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JOSEPHINE BURGES.

BY JONATHAN SLICK, ESQ.

Miss Josephine Burges was a purty gal, but she was awfully stuck up, and got into all kinds of fined notions, arter her par, the old shoemaker, died and left her arnings. She was an awful smart critter though, and had a notion which side her bread was buttered on, as well as any body you can set your eyes on. Instead of spending the seven hundred dollars which the stingy old cut left behind him, all in hard chink, she sot up a milliner's and dress-maker's store in the Bowery,—and it raly would have done the old chap's ghost good to have seen how she contrived to turn the sixpences and half dollars that he'd kept hoarded up so long in an old pepper and salt stocking, for fear of losing. A snug business Miss Josephine Burges was a doing, I can tell you. If she didn't know how to make things gibe, there wasn't a gal in the Bowery that did, you may be sartin. She raly had a talent for the business—a sort of genius in the bonnet way. With her own handsome leetle fingers she cut and snipped, and twisted, and pinned on the shiney stuff and ribands, to all the caps and bonnets turned off by the ten, peaked-looking, slim young gals, that recreated twelve hours out of every twenty-four in a leetle garret bed-room, in the back of the house, where Miss Josephine Burges kept her store. How them peaked-looking young gals might have enjoyed themselves, if they'd only had a mind to! There was such a prospect to look out on, when they got tired. If they jist turned their bright eyes up to get a peep at the sky, there was a hull regiment of chimnies, all a sending out smoke like a company of Florida sogers; and if they looked down, there were ever so many back yards cut up into sort of pig-pens, with lots of bleech boxes a pouring out the brinstun smoke, and old straw-bonnets strung out to dry, that made every think look comfortable and like live. Miss Josephine Burges was a purty good boss, considering. She let her gals have half an hour to eat their dinners in; and if any on 'em didn't happen to git to the shop at seven o'clock in the morning, she never docked off more than half their day's wages. She was rather apt to git out of temper once in a while—but then, instead of blowing the galls up, as some cross-grained critters will, she only blew up their work, and made them do it over agin,—which was a nice, easy way of spitting out spite, and putting a few coppers into her own pocket; for when it took a half of a day to do the work, and another half to alter it, she only made the poor gals lose a hull day's wages; and if they didn't like that she'd always give them leave to git a better place,—which, considering that one quarter of the sewing gals in York are always out of work, was raly very considerate in her. Besides this, she had many other ginerous leetle ways of turning a copper. When the peaked, haggard, young critters, came down from the work room, at twelve o'clock, Saturday nights, as she paid them their wages, Miss Josephine always found out that some mistake had been made in the work—a piece of silk cut into or a bit of Leghorn burnt brown in the bleeching, which melted down the twenty shillings which they ought to have had a piece, to eighteen, or meebby, two dollars—all of which must sartainly have been to the satisfaction and amusement of the pale troop of gals who had two dollars to pay for board, besides clothes and washing to git along with, out of the twenty-five cents that was left. Sometimes the tears would come into their eyes; and some on 'em that hadn't no hum to go to, except the leetle garret bed-rooms, which they were over head and ears in debt for, would bust out and sob as if they hadn't got a friend on arth; but crying is a good deal like drinking—it hurts those that take to it more than it does any body else. Miss Josephine Burges didn't care a copper for tears and sobs; she'd got used to 'em.

Miss Burges raly had a talent for her business; nobody ever learned so many prudent ways for laying up money; she used to dress up like a queen, and her Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes were the genuine things, and genteel all over. Eenamost every Sabber day she would go to meeting in a fine bran new bonnet; and if some of her good-natured customers that staid to hum because theirs wasn't finished, had one jist like it come to the door on Monday morning, the little gal that waited for the band-box only had to say, that she sarched and sarched a Saturday night but couldn't find the house. It don't hurt a dashing bonnet to wear it once; and Miss Josephine never kept her customers a waiting over more than one Sunday, only when they were nation easy and paid beforehand. Folks that are always a minding other people's business, used to talk about Miss Josephine and call her extravagant and stuck up, but the varmints didn't know what they were a talking about more than nothing. If she had her silks and satins

made up every mouth, the making cost eenamost nothing. The working gals always expected to sit up till twelve o'clock Saturday nights in hurrying times; and when it wasn't hurrying times, Miss Josephine always had a frock to finish off for herself, or something of that sort. The frocks answered jist as well to make bonnets out on arter she'd dashed out in 'em once or twice, and the sleeves and waist cut up for ruffles and furbelows.

Besides tending her shop, and cutting and trimming, and all that, Miss Josephine Burges found time to do a leetle courting, overwork, with a fined sort of a 'pothecary, that sold doctor stuff over the way agin her store. But she didn't let this take up much of her time, nor no such thing; she warnt a gal to let her heart run away with her head. While the fined stuck up leetle 'pothecary shut up his shop over the way, and sot mor'ea half the time a twisting up the threads and leetle bits of riband that Miss Josephine snipped off with a pair of sharp-pinted scissors, hitched to her side by a black watch-guard, and kept a puckering up his mouth and a talking fined nonsense, as sweet as the jujube paste and the peppermint drops that he brought in his pockets, she sot as independent as a cork-screw, with one foot stuck up on a bonnet block, a twisting up bows and a sticking pins and feathers into a heap of silk and millinery stuff. Once in a while she found time to stick a peppermint drop into her leetle mouth, and to turn her eyes to the 'pothecary with sich a look. So soft and killing, it went right straight through his heart.

He sometimes overhauled the milliner's books, not because he wanted to know any thing about them, but because women folks are so apt to be imposed on; he writ out her leetle bills, and kept a sort of a running notion of her cash accounts, for she wasn't much of a judge of money, and so always sent her bank bills over to his shop to know whether they were genuine or not. She did all these leetle trifles in a delicate and natral sort of a way, that was sartinly very gratifying and pleasant to the 'pothecary; and he raly begun to fat up and grow pussy on the strength on't; it wouldn't a been human natur if he hadn't.

Miss Josephine Burges was a setting in her back shop, a thinking over the 'pothecary chap and the dollars and cents that she'd skinned out of the gals' wages that week, a making them work at half price because the times were so bad, when the 'pothecary come a tiptoeing through the store a looking as tickled as if he'd found a sixpence. He took two ball tickets out of his vest pocket, and held one on 'em out to the milliner, and stood a bowing and a grinning like a baboon till she read the writing on it.

"I raly don't know what to say," sez she. "I never have been to the Tammany balls, and I—I"

"It'll be the top of the notch, this one," sez the chap. "They're going to be awful particular who they invite—nothing but the raly genteel will git tickets, I promise 'em."

Miss Josephine Burges puckered up her mouth and said she didn't know.

"Don't say no—it'll break my heart, it will sartainly," sez the loveyer. "Don't drive me to taking pison on your account—oh don't."

Miss Josephine kinder started up, give a sort of a scream, and said she wouldn't drive the 'pothecary to take pison, and that she would go to the ball. The minit she said that, the leetle chap went right off into a fit of the dreadful suz; he slumped right down on his marrow bones, and begun to nibble away at the four dear little fingers that stuck out of Miss Josephine Burges' right hand mitt.

"Oh, say ony jist one thing more, and I shall be so happy, shall want ter jump out of my skin," sez he, all in a twitteration.

"Oh, dear me, what do you mean! I swanny I'm all in a fluster," sez she.

"Here down on my knees I ask, I entreat, I implore, I conjure, most beautiful of wimmen folks," sez he, "that you be my partner, not only at the ball, but through this ere mortal life. Don't blush my angel, but speak."

"One word of hope," sez the chap, a giving his bosom another dig. "Say that you will be mine."

"I'll think about it," sez Miss Josephine Burges, a sighing through her fingers.

"Say that you will be mine, or I will die on this 'ere very spot, and be sent down to posterity a living monument of wimmen's hard-heartedness," sez the 'pothecary, a running his fingers through his hair till it stuck up sort of wild, every which way over his head. "Do you want to make this ere body a mortar, and pound my loving heart to pieces with the pestle of delay? If not, speak, and say that my love is returned."

"It is," sez Miss Josephine Burges, kinder faint from behind her hand.

"Angelic critter!" sez the loveyer.

"Now leave me," sez Miss Josephine Burges.

"Hansomest of wimmen, I will," sez the 'pothecary.

"O how my heart beats!" sez Miss Josephine Burges.

"And mine," sez the 'pothecary, a gitin up and a spreading his hand out on his yaller vest.

"Leave me now," sez Miss Josephine Burges.

"My dear critter, I will," sez the 'pothecary.

With that he made tracks across the street, opened his empty money drawer with a sort of a chuckle, as much as to say, if you're starved out in this way much longer I will lose my guess, and then he drank off a glass of cold water with a leetle brandy in it.

Miss Josephine Burges sat still as a mouse till the 'pothecary chap made himself scarce, then she let down her hand and took a squint in the glass, to see how her face stood it. Arter that she went to a big drawer where she kept her slickest dry goods, and cut off a lot of shiney red velvet, which she took up stairs, and told the gal that had charge of her work room, to have it made up into a ball dress afore the hands went home. The ten poor, tired young critters were jest a beginning to think about going home to supper, but they sot down agin, and looked in each other's faces as melancholy as could be, but said nothing. The young gal that had charge of the work room happened to say, that in the course of a week or two they would have a prime lot of red velvet bonnets to sell. At this Miss Josephine Burges looked as cross as if she'd swallowed a paper of darning needles, and told the young gal that had charge of the work room to hold her tongue and mind her own business. At this the young gal drew up and was a going to give the milliner her change back agin; but jest that minit she happened to think that sarse from a stuck up critter was bad enough, but that starving was a good deal wuss, and so she choked in and went to work at the dress, with her heart a swelling in her barnsome bosom, like a bird when it's first caught.

"Don't let them gals get to sleep over their work," sez Miss Josephine Burges as she was a going down stairs.

The young gal who had charge of the work room said something of low, about people's having no feeling.

