

## Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /  
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion  
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut  
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la  
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /  
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may  
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these  
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que  
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une  
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,  
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas  
été numérisées.

# THE COLONIAL PEARL.

## POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

"FANCY AND FACTS—TO PLEASE AND TO IMPROVE."

VOLUME FOUR.

HALIFAX, N. S. SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 4, 1840.

NUMBER TWENTY-SEVEN.

### ON PUBLIC SPEAKING IN ANCIENT AND MODERN TIMES—THEIR DISTINCT CHARACTERISTICS AND USES.

A LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE HALIFAX MECHANICS' INSTITUTE: DECEMBER, 1839.

By George R. Young, Esq.  
(Concluded.)

We come to the golden age of Louis the Great, and our own Queen Anne. The reputation of it is founded upon that of the great men whom it produced. It had poets, philosophers, historians, and statesmen; and under their guardianship, literature, science, and politics, rose before the world in new aspects, and seemed to be refreshed with new vigour and strength. It would here be out of place to dwell upon all the improvements gained to future times by the labours and devotion of these gifted minds—but in tracing the causes which led to the excellence which oratory has acquired, it is right to point to the improvements effected by the writers of that age upon the structure and the harmony of the English style. In Shakespeare there is a well of the pure old English—a mellowed force and ripeness of expression which every scholar admires the more deeply it is studied; but Dryden, Milton, Addison, wove a pure and classic elegance into English literature, and led to that richness and power for which the national style has since been distinguished. They thus prepared one of the essential and primary elements for the rise of the new and modern school of oratory.

Previous to the era of the American and French Revolutions, it cannot be said that Europe produced any orators of surpassing excellence. Coke, Raleigh, Cromwell, Hale, Bolingbroke, Selwyn, Walpole; however high they may rank as literary men, have left no splendid orations as ornaments to our literature. That these men spoke well—that they could argue and persuade—that some of them were gifted with powers of public speaking of a peculiar and even lofty kind, cannot be questioned; but of fine orations, they have left none; and it was consigned to the elder Pitt, gifted with the noblest talents, inspired by his sympathies for the freedom and destinies of the New World, his just indignation at the employment of the Indians, against those who were struggling for the great battle of human rights—to give to the world some specimens of oratory, equal to the productions of ancient times, and which led to that splendid age of parliamentary eloquence, with which St. Stephen's was then, and has since, been adorned.

Let it not be supposed that in speaking thus lightly of the oratory which is known from the age of Henry VIII. up to the reign of George III., I intend to say that public speaking of a high order did not exist. The eloquence of the Puritans in England—of the Covenanters in Scotland—of several speakers in Parliament, are spoken of as impassioned and dramatic by the historians of their own times; and in drawing the above distinctions, I wish it to be understood that they refer only to perfect and exquisite efforts. We speak not of their own intrinsic merits—but of their excellencies, when weighed in the scale of comparison with the productions of other times.

Before the age of Chatham, it cannot be doubted that the Catholic fathers of the French Church had exhibited a force of eloquence of the very purest school. The sermons of Bourdaloue, Fenelon, and Massillon, produced those electric and moving effects upon their audience, which come only from the loftiest powers of the human mind. Blair, in his lectures upon the pulpit, has described these powerfully; and such instances prove beyond doubt, that even in these later times, the gifts of oratory were exquisitely prized, and that the hearts of the people were ready to yield to the fascinating sympathies which the orator, and he only, can produce.

There can be no doubt that the partition of Poland in the Old World, and the separation of the old American Colonies in the New, gave rise to that war of opinions and principles with which the intelligent part of mankind has since been agitated. In the British Parliament—the most exciting, the most chaste, and the noblest field of eloquence which the modern world has ever yet seen—these events, and those which followed them, called for the highest efforts of the human mind, and that iron resolution of the soul fitted to struggle with, and master mighty issues. The revolution in America was followed by the revolution in France—the fiercest struggle, which had ever been seen between the aristocratic and the popular powers. It enkindled genius, and aroused the feelings and the passions of the most collected and philosophical. The war which desolated Europe, and threatened to destroy the older dynasties, built upon the prejudices of a former age, and crushing freedom of action and the generous expansion of the mind—was then begun,

and induced Great Britain to bring her influence to uphold the balance of power. Then came the impeachment of Warren Hastings—the Union with Ireland. This continued succession of great events gave that impulse to the public mind, and created that broad sympathy in national feeling, which rendered the English Parliament, for some thirty years, a scene of masterly and splendid eloquence. In this period there were the elder and younger Chatham, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, Grattan, Canning, Curran, Erskine—all statesmen, or lawyers, who were the master spirits of their time, and have left reputations for eloquence inferior only to the ancient masters, because they lived in, and spoke to another age, and to an audience of a far different character, from the subtle and ingenious Athenians, or the Roman Senate or Comitia.

To give the different styles of these speakers—to quote their finer passages and reflect upon them—is a labour which, if any of us here are competent to such a task, would be supererogatory. That they nearly approached to a classic standard, and copied more closely the finest examples of ancient times—in the use of metaphor—in freedom and amplitude of illustration—in an embellishment, amounting almost to ornate poetic figure—in an appeal to the passions and the finer feelings of the heart,—cannot be questioned. Let any student study the best speeches of the last Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, Burke, or even Erskine, and he will see at once that they indulge in a classic freedom and play of imagination, which would not suit the grave and more chastened taste of a modern audience. Some of these, it is known, prepared their speeches with elaborate and exquisite care. Fox was a diligent student of the classics, during the whole period of his public life. Sheridan wrote passages, and had them committed to memory, ready to be spoken in their proper place. Burke, too, wrote out and committed many of his most celebrated speeches; and Curran's have come down to us corrected by his own hand. These men brought to the inspiration of the hour, the thoughts and tropes elaborated by previous study; and hence it is that many of their efforts have the appearance of disquisitions—refined thoughts dressed in apt and chastened language—passages of polished and exquisite skill—political philosophy woven into gorgeous language, and the passions deified and addressed;—all widely different from the resolute but practical talent—the epigrammatic point and the lively illustration, best fitted now for a warm and eager debate.

In the biographies of these statesmen and orators of the last age, their mode of preparation is described, and such is the change of taste arising from the spread of letters and general intelligence, that if any speaker were to confess now that he subjected his mind to such careful training, it would be injurious to his public reputation, and would induce men to think he was unfitted to wrestle in the tournament of a modern popular assembly. The tone of eloquence—the characteristics of public speaking have since changed.

In the era of the Revolution in France the National Assembly had a band of orators superiorly gifted. Robespierre, Danton, Mirabeau, were all adepts in the art; but this is a scene to which none ought to turn, except to execrate. In America the Revolution called out some master minds. Patrick Henry, Hamilton, Jefferson, Adams, were men who could address a popular assembly, with decided and wonderful effect; and no doubt felt the inspiration of that bold destiny they were summoned to occupy in the history of human freedom. But the debates in Ireland during the rebellion of 1798, and when the Union with England was first proposed, brought out a galaxy of talent and displays of eloquence which have scarcely been surpassed in any former age. The public mind was then agitated with an ominous catastrophe. "Coming events cast their shadows before." The great mass of the Irish population—long suffering under religious persecution, and living in the hope, which, although long deferred, so far from being extinct, burned day by day with the freshness of a new life—that their emancipation would yet be achieved by the influence and action of their own domestic Parliament,—saw in the Union a death-blow to their political and religious freedom, and the perpetuity of a yoke which had then galled till it festered on the national flesh. In the national character of Ireland, all the elements of genuine oratory are combined—deep feeling and passion—warm imaginative powers—fluent and ready utterance; and it is freely admitted that at this period the splendid talent of the nation even surpassed itself, and produced specimens of oratory, which, for boldness of conception, pathos, and patriotic ardour, rank among the first in the standard of modern times.

But I have already said the character of public speaking has undergone a decided change. With these names, the classic lights have been extinguished. The same style is no longer attempted. We have become a business and more prosaic age. The mystic learning of the schools, and the embellishments of rhetoric have

lost their charms. This is an age of action—not of fancy and speculative contemplation. All intellectual efforts are weighed by their utility, and by their adaptation to the every day business of life. It is the business of a speaker now chiefly to persuade. He addresses cultivated and thinking minds. He has to adduce facts; not to elaborate theories; and these causes combined, give to the public speaking of the present day a scope and character widely different from the eloquence of the ancients, and force it to draw upon the memory and the judgment, rather than upon the imagination and the passions—the orator has to pursue logical deduction, rather than to throw off the figures of a refined and matured genius.

Let it not be supposed that in a distinction of this kind, I am accusing you with a theory of my own. The distinction is brought out in Moore's Life of Sheridan; and I quote the passage entire—"In politics, too, he (Sheridan) had the advantage of entering on his career at a time, when habits of business, and a knowledge of details were less looked for in public men than they are at present, and when the House of Commons was, for various reasons, a more open play-ground for eloquence and wit. The great increase of public business since then has necessarily made a considerable change in this respect. Not only has the time of the Legislature become too precious to be wasted upon the mere gymnastics of rhetoric, but even those graces, with which true oratory surrounds her statements, are but impatiently borne, where the statement itself is the primary and pressing object of the hearer. Burke, we know, was even too much addicted to what a Falconer would call raking, or flying wide of his game; but there was hardly one of his great contemporaries, who, if beginning his career at present, would not find it in some degree necessary, to conform his style to the taste for business and matter of fact that is prevalent. Mr. Pitt would be compelled to curtail the march of his sentences. Mr. Fox would have to repent himself frequently; nor would Sheridan venture to enliven a question of evidence by a long and pathetic appeal to philanthropy." In addition to the change in the character and taste of the House of Commons, which, while it has lowered the value of some of the qualifications possessed by Sheridan, has created a demand for others of a more useful and less splendid kind, which his education and habits of life would have rendered less easily attainable by him, we must take into account the prodigious difference produced by the general movement of the whole civilized world towards knowledge—a movement, which no public man, however great his natural talents, could now lag behind with impunity, and which requires nothing less than the versatile and encyclopaedic powers of a Brougham to keep pace with."—Vol. 1. p. 464. London Edition.

In an article upon the orators in the Reformed Parliament, contained in the Dublin Review for October, 1838—a work of genuine talent, and conducted with all the spirit of a leading periodical—there is the following view of the declension of Parliamentary eloquence, p. 435.

"There is no longer in either House a Burke, with lively and impassioned images, with profound knowledge, and in a tone as philosophical as captivating, to enchain the attention, and to inculcate, in the most flowing periods, and the most measured but alluring sentences, the favourite doctrines of the statesman—the energy of a Fox; the ever-ready, ever-biting retort of a Pitt; the keen wit, the pointed satire, the brilliant imagination, the overpowering eloquence of a Canning, are yet wanting; and there exists not one legislator, who, with an almost inexhaustible flow of words the best chosen, and of flowers of rhetoric the most carefully culled,—who, with a quickness of fancy, and with an acute sense of the ridiculous, can alike amuse and convince a reluctant audience,—in a word, who can supply the place of a Sheridan?"

"Part of this retrogression may, perhaps, be attributed to a cause which, although somewhat startling, is nevertheless true, this ora-

\* Hume, in his Essay upon Eloquence, (vol. 1. p. 109) thus expresses himself:—"Now, to judge by the rule, ancient eloquence, that is, the sublime and passionate, is of a much greater taste than the modern, or the argumentative and rational; and if properly executed will always have more command and authority over mankind. We are satisfied with our mediocrity, because we have had no experience of any thing better; but the ancients had experience of both, and, upon comparison, gave the preference to that kind of which they have left us such applauded models. For, if it mistake not, our modern eloquence is of the same style or species, with that which ancient critics denominated attic eloquence, that is, calm, elegant, and subtle, which instructed the reason more than affected the passions, and never raised its tone above argument or common discourse." This opinion has been attacked, and in justice to the historian, it may be said, that if he had lived to the present day he would have been found to entertain views in some respects modified.

tory is inconsistent with a very high degree of civilization, and, for the same reason, that the drama, however great may be the excellence of the writings or the actors, cannot again flourish in England to any thing like its former extent. When the great mass of the people think for themselves, and whenever the middle classes are very far advanced in general knowledge and acquirements, they have naturally a dislike to every thing which depends for its effect upon delusion."

"The present deficiency may, however, be partially ascribed to another cause, 'that vice of much speaking, which is the fashion of the present day.' Every man representing a popular constituency is expected to say something. On the Hustings, in his own town, the admired of all admirers, possibly the most wealthy, frequently the most personally beloved man in his neighbourhood, holding political sentiments in accordance with the majority of those whom he addresses, every successful candidate is a triton among minnows."

