand Lake to Dartmouth about 250 thousand feet of Lumber, the distance is 16 miles, and the Lumber is all ready. Application to be made to D. & E. STARR & CO.

or to Wentworth Fleigher, at the Mills.

July 11.

Auctioneers and General Agents.

THE SUBSCRIBERS

BEG to make known to the Public, that they have entered into Co-Partnership and intend conducting a General Auction and Commission Business, under the Firm of

PAW & TIDMARSH.

They have taken the store at the head of Clark's wharf, formerly occupied by Messrs. D. & E. Starr & Co. where any description of Business entrusted to their management, shall be strictly attended to.

GEORGE A. V. PAW. THOMAS U. TIDMARSH.

June 14, 1839.

MONTREAL TRANSCRIPT.

THIS TRI-WEEKLY PAPER has been enlarged by one third of its original size, and continues to be issued at the old price of ONE PENNY per number—Country Subscribers being charged one dollar extra, to cover the year's postage.

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THE COLONIAL PEARL.

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

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THE BATTLE WITH THE DRAGON.

FROM SCHILLER.

WHAT'S all the rout? What means this crowd,
Hallowing through the streets so loud?
Is Rhodes on fire? And see yon knight,
High on his horse, amidst the throng;
And after him—heavens what a sight!—
That monster, which they drag along:
It seems a dragon by its size,
Its crocodile jaws and its basilisk eyes.

Now on the beast, in wild amaze,
And now upon the knight, they gaze;
And hark! a thousand voices bawl,
"This is the lindworm—come and view it—
That ate up our herds and our herdsmen all;
And this is the valiant youth that slew it!
Many have gone on the monster's track,
But never before did one come back."

And now the glad procession files
On to St. John's dim-cloister'd aisles,
Where, with their prince, in grave debate,
The brethren of the order wait;
When, stepping forth before the rest,
The hero thus his chief address'd:—
"Lo! there he lies, slain by my hand,
The dragon that laid waste the land!
Our roads are free; o'er plains and rocks
The shepherds now may drive their flocks;
And, joyful, in his long-left fane,
The pilgrim's voice be heard again."

He paus'd. "And hast thou then to learn,"
Exclaim'd the prince with visage stern,
"How priz'd soe'er the warrior's art,
The Christian has a nobler part?
Thou'st shown thy courage in the fight,
And courage well becomes a knight;
But what's the first of duties, say,
For those who arm in Christ's array?"
"Obedience, sire!" the youth replies,
Griev'd honour kindling in his eyes—
"Obedience, of all tests on earth
The best that proves a Christian's worth."

"And this, this first of duties, thou,"
Resumes the chief, "hast set at naught;
Thou'st spurn'd our law, forgot thy vow,
And the forbidden battle fought!"
"Hear, ere you judge"—with steadfast soul
Pursues the youth—"first hear the whole.
'Gainst law I sought not to offend,
But to fulfil law's noblest end:
Not with rash arm the sword I drew,
Not without thought and caution due,
And means that best might overthrow
The force and fury of the foe.

"Five heroes, victims of their zeal,
Had perish'd for the public weal.
When forth the unwelcome mandate flew
That none the combat should renew.
Yet still, by edict unrepent,
Still burn'd the fever of my breast;
E'en in the visions of the night;
I gasp'd, I languish'd for the fight;
But when the blood-ey'd morn arose
With tidings of fresh deaths and woes,
A wilder anguish seiz'd my soul,—
My rage no longer knew control;
And straight I swore my chance to try,
And triumph in the cause or die.

"What decks the youth?—what crowns the man?
'Twas thus my self-reflections ran:
What were the deeds achiev'd of old
By those of whom our bards have told,
Whom Heathen blindness, in its love,
Hath rais'd to rank of gods above?
Earth's deadliest monsters they defied,
Quell'd the fierce lion in his pride,
The minotaur's foul strength subdued,
Crush'd the dire hydra's venom'd brood,
And perill'd limb and life to save
Poor mortals from a cruel grave.

"Is it the Saracen alone
That's worthy of a Christian arm?
Is there, save from the Moslem throne,
No danger, no alarm?
A true-born knight should strive to free
His land from every misery,—
Should shrink before no living foe:
Still judgment must direct the blow,
Wisdom its aid to courage lend,
And stratagem with strength contend.

Thus meditating, day by day,
I took my solitary way,
Explor'd each mountain-rock and glen,
In search to find the monster's den,
Till chance at length my efforts crown'd,
And, joyful, I exclaim'd—"Tis found!"
"Twas known how, with my chief's consent,
On voyage to my home I went.
There scarcely had I touch'd the strand,
When, aided by an artist's hand,
An image of the beast I plann'd;
In size, in form and feature, rife,
It look'd a dragon to the life.
On his short legs, in towery strength
High-pil'd, repos'd his body's length;
His brawny back, his deep-rib'd waist,
A shirt of triple mail embrac'd;
"Far stretch'd his neck, and vast and dire
Yawn'd, like hell's gates, his jaws of fire:
Fierce, from his throat of darkness, sprung
The forked terrors of his tongue;
His teeth, thick-set in grim array,
Grinn'd gauntly, gnashing for their prey;
His keen small eyes flash'd lightnings round;
His tail, in serpent volumes roll'd,
Now wav'd aloft, now swept the ground,
As man and horse it would unfold.