"What's that you say?" sez Miss Josephine Burges, a coming back as spiteful as could be.

"Nothing," sez the young gal who took charge of the work room.

"It's well you didn't," sez the milliner. With that she went down stairs, and the poor tuckered out young critters didn't get hum to supper till ten o'clock at night, because they had to stay and finish off Miss Josephine Burges' ball finery.

Miss Josephine Burges was a sitting in the leetle room up over her store, ready dressed for the ball, when the leetle apprentice gal cum up and told her that the gentleman from over the way was a waiting down stairs. The milliner jumped up and begun to wriggle about afore the looking glass to be sartin that the red velvet frock, the golden chain and the heap of posies that she twisted in her hair were all according to Gunter.—Arter she'd took a purty general survey she went down stairs, about the most stuck up critter that you ever sot eyes on.

The 'pothecary stood afore the looking glass a trying to coax his hair to curl jist a leetle, and a pulling up fust one side of his white satin stock and then tother, to make it set up perpendicular. He'd got a little speck of dirt on his silk stockings and his shiny dancing pumps a coming over the street, so he took his white handkerchief out of his pocket and begun to dust them off; but the minit Miss Josephine Burges cum in, he stopped short, stepped back agin the wall, and held up both hands as if he raly didn't know what to do with himself, and sez he—

"I never did! talk about the Venus de Medishe, or the New York beauty. Did ever any thing come up to that are."

I rather guess the people stared a few when the little 'pothecary walked along the Tammany ball room with Miss Josephine Burges, in her red velvet and gold chains, a hanging on his arm. Siedasbers didn't show themselves at every ball, by a great sight. There was a genuine touch of the aristocracy in the way the leetle 'pothecary turned up his nose, and flourished his white gloves; and when they stood up to dance, Miss Josephine held out her red velvet, and stuck out her foot, and curcheyed away as slick as any of the Broadway gals could a done it. But just as she was a going to dance, who should stand afore her in the same reel but the very young gal that took charge of her work room. The milliner had just took a fold of the red velvet between her thumb and finger, and was flourishing out her foot to balance up as genteel as could be,

but the minit she ketched sight of the working gal, she gin her head a toss, and reaching out her hand to the 'pothecary, walked off to her seat in a fit of outraged dignity that was raly beautiful to look at it. Arter this, Miss Josephine Burges said she wouldn't try to dance among sich low critters; and so she and the 'pothecary sidled about, eat peppermint drops, and talked soft sodder to one another—always taking care to turn up their noses when the handsome working gal come within gun shot of 'em.

"Who can that gentleman be, that's a eyeing me so through his glass?" sez Miss Josephine Burges to the 'pothecary; what handsome whiskers he's got—did you ever?"

"I don't see any thing over genteel in him, any how," sez the 'pothecary, a looking sort of uneasy.

"But how nicely he's dressed," sez she.

"I aint over foud of them vests and checkered trowsers," sez the 'pothecary.

"Dear me, he's a coming this way," sez the milliner, all in a twitter—"I hope he wont think of speaking"

"I hope so too," sez the 'pothecary, a looking as if he'd jist eat a sour lemon, without any sweetening.

The chap come along sort of easy, and independent, and stood close by 'em.

"Shan't we go to tother end of the room?" sez the 'pothecary to the milliner, kinder half whispering; and a eyeing the strange chap as savage as a meat axe. "Not yet," says the milliner, giving a sort of look at the strange chap. He wasn't a feller to be sneered at in the way of good looks any how; nor a man that was likely to lose any thing; for it warn't more than three minits afore he asked the milliner to dance, and led her out as crank as could be, right afore the 'pothecary's face. Didn't the poor leetle chap look womberopped when he seed that. There he stood, all alone in a corner, feeling as sick as if he'd swallowed a dose of his own doctor stuff; and there he had to stand; for arter the tall chap and Miss Josephine Burges had got through dancing, they sot down together by a winder and begun to look soft sodder at one another, and talk away as clippier as two birds on an apple tree limb in spring time. It didn't do no good for the 'pothecary to rile up and make motions to her—she didn't seem to mind a bit; so he stood still and grit his teeth, for it seemed to him as if the milliner, and the red velvet, beside the account books, the stock in trade, and the hard chink too, was a sliding out of his grip like a wet eel.

Arter he'd bore it as long as he could, he went up to Miss Josephine Burges, sort of humble, and asked her if it wasn't about time to be a going hum?

The milliner said she wasn't in any hurry about it, and went to talking with the tall chap agin.—It was as much as the poor love-yeer could do to keep from bursting out a crying, or a swearing, he warn't particular which; he felt all struck up of a heap, and went off to his corner agin as lonesome as a goose without a mate.

By-and-by the milliner she come up, and told him she was about ready to go hum; the tall chap he went down stairs with them, and stood a kissing his hand to her till she got into the street.—The 'pothecary raly felt as if he should bust, and he gin her a party decent blowing up as they went along Chatham street. She didn't give him much of an answer though, for her head was chuck full of the tall chap's soft sodder, and she didn't know anore than half of what he was jawing about.

The leetle 'pothecary went hum and hurried up to bed, but all he could do he couldn't git a wink of sleep. He got up only in the morning, but he hadn't no appetite for his breakfast, and kinder hung about his shop door, a keeping a good look out to see if any body went to the milliner's, and a wondering if it was best for him to go over and see how she seemed to sit arter what he'd said to her the night afore. So he brushed up his hair and was jist a taking his hat to go over and try his luck, when a handsome green buggy waggon hauled up agin the milliner's, and out jumped the tall chap with the whiskers.

The 'pothecary he turned as white as a sheet, and begun to fume like all natur. He had plenty of time to let his wrothy feelings bile over, for it was more than three hours afore the green buggy wagon driv away agin. The minit it was out of sight, the 'pothecary snatched up his hat, and scooted across the road like a crazy critter. Miss Burges was a sitting in her leetle back-room, dressed out like any thing. This made him more wrothy than he was afore, for she never dressed out when he was a cuning, so he went straight up to her, and sez he sort of wrothy—

"Miss Josephine Burges, what am I think of this 'ere treatment?"

The milliner looked up as innocent as a kitten, as if she hadn't the least idee what he meant.

"What treatment?" sez she, as meely mouthed as could be.

The 'pothecary felt as if he should choke; he gripped his hand, and the words came out of his mouth like hot bullets.

"Oh you perfidious critter you," sez he, "how can you look in my face arter you've been a sitting three hull hours with that nasty tall coot that you danced with all the time last night?"

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean more than nothing. I danced with a gentleman last night, and he has been here this morning; but I raly don't see why you should trouble yourself about it," sez Miss Josephine, a taking up her work and beginning to sow as easy as she did in her life.

The 'pothecary was so mad, he couldn't but jist speak out hold. "Look a here Miss Burges," sez he, a speaking sort of hoarse,

"aint we as good as married? didn't you engage yourself to me? and wasn't the day cenajist sot afore that consarned ball?"

"Not that I ever knew on," sez Miss Burges, a pinning a pink bow on to a silk bonnet she was to work on, and a holding it out to see how it looked, "I raly dont know what you mean?"

The 'pothecary begun to tremble all over, he was so mad to see her setting there as cool as a cucumber.

"You don't know what I mean, don't you?" sez he. "Look a here, marm, haint I been to see you off and on for more than a year? Haint I footed up your books and made out bills, and done all your out-door business, this ever so long? Haint I give you ounces on ounces of jujube paste, emptied a hull jar of lemon drops, and more than half kept you in pearl powder and cold cream?"

"Wal, you needn't talk so loud and tell every body of it," sez the milliner, a going on with her work all the time; but the leetle chap had got his grit up, and there was no 'who' to him. On he went like a house afire.

"Don't make such a noise," sez the milliner.—"It wont do no good, I can tell you."

"Wont it, though? wont it? I rather guess you'll find out in the end, I'll sue you for a breach of promise—if I don't, jist tell me on it, that's all."

The 'pothecary was a going on to say a good deal more, but jist as he begun to let off steam agin, some customers cum into the front shop.—Miss Josephine Burges put down her work and went out, as if nothing on arth had happened.—The 'pothecary waited a few minits a biling over with spite, and then he kicked a bonnet block across the room, upset a chair, and cut off through the store, like all possessed. The milliner was a bargaining away with her customers for dear life—she looked up and larfed a leetle easy as the poor feller streaked through the store, and that was all she cared about it.

The poor coot of a 'pothecary went over to his shop and slammed the door to hard enough to break the house down. * * *

Every day for three weeks that green buggy waggon and the tall man with whiskers stopped before Miss Josephine Burges's door. The 'pothecary grit his teeth, and eyed the pison with an awful, desperate look every time the buggy came in sight; and when he heard that Miss Josephine Burges was a getting her wedding frock made, and was raly a going to be married to a foreign chap, as rich as a Jew, that had fallen in love with her at the Tammany hall, he filled the tumbler agin brimming full, and then chucked the pison in the grate, and said he wouldn't make sich a fool of himself any longer; the critter wasn't worth taking a dose of salts for, much less a tumbler brim full of pison. Arter this, he bore up like a man; and one day, when he saw the green buggy come a trifle arlier than it ever did before, and saw the tall chap jump out all dressed off to kill, with white gloves on, and a white handkercher a streaming out of his coat pocket, he jist put his teeth together and looked on till he saw Miss Josephine Burges come out with a white silk bonnet on and a great long white veil a streaming over it, and see her take a seat in the buggy waggon with the tall man in whiskers. It wasn't no news to him when he heard that Miss Josephine Burges was married, and had sold out her shop; but when he heard that the overseer of her work room had got some relation to buy out the stock for her, the 'pothecary brightened up like any thing; and he was heard to say, that arter all the young gal that took charge of the work room wasn't to be grinned at in a fog; for his part, he thought her full as handsome as Miss Josephine Burges.