"The favourable audience to which he has been in the habit of addressing himself, charmed with his ready command of words, remember not the old and trite, but at the same, perfectly just remark, that it is not every ready or even eloquent speaker who is an orator. They applaud him to the very echo, he fancies that he has succeeded,—he takes but little farther pains,—he, upon almost every occasion, pours out in his place in Parliament his empty verbiage, or his common place observations,—he is delighted at seeing himself at due length in the reports of the following morning,—a few more clap-traps, or well-pointed personal remarks, have procured from his party some hearty cheers; and for these loquacious babblings, this accomplished person and applauded speaker is proclaimed to the world as an orator. But of oratory, in its pure sense—of that lucid arrangement of facts—of that convincing method of selecting details—of that ready flow of the best chosen words, placed in the most appropriate situations—of that keenness of perception which detects the weakest points in an adversary's statements, and either puts old arguments in a new light, or discovers yet an unexhausted fund—of that fertile imagination, which can, at the same time, win the attention, move the passions, and enlist the sympathy of the hearer,—but above all, of the extensive, the copious, the nervous, the majestic orator, there exists at the present day but few examples."—*Dublin Review for October, 1833.*

In another modern publication entitled the Bench and Bar, by the author of the Great Metropolis, he gives the following sketch of the present state of eloquence at the Bar and in the Senate:

"I cannot conclude these volumes without adverting to the fact, that true eloquence has, of late years, most grievously declined at the English Bar. I am not sure whether there be not now a greater number of sound lawyers in Westminster Hall, than at any former period; but surely, no one who knows any thing of the subject will pretend that, in point of genuine eloquence, the Bar of the present day can admit of a moment's comparison with that of a former period. At present I know of no master spirit in Westminster Hall. We look in vain for an Erskine or a Brougham, we look in vain in our Courts of Law even for such men as but lately conferred a lustre on Scotland and Ireland, by the brilliancy of their forensic displays in either country. We cannot boast either of a Jeffery or of an O'Connell. Whence is this? What is the cause of this decline in the true eloquence of the English Bar? I have heard various reasons assigned for it, but I cannot concur in any one which has yet been mentioned to me. The most common hypothesis is, that there is now a greater number of cases before our Courts, and that consequently those Barristers who possess the greatest abilities are retained in so many cases, that they are, to a certain extent, obliged to make their forensic exhibitions a matter of mere business, which, it is said, precludes that attention to their matter and style which is indispensable to the loftiest order of eloquence."

"It is worthy of observation, that there is at the present time, and has been for a number of years, the same dearth of genuine eloquence or oratory—for in this case I regard the terms as synonymous—in the Legislature as at the Bar. We have no Fox among the present members of the House of Commons—none that can for a moment be compared with the Burkes, or Sheridans, or Pitts, or Cannings, who, night after night, were formerly in the habit of entrancing that Body by the splendours of their eloquence."—Vol. 2. p. 208.

It is not to be inferred from these extracts, that public speaking, at the present time, does not possess some of its best attributes. These writers draw the contrast between the present style of eloquence, compared with its palmy times in Athens and Rome, and in the age of Chatham, Fox, and Burke. They do not deny to the speakers of this day excellencies, even of a refined and exquisite order. It would be indefensible to say that eloquence has lost all her powers of inspiration, while Lyndhurst, Brougham, Stanley, and Harvey, are masters of the British Senate—while Benson, Melville and Chalmers charm their audiences with their sublime illustrations of the Christian doctrine—while Follett, Talford and Phillips are the leaders of the English Bar—while Clay and Webster rule by the influence of mind the destinies of the great Republic,—and the French and Irish Bars have each a host of men, fitted by their persuasive powers, to perform the high and responsible duties of an intellectual and noble profession.

The orator of the present day is more closely confined to facts, truth, and logical induction; he speaks to the judgment—he ad-

resses men who reflect—the reporter is there to convey to the press the words and metaphors as they fall from the tongue; and although he may address an audience upon whom he might successfully try some of the strong and lighter arts of rhetoric—he is restrained by the consciousness that he has to pass through a wider ordeal, and to stand, with his opinions and language recorded, before a reading and critical public.

Why then, it may be asked, has oratory declined? Is it because the human intellect has deteriorated? No. In all the pursuits of science and literature—in genuine and substantial knowledge—we are superior to the classic ages. They had then no correct knowledge of the laws of Nature. In physics and in logic, or the science of mind, their knowledge consisted in theories, which it has been our pursuit to investigate and reject. In the two fine arts of architecture and statuary they have enjoyed an unquestionable pre-eminence; but even this may be ascribed to peculiar causes—to climate, mythology, and the power of commanding, for one great object, the energies and labours of a people. But in all the other fields of intellectual enquiry—philosophy, poetry, history, the belles-lettres, tragedy, and novel-writing—a species of literature to the ancients unknown—we can produce names who far surpass any rivals to be found in ancient times.

Eloquence then, it may be fairly argued, has not reached the same perfection—if perfection\* it be—which it did in Athens or Rome, because the public man addresses himself to a different audience—is not animated by similar excitements, and cannot expect the same rewards. Let such men as Brougham, O'Connell, Lyndhurst and Stanley, be subjected to the same exclusive and elaborate training, and cultivate one single oration for a period of months—give to them such a throng as gathered around Demosthenes or Cicero, when they spoke on the affairs of the state—let them have an audience who would respond with such exquisite sympathy, and reward with such boundless and enthusiastic applause the boldest figures, and the chastened and ripe expressions of a patient and elaborate study—let the destiny of a nation depend upon the one effort to persuade and guide—and let their triumph be rewarded by national confidence, intellectual power, and the highest honours of the state; and such is my belief in the mysterious benevolence of Providence—such the nature and inherent elasticity of the human mind—such its powers and facility of meeting the universal principle of means to ends, that these men would rise to this other and higher standard, and equal, if not surpass, the fame of the great masters who have preceded them. The saying is significant, "the Schoolmaster has been abroad," and intelligence and reason have come to controul and restrain the imagination.

Again, no question now is settled by the single oratorical display of one master mind. The people read and think. London, Paris, New York have no rostrums, to which the nation comes from all points of the compass. Each County, District and State, has its public men and its hustings. Governments are no longer metropolitan. There are Elections, Debating Societies and Institutes, planted in every little circle. The volume, the pamphlet, the review, the newspaper, scatter abroad the seeds of enquiry and intelligence—transfuse through the mass the essence of genius—implant the comprehensive thoughts and the speculations, however far they may reach into futurity, of the statesman into the broad field of the national mind,—they are reflected upon—reproduced and re-published; and while knowledge is thus more generally diffused, there is less labour to be achieved, and less honour to be acquired, by any one mind, however highly gifted or cultivated.

Are not these causes sufficient to account for the differences between ancient and modern eloquence, and to vindicate the theory I have endeavoured to reason out, that if Demosthenes or Cicero had lived in this age, their fame as orators would not have been so brilliant and transcendent. Be it remarked, however, with becoming humility, that upon this subject we can only speculate. It is a pure question of metaphysics which we are unable to reduce to certainty. Nature may have created only one Demosthenes—one Cicero—one Newton—a Shakspeare and a Scott; upon these she may have conferred higher attributes of divinity, there is a curtain beyond which we cannot pierce, and before it we must bow,—for, with all our knowledge, we know little of the lamp which burns within.

To conclude, in my first paragraph I ventured to say that our

\* "In the first place, then, we find it impossible implicitly to agree with Mr. Hume or Dr. Blair that eloquence has declined in modern compared with ancient times. The eloquence of the two periods is certainly different: but its difference consists entirely in the means now and formerly employed, by orators, to win the consent of their auditory. These means must, at all times, be suggested by the condition of society; which is itself dependent upon the state of the intellect and its development in the men or nations who are to be persuaded or convinced. Now certainly the nations of antiquity were more governed by their sensations and passions, more by their feelings and less by their reason, than those which have risen to greatness and civilization in modern Europe. The entire difference in the state of past and present oratory is owing to this single cause—for, from it, have arisen a variety of modifications in the forms of Government, and consequently of debate, all of which have a tendency to diminish the influence of enthusiasm in national councils, and to bring the concerns of men, as much as may be, within the pale of ratiocination. Impassioned eloquence, less frequently resorted to, because less effective now, may have declined; but the eloquence of reason never flourished as in later nations."—*Edinburgh Review*, vol. xxxv. p. 160.

present enquiry would not be without its utility here. You have seen one curious effect of diffused intelligence. It would be improper and indelicate to point out the characteristics of the speakers in our own Province, and to inquire, by personal reference, if they come up to the standard of modern times. I venture not to touch them, although if I were I believe I would carry your testimony in saying, that whether we turn to our speakers in the Legislature, the Bar and the Pulpit, and to some fresh importations from a land famed for oratorical brilliance, there are to be found indications of that spirit of improvement, that progress of mind, which is pushing forward this rising Province so rapidly. Let me part with the same tone of kindly suggestion so often repeated here. Let us go on and improve ourselves, and those who are to succeed us. Let us cultivate here, as we have done, a knowledge of philosophy and letters—let us widen our own acquisitions; sharpen the judgment and refine the taste, for be assured that your lecturers and speakers will both improve from the respect you will naturally inspire,—and that in each revolving season you will thus work out more happily the beneficial influence this Institute must exercise upon the education, prosperity, and social relations of the capital.

#### LAWYERS IN PARLIAMENT.

The reason that more attention has been directed to the failure of great lawyers in the House of Commons than of other people, arises from the fact, that few lawyers enter the house, without being preceded by a high reputation, if not for positive eloquence, at least for a dexterous use of their learning and powers, acquired in other fields, and directed to other objects. High expectation is thus excited, which is scarcely ever realised. It is well known that Canning originally belonged to the Whig party, and was to have been brought into Parliament under their auspices. When some observation was made on Mr. Jenkinson (afterwards Lord Liverpool), a very young man, who had just then been introduced by the Tories, Sheridan rose and said, "that his friends, too, in that house would be able to boast a youthful supporter, whose talents and eloquence would not be inferior to those of the ecleve of the ministry." It is said that Sheridan at this time knew that Canning was no longer with his party; and thus chaunted his praises only to awaken expectations that he trusted might disconcert the youthful aspirant when he should take his seat. Erskine's high reputation at the bar was the cause of his failure in the house. Lord Thurlow, who succeeded in making a great impression in the house, is always thought to have done so because his reputation as a lawyer had not preceded him. It is not, to be denied, however, that the habits of forensic oratory do not qualify, or rather do, in some degree, disqualify an individual for success in Parliament. Wit and humour, so foreign to the severe reasonings and close deductions to which the lawyer habituates himself, are the prime elements of success in the House of Commons. When somebody asked Sheridan how it was he succeeded so well in the house, he replied, "Why, Sir, I had not been there very long before I found three-fourths of the members were fools, and the whole loved a joke. I resolved, therefore, not to shock them by too much severity of argument, and to amuse them by a sufficient quantity of humour,—this is the secret of my success."

Erskine's career in parliament greatly disappointed his friends and the world,—who expected great things from the brilliant advocate. The first time "when he rose to speak in the House of Commons," says Mr. Espinasse, "he was received with marked attention, and expectation was high in every part of the house. It was a total failure. Mr. Pitt had prepared himself to take notes of his speech, and had leaned forward, as if to catch every word which fell from him. After listening to him for a few seconds, he flung the paper on which he had prepared to take notes, on the ground, with a look of lofty supercilious contempt so peculiarly his own. Erskine was one of the party opposed to him, and it was said to be a *ruse de guerre* to lower the estimation in which his talents were held." Lord Brougham's observations on Erskine's parliamentary career are too important to be omitted. "It must be admitted," says he, "that, had he appeared in any other period than the age of the Foxes, the Pitts, and the Burkes, there is little chance that he would have been eclipsed even as a debater; but he never appears to have given his whole mind to the practice of debating, and he possessed but a very scanty provision of political information. Earlier practice, and more devotion to the pursuit, would, doubtless, have vanquished all these disadvantages; but they sufficed to keep Mr. Erskine in a station far beneath his talents as long as he remained in the House of Commons."

So great did Murray show himself in parliament, that the ministry displayed no inclination to part with him. When the Chief Justiceship became vacant by the death of Sir Dudley Ryder, Murray naturally expected to have been appointed to it. Offer after offer was made to induce him to continue in the House of Commons. He was offered the chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster for life, with a pension of £2,000 a year; permission to remain Attorney General (worth, with the private practice it brought, £7,000 a-year), and the reversion of the first tellership of the Exchequer for his nephew, Viscount Stormount. He refused this offer, reminding the ministers of his repeated declaration, that he would receive no appointment not connected with his profession. Hoping to subdue his obstinacy by raising their biddings, they offered him a pension of six thousand (instead of two

thousand) a-year—they implored him to stay but one month, nay, only one day, to meet their enemies in the House of Commons. "Good Heaven," he exclaimed, "what merit have I that you should load this country, for which so little is done with spirit, with an additional burden of six thousand a-year." Finding, however, they still were not disposed to comply with his wishes, he intimated his intention of resigning the Attorney Generalship, and leaving them to fight their battles as they could. This was sufficient, and he was immediately appointed. When Charles Townshend had heard of Murray's intended elevation, he said to him, "I wish you joy; or rather I wish myself joy, for you will ruin the Duke of Newcastle by quitting the House of Commons, and the Chancellor, by going into the House of Lords. And so it proved; eleven days after Murray was raised to the Bench the ministry resigned.