"Such was the beast I did essay,
Then dress'd it all in ghastly grey.
Half crocodile it seem'd, half snake,
Foul offspring of the Stygian lake.
This done, two noble dogs I found,
For courage as for strength renown'd,
Train'd to the battle and the chase,
And terrors of the urus race;
These I let loose upon the foe,
Stir'd up their ardour for the fight,
Taught them with doubled rage to glow,
And where with surest wound to bite.

"There, where the parts, scarce wool or hair,
Lie, midst the opening belly, bare,—
I taught them *there* their fangs to lay,
And fasten furious on their prey.
Myself, I press an Arab steed,
Of finest form and noblest breed,
Soothe with soft hand his rising fear,
Or urge with spur his sharp career,
Aiming my lance with force so true
As't were to pierce the figure through.

"Though my horse rear'd and champ'd the rein,
And my dogs moan'd with wild affright,
I did not from the task abstain
Ere they were harden'd to the sight.
Thus, day by day, I train'd them on,
'Till now the third new moon had shone;
Then, all prepar'd, with rising gale
For Rhodes I spread the eager sail;
And soon—'tis now three mornings past—
Safe anchor in this haven cast;
Whence landing, without halt or rest,
On instant to the work I prest.

"For—to stir higher my bosom's flame—
Fresh tidings of disaster came:
Two herdsmen, who had sought the moor,
Were found all mangled in their gore!
So, taking counsel from the heart,
I straight resolv'd me on my part,
Call'd out my bounding dogs, in speed
Bestrode once more my fiery steed,
And then, with heedful pace and slow,
Went calmly forth to meet the foe.

"The rough ascent in safety trod,
First—ere the combat I begin—
I kneel before the Infant God,
And purify myself from sin:
Then, with the sun's returning light,
Gird on my armour for the fight,
Descend into the bordering plain,
Leave parting orders with my train,
And lightly vaulting on my steed,
And without witness to the deed,
And breathing still to Heaven a prayer,
Move onwards to the monster's lair.

"Scarce had I cross'd into the vale,
When loud and quick the dogs gave tongue,
And snorting, snuffing up the gale,
My horse in backward circles swung;
For, coil'd up in the sun's warm ray,
Before his cave the serpent lay.

Swift rush'd my hounds to the attack,
But swifter still came rushing back,
As, yawning from his jaws so foul,
The beast sent forth his jackal howl.

"But soon their fainting hearts I cheer,
And fierce they fasten on the foe,
Whilst, with redoubled arm, my spear
Full at his bounding sides I throw;
Yet powerless as a reed it flew;
And, ere the stroke I could renew,
Confounded, aghast, at his towering size,
At his venomous breath and his flaming eyes,
My horse he began to plunge and rear,
And all now seem'd over with my career.

"Down springing from his back again,
With lightning's speed, my sword I drew;
But thrust and stroke alike were vain
To pierce his rocky harness through.
And now, with tail swift swinging round,
The beast had swept me to the ground;
Already at his feet I lay,
His jaws already grasp'd their prey,
When my brave dogs, to madness stung,
Fierce on the monster's belly sprung,
That rousing, writhing, at their bite,
He yell'd with anguish and affright;

"And swift, ere he could disengage
His body from their burning rage,
All breathless from the ground I start,
Spy out his bosom's barest part,
And slake my vengeance in his heart.
Up to its hilt I drive the blade;
His blood streams, blackening, o'er the glade;
Down rolls the giant mass, whilst I,
Half-crush'd beneath its ruin, lie.
I knew no more; all sense had fled;
But when, at length, I rais'd my head,
I found my servants hanging o'er me,
And the dead dragon stretch'd before me."

He ceas'd. Applauses, long suppress'd,
Burst wildly forth from every breast.
Mix'd shouts of triumph, rapture, wonder,
Roll, echoing through the aisles, like thunder.
And, first, the brethren, pressing round,
Insist at once he shall be crown'd;
The crowd, in pageant state the while,
Would bear their hero through the isle.

"Peace! peace!" the indignant master cries
Then fixes on the youth his eyes,
And says, "Thou'st slain, with valiant hand,
The dragon that laid waste the land;
Thou stand'st a demigod below,
But not the less thine order's foe;
For, dire as was the serpent pest,
A direr harbours in thy breast;
A worm which deeper, deadlier stings,
Which fiercer strife and anguish brings:
That is, a proud, rebellious soul;
A spirit, spurning all control,
To reason, law, and duty blind—
'Tis *that* which desolates mankind.

"Courage the Mameluke displays;
Obedience is the Christian's praise.
For, where the Lord of earth and skies
Walk'd humbly forth in servant's guise,
There first, e'en on that blessed land,
Arose our order's holy band,
Earth's strictest duties to fulfil,
And learn subjection of the will.
'Twas vain ambition urg'd thee on;—
Away, then, from my sight—begone!
For he who Christ's dear cross would wear,
Must not disdain his yoke to bear."

All could the people such rebuke,
Such sentence on their hero, brook;
Loud rings the roof with their uproar;
The brethren too for grace implore;
All but the youth: still firm, though lowly,
He bows him to the stern command,
Doffs from his breast each ensign holy,
And, kissing his reprov'er's hand,
Withdraws. With lingering eyes his track
The prince pursues,—then calls him back,
And cries "Embrace me, my dear son!
Thy hardest battle now is won.
Here, take the cross; 'tis due to thee,
As prize of thy humility—
Humility, o'er SELF victorious,
Of all earth's triumphs the most glorious."