There was no two ways about it.—Miss Josephine Burges was raly married to the tall man in whiskers, and she had sold out all her stock in trade to the young gal who had taken charge of her work room. About three days arter the wedding, the tall man with whiskers sot in the leetle room over what had been Miss Josephine Burges's store; she that had been Miss Josephine Burges herself, sot with one arm around his neck. * * *

Wal, arter this soft sodder, the tall man in whiskers took hold of the chain that his bride had on round her neck, and sez he, "my dear love, I raly can't bear to see you rigged out in these 'ere old fashioned things. When you was only a milliner, they did well enough, but now you mustn't wear no jewelry that aint at the top of the notch; jist pack up all on 'em, that are watch of your'n and all, and I'll go and swap 'em off for a set of mosaic work.—When I take you hum among all my folks, they'd larf at these awkered things."

With that the bride begun to look streaked enough: so she sot to work and lugged out all the gold things she had; her watch, and great heavy chain, and ear-rings, and ever so many gim-cracks. So the tall man put them all in his pocket, and took up his hat, and sez he, "I'll soon git rid of these 'ere things, and bring you something worth while."

Miss Josephine Burges, (that was,) said there never was so kind a critter, and jist to let her see that she wasn't much out in saying that are, he cum back from the door, and sez he—

"Seeing as I'm a going out I may as well take that are leetle sum of money and put it in some bank for you. Of course I don't want any thing of it, but it raly don't seem jist safe here, among all these sowing gals. Miss Josephine Burges, (that was,) went to her chest of drawers, and took out a heap of bank bills, and give them to him.—The tall man in whiskers put the bills in his trou-

sers pocket, buttoned it up tight, then give the pocket a leetle slap, and was a going out agin.

"You'll come right straight back, dear?" sez Miss Josephine Burges, (that was) "you will, wont you?"

"Sartainly, my sweet love," sez the tall man in whiskers, a stopping on the stairs, and kissing her hand over the railing.

"By-by," sez Miss Josephine Burges, (that was).

"By-by," sez the tall man in whiskers.

Miss Josephine Burges (that was) set by the window, and looked arter the tall man till he got cenamost down to Chatham square. She waited a hull hour, and he didn't come back; then she waited two hours; then all night; and the next week, and the next, till she'd been a waiting three hull months—and arter all, the tall man in the whiskers didn't seem to hurry himself a bit.

About a year arter the Tammany ball, the leetle 'pothecary was a sitting in the back room of what once was Miss Josephine Burges' milliner-store; his wife, the young gal that used to take charge of the work room, stood close by; and the 'pothecary was a look-over his wife's day-book. Jist as he was a adding up a long row of figures, one of the hands come down stairs, and was a going out.

"Look a here, Miss Josephine Burges, or Mrs. What's-your-name," sez the 'pothecary, "if your detarmined to go home jist the minit your hour is up, these hurrying times, it's my idee that you'd better look out for some other shop to work in."

The colour riz up in the poor woman's face; but it was her turn to be snubbed and grove about, without daring to say her soul was her own. So instead of riling up, she spoke as meek as could be, and sez she, "I aint very well; I've got a dreadful headache."

"Can't help that," sez the 'pothecary; "we pay you twenty shillings a week, fast rate wages, to work, so you may jist step back to the work room with your head ache, or I'll dock off fifty cents when it comes Saturday night, if you don't. Go—I'll have you to know you aint mistress in this shop, or master neither."

Miss Josephine Burges (that was) had a temper of her own, but she owed for her board, and so choked in and went up stairs as mad as natur.

The 'pothecary's wife was a good-hearted critter, and it raly made her feel bad to see her old boss used so.

"Don't speak so to her," sez she to the 'pothecary; "she raly looks tired and sick,—dont hurt her feelings."

"I was a sewing gal once," sez the 'pothecary's wife.

"Yes—and how did that stuck up critter use you?—tell me that?" sez he.

The 'pothecary's wife didn't answer; but the minit her husband had gone out, she went out into the kitchen, and took a bowl of genuine hot tea up to the work room. Miss Josephine Burges (that was) sot on a stool, looking as mad as a March hare; she begun to sow as soon as the 'pothecary's wife come in, as grouty as could be; but when the kind critter gin her the bowl of tea, and told her it would be good for her headache, the poor sewing gal boohooded right out a crying.

SKETCH,—COAST OF NOVA-SCOTIA AND NEW-FOUNDLAND.

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

When the shadows of evening fell upon our prospect, as we lay quietly at anchor over against a fine fort in Halifax harbour, a scene of awful grandeur burst upon us. It was not new to me, for I had looked on it during a whole day's inland journey; but its effect was incalculably heightened by the darkness of night, and the position which we occupied. The woods were burning, to what extent I know not; but the track that sent up that continuous sheet of flame could not have comprised less than fifty miles. It had burnt for more than a week, and was blazing still, presenting a ridge of blazing forest-ground along the hill-side, as far as the eye could reach. These fires generally take their rise from some spark unintentionally allowed to fall among dry brushwood, which rapidly communicates the fearful element to all within its reach, and thus the conflagration acquires a power that sets the efforts of man at defiance, proceeding along the country until an open space of land, a wide river, or a heavy fall of rain, stays its progress. The effect is magnificent, but the contemplation very painful, when the extent of animal suffering and individual loss is considered. The Indian's wigwam, the settler's log hut, and the little patches of cultivation he has succeeded in rearing amid the wilds, all are consumed, together with the fox's covert, the elk's retreat, and the fragile nest of the affrighted bird. Alas, that the only certainty we can predicate of any earthly thing should be that that it will perish!

On the following morning we bade a last adieu to the beautiful harbour, and pursued our course northward.—A dark canopy of smoke, reddened towards its base by the still raging fire, overhung the line of coast; and I watched with wonder its seemingly interminable stretch, as long as we continued within ken. Two days pleasant sail brought us within a distant view of the majestic cliffs of Newfoundland; but here a dead calm fell upon us, and for twenty-four hours we endured that most annoying visitation, consisting in one incessant lazy roll, or rather rocking of the vessel, which remains perfectly stationary, only swinging round with each turn of the tide. The weather was sultry, the sky, unrelieved

by a single cloud, seemed to hang just above the mast-head, divested of its cool blue, and tinged with a copper hue, as disagreeable to the eye as the atmosphere was oppressive to the head, and the situation to the spirits. The sea, unenlivened by a ripple lay in a monotonous level around, reflecting the unpleasant glare from above, and painfully dazzling the sight that sought a rest upon its unaltered surface. Those who had been sea-sick, revived sufficiently to creep forth and contribute their several complainings to the general stock of *ennui*, under an awning that been spread over the quarter deck; while such as had enjoyed the fine free roll of the vessel when borne on the billows' swell, found the uneasy rocking produce on them in turn a degree of sickness. Altogether it was a severe trial of patience; and I felt myself much indebted to two sprightly young whales, who, within no great distance, held their leisurely way for an hour or two, producing a most refreshing effect, at least on my imagination, by the beautiful jet d'eau that each, by his blowing, occasionally produced, and the long track of foam that his progress left on the otherwise unbroken surface of the sea.

It was then that I remarked to a passenger whom we were bringing home after the wreck of his own vessel, 'I wish we were relieved from our present state; I would gladly compound for a severe storm, in place of this tedious calm.' 'You had better,' he replied, 'be careful what wishes you frame; if a storm sprang up, and you knew the dangers of this coast, you would welcome a month's calm to be delivered from its power; it is better to take what God sends, and be thankful for his mercies.' This was language dissimilar from what prevailed among us; and the individual who used it was indeed of a different order of men. He had, as he told me, often been employed to convey missionaries to their destinations, and had reaped a rich blessing in the work. I understood not his meaning, nor could I appreciate the principle that wrought in him. The fruit was apparent, but of the root I knew nothing. Captain C— was by far the most obliging person on board, and the most self-denying in a situation which generally tends to exhibit the selfish character conspicuously.

The calm endured but for a few hours after the remark just recorded. A breeze sprang up which strongly ruffled the ocean, and bore us rapidly towards the mighty rampart of rock which seemed to rise a perpendicular wall from the surface of the sea. It was unbroken, far as the eye could reach, and at the summit jagged and indented into a strange variety of fantastic outlines. Attached to its base I discerned several large bodies of pure white, around which the breakers were dashing, and these I was told were icebergs. One had already broken from its station, and came drifting towards us in all the lustre of its frozen magnificence. It was then nearly evening: dark clouds overspread the western horizon, and the sun was about to sink behind the blackening mass. The orb had assumed the sanguine hue which results from the intervention of a storm-fraught atmosphere, and the rays that streamed upon the iceberg, invested it with a beauty wholly inconceivable by those who have never beheld one of these majestic objects.— That before us was considered very small; it resembled a rock, with fantastic peaks surmounting its bold cliff; and two buildings, which no one could hesitate to call a castle and a church, corresponding as they did in size and outline with those edifices, placed the one on the summit of the rock, the other sheltered at its base. Semi-transparent in most parts, in some clear as crystal, and in others hung with wreaths of snow, some idea may be formed of the aspect of this frozen mass, as it was borne majestically past us on a swelling sea, with its thousand prisms turned to the deep red light that streamed across its course. Bending over the vessel's side, I gave utterance to expressions of the most passionate admiration and delight, adding a fervent wish that it would closely approach our ship for my greater gratification. Captain C—, who was pacing the deck with more than his usual thoughtfulness of look heard me; and once more cautioned me as to the wishes I was ready to frame. He told me that the sternest of the rocks before us was not so dangerous as the unseen base of that fragile iceberg, one touch from which would send us instantly to the bottom: adding that he had himself been most wonderfully preserved with his little crew, by promptly stepping into their boat on the instant his ship struck, from which they saw her go down in less than two minutes from the moment of collision. He concluded by observing that my morning wish was about to be fulfilled; a tempest was rising, and ere midnight we should regretfully recal our dissatisfaction at the innocent calm which preceded it.