The most celebrated case in which Sir J. Mackintosh was engaged, was the defence of Peltier for a libel on Bonaparte, with whom we were then at peace. This defence deserves perusal, as a magnificent oration, replete with wit, fancy, and learning, with superb episodes, the character of which partakes alike of oratorical sublimity and historical simplicity, and manifests powers of no ordinary description: as a defence, as a specimen of advocacy, it is a miserable failure. Peltier declared "dat der feller" had sacrificed him to shower his praises on Napoleon. Mr. Windham declared that if Mackintosh had spoke for Peltier in the same manner as he once spoke before an election committee, his client would have had a better chance of escape.—From *Law and Lawyers*.

THE BURNING PRAIRIE.

In the fall of the year the Indians set fire to the dry grass of the prairies, and the flames sweep over the vast plains with inconceivable rapidity. Their object is to drive the game to the edges of the creeks where they may be hunted with greater facility.

'Twas in the latter part of October that we first enjoyed the magnificent spectacle of a burning prairie. During nearly the whole of two days we had perceived far away on the horizon before us an appearance which we at first supposed to be a line of thin clouds floating along the sky; but as night was approaching on the second day, the red light which began itself in the contrasted darkness told us that the vast wilderness before us was on fire. We could form no estimate of the distance that lay between us and the raging element, as all we could distinguish was a line of faint light stretching along the circling edge of the sky and land, like an expiring rainbow. Our travel the next day brought us slowly nearer to the fire that was hurrying on to meet us; and at night we encamped upon the edge of a stream which lay between us and the consuming grass, so that in case the fire should reach us before morning we would have no danger to apprehend.

The first guard was set and we were soon locked in slumber. The second guard was called up to duty, and as they lazily rolled out of their buffalo robes, various exclamations escaped their lips about the approaching fire. At length the third guard was called, which was at half past one in the morning, and there was no more sleep among us that night. The whole camp was generally disturbed at the changing of the guard, and our eyes now opened upon a scene of wild splendour that at once enchained us in boundless admiration. The fire had approached us to within four or five hundred yards, and we could hear the tall dry grass crackling in the flames, and the dull roar of the night wind like an angry spirit hurrying on the work of destruction. The trees and brush that lined the creek added to the enchantment of the scene. As the fire swept on, the light seen through the trees appeared in all kinds of fantastic and curious shapes; and the flames (now raging steadily forward, and again darting furiously in sidelong and eccentric directions, where beds of withered flowers and tufts of dried grass lay in its course,) formed for a lively imagination things for fantasy and ludicrous grandeur, such as we are wont to see among tinted clouds when the sun is setting, or when we are gazing in abstracted musings on a sea-coal fire.

The night was just cold enough to afford us comfortable sensations while rolled in our buffalo robes, and, having chosen the most convenient logs and stumps on the side of the creek for pillows, we lay dozing and dreaming and gazing at the fire till morning. The creek made a wide bend at the point where we were camped, and as the flames closed up far along its opposite bank we were encircled by a vast crescent of fire. In the distance trees and shrubs seemed to be dancing in fantastic groups, and flocks of birds, burnt out from their grassy homes, would dart for a moment through the lighted sky, and again disappear, screaming faintly in the distant gloom. Volumes of smoke, swept by fitful gusts of wind, would blind us for a moment, and roll away over our heads, a dark caravan of travellers through the sky. The fire at last seized upon the tall grass and shrubbery that skirted the opposite bank, and raged with a fierceness that seemed to threaten destruction even to the trees. The heat became oppressive, and we screened ourselves behind fallen logs while we peeped through the clustering shrubbery at the fire. At one moment we almost expected to see the grass upon our own side of the creek burst into flame, so heated became the ground. The strong wind in places would sweep the fire completely out for an instant, till, as the gust died away, the grass became again ignited, and the

flames would seem to rage more furiously for their momentary suspension. At length the fire hissed in the water of the creek and expired. We watched the flickering remnants of flame far along the distant winding of the stream, until the last blade of grass was consumed, the last spark extinguished, darkness again shadowed the scene, and all was black.

"Impressed with wonder at the extraordinary scene we had witnessed, we mused sleeplessly till light spread slowly in the eastern sky, and the day dawned.—N. O. Peckham.

For the Pearl.  
NIGHT.

"How beautiful is Night!"—SOUTHEY.  
Earth! thou art beautiful when Night  
Her mystic mantle o'er thee throws,  
And in the soft and silvery light  
The dim and shadowy things repose!  
More beautiful than when by day  
The sun displays his burning ray.

No living thing is seen—no sound  
To break the solemn spell is heard.  
So deep the silence, so profound,  
The summer leaves are scarcely stirred.  
The calm untroubled prospect seems  
Like those we sometimes see in dreams.

My spirit with the midnight hour  
Holds sweet communion—and I feel  
Its star-born, pure, mysterious power  
Like holy rapture o'er me steal.  
Though sunk in worldly cares by day,  
By night she soars from earth away.

Day may be glorious—may be  
Bright with the sun's empyreal blaze—  
The heavens from clouds and darkness free;  
But Night—the moon's undazzling rays—  
The stars, the shades, the silence—all  
Hold the full soul in sweeter thrall!

Night is a Spirit! From her throne  
To all she wondrous knowledge shows;  
She makes what Day denies us known,  
And pure poetic fire bestows.  
The Hebrew worshipped at her shrine  
And felt her influence divine!

Go learn of Night—the Sybil, Night!  
Go read her vast ethereal scroll,  
Illumed by her orbs of light  
Around unnumbered worlds that roll!  
Go learn of Night!—her lore sublime  
Shall help thee Heaven itself to climb!

J. McP.

January, 1839.

TEMPERANCE MEETING AT LIVERPOOL,  
QUEEN'S COUNTY, N. S.

A convention of delegates from several of the Temperance and Total Abstinence Societies in this County, was held in the Temperance Hall, on the 19th instant, according to previous appointment.

Present as delegates from the Queen's Co. Total Abstinence Society—T. R. Patillo, Esq. Rev. S. T. Rand, Rev. James Melvin, Messrs. William Brymer, John Cobb, Faddy Phillips, Atwood Snow, Davison Kinsman, Charles Bill, James Clemens, and W. S. Jacobs. From Queen's Co. Temperance Society—Messrs. R. Barrey, H. Payzant, and G. Payzant. From the Milton Temperance Society—Mr. T. Kempton, Sen. and Mr. N. Freeman. And from the Northern District Union—Rev. Thomas Delong, Z. Waterman, Esq. Messrs. M. Park, Thomas Bryden, P. Murray, James Bryden, and Perez Murray.

Zenas Waterman, Esq. in the Chair.—Mr. Thomas Bryden, Clerk.

On motion of Mr. James Bryden, it was Resolved, That the ministers and members of Churches attending the Association now present, be invited to sit as honorary members of this convention, and take a part with us in our deliberations.

On motion of Mr. W. Bryden, Resolved, That the members of the various Temperance Societies present, do take a part in the proceedings of the Convention.

Reports of the state of various Societies in this County, were handed in, and are as follows:

Queen's Co. Total Abstinence Soc. in Society,	183,	Pledge	Total Abs.
Queen's Co. Temperance Soc.	592,	"	Temperance.
Milton Temperance Soc.	415,	"	Total Abs.
Northern District Union Soc.	390,	"	Total Abs.
Port Medway Soc. no Delegates,	100,	"	Total Abs.
			1650

There are other Societies in the County, but no Delegates having been sent to the convention, no reports were received from them.

The following resolutions were put by the delegates, and unanimously carried.

1st. That the three following resolutions be discussed at the evening meeting, to be held by the Rev. Theodore S. Harding, namely, That this convention acknowledge with devout gratitude the goodness and mercy of Almighty God, by whose gracious Providence Temperance Societies were commenced, and have hitherto continued to extend their salutary influence.

2d. By the Rev. Silas T. Rand, That in the opinion of this Convention, the friends of Temperance in this County, are not making such exertions as the present crisis demands.

3d. By James Bryden, That in view of this Convention there is an inseparable connexion between the Licence system, the traffic in intoxicating liquors, and intemperance; that intemperance is at war, not only with the morals of the community, but with all its social and pecuniary interests, which as Legislators, in all analogous cases feel bound to protect, it is their bounden duty to save the public, as far as legal enactments can do it from intemperance, and the train of evils which follow it; that in order to secure this desirable result, the consistent friends of Temperance are requested in their choice of representatives, to have reference to the most speedy and successful accomplishment of this desirable object.

Also Resolved, That it is expedient that a travelling Agent be employed to advance the cause of Temperance, throughout this Province.

Resolved, That the sum of £20 be raised by subscription, by the friends of Temperance in this County, towards defraying the expense of the said Agent.

Resolved, That the Secretary of this Convention submit the two former resolutions to the Secretary of the Halifax Temperance Society.

Resolved, That the propriety of uniting the various Temperance Societies, in this County, be suggested to them by their different delegates, and that report be made thereon to the next Convention.

Resolved, That in the opinion of this Convention, the only pledge which can secure the objects for which the friends of Temperance profess to labour, is "Total Abstinence from all intoxicating drinks."

Resolved, That an address be drawn up and presented to those who are, or have been, accustomed to the sale of intoxicating liquors in this County, urging them to desist from the traffic therein.

Resolved, That the Rev. Silas T. Rand, the Rev. James Melvin, and Mr. George Payzant, be a Committee to prepare the said address.

Resolved, That a Convention be held in the Meeting house in Caledonia, of Delegates from the various Temperance and Total Abstinence Societies in the County, on the first Wednesday in July, 1841.

Resolved, That the foregoing resolutions be forwarded to the Editors of the Christian Messenger, and the Pearl, newspapers.

That the last day in February be the stated day for holding the Simultaneous Meetings.

THOMAS BRYDEN,  
Secretary Con.

Liverpool, Queen's Co. June 19, 1840.

A pious lady of our acquaintance, who lives a few miles in the country, says the Providence Journal, came in town one Saturday morning, a few weeks since, to attend church, thoroughly impressed with the idea that it was Sunday, and leaving the good people who remained at home, engaged reading the bible or other devotional works. She passed a carpenter's shop, and was surprised to find the men at work, which she could only account for, by supposing they were making a coffin, or engaged upon some other work of necessity. The shops were open, and the streets wore the usual busy hue, which had no other effect than to astonish her at the wickedness of the people; nor did she perceive her error till she passed a pious deacon digging in his garden.

Some people always have a *but* which they put in the way of every thing. Inquiring of such a one the character of his neighbour, he replied—"Why, he is a *pooty* fair, clever sort of a man—but—hem!" But what? "Why a—hem—why he feeds his plaugy old horse on *punkins*!"

WHOLESALE SLAUGHTER.—A squirrel hunt came off recently in the south-west part of Delhi, Del. County, N. Y. with great success. The count was nearly four thousand, and it is estimated that at least three thousand squirrels and birds were destroyed.

A lady visiting the British Museum, inquired if they had a skull of Newton, when answered in the negative, she said, "I wonder at that, they have got one at Oxford!"

The union of goodness and beauty is like that of the vine with the fruit-tree, or the brilliancy of a jewel with its healing virtue.

OLD POTATOES MADE LIKE NEW.—Peel the potatoes, soak them in cold water two or three hours, and then boil them. Try it.

## ORIGINAL.

(Continued from page 205.)

## III. MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

We do not at present recollect any of his comic pieces in which the personages are more numerous, the action more varied, or the humour more abundant. It may with all justice be termed a huge mine, out of which an inferior writer might draw materials for several pieces. We say this relatively as to the quantity, not as to any fault in the arrangement of these materials. Of this piece we may say, what can be said of so few, that none of the characters can be termed *secondary*, none of them can be exactly said to play an inferior part. Still, since a piece must have a hero, we are bound to accord this place to that strange personage who here makes his debut, and who afterwards, in more than one piece, continues without sameness or declension, to awaken peals of irresistible merriment. Falstaff is the apex of Shakspeare's humorous creations, just as Hamlet is the apogee of his tragical characters. There may be a dispute as to which of the two styles is essentially the most remarkable, there may even be a question as to which of the two he surpasses in; but as to this there can be no doubt, that the above-mentioned characters are the *ne plus ultra* in either. We willingly postpone what we might say of Falstaff and his motley crew until we shall meet him in later productions—for we shrink from the effort of throwing together all that might be said of him and them. Shallow and Slender, too, appear afterwards, and with not a whit less effect than here. Shakspeare, an exception to most laws, is in these instances an exception to what may be almost termed a law in literature. *Cervantes* and *Le Sage* made shipwreck of their former reputation, in the essays which they made to continue out their creations, and to invest them again with the same interest that they excited on their first appearance. It would seem that great difficulty attends the resumption of a plan once terminated, and that the energy which went towards its first conception and execution can rarely be awakened anew. Shakspeare was probably influenced by the same motive to revive his first conceptions, viz. by the success which attended their original form—and in his case, they re-appear with all the freshness, all the vigour of a first draught.