The storm was indeed even then commencing, and as night prematurely closed around, the last gleams exhibited those frowning rocks in fearful proximity, while the breakers flung their foam upon the troubled blast, assisting to mark more distinctly the dark rampart against which it was hurled. The swell of the waves became terrible; all save the seamen were ordered to quit the deck: the dead-lights were fixed, and overcome by sickness or by panic the passengers lay down on their berths: all, I believe, but one. Truly can I say, that "I lived a Pharisee," and verily did I believe in myself that I was righteous, and despised others. Like them, I expected death; but probably there was not one among them so perfectly indifferent as to whether it came or no. I went to my little cabin, and finding it impossible to preserve any other seat, I chose the floor for mine, lashed a lantern to one of the posts that supported my berth, firmly twisted my left arm round another, and placing a large Bible on my lap, selected some portions

that seemed most appropriate—not to our own awful situation, on the very verge of eternity, but to the grandeur of the scenery I had enjoyed during the last few hours, and the sublimity inseparable, in the minds of those who are neither sick nor fearful, from the deep roll of the stormy waves, the measured reek of the vessel as they bore her aloft, and then slid from beneath her to overhang her masts, the straining of every timber, and the thundering effect of the roaring blast among her shattered sails. The Bible had never been made a task-book to me: if those who reared me could not teach me to understand, they yet taught me to love it as the most interesting historical, the most sublime of poetical volumes. I chose it then for my companion, partly no doubt from ostentation, but chiefly because every thing else fell so lamentably short of the conceptions of my mind, ever alive to impressions of magnificence.—The forty-sixth Psalm I read again and again, for the sake of its stormy imagery. Next I took the fourteenth of Isaiah, and the sixty-third, as surpassing in grandeur of imagery and diction all that man could invent.

The night was one of extreme peril, and of most wonderful deliverance. The vessel was driving, helpless as a cork on the waters, directly towards the rocks: and when all human effort became unavailing to arrest or to vary her course, a sudden change in the wind drove her out to sea so rapidly, that when morning came, nothing was visible of the threatening coast but a long dark line in the distant horizon, towards which we gradually re-approached, beneath a cloudless sky, with a propitious breeze, that imparted to the ocean what I consider its most beautiful aspect; for, lovely as at all times the great world of waters appeared, it never charmed me so much as when the exquisite depth of blue prevailing in the Atlantic was dappled with the silver foam that crests the myriads of little billows into which the surface is gathered on a breezy sunny day. I felt delight, and a measure of thankfulness too.

Much more strongly did I feel the deliverance vouchsafed to others in the course of that day. We had nearly made the exquisitely picturesque mouth of St. John's harbour, and were steering through the multitude of little fishing-boats that people those seas, when one of them came bounding so completely across our track, that no skill either on the part of our steersman or of the two poor fishermen could avert a collision. It was a moment of agony never to be forgotten—literally a moment, for I did not perceive the boat until she was so directly beneath our prow, that the next movement of the rolling ship must decide her fate. Every one who has observed the course of a large sailing-vessel on a rough sea must know that she plunges forward with a mighty sweep, clearing a considerable space with every bound. She was rising for one of these plunges when my eye caught the terrified looks of the poor fishermen, turned upwards to the comparatively gigantic object overhanging their frail bark. I could not avert my gaze—it was fixed in breathless horror on the victims over whom we were about to dash. The next instant saw their little cross-tree and brown sail hanging on the side of our keel, while the boat and its still petrified owners remained, far behind, with a bare mast standing. So close under us had the little bark glided, or rather grated—so wonderfully had the preserving hand of the Lord been outstretched on their behalf. A general cry had arisen from our people; and not a countenance on deck was there unmarked by strong emotion, as all eyes pursued the receding boat, half incredulous of its actual escape. I saw Captain C—, and in his pale cheek, compressed lip, and settled gaze, I read what constrained me also to lift up a grateful heart to the Most High, with an acknowledgment of his work, and his wonders in the great deep.

SUDDEN DEATH.—It is a remark of the thoughtless, that they would like to pass suddenly from the full enjoyment of life, to death—and we find also a clergyman using the same idea. It appears to us there is a lack of true philosophy in the thought. Whatever may be our state of preparation, we feel that the associations of life, its business and its intercourse, tend to soil our garments, to distract our mind, and lead it off from the great object of human consideration; the lengthened death-sickness enables us to remedy the evil, and set our household in order to look on what we are leaving with that proper estimate of its uses, which enables us rightly to dispose of it, and to consider the relations and tendency of those whom we leave, so that we may properly direct their steps.

To rest on the 'Mountains of Beulah,' and to look beyond the flood, was the privilege of those who had sojourned long and carefully in the right road, according to Bunyan, and the rash foot that splashed aside the water of the divided stream, was not firm when the current set strong.

He who had contemplated long and profitably the slow approach of death, said, imploringly,

"Gently, most gently on thy victim's head,
Consumption lay thy hand!"—

And life itself is little else than a consumption, by which we slide downward from the cradle to the grave. "Yet a deeper slope and a greater angle in the descending grade, admonish us we approach the close of our journey, and give intimation for special preparation. He who is conscious (but who is?) of no imperfection, may wish to start upwards, like the perfect prophet, with "the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof." But in these latter day times, betwixt the flush of life and quenching of its brightness,

moments, at least to say "receive my spirit," were cheaply purchased by a martyr's pangs.

TIE CHOICE.

The Spanish lady sat alone within her evening bower,
And, sooth to say, her thoughts were such as suited well the hour;
For, shining on the myrtle leaves until they shone again,
The moonlight fell amid the boughs like light and glittering rain.

The ground was strewed with cactus flowers, the fragile and the fair.
Fit emblems of our early hopes—so perishing they are;
The jasmine made a starry roof, like some Arabian hall;
And sweet there floated on the air a distant fountain's fall.

She leant her head upon her hand: "I know not which to choose—
Alas! which ever choice I make, the other I must lose;
They say my eyes are like the stars; and if they are so bright,
Methinks they should be as those stars, and shed o'er all their light.

"Don Felix rides the boldest steed, and bears the stoutest lance,
And gallantly above his helm his white plumes wave and dance:
But then Don Guzman, when the night and dews are falling round,
How sweet beneath my lattice comes his lute's soft number's sound.

"Don Felix has in triumph borne my colours round the ring;
Three courses for my beauty's sake, he rode before the king.
Don Guzman he has breathed in song a lover's gentle care—
And many who know not my face, yet know that it is fair."

The inconstant moon, now bright, now veiled, shone o'er the changing
tide;

The wind shook down the flowers, but still new flowers their place
supplied;

And echo'd by some far-off song, the lady's voice was heard—

"Alas! I know not which to choose!" was aye her latest word.

Yet, ere that moon was old, we saw the Donna Julia ride
Gay on her snowy palfrey, as Don Alonzo's bride.

The bride was young and beautiful, the bridegroom stern and old.
But the silken rein was hung with pearls, the housings bright with
gold.

SICKNESS.—In sickness, the soul begins to dress herself for immortality: And first, she unties the strings of vanity, that made her upper garment cleave to the world, and sit uneasy: She puts off the light and fantastic summer-robe of lust and wanton appetite.

Next to this, the soul, by the help of sickness, knocks off the fetters of pride and vainer complacencies. Then she draws the curtains, and stops the light from coming in, and takes the pictures down; those fantastic images of self-love, and gay remembrances of vain opinion and popular noises. Then the spirit stoops into the sobrieties of humble thoughts, and feels corruption chiding the forwardness of fancy, and allaying the vapour of conceit and factious opinions.

Next to these, as the soul is still undressing, she takes off the roughness of her great and little angers and animosities, and receives the oil of mercies and smooth forgiveness, fair interpretations and gentle answers, designs of reconciliation and Christian a tonement in their places.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

THE SPONGE FISHERY.—When at the Island of Rhodes, I went to the sponge fishery, which is curious and interesting. It is a laborious and dangerous employment, but so lucrative, that five or six successful days afford those engaged in it the means of support an entire year. The sponge is attached to rocks at the bottom of the sea, serving as a retreat to myriads of small crustaceous animals which occupy its cavities. The fishermen dive for it to the depth of even a hundred feet, and sometimes continue for five or six minutes under water, unless the quantity of sponge they may have collected becomes inconvenient or unmanageable, when they are hauled to the surface by the crew of the boat to which they belong. The divers occasionally fall victims to sharks that attack them under water. The sponge is prepared for market by being pressed to dislodge the animalculæ it contains, and afterwards washed in lye to deprive it of mucilaginous matter.—*Mars. Marmont.*

THE WOODS.—In the woods is perpetual youth. Within these plantations of God a decorum and sanctity reign, a perennial festival is dressed, and the guest sees not how he should tire of them. There I feel that nothing can befall me in life—no disgrace, no calamity, (leaving me my eyes,) which nature cannot repair. Standing on the bare ground—my head bathed by the blithe air, and uplifted into infinite space—all mean egotism vanishes. I am nothing. I see all. The currents of the Universal Being circulate through me; I am part and parcel of God. The name then of the nearest friend sounds foreign and accidental. To be brothers, to be acquaintances—master or servant, is then a trifle and a disturbance. I am the lover of unconfined and immortal beauty. In the wilderness I find something more dear and connate than in streets or villages. In the tranquil landscape, and especially in the distant line of the horizon, man beholds somewhat as beautiful as his own nature.—*Emerson.*

A SKETCH OF ENGLISH ARISTOCRACY.*

From "Ten Thousand a Year"—Blackwood's Magazine.

PREPARING FOR CHRISTMAS.

"See—we're all preparing for to-morrow," said Dr. Tatham, leading the way into the little church, where the grizzly headed clerk was busy decorating the pulpit, reading desk, and altar-piece with the cheerful emblems of the season.

"Peggy! Peggy!—you're sadly overdoing it," said the doctor, calling out to the sexton's wife, who was busy at work in the squire's pew—a large square pew in the nave, near the pulpit. "Why, do you want to hide the squire's family from the congregation? You're quite putting a holly hedge all round."

"Please you, sir, I've got so much I don't know where to put it—so, in course, I put it here."

"Then," said the Doctor, with a smile, looking round the church, "let John get up and put some of it in those old ha:chments; and" looking up at the clerk, busy at work in the pulpit, "don't put quite so much up there in my candlesticks."

With this the parson and the squire took their departure. As they passed up the village, which already wore a holiday aspect, they met on all hands with a cordial and respectful greeting. The quiet little public house turned out some four or five stout fellows,—all tenants of his—with their pipes in their hands, and who took off their hats and bowed very low. Mr. Aubrey went up and entered into conversation with them for some minutes—their families and farms, he found, were well and thriving. There was quite a little crowd of women about the shop of Nick Steele, the butcher, who, with an extra hand to help him, was giving out the second ox which had been sent from the hall, to the persons whose names had been given in to him from Mrs. Aubrey. Further on, some were cleaning their little windows, others sweeping their floors, and sprinkling sand over them; most were sticking holly and mistletoe in their windows and over their mantel-pieces. Every where, in short, was to be seen that air of quiet preparation for the cheerful morrow, which fills a thoughtful observer with feelings of pensive but exquisite satisfaction.

Mr. Aubrey returned home towards dusk, cheered and enlivened by his walk. His sudden plunge into the simplicity and comparative solitude of country life—and that country Yatton—had quite refreshed his feelings and given a tone to his spirits. Of course Dr. Tatham was to dine at the hall on the morrow; if he did not, indeed, it would have been the first time during the last five-and twenty years.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Christmas eve passed pleasantly and quietly enough at the hall. After dinner the merry little ones were introduced, and their prattle and romps occupied an hour right joyously. As soon as, smothered with kisses, they had been dismissed to bed, old Mrs. Aubrey composed herself in her great chair to her usual after-dinner's nap; while her son, his wife, and sister, sitting round the fire—a decanter or two, and a few wine-glasses, and dessert remaining behind them—sat conversing in a subdued tone, now listening to the wind roaring in the chimney—a sound which not a little enhanced their sense of comfort—then criticising the disposition of the evergreens with which the room was plentifully decorated, and laying out their movements during the ensuing fortnight. Mrs. Aubrey and Kate were, with affectionate earnestness, contrasting to Aubrey the peaceful pleasures of a country life with the restless excitement and endless anxieties of a London political life, to which they saw him more and more addicting himself; he all the while playfully parrying their attacks, but secretly acknowledging the truth and force of what they said, when—hark!—a novel sound from without which roused the old lady from her nap. What do you think, dear reader, it was? The voices of little girls singing what seemed to be a Christmas hymn: yes, they caught the words:

"Hark! the herald-angels sing,
Glory to the new-born king;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild".

It must be your little school-girls, said old Mrs. Aubrey, looking at her daughter, and listening.

"I do believe it is, quoth Kate, her eyes suddenly filling with tears, as she sat eagerly inclining towards the window.

"They must be standing on the grass-plot just before the window," said Mr. Aubrey: the tiny voices were thrilling his very heart within him. His sensitive heart might be compared to a delicate Aeolian harp, which gave forth, with the slightest breath of accident or circumstances,—

"The still, sad music of humanity."

In a few moments he was almost in tears—the sounds were so unlike the fierce and turbulent cries of political warfare to which his ears had been latterly accustomed. The more the poor children sang, the more was he affected. Kate's tears fell fast, for she had been in an excited mood before this little incident occurred. "Do you hear, mamma," said he, "the voice of the poor little thing that was last taken into the school? The little darling!" Kate tried to smile away her emotion, but 'twas in vain. Mr. Aubrey gently drew aside the curtain, and pulled up the central blind, and there, headed by their matron, stood the little singers exposed to view, some eighteen in number, ranged in a row on the grass, their white

dress glistening in the moonlight. The oldest seemed not more than twelve years old, while the younger ones could not be more than five or six. They seemed all singing from their very hearts. Aubrey stood looking at them with very deep interest.

As soon as they had finished their hymn, they were conducted into the housekeeper's room, according to orders sent for that purpose from Mrs. Aubrey, and each of them received a little present of money, besides a full glass of Mrs. Jackson's choicest raisin wine and a currant bun; Kate slipping half-a-guinea into the hand of their mistress, to whose wish to afford gratification to the inmates of the hall, was entirely owing the little incident which had so pleased and surprised them.

CHRISTMAS.

"A happy Christmas to you, dear papa and mamma!" said little Aubrey, about eight o'clock the next morning, pushing aside the curtains, and clambering up on the high bed where Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey were still asleep—soon, however, they were awake by the welcome sound. The morning promised a beautiful day. The air, though cold, was clear; and the branches of the trees visible from their windows, were all covered with hoar frost, which seemed to line them all with silver fringe. The little bells of Yatton church were ringing a merry peal; but, how different in tone and strength from the clangor of the London church bells! Christmas was indeed at length arrived, and cheerful were the greetings of those who soon after met at the breakfast table. Old Mrs. Aubrey was going to church with them; in fact, not even a domestic was to be left at home that could possibly be spared. By the time that the carriage, with the fat and lazy-looking grey horses, were at the hall door, the sun had burst out in beauty from an almost cloudless sky. The three ladies rode alone; Aubrey preferring to walk, accompanied by his little son, as the ground was dry and hard, and the distance very short. A troop of some twelve or fourteen servants, male and female, followed presently; and then came Mr. Aubrey, leading along the heir of Yatton, a boy of whom he might well be proud, as the future possessor of his home, his fortunes, and his honours. When he had reached the church, the carriage was returning home. Almost the whole congregation stood collected before the church door, to see the squire's family enter; and reverent were the curtsies and bows with which old Mrs. Aubrey and her lovely companions were received. Very soon after they had taken their places, Mr. Aubrey and his son made their appearance; objects they were of the deepest interest, as they passed along to the pew. A few minutes after, Dr. Tatham entered the church in his surplice (which he almost always put on at home), with a face, serious to be sure, but yet overspread with an expression even more kind and benignant than usual. He knew there was not a soul among the little crowd around him that did not really love him, and that did not know how heartily he returned their love. All eyes were, of course, on the squire's pew. Mrs. Aubrey was looking well—her daughter and daughter-in-law were thought by all to be by far the most beautiful women in the world—what must people think of them in London! Mr. Aubrey looked, as they thought, pleased and happy, but rather paler, and even a little thinner; and as for the little squire, with his bright eyes, his rosy cheeks, his arch smile, his curling auburn hair—he was the pride of Yatton!

Dr. Tatham read prayers, as he always did, with great distinctness and deliberation, so that every body in the church, young and old, could catch every syllable; and he preached, considerably enough, a very short sermon—pithy, homely, and affectionate. He reminded them that he was then preaching his thirty-first Christmas-day sermon from the pulpit. The service over, none of the congregation moved from their places till the occupants of the Squire's pew had quitted it; but as soon as they had got outside of the door, the good people turned out after them, and almost lined the way from the church door to the gate at which the carriage stood, receiving and answering a hundred kind enquiries concerning themselves, their families, and their circumstances.

Mr. Aubrey stayed behind, desirous of taking another little ramble with Dr. Tatham through the village, for the day was indeed bright and beautiful, and the occasion inspiring. There was not a villager within four or five miles of the hall who did not sit down that day to a comfortable little relishing dinner, at least one-third of them being indebted for it directly to the bounty of the Aubreys. As soon as Dr. Tatham had taken off his gown, he accompanied Mr. Aubrey in cheerful mood, in the briskest spirits. 'Twas delightful to see the smoke come curling out of every chimney, scarcely any one visible, suggesting to you that they were all housed, and preparing for, or partaking of their roast beef and plum pudding. Now and then the bustling wife would show her heated red face at the door, and hastily curtsy as they passed, then returning to dish up her little dinner.

By five o'clock the little party were seated at the cheerful dinner table, covered with the glittering old family plate, and that kind of fare, at once substantial and luxurious, which befitted the occasion. Old Mrs. Aubrey, in her simple white turban, and black velvet dress, presided with a kind of dignified cheerfulness, which was delightful to see. Kate had contrived to make herself look more lovely even than usual, wearing a dress of dark blue satin, tastefully trimmed with blonde, and which exquisitely comported with her lovely complexion. Oh that Delamere had been sitting opposite to, or beside her! The more matured proportions of her blooming sister-in-law appeared to infinite advantage in a rich green velvet

dress, while a superb diamond glistened with subdued lustre in her beautiful bosom. She wore no ornaments in her dark hair, which was, as indeed might be said of Kate, "when unadorned, adorned the most." The grey-headed old butler, as brisk as his choicest champagne, with which he perpetually bustled round the table, and the three steady looking old family servants, going about their business with quiet celerity—the delicious air of antique elegance around them,—this was a Christmas dinner after one's own heart! Oh the merry and dear old Yatton! And as if there were not loveliness enough already in the room, behold the door suddenly pushed open as soon as the dinner is over, and ran up to his gay and laughing mother, her little son, his ample snowy collar resting gracefully on his crimson velvet dress. 'Tis her hope and pride—her first-born—the little squire; but where is his sister? where is Agnes? 'Tis even as Charles says—she fell fast asleep in the very act of being dressed, and they were obliged to put her to bed; so Charles is alone in his glory. You may well fold your delicate white arm around him, mamma.

His little gold cup is nearly filled to join in the first toast: are you all ready? The worthy Doctor has poured Mr. Aubrey's glass, and Kate's glass, full up to the brim:—"Our next Christmas!"

SHERIFF PARKINS, A CHARACTER.

(This individual, who was well known in England, about twelve years ago, and since then has made some noise, occasionally, in the United States, recently departed this life. The following biographical sketch of so eccentric a character will not be without interest.)

A troubled spirit is at rest. Joseph W. Parkins, Ex-Sheriff of London, departed this life, suddenly, at Newark, on Tuesday morning. He had been ill for some weeks, but was considered as in the way of convalescence, when his sudden decease put an end to the delusive hopes which none more strongly entertained than himself of his entire recovery.