This is without exception the most *domestic* comedy which Shakspeare has given us. All the characters and incidents are strictly *burgereux*, a term which we willingly borrow from German criticism. We recollect no other at present which does not in some feature of personage stand out from the domestic comedy. Here, unless we except the decorative passage as to *HERNE* the hunter, every point falls within the circle of common burgeois life. Hence it is the piece from which we may derive the most direct notices as to old English manners. From it alone might be collected more information as to this subject, than is contained in all the history of England by *Hume*. The language harmonises most accurately with the action. There is more *prose* here than in any other of his pieces. The only personages who use verse are "ancient Pistol," Fenton, and Anne Page—the other characters *only* fall into it, in the masque in the fifth act. With such precision is every personage drawn, that each might give his name to a class—and indeed most of our later dramatists who have depicted individuals of the same classes, have, almost without exception, borrowed largely, though perhaps unavoidably, from this piece. Shallow has become the name for the pompous, ignorant and vain-glorious justice of the peace, a character which has produced descendants even down to our own days. Slender is, and as long as our literature endures will continue to be, the type and title of the ninny and the country squire—he is much more comprehensive than *Tony Lumpkin*—he too is far from being extinct even in the nineteenth century. The Pages and the Fords are the personifications of the opulent burgher, a class which had begun to rise to consequence about a couple of centuries before, and which has continued ever since to increase in wealth and influence in the country. Falstaff and his knavish associates, are the representatives of a class, of which England, by her opulence, has perhaps produced more specimens than any other country—which, under the names of bully, sharper, or swindler, has ever preyed on the vitals of the country, and which has not unfrequently united rank, talents and personal accomplishments with their most discreditable occupation. We lament to say that the species is far from being extinct. It has changed its garb and favour, no doubt. In the sixteenth and seventh centuries, it seems to have affected the rough bearing, the mustachoes, the rapier, and the oaths of the solado—in the nineteenth it pretends to the quiet and polished manners of the modern fine gentleman. The *Host*, from Chaucer downwards, has been a favourite dramatic character. We have him here in all his officious bustling civility, in the double position which he has always held, half inferior—half superior—a mixture of vulgar familiarity and as vulgar obsequiousness—constantly meddling, counselling, or playing practical jokes upon the other personages. In short, the same *Host* that we find along the whole series of our drama, is here drawn with more strength and precision than in any other instance which we remember. Mrs. Quickly, the universal go-between, in her ignorance, selfishness, love of gossip, and manner of murdering the King's English, is the type and model on which have been formed the *Slipslops*, the *Winifred Jenkines*, and half the waiting-women of our modern drama and romance. It would be an interesting task to trace the remarkable influence of this single piece upon these two branches of our literature—but we want the erudition required for such a task.

Is the said Mrs. Quickly to be looked upon as one of the *moveable* personages, and to be identified with her of the Boars-head in East-cheap? We think the identity complete, and the whole may be viewed as a prologue, a perystyte to those others in which the same personages re-appear. Fenton, the easy, elegant gentleman, is the most slightly sketched of all the characters. Still we find no difficulty in realising him—he is from first to last a romantic personage, as is indicated by his always employing blank verse, and has no connection with the humorous portion of the piece, his only tie with it being his love for Anne Page. This last, from the little we see of her, is a model of feminine naiveté, under which lurks a good deal of concealed archness. The burlesque personages, Evans and Dr. Caius, are drawn in his broadest style—the *Welchman* seems to have been to his drama, what the *Irishman* or *Scotchman* is to the modern. Whether it was that Shakspeare was little acquainted with the characteristics of their country, or that he entertained a contemptuous opinion of their inhabitants, we know not, but he has scarcely condescended to notice them. While he has minutely sketched the *Welchman* on several occasions, he has but once, and that cursorily, touched upon the *Irishman*, and his only *Scotchman*, *Captain Jamy*, is very carelessly depicted—the only thing characteristic about him being the peculiarities of his dialect, which are greatly caricatured. Long after Shakspeare's days, the character of their northern neighbours seems to have been very imperfectly understood by the English. At least, in the various sketches they have given us of them, we discover little but a strong national prejudice discovered by a vulgar and unskilful travesty of their accent and most obvious peculiarities. Evans and Caius are in a great degree characters of *manner*—the humour in them proceeds less from the thing than the form—it results principally from their mistakes in grammar, and odd double meanings. Still there is a *fonds* of pedantry in the former which is vastly amusing—and altogether the contrast between absurdity and good sense in him, is of the most diverting sort. We recognise him also in the parsons and pedagogues of our modern drama. In Caius the sly Frenchman is perfectly delineated. Such a character supposes a very considerable knowledge of French on the part of our author. We nowhere discover in Shakspeare a religious tendency, or any marks of respect for churchmen. In the few instances in which he has drawn them, as in "*Love's Labour Lost*," and "*As You Like it*," it is in a comic point of view that he regards them—the *Sir* with which he prefaces their names is nothing more than the *don*, or *dom*, or *mess*, or *messer*, with which they have been honoured in different countries. Nothing could be more simple than the main action of the piece—but it is diversified with such a variety of subordinate incident, that the whole has an air of complexity. We would almost make this an objection to it—for instance, what necessity was there for the incident of the Germans who run away with mine Host's horses? There is also some lyric decoration sprinkled throughout it. The passages of this nature are like the rest of his lyric pieces, sweet and natural, but not in his best style. We feel strongly inclined to think that the carelessness that distinguishes almost all of them was assumed—probably he regarded it as essential to their nature. In the jargon which he puts into the mouth of ancient Pistol, does he not make a side hit at the *euphuism* of the period? But more on this hereafter. Does not Fenton descend from his true and romantic character when he makes a confidant of the *Host*—perhaps however this may be considered as savouring of the age. The *Host* seems to have been a general counsellor. Marriage, throughout the comedy, seems to have been looked on as a very slight matter. The modern comedy has continued this view of the matter, though circumstances have changed. There is a strong tincture of indecency in this piece.

For the Pearl.

## STANZAS.

O loved one lost! of late I strayed  
Among those dear old haunts of ours,  
In Spring's delightful smiles arrayed,  
And bright with wild and fragrant flowers.  
I stood beside the same clear stream—  
I sat beneath the same old tree—  
And dreamed again that lingering dream  
That caught its first deep spell from thee.  
But ah! those haunts seemed far less fair,  
Those flowers less light around me flung—  
Than when thine own bright form was there,  
And Love his first glad descant sung.

Those haunts of thee—of all bereft  
But Memory's faint but faithful ray—  
Those dear old haunts I slowly left,  
And turn'd not without tears away.  
I feel not off the grief which then  
With that last parting moment came—  
Yet sometimes in the haunts of men  
I start if I but hear thy name.  
I dwell not where my kindred dwelt—  
I wander o'er the earth alone—  
But that deep love that first I felt  
Is still as at the first thine own!

May, 1810.

ANON.

## THE YANKEE ENGINEER.

BY CALEB CLAIMBAKE.

It fell out that once upon a day, I embarked on board one of those smoky craft that ply daily between Burlington and Philadelphia. It furthermore fell out, that after having accomplished my business, I was returning, when lo! on reaching the city, before our boat could be fastened to the wharf, a young damsel, who was standing near the unguarded side of the boat, fell overboard. A sudden impulse, whether of chivalry or of madness, I know not which, animating my bosom, I leaped into the river, and with the assistance of a strong arm and a stronger rope, the one end of which was thrown towards me, the damsel was rescued. I saw no more than one thing, namely, that the maiden, despite the fright, was very comely and fair to look upon; after assuring myself of which, I made the best of my way for the shore, fearing that if I stayed I might be annoyed with thanks, and the admiring looks of all the little boys in the neighbourhood of the scene. By good fortune I escaped almost unnoticed but not unaccompanied. The grateful and earnest gaze of the rescued girl was with me still, and an angel in the shape of bright blue eyes appeared to accompany me where-soever I went. Yet though I made divers enquiries, and sought by every means to discover her residence, nevertheless I found it to be impossible, and was about to give up in despair, when by chance it happened that I was forced to take a journey into the interior of our state.

It was on the fourth of November that I found myself a passenger in the mail coach that plied between Duncan's Island and Millerstown. It was a cold drizzly morning when I started. The coach was a vehicle which was certainly not Troy-built, by a great deal, but was certainly better than the cattle which were to draw it along the road. They absolutely defied description. The taller of the two, whose age was somewhere in the neighbourhood of a quarter of a century, was a raw-boned animal, blind in one eye, and wearing a coat as rough and ragged as a sailor's flushing jacket. His companion in bondage was a little, short, plump brute, just released from his coltage, who had not assumed the gravity of age, and accordingly frisked and jumped in his traces to the great annoyance of his elder and more staid neighbour. The harness which bound him to the vehicle, was of that kind which requires careful handling, and no small degree of magnanimity on its own part to prevent it from falling into pieces. Yet, despite the bad appearance things presented, I was obliged to suffer it, for I could find no better conveyance.

I was not alone. Another individual was with me, on whose countenance, manners and habiliments, was written the word "Yankee!" He was a tall, spare man, with a piercing eye, and a restless set of features. His apparel, which was evidently the work of a country tailor, consisted of a coat, short-skirted, and garnished with flat round brass buttons; a vest, the capacious pockets of which were stuffed to repletion; and a pair of "Oh! no we never mention them's;" which being too short for the owner, were coaxed towards the feet by means of narrow leathern straps. His terminations downwards were cased in a pair of cowhide boots, while the upper extremity wore a thin mass of short-cut, much combed and well-sleeked hair, over which was the smallest kind of a small hat.

Discovering evidence in my companion's restlessness of his desire to speak, I leaned back in my seat and waited patiently till he should open the conversation. I did not wait long. Hitching himself onward, till his half disjointed frame was directly opposite to mine, he first looked out of the coach window, and then peered into my face.

"A dreadful nice country on our left," said he, "mister—mister—Oh! I've heard your name, but forgot it"—and he looked as though he expected us to reveal our patronymic.

"No matter about names," was my answer, "it is too champaign just here to please me."

"Tew shampain! oh! you're a tee-totaller, I reckon. Oh! yes! Well, I like a tee-totaller, though I take a leetle of the stuff myself. I wish I could dew without it, that's a fact. Perhaps you like the land jest afore you now?"

"No!" was my reply, "it is too rocky."

"Tew rocky! well, I admire to hear you talk, I dew," ejaculated my fellow passenger. "You're jest about as hard to please as my aunt Jerushy, and she was an awful crooked critter that's a fact. You never heard on her, I spose? She's of the Cummin's of our parts." I signified my ignorance of his aunt by a shake of the head, when he proceeded. "I'll jest up and tell all about it. We had an awful cross dog and his name was Jupiter, but we always called him Jupe. Well, one night somebody or other tried to get in our house that hadn't oughter, and Jupe kicked up an awful racket, and kept it up the hull night. The hull bilin on us couldn't get a wink of sleep. Next morning aunt Jerushy went out to him and she did give him the most all-fired lickin you ever did see. 'I'll larn you,' said she, 'to keep sich a noise the whole time, you pesky, troublesome critter. You make a noise for nothing agin—that's all,' and then she walked into him again like a thousand of brick. The dog kinder sorter understood her, for the next night he slept as sound as a rock, and in walked some ternal ugly chap, and clapped his pickers and stealers on almost everything he could find. Next morning folks were up bright and airy, and there was a mess to be sure. Oh! how aunt did splutter. 'That good for nothin' lazy dog of ourn,' said she, 'aint worth his keep, the lazy sleepy

critter. Sam, ses she to me, 'go and lick that brute'—it did tickle me a few, mind I tell you, and I bust right out a larfin. I guess I'd better snickered in my sleeve though, for she fetched me sich a lick on the chops, 'what do you mean, you impudent scamp,' sed she, rale riled, 'what dew you mean by this larfin, go, dew what I tell you or I'll skin you within an inch of your life.' I shet up about the quickest. Now, you're jest sich an awful critter as aunt Jerushy, there aint no pleasin' on you, no way you can fix it."

Not liking to rest under this imputation, I told my companion that I neither liked ground that was too level, nor that which was too rough, preferring as in all other things, a just medium.

"I say, squire," resumed he, "you aint a lawyer, I spose?" I shook my head and smiled. "Oh! you're not a doctor, nor a minister, nor a schoolmaster, perhaps?"

"Neither," I replied.

"Oh! I see! you aint an engineer or a canawl contractor, air you?"

"Neither of these, my friend," was the response.

"Then," said he, while his countenance bore all the marks of baffled curiosity, "what on airth air you?"

"A man of leisure," replied I, hesitating a little,— "and now permit me to return the question. "What are you?"

"Me!—why I'm an injineer on the state works down to Columbu."

"Then I imagine you are a violent politician," said I.

"Then I rather guess you are mistaken," responded the injineer. "Every body talks of politics, and the hull country is in a great hurry to change their rulers, as if they ever gained by sich swopping."

"And do they not?" inquired I.

"In course not," was the answer, "they have to give tew much boot."

"You are right; you are right, indeed," I answered, "abuse is certainly heaped on every man, and it is a great and a crying evil. Pray heaven, it may not shake my country to fragments, and leave her once mighty name to be the plaything of forgetfulness!"

"Well, you are takin' on at a great rate, I declare, eenamost about nothin' at all. As for the abusin', it does a man a nation sight o' good. It fixes his flint the right way. The more you abuse a man, providin' he don't turn round and abuse you, the better it is for him. People air apt to examine, and if a man's bad, and you say he's a little worser, their sympathy gets riz, and they vote for him. Why, when Deacon Jones wanted to go to the legislature, he giv' old Sal Slocum, and she was a hull team in the slanderin' line, ten dollars to go round and call him names. She arned her money tew, mind I tell you. Well, people had never heard tell of the deacon afore, and they began to inquire about him. Some said it was a shame that such an old git-out should abuse an honest man, and he oughter be sustained, and they voted for him. Others again said he must be a man of consequence, or his enemies wouldn't find out sich means to blackguard him, and they voted for him. And the deacon's private friends, without distinction of party, got riled at hearin' him slanged in this way, and they voted for him. Atwixt 'em all he got an amazin' lot o' votes, and was elacted just as slick as a whistle. Arter the 'lection, some people came to him and said he hadn't oughter to stand old Sal's lies, and he'd better, now he was elected, have her up before the court for libel-in'. The deacon had like to snicker right out, but he put on a long face, and talked away a spell about his imprenable honesty, that only shone brighter for such rubbin, and talk of that kind, until everybody left him, convinced he was the most sufferin' patriot in all natur'."

I laughed heartily at the anecdote, and said, "I should like to hear the political experience, as recited, myself. I would make a saleable volume of it."

"Oh! ho!" exclaimed the engineer, in a tone of triumph, "you're an author, air you? Jest as like as not now, you've been takin me off the hull time, but I rayther guess you won't find anything what aint creditable."

"I should hope not," I replied.

"Not very like on so short an acquaintance," said he, in reply, "though you might tew. Surveyin character on bein newly presented to your view is like examinin a statue or a pictur at a distance. When you get nearer it, appearant beauties air defects, and those which apparently were defects, are arter all beauties."

"Well," said I, "you are a shrewd fellow, and I think your opinions are exceedingly correct."

"None of your-flattery, if you please, mister," said my companion, while a cunning smile played over his features. "But hallo! here I am near home," and as he uttered the last words, the coach stopped. "Now," he exclaimed, turning towards me, "you appear to be a clever chap, and as you aint in no great hurry, I should calculate, suppose you stay at my house a few days. I've got a couple of first rate horses, and you can ride over to Millars-town jest whenever you're a minder. Oh! come along," seeing I hesitated, "I see what you're a thinkin about, don't mind our short acquaintance, you're jest as welcome as the Governor, come along," and before I could decide to refuse or not, he dragged me out of the stage.

"Needs must be when the—yankee engineer drives," said I to

myself; and comforted with this pity apothegm, I bade the driver assist me in taking down my baggage. This done, my new acquaintance requested me to be tolerably patient; as his own conveyance would be there shortly. And truly enough he spake, for in a few minutes, a country light waggon, driven by a young negro, made its appearance.

"Now, Joe," said the engineer, "lift these trunks into the waggon. Get in, sir. Mister—Mister—"

"Claimbake," said I, supplying the word.

"Mr. Claimbake," continued he, "and we'll soon get to home. Obeying his request, I found myself conveyed at a rattling pace towards his domicile.

During the way, my entertainer commenced discoursing on divers topics, and among the rest mankind engaged his attention.

"The women are curious critters, that's a fact. Jos, cut long sorrel, will you. There's somethin' about 'em I don't know what it is, that's a peg above anythin', the masters of nature can produce. Here's my darter Mary, for instance, she left me the wildest little country girl in all natur. I sent her to Boston to school, for four years and better. In the meanwhile I moved down to this place, for I got it mighty cheap, and as I got a situation on the state improvements, I thought it was a first rate chance. Home she come lately, and she was altered amazin'. Of course, as I'm a father of hern, I think a little more of her than any body else, but there was a great many said last Sunday, she was the prettiest gal, and the most like a lady of any in church. But jist look at that orchard. It's next to mine, and observe at the difference between the two. My trees is almost breakin' down with fruit, and them sickly things ain't got nothin' on to speak of."

"Your neighbour is unfortunate," I rejoined.

"Unfortunate! no sich thing. He don't bestow enough labour on nothin' about his place. He ain't got enough elbow grease for a mainure.—Look at his house, why it's eenamost tumbled down. I'll tell you the upshot of the matter.—His folks don't rise before seven, whilst mine eat their breakfast at early candle light."

Our conversation was now suspended by the stoppage of the coach before the door of a substantial stone house, near which stood a spacious barn and stable.

"Now, git out," said he, "and we'll jest be in time for dinner. Joe will attend to the baggage."

We passed up a short avenue, and I saw upon the porch two ladies, one old and the other young, who rushed forward to greet my companion. He bestowed a hearty kiss on the lips of the youngest, and turning round introduced me. I stammered—would have spoken—but was unable, for it was my divinity of the steamboat. She was as confused at first as myself, but at length observed to her father,

"This is the gentleman who preserved me from drowning, and of whom you have heard me speak."

"What!" exclaimed the astonished parent; "you aint the chap, be you, that saved my darter. Give me your hand. Seize me!" said he, at the same time inflicting a tremendous shake on my right arm, "if you shall leave here for a month. Come in, come in all hands. Wife, you've got dinner ready?" and receiving an affirmative answer, he led us into the house.

And so ended my adventure, which began in a stage coach, and terminated in a farm house.

"But," exclaims some astonished and angry reader, "are you not going to tell us of your interview with the lady? Did you not make love to her? Were you accepted? Did you marry her? Come enlighten us."

Dear reader, if you be a gentleman, it is none of your concern, and so I make free to tell you.—But, perchance the inquirer may be a lady, and then I must be civil. Now to save a world of trouble and a great deal of unnecessary ink-spilled, I present the following announcement, which I cut some two years since out of a country paper—

"Married, on the 9th inst.; by the Rev. Escalus Takemwell, Caleb Claimbake, Esq. of Philadelphia, to the amiable and accomplished Miss Mary Sherman, only daughter of Ichabod Sherman, Esq. of this county, and formerly of Wallingford, Connecticut."

#### MR. MACAW—A SKETCH.

The barber is now almost extinct. Modern civilization has, indeed, so completely transformed the quaint barbarism of the olden time, that an attempt to discover the pole now-a-days would puzzle even Sir John Ross!

Even those descendants of the great shavers of our forefather's chins, who enjoy the old-established shops as a hair-loom have universally knocked out the dim windows of their predecessors, and now very appropriately show forth in all the glory of a "new front," while the *chips* of the old blocks, (who were wont to friz and crop our grandsires,) retaining but a small portion of the ancient practice, are reduced to a—little shaving!

The old barber during the reign of powder—the flour of his day—was accustomed to puff off his customers, while the smart hair-dresser of to-day only puffs—himself.

Again—instead of the dirty, snug, gossiping room, whose white washed walls were adorned with a jack-towel (*pro bono publico*) a hand-glass, the play-bills of the day, and broad caricatures, we are now ushered into a "salon," (or, as a slender brother of the

white-aproned craft called it in my hearing, a "salong pour la coupe de CHEVAUX!" all red paper, gilding, looking-glass, and gas. Our head (and the head of this article) requiring a cut, we dropped in at one of the most notorious "Emporiums of Fashion" in this renowned city of Cockaigne, where (see advertisement) there are more bears "slaughtered" monthly than are imported into the "tight little island" in the whole course of a year!

Poor bears! how vividly they call to mind the fate of a certain great poet—like him they fall martyrs to the love of *caress*!

As we entered the "salon," Mr. Macaw, the proprietor, of the splendid establishment, had just received a huge pair of curling-irons from the "paws" of a broad-nosed African, dressed in white trowsers and a jacket, and was twirling them dexterously over his thumb, and blowing upon them after the most improved fashion.

He bowed; took my hat, and handed it to the "nigger," informing me that "he should have the honour, &c." in half a moment.

He "indicated" a handsome sofa. "Currier, Times, Globe, Herald," continued he, pointing to several papers, "all sorts o' politics—cording to taste o' customers; fit 'em to a hair.

There was also a volume of the "Heads of the People" lying on the sofa. I smiled; for, where could they find a more appropriate place than in a hair-dresser's shop?

There were several assistants, or journeymen, at work in the room; but they only whispered in monosyllables, Mr. Macaw, the great Macaw! apparently monopolizing the whole of the talking "aloud" as his particular province.

He undoubtedly possessed one great essential of an orator—confidence! and was, in truth, a strange compound of wit, ignorance, and vulgar assurance.

The spark, upon whose cranium he was operating, appeared to enjoy his gabble, and laughed repeatedly, to the imminent danger, as we thought, of a "sing" from the tongs.

"It's precious cold to-day," remarked he.

"Rayther easterly—what I call a cutting hair, sir," replied Macaw.

"Precisely," continued his customer.

"Ralely, sir, (I must say it,) you have been most shamefully cut; who could have had the owdaciousness to operate, to spile, in fact, a gentleman's head in this way?"

"Oh! a fellow at the West End—"

"Ah! I thought as much. They don't understand it, sir. Cut a hundred to their one in the city; and practice (a leettle to the left) practice, sir, is every thing.

"Shan't touch me again," said the youth. "I've got some experience—"

"A notch, sir, if you will allow the word," said Macaw; "no thing more or less than a notch, 'pon the honor of a professor. They're mere 'prentices in the *hart*, sir, and fit only to clip parish boys. Why, it'll take a month and some pots o' bears' grease to hobviate the hinjury."

"And do you really think bears' grease of any use?"

"Of any use!" cried Macaw, with a start. "My dear sir, if your head was as smooth as the palm of my hand, I could assure you a crop in—in a twinkling! Rub a block—a head I mean, as polished as a billiard-ball, and you'll be surprised, perfectly astounded; yes, sir, the crown will have a LITTLE HAIR-APPARENT in no time. We have a harticle, sir, as is bin given the preference by, I may say, the 'nobs' of the city; and the nobs are, without vanity, the better for it." And here he took breath and grinned at his own facetiousness. "There, sir, I think I have done wonders," resumed he, giving the finishing touch to his labours, "that is, considering of the miserable state to which that West-Ender have reduced you, sir."

While undergoing a brush to take off the superfluous hairs from his coat, the youth turned to a small glass case containing a tempting display of perfumery, &c.

"Have you got any tooth-powder you can recommeud?"

"'Pon my honor, sir, we have nothing but we will recommend; but here's a thing, sir, as will recommend itself. We sell an immensity of it. Next to a fine head of hair, sir, I'm of opinion, sir, a fine set o' teeth is the *ne plus ultra* to a gentleman. Some blades indeed, would have little to boast on, if it was not for good *grinders*. Half-a-crown, if you please, sir, thank you, sir. Good evening." And he bowed him out.

"I say, Macaw, how thick you laid it on," remarked one of the 'finished' gentlemen, carefully fixing his hat over his pooled crop.

"All in the way of business, as my old governor used to say. 'Mac,' said he, 'when you wish to shave a gentleman easy, always soap him well.'"

At this moment a dark, broad shouldered man, with black whiskers and eyebrows, and a "froity pow," as Burns pathetically describes, entered the saloon, and throwing down his broad-brimmed beaver, he seized a paper, and seated himself in the first vacant chair.

"How would you like it cut, sir?" said Macaw, endeavouring to put his fingers through the stubble.

"Close," laconically and gruffly growled the gentleman.

"Umph! short!" said Macaw, and wielding his scissors, set to work, rather perplexed how to handle his customer. He at length caught his eye directed to an article on the affairs of Russia, and took his "cue" accordingly.