There was much to admire in the conduct and character of this singular and original genius, and as much to disgust; but his very foibles, where a person did not happen to be the victim of them, were an interesting study. He was one of the most contumacious and pugnacious mortals that ever breathed the breath of life. Quick in his affections, he was the very creature of impulse, and as quick in his jealousy and resentments. Miserly in some points, he was lavish in expenditures in the pursuit of his hobbies, one of which, it is due to the character of the deceased to say, was charity. Any man could win the way to his heart and to his purse, by making out a case of persecution, and then the old gentleman would launch out whatever he had at command, to put his new friend above the reach of the "infernal and most horrible atrocious villainus," who had injured his protégé. The chance was, however, that in less than a month, he would include that friend in the same category.

Ex-Sheriff Parkins came to this country about ten years since, an English radical, almost, or at any rate strongly prepossessed in favour of the very largest liberty. He travelled over the country, delighted with its enterprise, and caught with the rapidly increasing value of property. He made some large investments, and was on the point of making more, when he suddenly discovered what he thought was an attempt to over-reach him. At the same time, he experienced some difficulty in procuring the passage of a law to enable him to hold real estate. As his early life was spent among the Seepoys and Coolies in the East Indies, and as he had become somewhat soured, and unreserved in the use of his peculiar phraseology, it may readily be fancied that he did not get on very well in lobbying a bill through the Legislature. Irritated and provoked, he threw himself in the way of legal prosecutions, and a series of insults, begun and prosecuted against him in no very good spirit, made the most of his faults and foibles, and finally threw him into the debtor's prison in this city, on various verdicts for damages for slander, assault and battery, &c., amounting in all, with costs, to five or six thousand dollars.

These creditors, or a portion of them, filed a creditor's bill in Chancery, and an order from the Chancellor was issued, directing Mr. Parkins to surrender certain bonds, known to be in his possession, for the liquidation of the verdicts. Parkins summarily issued a verbal order to the Chancellor to betake himself to a place where Sophr's coal stoves are not needed. For contempt of the Chancellor and of the Chancellor's decrees, he went into Bride-well, as above related, with the bonds in his pocket; and at the end of five years, came out of durance with the same identical papers in his possession. Once, during the term of his imprisonment, he was indicted and fined for an assault and battery on the keepers, or some of the inmates. An attempt was made to prove him insane, a defence which he most indignantly disclaimed, and disproved too, before a commission of lunacy. Representations made to the Chancellor, without the old man's privity, as to their nature, set forth his peculiar character, and he was unconditionally discharged.

The old man was very much elated at what he regarded as a signal victory. He never knew the motive that led to his release, viz., a deference to the infirmity of his character, his monomania. The victory, like many other victories obtained at more cost, was most worthless. He retained his bonds, it is true, but a Receiver had been appointed,—the bonds paid to that Receiver, and declared void; so that the empty papers in his possession amounted to nothing. That Receiver paid the verdicts, and retains still, we be-

lieve, a balance in his hands, which the Ex-Sheriff would never claim. He said it was all a most infernal and horrible conspiracy, and that he would uproot it all, and recover the whole that he had been "robbed" of. At different times he corresponded with various distinguished men. What he could have done or proved will never be known, and never would have been, had the age of Methuselah been added to the three score and ten which the old man achieved. He stopped too much by the way, to chase up minor and accidental instances of "horrible corruption," to reach to any great purpose.

The five years which he spent in jail were curiously passed. Upon one or two occasions we visited him there. Books of heraldry and the peerage; papers and memoranda, and old newspapers ticketed and filed away for their memorabilia, and partizan paragraphs illustrating the corruption of the office holders, Indian moccasins and buffalo skins; a hunting horn, spiders and skillets, and other articles too numerous to mention, an incongruous collection, in a singular place, adorned his apartment. He always had some clerkly poor debtor retained in his apartment as an amanuensis, and ready, like Moses in the School for Scandal, "to sign to him" when his principal made an assertion. Stretched on his bed, the old gentleman would dictate to this secretary, with as much pomp and circumstance as Queen Victoria can command the pen of Baroness Lehzen.

On one of those visits the old gentleman was unusually animated and loquacious—albeit, he had always a furious gallop of the tongue. He pulled out from its recess an old box, and drew forth—

Item. A billet of wood, billeted with a card, which the old gentleman read, with additions and annotations. This card set forth that the club was one of a twin of loaded sticks, given to Ex-Sheriff Parkins with malicious intent to blow him to perdition. One of these sticks blew a kettle of soup which the old gentleman was cooking to the ceiling, but fortunately did no other damage.

Item. A bloody garment setting forth on what occasion, in an imminent deadly encounter with the conspirators to take his life, it was ensanguined.

Item. Another, same as preceding, with different date.

There were several, half a dozen we should think, shirts and fragments of shirts, preserved as above described. All this violence the old Ex-Sheriff attributed to bloody conspirators on the outside of the jail, determined to take his life by villains within. It is unnecessary to say that these affrays were partly the result of his own unhappy temper, and partly the fault of his imprudent fellow prisoners, who would trespass on the apartment which he deemed his castle, and who would not pay to the chancery prisoner the respect due to the Sheriff of London. He was, even at this advanced age, a capital "miller," and could thrash any two common men, and give half a dozen their hands full. On one occasion the rascals took a different way to annoy him. They fastened him in his room, and thrust burning brimstone and other foul smells upon him, till he was forced to open his windows to get a gasp of breath. He took his hunting horn, and blowing a series of furious blasts, rallied a crowd round the Bridewell, and told his story with no lack of decorations.

After the order came for his release, he still made the prison his lodging for some time. Of his life since then—or indeed any part of his life in detail—we have no further space to-day to speak. He was an honest, but wrong-headed and strong-headed old man, with prominent faults, and virtues as prominent. He knew no such doctrine as expediency, and no such feeling as fear. He had an iron frame, and his leading trait was indomitable perseverance, to the last. He unquestionably sinned, but was much more sinned against than sinning: and if an impartial history of his life in this country could be written, certain men, tolerably high in standing, would occupy no enviable place in it. It is impossible to do justice to a wronged tiger, smarting and scratching under his injuries. Perhaps this was the reason poor Parkins fared so ill. All men had not the patience nor the disposition to understand his character. He fretted out the full limit of his span, and life was with him indeed "a fitful fever." *Requiescat in pace.—New York Dispatch.*

THE HOLLENTHAL; A TALE OF SUABIA.

"Has any of the *burschen* present ever passed through the Valley of Hell!" uttered a burley, quick-speaking voice from behind a dense cloud of tobacco smoke, in the right hand corner of the room adjoining the fire.

"You mean the Hollenthal, between the Schwarzwald of Baden and the placid waters of the Rhine," said another. "I have made my way along its paths, and can speak as to the excellence of the wooden clocks made there, and of the ugliness of the women. Not a glimpse of female beauty is to be obtained in the travel of the whole of that wheel-cobbling circle of Suabia.

"How did you pass the Hollenthal? as the plodding Englishmen travels, boxed up in the Fahr-post or Eilwagen, as if resolved not to see the beauties of the country he had travelled far to inspect? or as the hasty American rides, from post to post, with horse-killing expedition and despatch? or as the frivolous Frenchman travels, busied in idle chat or senseless mummery? Did you take your knapsack on your back, your ziegenhein* in hand, and the short

rifle of the hunter on your shoulder? Did you pursue the cow-path along the flat banks of the Rhine, or the still more insipid route of the general tourist by the wagon-road? or did you strike boldly into the depths of the Hollenthal, among the spurs of the mountains and the sombre dells and the eternal pines of the Black Forest? did you dare to scale the heights of the Feldberg, or were you content to wander among the water-courses of the Mordguthal? I have made myself familiar with every granite plateau of the mountains, and every glade and streamlet of the woods. I can recount the history of each crag-built turret, and the legends of the gloomy hollows in the pass of Hell."

"How came you by this local knowledge, bursch?"

"I first drew breath at Hirschsprung, the centre of the Hollenthal; my father was the principal guide to Moreau in his famous retreat through this romantic valley; and the glory achieved by my parent in that enterprise determined me to make myself acquainted with the intricacies of this wondrous valley from Freyburg to Steig. A thousand rills wash the roots of the pines growing in the Schwarzwald or Black Forest of Baden, and many mighty rivers have their sources in its hill sides—but I know them all, and can point out the destination of the bubbling spring, and tell, as I straddle its basin, whether its waters are to glide among the vineyards of the Rheingau, and be eventually lost in the mighty rush of the German ocean, or whether it is to swell the "dark rolling Danube," and run a course of nearly two thousand miles before it leaves the shore of the Crimea or receives the sack-bound victims of the Turk."

"Well said, bursch. I knew not that you were so learned in the ways of water and water-courses. Come, let us replenish our schnapps and kirschwasser, and do you tell us one of those same legends of the Hollenthal."

"Ay, but you must not suppose that our valley presents nothing but gloomy pictures—we have sunny landscapes and golden vales, and forests of most surpassing beauty; it is in the abrupt and tangled mysteries of our dark forest glades, in the forbidding horror of the overhanging masses of stone that suddenly choke the pass and seem to bar the traveller's way with insurmountable difficulties—in the unearthly whistling of the pine-tops in the mountain blast—in the strange entwining of their snake-like branches and the crawling of their yellow roots upon the surface of the rocky soil—in the multiplicity of dark and creeping streams that seem to double round the traveller's path in endless coil—in the frequency of wooden crosses erected by the path-side to denote the execution of a murderer or the death of some luckless wayfarer—in the numerous donjons and turrets that bristle on the trackless crags, with each its tale of deadly crime in days gone by. I remember me of one of these same turrets which bears the name of 'The Raven's Tower.' It stands on an isolated rock in the most inaccessible gorge of the mountain, and surrounded by scenery of the most dismal nature in the Hollenthal. The same *thal* or valley beneath the tower is devoid of the usual vegetation; a granite rift or gully tells of a distant earthquake; and a spur of the Feldberg terminates in an extinct volcano, scarcely a hundred toises from the turreted crag. Yet we are told that it has been inhabited, and the size of the tower, and the rockless quadrangle at its foot, are evidences of the truth of the report.