"Roosher, sir," said he, "is grabbing at every thing. Got a

large navy; but it's my opinion, as an individual, he's got too many irons in the fire, and will burn his fingers. Before he lays his paws upon anything belonging in any ways to Old England, he'd better pause I think. Don't you think, sir, as we shall have a war with Roosher, sir?"

"Don't chatter, sir, but dress my hair," said the crabbed old gentleman, in a tone that seemed to rumble over a bed of pebbles.

Macaw was silenced; the journeymen simultaneously dilated their optics to a perfect stare of wonderment—while the astonished "friseur" clipped away until he speedily reduced his customer's original bristles to the shortness of a tooth-brush.—*Bentley's Misc.*

ALFRED CROWQUILL.

### TALMA.

Talma was fond of relating his different studies and successes in acting. He used to maintain that no actor could ever be perfect: for when young he had not the advantage of study; and when he had acquired experience, he had lost the vigour and fire of youth. "I used to play," he added, "without much system, trusting to the inspiration of the moment, and endeavouring to persuade myself that I was not Talma, but Achilles or Nero. This, however, did not answer: when I succeeded in forgetting myself, I did very well; but my acting was unequal, besides which I was often exhausted with emotion. However, I sometimes succeeded in deceiving the audience as well as myself, and then I was amply rewarded for my efforts. I remember that I played Tancred at Marseilles in 1800. In the scene where Tancred is brought in mortally wounded, wrapped in the banners he has taken from the enemy, I was so completely lost in my part, that I really thought I was dying; and my unwillingness to die, and my grief at leaving my mistress, were, in a great measure, real. The effect I produced was tremendous, and one lady uttered a piercing shriek and was carried out fainting. This was one of my most gratifying triumphs. I have since learned that the actor's true object is to affect the audience, and not himself; and to control others, he must be master of himself. Still that shriek—that shriek which is still ringing in my ears, is an argument against me. It is but a single instance—but one such cry of terror is worth a whole thunder of applause." Talma had hardly ended, when one of the company, a lady, gave him her address, and requested the favour of a visit the next morning. He did not fail to wait upon her, and she addressed him at once—"You remember when you played Tancred at Marseilles, and how a lady shrieked and fainted during your death-scene?"

"Certainly, madame, I mentioned the circumstance yesterday."

"I ought to explain it to you."

"How, madame, are you—"

"Listen, if you please. I was forced by my parents to marry a Genoese gentleman of great wealth, but who made my life miserable by that jealous, irritable spirit for which his countrymen are notorious. He knew that I never felt any affection for him, and, conscious of his own want of principles, he had no confidence in my sense of duty. On the night you played Tancred, a gentleman came into our box, whom I had known before my marriage, and whom, I freely confess, I would gladly have married instead of my jealous tormentor. The gentleman had travelled much since I saw him, and I listened with great interest to his description of his adventures, though without any attempt on his part to seek my confidence and regard. I will even confess that I paid so little attention to your playing, that I did not know when you were on the stage. My husband watched me with the eye of a tiger, and I suppose got perfectly furious at the interest I evidently took in the gentleman's conversation. He at last lost all patience, and while you were playing the last scene, he seized me by the arm with such fury that I shrieked with pain and fainted away. As I fell backwards I heard some one say, 'Talma did not play well to-night, but the death-scene was magnificent.'"

"What!" cried Talma, "that piercing cry which flattered me so much was not intended for me! It seems you had not even listened to me, and that your shrieks were caused by a private tragedy of your own, and not by mine!"

"That is the true state of the case, and you must not consider that shriek of mine any argument against your favourite theory. I will only add that the brutal conduct of my husband forced him to leave Marseilles, and he died lately in Genoa."

Whenever any one maintained that an actor ought to forget art, and identify himself with his character, Talma used to tell this story about his Tancred.

**THE COBRA DE CAPELLO, HOODED OR SPECTACLED SNAKE.**—This deadly serpent is so denominated, from its being in the habit of expanding, when irritated, a hood over the face, similar in appearance to the cowl of a monk. There are also two large livid spots, resembling a pair of uniform lenses, connected by an arch, alike complexioned, which correctly represents a pair of spectacles. The bite of this snake occasions death in somewhat less than half an hour after it has inflicted its wound. It is very common in most parts of India, and during the rainy season is extremely apt to steal into houses, to shelter itself against the inclemency of that destructive element, proving a dangerous inmate among families, who are not aware until it proves too late, that this deadly reptile is living unobserved in the midst of them. There is, however, one vigilant little enemy to this snake, which is ever in pursuit of him, and that

is the "mongoose" or snake weasel. This creature is about the size of a ferret, partakes largely of the odour of musk, and is capable of being domesticated, so as to become as familiar as a house cat. When a "Cobra de Capello" perceives this weasel, he coils himself up, emitting at the same time a most fetid effluvia, the natural effect of terror and alarm. The mongoose runs round his enemy backwards and forwards, its eye being fixed intently on its victim, and when the critical opportunity offers itself, effects a sudden spring upon his scaly foe, seizing him behind the "occiput," and passing its teeth through the spine. Should the weasel be bitten it immediately scampers off into the garden, or some wood near at hand, and medicates upon a peculiar herb, which proves an antidote against the "venenum" of the serpent. There are few families in India that are without these little animals, which run about the house and are exceedingly familiar in their habits. They are equally destructive to rats, mice, and other quadrupedal vermin. There are a certain "caste" of natives, termed "Sampe Wallers," or snake-catchers; these men are in the habit of going about, exhibiting a variety of venomous serpents, which they carry with them in fitly constructed baskets. This is a dangerous practice. About three years since one of this vagabond fraternity whilst amusing a small assemblage of spectators by the exhibition of his feats with six large Cobras de Capellos, during the act of charming them with the modulations of his pipe, one of the snakes contrived to seize him on the wrist. The poor itinerant immediately felt conscious of his horrible fate. He was conveyed to an adjoining outhouse, where in less than twenty minutes he expired under the most agonizing convulsions.

**THE TIGER-GELD.**—Owing to the vast ravages the tigers have made within these last twenty years upon the native villagers, and their herds and flocks throughout the jungle districts of Bengal, a "geld" or reward has been offered by the Government of the above presidency for every head of the animal in question that may be brought in to the collectors of the various "zillahs" throughout the provinces. The amount allowed is 100 Sicea rupees (ten pounds sterling) for every tiger's, panther's, and leopard's head, and five rupees (ten shillings) for that of a hyena. There are a class of native shooters called "Shikaries," who confine their pursuits to the destruction of these predatory animals. The method they adopt when they are in quest of a wild beast of the above description is, to seat themselves near some spot where the traces of a tiger or otherwise have been noticed. They then watch the flight of the vultures and other carrion-birds, which are invariably in the habit of winging their way to those parts of the woods where the remains of the chase, relinquished by the beasts, are abandoned, which is almost always contiguous to the retreat of the latter. Armed with matchlocks, they ascend a tree in the immediate vicinity, overhanging, if possible, the track or path which the "feræ" are in the habit of using when they commence their nocturnal excursions. This practice is followed up during the moonlight nights, and they seldom fail to destroy one or two of the above marauders when engaged on this enterprise. In some parts, where it is difficult to penetrate the jungles, the sportsmen conceal themselves near some tank in the neighbourhood, where tigers and other wild beasts are known to repair, during the silent hours of night, to slake their thirst. They, in these instances, form small pits, in which they squat, so arranged that whatever animal there passes must descend to the water between the moon and themselves, by which means they can clearly distinguish the object that intervenes. In the year a collection of one zillah alone (Midriapore) received into his "cutcherry" no less than forty-seven tigers, twenty-eight leopards, and fifty-seven hyenas' heads.

**THE REMAINS OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.**—The government of France having determined on the removal of the body of Bonaparte from St. Helena to that country, to receive a pompous funeral, the public attention is much attracted to the subject, and consequently the following account of the remains and the coffins in which they were deposited may prove interesting. It consists of a 'Memorandum concerning the Demise of General Bonaparte,' written by Sergeant Nillington, then of the St. Helena Artillery, who, as will be seen, took the most active part in the ceremony he describes so minutely. He says—"On Sunday the 6th of May, 1821, the day after the General's death, I was expressly sent for, while attending divine service, to make a tin coffin for General Napoleon Bonaparte. On Monday the 7th, I was ordered to attend at Longwood-house, for the purpose of soldering up the body of General Bonaparte in the tin coffin, which was performed in the following manner in the presence of Generals Bertrand and Montholon, Madame Bertrand, the French chaplain, the French surgeon, Mr. A. Darling, Dr. Rushop, His Majesty's 22d Regiment of Foot, several of the French domestics, and Samuel Ley, a private in the 20th Regiment:—The body of the late General Napoleon Bonaparte, attired in full uniform, was deposited in a tin coffin, the inside being lined with white silk and cotton. His cocked hat was laid across his thighs, and on the left breast of his coat were a gold star and cross, and several other medals of the same metal; several pieces of coin of various sizes and different values were also put into the coffin. His heart was deposited in a silver urn or tureen filled with spirit, to which I soldered a lid or cover of the same material, which was placed between the small parts of his legs. His stomach was deposited in a silver mug, in which

there were spirits, which was also put into the coffin. A silver plate, knife, fork, and spoon, and a silver service cup, were also deposited in the coffin. Previously to placing the body of the General in the coffin, the tin lid of the coffin being lined with white silk and stuffed with cotton, it was put in its place, and I soldered it on the coffin, enclosing the late General Napoleon Bonaparte and all the above mentioned articles. This tin coffin, with its contents, was then enclosed in a mahogany coffin, and they were enclosed in a lead coffin, and all were afterwards enclosed in a mahogany coffin, which made in all four coffins.

**STRANGE FEATS.**—A man of the name of Donzelle, residing at Catelet, made a vow, some time past, to fast during forty days. This man cooked for his mother, and had the courage to refrain from eating. This strange resolution arose through a quarrel with his master, who was at the head of an earthenware manufactory. Donzelle objected to his master's taking his son into partnership, and left him in consequence of his doing so. His mother remonstrated with him on this occasion, and said, "Those who do not work cannot eat." "I will eat no more," was the reply of Donzelle, who instantly put down what he was eating. From that moment to the day of his death, which occurred twenty-eight days afterwards, he ate nothing, drank water only, and smoked occasionally. It is strange that he should have lived so long. He would not accept any medical aid, and even asserted that he would have no recourse thereto, even if he should pass the forty days prescribed by his vow. This individual acted very strangely in many other circumstances. He used formerly to be shaved by a barber, but on the barber dying seven years ago, he swore he would never be shaved again. A bridge having been built over a stream in his commune, and not being at the precise spot which he considered the best, he took his oath that he would never cross it, and, consequently, when he was obliged to go to the other side of the stream, even in the coldest weather, and when the stream was very deep, he always waded through it. It was his custom, on returning from and going to work, to take a certain path, but sometime before his death a house was built across this path, and Donzelle, instead of going round the house, used to enter the house and jump out of the window, so as to continue his accustomed road.—*French paper.*

**DEER HUNT EXTRAORDINARY.**—Windsor, England.—This morning, shortly after eleven o'clock, a drill party of the second battalion of the rifle brigade, under the command of Captain Clegg, were exercised in the Long-walk. They were accompanied by the fine deer which has long been attached to the brigade, and which was grazing during the time the party were being drilled. Maynard, the superintendent of her Majesty's favourite dogs, was proceeding towards Windsor, accompanied by her Majesty's celebrated Scotch deer-dog, a breed partaking largely of the bloodhound mixed with the greyhound. The hound immediately started off after the deer, which it pursued at a tremendous rate through the great gate into Park street, along the High street, and down Peasod street, at the corner of which it knocked down a poor man with considerable violence, causing a concussion of his brain, by his head coming in contact with the curbstone. He was immediately attended by Dr. Stanford and Mr. Moley, surgeons, and, after the lapse of a short period, his senses returned and he was conveyed home. The deer, pursued by the animal, continued its course through Peasod-street, towards Clewer, where it was caught in a ditch, the hound severely lacerating its ears and near fore leg, and from which it was with difficulty rescued with its life. The deer, by the orders of the Colonel, was conveyed to the hospital of the barracks, and it is now pronounced to be out of danger.

### ASSOCIATIONS.

There's not a heart, however rude,  
But hath some little flower,  
To brighten up its solitude,  
And scent the evening hour.

There's not a heart, however cast  
By grief and sorrow down,  
But hath some memory of the past  
To love and call its own.

We know of nothing more disgusting, than to see the upstart aristocracy among us turn up their pug noses at labouring persons, and the labouring classes, says the Boston Post. Certain it is, that the good men, the leaders of their age, the benefactors of mankind, generally rise from humble origin. "Ah, Jerry," said a good matron to her son, then an eminent judge in a neighbouring state,—"Ah, Jerry, you need not despise the wheel, for I have spun many a day to send you to college."

**HINTS TO YOUNG SPORTSMEN.**—There isn't a more unpardonable nor more unsportsmanlike thing than for a man to ride a kicken hos huntin; how soon might he break a gentleman's thigh, or knock off another hos's leg; and then the only excuse offered is, that the owner of the kicken hos never knowed'n do it afore. Never knowed'n do it afore! No, nor nobody else; but how often have er done it behind! So mind, don't ride a kicken hos.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 4.

GARDENS.—Late rains have made Gardens—these miniature Edens still permitted to man—redolent, indeed, of present beauty, and rich in promise. The various shades of “eye-delighting green”, the many-shaped leaves, and the finely varied outlines, even without blossom or flower, present a scene of much loveliness, and make the well stocked and well tended garden, a labyrinth of delight. But this gorgeous back ground, is speckled with, and finely relieves, beauties, which without the attendant foliage, would command deep admiration. It is, then, beauty, setting off beauty. The sweet-william, and gillyflower, and pink, and heart's-ease, and many other lovely things, present their fragrant clusters; while the canterbury-bell and rose, and lily, and their splendid contemporaries, exhibit their just-bursting buds, and indicate what a few more balmy days will bring forth.

Who can look on a garden, at this season, without being struck with astonishment at the exuberant riches which are poured forth on the vegetable tribes; at the lavish hand with which elegance and beauty have been distributed; and at the wonderful nature of that Good Being, the “hiding of whose power,” as it were, produces so much excellence.

Is not a moral on human life, and the various avocations of life, afforded by the garden and its possessor? How are beauty and productiveness secured in those little domains?—Without labour, and watchfulness, an unsightly, weed-overgrown, barren ruin, would appear where all is order and beauty.—And is not life similar? Except the time for breaking up the ground, and enriching the soil, be improved,—except the proper seed be sown,—and the constant care given, to shade, and support, and water and warm, as occasion may require,—and except the choking weeds be industriously removed,—all in due season, what can mature years, and old age, be expected to produce?

Happy are they, who have careful culturers of the mental soil, and who, betimes, learn the important art for themselves.

But not only may life, as a whole, be illustrated thus,—each individual, praiseworthy avocation has similar characteristics. How preposterous for the gardener to seek fruit without having attended to the necessary conditions,—yet how many, in other professions, waste their strength in similar folly, and rail against fortune, forsooth, when they are disappointed. True, droughts, and floods, and many calamitous accidents, may defeat the best husbandry; but in the great aggregate, good principles, and good habits, are sure to be rewarded by a happy harvest.

TEMPERANCE.—On our third page, to-day, is a Report of proceedings of the Liverpool Temperance Society. We insert it with pleasure, and, although from the plan of the Pearl we cannot devote much space to the Temperance cause, we will always feel happy in giving such aid as we may, thinking it no slight honour to be instrumental in forwarding the Reformation to even the smallest extent.

The cause is akin to those of Religion and Morals and Literature and Science. Setting aside any consideration in the first two obvious points, the academic groves, which the muses and the arts love to inhabit, are best enjoyed by him who makes Temperance his companion. Bacchanalian excitement is a debilitating fever, causing frenzy while it lasts, and prostration of energy when over,—and turning the green alleys of meditation and the temples of philosophy, into filthy sties. Instead of this, the student of written thought, or of nature's works, should have that equable and clear flow of life, which reminds of the dwellers in Paradise, and which, on earth, cannot be enjoyed separate from “Temperance in all things.”

NEWS OF THE WEEK.—Directions respecting the Boundary, have been received by the British Minister at Washington. These, it appears, propose, that, as the extremities of the line are known, it should be run direct from point to point: The points mentioned as those recognized are, the head of Connecticut river, and the head of the Bay of Chaleurs. This, we believe, would give a line such as the British seek.

Means have been taken, in U. Canada, towards rebuilding Brock's monument, recently destroyed by some evil-disposed persons.

An Ordinance has been issued arranging a Municipal system for the local government of Montreal. This provides that the first Mayor and Aldermen are to be appointed by the Governor of the Province.

A Steamboat, impelled by machinery of a new construction, is to ply between Kingston and Montreal.

A criminal information was recently tried in U. Canada, against R. P. Cooke, Esq. for stating in a private letter that he had been informed Sir A. McNob had committed forgery. Verdict, Not guilty.

In saluting the U. S. Sloop of War, Preble, at St. John, N. B., one of the guns hung fire, and exploded out of time. Two men had each an arm blown off, and a third had his hand so injured, that amputation was deemed necessary.

Dr. Spencer, the first Bishop of Newfoundland, arrived at that island, from Bermuda, on the first Sunday in June.

Miss Prescott, daughter of the Governor of Newfoundland, has published a volume of poems written in the island.

The foundation stone of a new Wesleyan chapel was laid at St. George's, Bermuda, on the 8th of June.

Lett & Defoe, who were arrested for an attempt to set fire to the steamer Great Britain, at Oswego, have been examined. Their guilt seems beyond doubt,—the object was revolutionary excitement in Canada.

The first of the Royal Mail Atlantic Steamers, the Britannia, may be expected on or about the 14th of the present month. She was to leave Liverpool positively on the 1st.

The Unicorn is to leave Halifax, for Quebec, on the arrival of the Britannia.

The regular course is, for the Mails to be transmitted, overland, to Pictou, in 17 hours, and thence to Quebec in the Unicorn.

The Rev. Mr. Knowlan delivered an interesting lecture on Temperance, at the Old Baptist Meeting House, last Sunday evening. The subject is to be continued next Sunday evening.

A General Meeting of the Nova Scotia Bible Society took place last Monday evening, at the Acadian School Room; his Excellency in the chair. The room was crowded. Rev. James Thomson, General Agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and other gentlemen, addressed the meeting. Resolutions passed, and a subscription was taken.

LATEST.—The Boston Mail Boat, arrived yesterday, brings some information respecting the Boundary.

It appears that the proposition of the American Government, slightly modified, has been accepted by the British Government. According to this, a convention for explanation and survey, according to the treaty of 1783, is to be provided, with an umpire to decide all questions on which the commissioners shall disagree.

PASSENGERS.—In the London Packet from Jago de Cuba, Mrs. McDonald and 2 children. In the Jane from Jamaica, Captain Rice. In the steamer Unicorn, for Quebec, Mrs. McDonald and 2 children, Miss Tremain, Miss Murison, Mrs. Brown, C. F. Aylwin, Esqr. and Lady, Mr. Nixon, R. A. and Mr. J. Brown. In the Portree, for Boston, Mrs. Jameison, Miss Collins, Messrs Mechee, Rumllell, White, and 40 in the steerage.

MARRIED.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. John Martin, Mr. James Scott, to Miss Margaret Kelly, both of this town.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Churchill, Mr. John Herd, to Miss Ann, third daughter of the late James Maxwell, Esq.

On Monday morning, by the Rev. Mr. Loughlan, Mr. John Duggan, painter, to Miss Johannah Mahar.

On Tuesday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Loughlan, Mr. Michael McDuff, to Miss Hannah Jones.

At Pictou, on the 22d inst. by the Rev. Jas. Ross, Mr. John Stiles, Proprietor of the “Mechanic & Farmer,” to Sarah, second daughter of Mr. Donald Fraser, West River, Pictou.

At Chatham, Miramichi, on the 11th inst. by the Rev. Samuel Bacon, Mr. George R. Bell, of Workington, England, to Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. J. Smith, teacher of the National School, at the former place.

DIED.

Early on Thursday morning, after a short but severe illness of three days, Mr. Samuel Cupples, in the 48th year of his age—leaving a wife and five small children to lament their loss.

On the 31st December last, on his passage from Liverpool to St Kitts, on board the brig Sisters, Captain Short, Thomas Brown, seaman, a native of Parrsborough, N. S. in the 44th year of his age.

At Wilmot, June 22, of inflammation of the brain, John Herbert, second son of Mr. John Egan, of that place, aged 7 years and 9 months.

BIBLE SOCIETY,

NOTICE.

THE Committee of the Nova Scotia Bible Society beg leave to intimate to the several Branches connected with it, in the Western and Southern parts of the Province, and to the friends of the Bible Society in general, that the Rev. JAMES THOMSON, Agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, intends to visit the following places, and to hold meetings at each of them during the ensuing month of July, and the Ministers of the respective congregations are respectfully requested to notify such appointments on the Sundays previous to the time of these meetings.

Windsor, Monday Evening.....	6th July.
Horton, Tuesday “.....	7th “
Cornwallis, Wednesday “.....	8th “
Aylesford, Thursday “.....	9th “
Bridgetown, Friday “.....	10th “
Annapolis, Monday “.....	13th “
Digby, Tuesday “.....	14th “
Weymouth, Wednesday “.....	15th “
Yarmouth, Friday “.....	17th “
Barrington, Tuesday “.....	21st “
Shelburne, Wednesday “.....	22d “
Liverpool, Friday “.....	24th “
Lunenburgh, Tuesday “.....	28th “
Chester, Thursday “.....	30th “

J. W. NUTTING,

WM. PRYOR, JUNR. } Secretaries.

Halifax, 30th June, 1840.

BRITISH AND NORTH AMERICAN ROYAL MAIL

STEAM SHIPS OF 1200 TONS AND 440 HORSE POWER.

BRITANNIA, Captain ROBERT EWING,  
ACADIA, Do. ROBERT MILLER,  
CALEDONIA, Do. RICHARD CLELAND,  
COLUMBIA, Do. HENRY WOODRUFF.

For Liverpool, G. B.

THE BRITANNIA, the first Ship of the line, commanded by Captain Robert Ewing, will leave Halifax for Liverpool, G. B. on Saturday the 1st August.

The Britannia was to leave Liverpool for Halifax and Boston on the 2d July, and is expected to arrive at Halifax on the 14th inst. She will proceed immediately for Boston.

These Ships will carry experienced Surgeons, and their accommodations are not surpassed by any of the Atlantic Steam Ships.

THE UNICORN,

Captain Walter Douglas.

Will leave Halifax for Quebec on the arrival of the Britannia from Liverpool. Passengers for any of the above named places, will please to make early application to

S. CUNARD & CO.

Halifax, July 1st.

The Halifax, St. John, Prince-Edward Island, Pictou and Miramichi papers will copy the above, and continue the same four weeks.

SAINT MARY'S SEMINARY.

Under the special patronage of the Right Rev. Dr. Fraser.

REV. R. B. O'BRIEN, SUPERIOR.

PROFESSORS.

Spanish..... Rev. L. J. DEASE.  
French..... Rev. W. IVERS.  
Greek and Latin, First Class..... Mr. M. HANNAN.  
Do. Do. Second Class..... Mr. R. O'FLAHERTY.

Writing, Book-keeping, and Arithmetic... Mr. E. J. GLEESON.

Theology and Scripture..... Rev. R. B. O'BRIEN.

Moral Philosophy and Mathematics..... Rev. W. IVERS.

English Composition, Reading and

Elocution..... Rev. R. B. O'BRIEN.

In addition to these enumerated above, the Classes already advertised occupy a due portion of attention.

The French Class has just been opened, and persons wishing to avail themselves of the advantages which it affords, would do well to make an early application.

Pupils for the Spanish Class will please to have their names entered at the Seminary within the next ten days.

The Philosophy Class also has been opened. Latin is the language of this Class.

Terms for Boarders—£33 per annum.

The Library of the Seminary contains very nearly 2000 volumes of the most select authors, in Theology, Canon Law, and Ecclesiastical History. There is also a good collection of Scientific and Classical Books, all of which are at the service of the Students of the Establishment.

None but Catholic Pupils are required to be present at the religious exercises or religious instructions of the Seminary.

June 20.

ST. MARY'S SEMINARY.

BOARDERS will furnish themselves with a Mattress, 2 pair of Sheets, Blankets, a Counterpane, one dozen shirts, half dozen towels, a knife, fork, and spoon. Uniform for Summer: Blue Jacket, Cap, &c. light Trowsers.

June 20.

NO. 88 & 89, GRANVILLE STREET.

CALL AND SEE.

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

JUVENILE WORKS

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

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

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

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

May 9. ARTHUR W. GODFREY.

NO. 88 & 89, GRANVILLE STREET.

THE SUBSCRIBER has just received, per Acadian, from Greenock,

Doway Bibles and Testaments for the use of the Laity,

The Path to Paradise,

Key to Heaven,

Poor Man's Manual,

Missal,

Butler's first, second, and general Catechisms.

May 9. ARTHUR W. GODFREY.



## THE HARPER.

The weary old Harper sat down at our gate,  
When the vespers were sung and the evening was late;  
And the tresses of gray that hung over his eye  
Were wav'd by the breeze that blew hurriedly by.