"It is most likely that the tower was erected, in common with other donjons and towers in the Hollenthal, somewhere about the middle of the seventeenth century, when the Swiss had established their independence by the treaty of Westphalia, after three hundred years hard fighting against the powers of Austria and France. Many of the soldiers of fortune and the disbanded captains who had been battling under the banners of the above nations, passed thro' Suabia in their way from the mountains of Helvetia, and as inclination prompted, built these donjons near certain passes, and made the adventurous traveller and the neighbouring farmer pay toll and tythe. Some of our noblest families can trace their origin to no higher source, without the aid of fictitious genealogic and lying scrolls of dead men's deeds. It is said, and the peasants hand these tales down from generation to generation with unaltered diction and amount of fact, that one of these freebooter heroes, with some half dozen of his men at arms, resolved to fortify the isolated crag as described above, and compelled the peasants to work in their behalf. The chief is said to have been a proud and cruel lord, fierce in his anger and unforgiving in his revenge. After a few years' residence some of his companions died, and others left him for a more congenial land, so that he remained with one stern and hard old man, in possession of the ill-gotten *chaussée-gelt* which had accumulated in many years of rapine. At last, the Graf Vorsflede, for such was the name of the chief, who had fought long in the *Laudwehr*,* was appointed by the emperor to margravate on the banks of the Inn. He hastened, with his ancient companion in arms to secure the reward of his services, and the inhabitants of the Schwarzwald were glad at his departure.

"But he was not long away; the shadow of the tall donjon had scarcely dialed its annual round when the dark valley was again the abode of the Mark Graf, who brought with him a fair-haired damsel, of tender age and most exceeding beauty. A grisly dame supplied the place of the old soldier, who had been left in charge of the duties of the Mark; to her care the young girl was especially

confided, during the hunting excursions of Vorsflede. In her little rambles on the hill side, or by the meandering of the forest stream, the old crone still kept a watchful eye upon the young prisoner, as if she feared that the foul fiend would spirit her away. And whispered reasons were given by the simple foresters for this special watchfulness and care; it was said that Mark Graf had stolen the girl from her home in the fastnesses of the Bohmer-wald; and fearing the interference of her friends, had conveyed her to his donjon in the Hollenthal till the fierceness of the pursuit were over, or the young girl had learned to love her rude betrayer.

"It was said also that she had left in her native valleys a young hunter on whom she had bestowed her heart; that in her abduction she had shrieked to him for assistance, and that Vorsflede had left orders with the old soldier to watch for the passage of the youngster if he should attempt to cross the Mark in her pursuit; and the old crone muttered in her gossipings that there was little doubt but that the hunter would be well cared for.

"That the lady pined for her lover or her liberty, was evident to the few inhabitants who resided in the dreary neighbourhood of the turret. She strolled sadly along in her daily walks, followed closely by the old woman, to whom she never condescended to speak, although her silver toned voice was freely used in colloquy with the wives and daughters of the humble neighbours, among whom she became exceedingly popular; and more than one of the rough sons of Suabia declared their readiness to assist the lady in her sad distress, but that they dared not brave the vengeance of the Mark.

"In spite of the old crone's vigilance, the lady obtained several interviews with a young man, of fair stature, who came in secret to the Hollenthal, and remained perdue in the hut of a certain woodman. His wife entertained the old guardian in the front chamber, while the lady stepped into the small back room, to hold converse with the stranger, under pretence of comforting a sick child. Her flight from the donjon was arranged; a stout forest nag was concealed within a short distance, and the young man was directed to pass to the west, till he struck the Rheinstrasse, when he was required to push for the French frontier, where he might defy pursuit. The next day, the Graf went forth to hunt at early dawn; the lady left her couch, and despite the cries of the enraged bed-dame, mounted behind the young man, who pushed his willing steed to the appointed pass. It is not known where they crossed the path of the Graf, but an hour had scarcely elapsed ere the woodman, as he went to the exercise of his craft, met the ferocious chief, leading the horse of the runaways, with the bodies of the lady and her lover flung across the animal's back.

"Vorsflede must have suspected the woodman's agency, for he threatened the man, as he passed, with such direful vengeance, that the forester hastened home, and packing up a few necessaries, started with his family for the residence of a friend who resided higher up the Hollenthal. The remaining half dozen of the peasants that dwelt near the Graf's donjon, also left their huts till the dreaded fury of the Chief should have passed away.

"Three weeks elapsed ere the woodman had courage to venture in the fearful vicinity of the turreted crag. He was surprised at the countless flight of ravens that hovered around the donjon's top, yet seemed as if they feared to light. The lower gate of the path from the *thal* to the crag was fastened, and the door of the dwelling beside the turret was newly barred on the outside. It was evident that the Graf and his companion had left the place, yet the woodman had not the heart to essay an entrance till he had summoned his comrades to his assistance. After some delay passed in useless but cautious knocking at the portal, the foresters broke open the well-fastened door, and hastened, with a divining fear, to search the turret from its cave-like cellar to the battlemented top. A sight of horror excelling aught that the records of diabolical malignity can produce, met their astonished sight. The girl was there—alive—a mouthing, jibbering, maniac. When the brutal Graf encountered the fugitives in the forest, the young man jumped from the horse, and with drawn sword, dared him to the fight. Vorsflede intimated a desire to parley, and, professing unbounded love for the lady and respect for her protector, gradually drew near to the unsuspecting pair, till, watching his opportunity, he knocked the lady from her seat by a stunning blow with his left arm, and as the young man started forward to catch her, the Graf ran him through the body with his hunting sword. Upon their arrival at the donjon the lady recovered from her swoon; she was taken to the top of the turret, and chained alive to the dead body of the youth, by the Graf himself—the man who had sworn to her so many oaths of never-ending love and adoration. The corpse was fastened to a grating fixed in the stone floor of the turret's roof; escape was impossible, even if she had wished to court an instant death by precipitating herself from the battlements to the rocks beneath. The Graf was insensible to her prayers—her shrieks for pity; the ruffian who had robbed her of her virtue and professed to live but in her smile, heard her agonized supplications with a sneer, and left her to a slow and dreadful death. He hastened from the tower, taking with him the old crone, and, fastening the entrance, fled from the Hollenthal with a savage determination of completing his revenge.

"The woodmen examined the papers found on the body of the young man, hoping to meet with a reference to his home—they found it not—but a letter was discovered in the dress of the girl,

* A travelling staff in general use among the German students, so named from the place where they are made.

* Meaning literally, The Defence of the Country, a name applied to the national guard or militia of Germany.

that showed how futile was the jealousy of the Graf, how needless his revenge. The young man was the lady's only brother!

"Vorsfede was never heard of more. His donjon has never again been tenanted: indeed, such is the horror of its blood-stained walls, that few persons have ever been hardy enough, even in the broadest daylight, to explore the recesses of THE RAVEN'S TOWER."

TEMPERANCE.

BY REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

Thou sparkling bowl! thou sparkling bowl!
Though lips of bards thy brim may press,
And eyes of beauty o'er the roll,
And song and dance thy power confess,
I will not touch thee; for there clings
A scorpion to thy side that stings!

Thou crystal glass! like Eden's trees,
Thy melted ruby tempts the eye,
And, as from that, there comes from thee
The voice, "Thou shalt not surely die."
I dare not lift thy liquid gem—
A snake is twisted round thy stem!

What, though of gold the goblet be,
Embossed with branches of the vine;
Beneath whose burnished leaves we see
Such clusters as poured out the wine,
Among those leaves an adder hangs!
I fear him; for I've felt his fangs.

Ye gracious clouds! ye deep cold wells!
Ye gems, from mossy rocks that drip!
Springs from the earth's mysterious cells,
Gush o'er your granite basin's lip!
To you I look—your largess give,
And I will drink of you and live.

THE MIRAGE.

The mirage, that magical phenomena of light, which, according to natural philosophers, has never hitherto been witnessed but under the burning sky of Egypt, is re-produced on the banks of the Soane in its full magnificence. The valley of that river in the environs of the Auxone spreads into a vast level plain. The town is built on the border of the stream, on a slight eminence, which when the overflow of the Soane covers the meadows, presents the appearance of a tongue of land stretching out into the midst of the waters. On a warm summer's day, when there is no breath of wind, and the layers of the air which rest upon the ground, unmoved by currents, are motionless, the spectator, standing in the midst of the prairie to the northward of Auxone, and looking towards the town, is witness to a magnificent spectacle. In the distance the arid soil has disappeared; a vast extent of water spreads out before him, and the town rises as it were in the midst of a lake, which reflects the houses and trees upon its banks, as distinctly as if they were indeed repeated on the surface of a tranquil sheet of water. When the ground is intensely heated by the sun, and the weather calm, experience proves that the lower strata of the air are dilated by the earth, and that, commencing from a certain height, they are less dense in proportion as they approach the soil. In that case, it happens that the rays of light passing from objects, placed above the horizon towards the earth, having to traverse layers of air of different densities, are refracted; and that, finally presenting themselves very obliquely to enter a new stratum, they fail to penetrate it, and are reflected. Then, if a spectator be so placed as to receive at once the rays of light which proceed from objects directly to himself, and those which, passing from the same objects towards the ground, are reflected, that spectator will see both the objects themselves, and their images reversed beneath them. Now, if a spectator be placed in the midst of a plain so level and extensive that those rays, projected from that portion of the sky which touches the horizon in the direction of the ground, present themselves to the expanded strata of air in a direction so oblique that those rays are reflected, then the spectator in question will see on the earth the image of the sky; and this image it is which has to his eyes the perfect aspect of a sheet of limpid water.