The lady looked down from her turretted bower,  
Where her daughter, fair Isabel, bloom'd like a flower,  
And the lord of her love, with the blood on his cheek,  
Sat pond'ring the thoughts that he chose not to speak.

The weary old Harper was brought to the hall,  
Where the trumpet of battle hung high on the wall;  
And the ladies stood tremblingly mute by his side,  
And the baron was pacing in silence and pride.

But the fair lady Isabel well could espay  
Through the tresses so gray the young light of his eye;  
And his bosom that heaved to the light-sounding tone,  
Drew a sigh of affection and grief from her own.

The weary old Harper—so wither'd and gray—  
Got shelter and food for the meed of his lay:  
And the wine-cup was drain'd till the hoar-frost of time  
Seem'd thaw'd from his heart like the autumn-tide rime.

The morning arose, and the matins were sung;  
But Isabel came not—the lovely and young—  
No, Isabel came not—shall come not again—  
For the weary old Harper was lord of Balmain.

## THE CULTIVATION AND USE OF TEA.

The tree, or rather shrub, from the leaves of which the beverage called Tea is made, is a native of China and Japan, in which countries alone it is cultivated for use. It is an evergreen, somewhat resembling the myrtle in appearance, and grown to a height varying between three and six feet. It is capable of enduring great variations of climate, being cultivated alike in the neighbourhood of Canton, where the heat is at times almost insupportable to the natives; and around the walls of Peking, where the winter is, not unfrequently, as severe as in the north of Europe.

The best sorts, however, are the production of a more temperate climate; the finest teas are said to grow in the province of Nanking, occupying nearly the middle station between the two extremes of heat and cold. The greatest portion of what is brought to the Canton market, and sold to the European merchants, is the produce of the hilly, but populous and industrious, province of Fokien, situated on the seacoast to the north east of Canton. It appears to thrive best in vallies, or on the banks of hills, exposed to the southern sun, and especially on the banks of rivers and rivulets.

The first European writer who mentions tea is Giovanni Botero, an eminent Italian author, who published a treatise, about the year 1590, on the magnificence and greatness of cities. He does not mention tea by name, but he describes it in such a manner, that it is impossible to mistake it. "The Chinese," he says, "have an herb, out of which they press a delicate juice, which serves them for drink, instead of wine; it frees them from those evils which the immoderate use of wine produces among us."

The tea-plant is propagated from the seed. Holes are drilled in the ground at equal distances, and in regular rows; into each hole the planter throws as many as six, or even a dozen seeds, not above a fifth part of the seed planted being expected to grow. While coming to maturity they are carefully watered; and though when once out of the ground, they would continue to vegetate without further care, the most industrious cultivators annually manure the ground, and clear the crop from weeds.

The leaves of the tea-plant are not fit for gathering until the third year, at which period they are in their prime, and most plentiful. When about seven years old, the shrub has generally grown to about the height of a man, and its leaves become few and coarse; it is then generally cut down to the stem, which, in the succeeding summer, produces an exuberant crop of fresh shoots and leaves; this operation, however, is sometimes deferred till the plant is ten years old.

The process of gathering the tea is one of great nicety and importance. Each leaf is plucked separately from the stalk; the hands of the gatherer are kept carefully clean, and, in collecting some of the fine sorts, he hardly ventures to breathe on the plant. At a place called Udsi, in the island of Japan, is a mountain, the climate of which is supposed to be particularly congenial to the growth of tea, and the whole crop which grows upon it is reserved for the sole use and disposal of the emperor. A wide and deep ditch round the base of the mountain prevents all access, except to the appointed guardians of its treasures. The shrubs are carefully cleansed of dust, and protected from any inclemency of the weather. The labourers who collect the leaves, are obliged, for some weeks previous, to abstain from all gross food, lest their breath or perspiration might injure the flavour; they wear fine gloves while at work, and during that period bathe two or three times a day.

Notwithstanding the tediousness of such an operation, a labourer can frequently collect from four to ten, or even fifteen pounds a

day. Three or four of these gatherings take place during the season, viz. towards the end of February or beginning of March; in April or May; towards the middle of June; and in August. From the first gathering, which consists of the very young and tender leaves only, the most valuable teas are manufactured, viz: the green tea called Gunpowder, and the black tea called Pekoe.

The produce of the first gathering is also denominated in China, Imperial tea, probably because where the shrub is not cultivated with a view to supplying the demands of the Canton market, it is reserved, either in obedience of the law, or on account of its superior value, for the consumption of the emperor's court. From the second and third crops, are manufactured the green teas called in our shops Hyson and Imperial, and the black teas denominated the Souchong and Congo. The light and inferior leaves separated from the Hyson by winnowing, form a tea called the Hyson-skin, much in demand by the Americans, who are also the largest general purchasers of green teas. On the other hand, some of the choicest and tenderest leaves of the second gathering, are frequently mixed with those of the first. From the fourth crop is manufactured the coarsest species of black tea called Bohea; and this crop is mixed with an inferior tea, grown in a district called Woping, near Canton; together with such tea as remains unsold in the market of the last season.

Owing to the minute division of land in China, there can be few, if any, large tea growers; the plantations are small, and the business of them carried on by the owner and his own family, who carry the produce of each picking immediately to market, where it is disposed of to a class of persons whose business it is to collect, and dry the leaves, ready for the Canton tea-merchant.—*Parley's Magazine.*

## THE WATER PINK.

It is difficult in some case to draw the line between the animal and vegetable kingdoms. The sensitive plant possesses qualities which entitle it to rank in both, but the most curious combination of vegetable and animal properties is met with in the water pink and the animal grass which grows in Port Mahon, in the island of Minorca. They are thus described by Mr. Jones in his sketches of naval life:

"As I sauntered along the shore of the harbour, my attention was drawn to a beautiful flower at the bottom where the water was nearly a fathom in depth. It grew on a stalk about three-eighths of an inch in diameter, and about ten inches in length; was in shape like an inverted cone, about ten inches in diameter; and was variegated with brilliant colours, red, yellow, and purple. It was a beautiful thing, and I wanted it; so I determined to knock it off, hoping some chance might bring it to the shore. I threw, and saw I struck it; when the water was cleared up, the stock was there but I could not discover the flower.

After a vain search I went on further, and came to another near the shore; I thought I was sure of this, and got a stick to draw it to me, when, as soon as I touched it—quash—the whole disappeared. It was an animal—flower and all. I have since procured several, and have preserved them. The stock is formed by concentric coats of gristly matter, which is transparent when the outer one is removed. It is attached to the rocks below. This forms a tube which is an animal about seven inches long, with two rows of feet in its whole length; at its upper end is the head, and rising from the latter, the flower I have spoken of. This is formed by a vast number of fibres, each with an exceedingly fine and variegated fringe placed like that of a feather; they do not form a single cup, but several; and their roots are so ranged as to produce a spiral channel reaching to the animal's mouth. They have a strong sensitive power, and as soon as touched, are dragged by the animal into the stalk. After a few minutes it ascends again, and the flower spreads out as before; doubtless they are intended for taking food. A touch will spoil them, so delicately are they formed. I cut off the flower and passed a paper under it, in water, then by laying it on a board and pouring water on it, spread it out as I wished it. They are of the cerialine species, and are called water pinks by the natives. I can take you, too, to parts of the harbour where the bottom is covered with tufts of grass, some dark coloured; some in plain tufts, and others with a star in the middle; this grass, too, is all animal, and if you touch it, will disappear in the ground. There is a large quantity of it just north of the hospital island.

A TASTE FOR READING is one of the very best traits of character which a parent can bestow upon a child. It has proved the salvation of thousands from dissipation and idleness; to say nothing of the acquisition of knowledge, and the improvement of the mind. Viewed in the light of mere employment of leisure hours, reading is at once the safest, cheapest, and most agreeable of occupations. With proper but not too rigid direction at the outset; direction not imposed as an onerous regulation, but given almost insensibly in the way of advice. A habit of reading will always do more good than harm, even though the matter read should not be of the very best and most useful description.—*N. Y. Weekly Dispatch.*

DESULTORY READING.—Desultory reading is indeed mischievous, by fostering habits of loose discontinuous thought; by turning the memory into a common sewer for rubbish of all sorts to float

through; and by relaxing the power of attention, which of all our faculties most needs care, and is most improved by it. But a well regulated course of study will no more weaken the mind, than hard exercise will weaken the body; nor will a strong mind be weighed down by its knowledge, any more than an oak is by its leaves, or than Sampson was by his locks.

## RECIPES, &amp;c.

THE NETTLE.—The nettle is generally considered by farmers and gardeners as a useless and troublesome weed; but it needs little argument to prove that the most common gifts of Providence are often the most useful to mankind. The common stinging nettle is one of the best medicines which is produced in the vegetable kingdom; and its medicinal qualities ought to be more generally known and appreciated. In the form of a simple, weak infusion, taken in the quantity of a pint a day, it acts as an alternative and deobstruct in impurities of the blood. A strong decoction taken in the same quantity proves an admirable strengthener in general or partial relaxation. Applied as a fomentation or poultice, it relieves swellings, and abates inflammations; and the expressed juice taken in spoonfuls, as the exigency of the case may require, in internal bleedings, is the most powerful stypic known. We may add, that its leaves, when boiled, are converted into a tender, healthy, and nourishing aliment, grateful to the palate. And yet there are few plants whose appearance is viewed by the farmer with more disgust than the stinging nettle.

*A thing worth remembering at this season of swimming and bathing.*

RECIPE FOR FLOATING.—Any human being who will have the presence of mind to clasp the hands behind the back, and turn the face towards the zenith, may float at ease and in perfect safety in tolerable still water—ay, and sleep there, no matter how long. If not knowing how to swim, you would escape drowning, when you find yourself in deep water, you have only to consider yourself an empty pitcher—let your mouth and nose—not the top of your heavy head—be the highest part of you, and you are safe. But thrust up one of your bony hands, and down you go; turning up the handle tips over the pitcher. Having had the happiness to prevent one or two drownings by this simple instruction, we publish it for the benefit of all who either love aquatic sports or dread them.

SIMPLE REMEDY TO PURIFY WATER.—It is not so generally known as it ought to be, that pounded alum possesses the property of purifying water. A large table spoonful of pulverised alum, sprinkled into a hogshead of water (the water stirred round at the time), will, after the lapse of a few hours, by precipitating to the bottom the impure particles, so purify it, that it will be found to possess nearly all the freshness and clearness of the finest spring-water. A pailful, containing four gallons, may be purified by a single tea-spoonful.

CHLORIDE OF SODA, is said, in the London Lancet, a medical work, to be an effectual cure for a burn. It is stated in that journal, as an example, that an attorney, in attempting to put out the flames that had attacked the curtains of his bed, got his hands burned and blistered, but not broken. He sent for a couple of quarts of the lotion, four ounces of the solution to a pint of water, had it poured in soup plates, wrapped his hands in lint, as no skin was broken, and so kept them for some time. Next morning he was so perfectly well that only one small patch of burn remained, yet an hour had elapsed before the application. It is added that the same remedy is sufficient to heal scalds and a black eye.—*Newark Daily Advertiser.*

CURE FOR CANCER.—Ms. Thomas Tyrrel, of Missouri, says he has effectually cured himself of an obstinate cancer, "by the free use of potash made from the ashes of red oak, boiled to the consistence of molasses, used as a poultice, covering the whole with a coat of tar. Two or three applications will remove all protuberances, after which it is only necessary to heal the wound with common salve."

## THE COLONIAL PEARL,

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

## AGENTS.

Arthur W. Godfrey, General Agent, Halifax, who will correspond with the local Agents—receive monies, and transact the business generally.

James L. Dowell, Esq. Windsor	Charles Morse, Esq. Liverpool.
W. H. Chipman, } Lower Horton, Wolfville, Kentville,	R. N. Henry, Esq. Antigonish.
Thomas Spur, Esq. Bridgetown.	Mr Henry Stamper, Charlotte Town
Peter Bonnett, Esq. Annapolis,	G. A. Lockhart, Esq. St John, N. B.
J. H. Fitzrandolf, Digby.	G. A. Reeve, Esq. Sussex Vale
H. G. Farish, Esq. Yarmouth.	C. Milner, Esq. Sackville & Dorchester
J. W. Smith, Esq. } Amherst, Fort Lawrence.	J. Taylor, Esq. Fredericton,
Thomas Caie, Esq. Richibucto.	J. Caie, Newcastle, Chatham & Nelson
Silas H. Crane, Esq. Economy.	Jos. Meagher, Esq. Carleton, &c.
D. Mattheson, Esq. } Pictou, River John;	Wm. End, Esq. Bathurst.
	Jas. Boyd, Esq. St. Andrews.
	Messrs. Pengree & Chipman, St. Ste-
	John Bourinot, Esq. Sydney, (Henz.)
	P. Caughlon, Esq. Restigouche

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