VENICE.—Is it Venus in her shell upon the ocean, or the illusion of fancy, that has given some rock the appearance of a city—a sculptured reef, furrowing the seas, like coral glowing upon the waters, fashioned into fairy forms—artifice palmed upon the ocean, which she mistakes for her own creation, and embraces without injury? Or is it some mirage which presents itself to the eye when the elements mimic the works of man, and deceive the senses? Wonderful that yon mass of stone and towering edifices can burden the light foundation of the ocean; though the generality of the buildings assimilate themselves to their situation, and bear upon the bosom of the ocean, gently as a zephyr breeze. The doge's palace and St. Mark's, are of an airy character; the Giorgio Maggiore, the Sestile, the Redentore, Marco Sebeto, are more ponderous and majestic; now all grey, then red, then white, with the quick successive alternations of the evening. The transparent palace of the doge receives the full reflection of the setting sun, and looks a rival beam-

ing upon the sea; the white Bridge of Sighs hanging without the impenetrable and gloomy prisons. Traversing this ocean labyrinth through its canals, or on foot through its alleys, not the winding mountain torrent piercing its dark way through the disjointed rocks, and thickly wooded sides of the ravine, nor the river flowing through ever so fair a valley, surpasses, in picturesque variety and beauty, these serpentine canals between their lines of palaces.

THE TIBER.—In its course this Roman river does not water any other great towns, or pass by many frequented ways; as if, contented with the honour of the imperial city, it avoided and disdained all others; and after Rome, it winds its way, desolate and unknown, to the sea; whilst the Arno, which rises on the other side of the same hill in the Apennines, for the short length of its course goes through a populous territory, and two as glorious towns as any in Italy—Florence and Pisa; and the Nile, and all other great rivers, wash innumerable cities.

There is a sweet and simple custom prevalent in Iceland, which marks the habitual devotion of its inhabitants. Whenever they leave home, though for a short journey, they uncover their heads, and for the space of five minutes, silently implore the protection of the Almighty. Dr. Henderson, from whom it is derived, and who observed it in the Icelanders who often attended him on his excursions, also remarked it in the humblest fishermen, when going forth to procure food for their families. After having put out upon the sea, they row the boat into quiet water, at a short distance from the shore, and bowing their uncovered heads, solicit the blessings of their Father in Heaven. Even in passing a stream, which in their country of precipices is often an operation fraught with danger, they observe the same sacred custom. This affecting habit of devotion has been imputed to the fact, that from their isolated situation, and mode of life, the mother is almost the only teacher, and her instruction seems to have become incorporated with their very elements of being.

SPEECH OF AN AMERICAN TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.—If we had never moved in this matter the whole country would have been now a great country of drunkards. We would have had a drunken president, a drunken congress, drunken judges, drunken soldiers, drunken sailors, drunken parsons, drunken everybody; even the dogs in the street would have been drunk. Now in ten years there won't be a drunkard in the land. But the devil is busy; we must all sign the tee-total pledge—work and shut up the grog shops.

AN ENTERTAINMENT.—The tailor who was commissioned to clothe the troops of the Carlist Chief, the Count d'Espagne, not being able to find at Berga any women who would work for him, went and complained to the Count. The Count did not give him any answer, but immediately ordered the alcade to cause public notice to be given throughout the town that there would be a grand ball. On the day fixed, all the women of Berga crowded to the ball room. All on a sudden the Count d'Espagne, who had caused the house to be invested, entered the ball-room, and having turned out all the men, ordered the women immediately to begin sewing the cloth which the tailor had brought. In five minutes the fair dancers were all at work. For three days not one of them was permitted to leave the house, and the Count d'Espagne took care to give them the *ranchs* (soldier allowance.)

NATURAL BEAUTY.—I maintain that there is no such thing as really bad weather. In the very worst, there are at all events fine picturesque clouds to be seen now and then, and perhaps a strip of blue. So, too, there is no such thing as a really ugly country. Put me in a dark, damp valley, and there must be hills round it, and I can climb up them and get a fine prospect. Or if it is a flat plain, why there are always grass and bushes or flowers to be found; and where these are, there are birds—and is not this capital enough for a man to be happy on?

CONQUESTS.—Heroes and conquerors often perform miracles of courage and skill, and earn immortal glory, just by writing a line or two to some of their subordinates; because a good army is like a stocking frame, which being a master-piece of mechanism, and capable of a hundred different movements, only wants one or two touches of the owner's hand to set it a-going, and in a few minutes, the stocking, or the victory, as the case may be, is finished.

PETTY TROUBLES.—How I pity a man of genius who is afflicted with the petty troubles that beset our life, who must earn his bread when he wants to write, and get out of debt before he can make himself immortal! It is like seeing a tree full of the choicest fruit, with lots of clothes hanging to dry on the branches.

SPRING AND AUTUMN.—It is true, Spring does not descend to men like Autumn, and say to them, "See what treasures I bear on my arms and boughs—all these are yours." It rather needs gifts itself, for it is bare and barren; but it comes like a naked child, who smiles upon you, and you take him into your bosom.

BIRDS.—I find great pleasure in thinking to myself, that the songs of the birds I hear around me have not changed for thousands of years, but are the same now as they were in Paradise; and when I see birds of passage, I reflect that the same notes which please my ear now, perhaps charmed a listener in Asia or Africa a few weeks before.

AUTHORS.—Authors should be opossums, and carry their brood about in their pouches, until they are fully grown, and fit to go out into the world.

CHAPTERS.—Chapters are like stone seats scattered on the long road through a book, to give the reader a chance to rest himself and look behind him.

AFFLICTIONS.—As the snow-drop comes amid snow and sleet, appearing as the herald of the rose, so religion comes amidst the blight of affliction, to remind us of a perpetual summer, where the bright sun never retires behind a wintry cloud.

Some enter the gates of art with golden keys, and take their seats with dignity among the demigods of fame; some burst the doors, and leap into a niche with savage power; thousands consume their time in chinking useless keys, and aiming feeble pushes against the inexorable doors.

No man's spirits were ever hurt by doing his duty. On the contrary, one good action, one sacrifice of desire or interest, purely for conscience sake, will prove a cordial for weak and low spirits, beyond what either indulgence, or diversion, or company, can do for them.

THE BEST CAPITAL.—We hear much said in these days about capital—money capital—but the best of all capital for the young to start with in the world is a good moral character.

A DENTIST'S SIGN—from the French:

"A dentist here makes teeth of bone
For those whom Fate has left without,
And finds provision for his own
By pulling other people's out!"

It is stated in the Echo de L'Orient, a Smyrna paper, that the Turkish government have just sent firmans to the Governors of all the provinces in which opium is cultivated, ordering them to use their influence with the inhabitants, to induce them to sow corn on the land which has hitherto been reserved for opium.

The boring instrument now at work for the Artesian Well, in the abattoir at Grenelle, has reached the depth of 508 metres, or 1,666½ feet. The earth brought up is still a greenish clay. It requires four horses and twelve men to keep the apparatus in action, and it is daily hoped to see the water burst up. The temperature increases a degree in warmth for every thirty yards penetrated downwards.—*Galignani*.

An act abolishing imprisonment for debt has just passed both houses of the Mississippi legislature, and wanted only the signature of the Governor to become a law.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 9.

SUPREME COURT.—LIBEL CASE.—Mr. E. Ward against Messrs. English & Blackadar, was tried on Monday last. This was a case of some interest,—its merits are as follows: Some time in 1838, a person of the name of Duncan arrived in Halifax. Shortly after an article appeared in the Fredericton Sentinel, of which Mr. Ward is editor, describing Mr. Duncan as a swindler, and cautioning the public to be on their guard against him. Mr. Duncan saw the article, and wrote an answer to it, which was inserted in the Acadian Recorder, published by the defendants. The answer denied the charge made in the Sentinel, and, in strong terms, declared Mr. Ward to be a swindler, cheat, and prone to quarrelling. On this the action was brought,—damages laid at £1000.

The Solicitor General for Mr. Ward, opened the case briefly to the Jury. The alleged libel was read.

Mr. Doyle, for defendants, argued that the chief term in the libel, Swindler, was not of itself actionable, unless used in connection with the trade or profession of the party to whom it was applied.

The Chief Justice overruled the objection. There was a difference, his lordship explained, between words spoken hastily, and words deliberately written. Not only was the charge of swindling libellous, but any moral charge, anything turning a party into contempt and ridicule.

Mr. Uniecke, for the defence, addressed the Court and Jury. The liberty of the press was of much consequence, and tended to prevent the growth of many evils. It was a peculiar feature in the present case, that the Press sought to controul the Press. The jury were judges of law and of fact, in the case. The alleged libel was a reply, to a previous communication, from the person assailed. The action had been delayed from 1838 to 1840,—Mr. Duncan had left the Province, and therefore could not be brought forward to justify the contents of his letter. The intention was of much consequence in such charges, and where the intention was good, malice was not inferred. When Mr. Ward noticed and answered the charge, defendants copied his answer, thus showing that they were not parties in the matter. Plaintiff should not complain if words which he had used against another, were thrown back on himself. (Cases were referred to, to prove the position of the learned counsel,—and instances to show plaintiff's experience in such quarrels.) Newspaper editors should not be blamed for all that appeared in communications; they had many opposing claims to attend to, and generally acted as a check to repress the warmth of correspondents. What would be said if defendants refused a reply to a party who felt himself grossly ill-used. No injury had been shown as the result of the publication. It was the duty of the jury to support free discussion.

Witnesses were called, chiefly to prove that Mr. Ward, while conducting the Free Press, was inclined to be quarrelsome, and had become involved in several angry disputes. The evidence amounted to very little, and was taken no notice of by the Court, as the plea was, *not guilty*; the plea of *justification* was not made.

The Solicitor General addressed the Court. The case had received a more serious aspect than when he opened it, by the counsel for the defence arguing that the *intention* of parties was of consequence in alleged libels. That was most explicitly repudiated,—the consequence of such a doctrine would be most dangerous and improper. The libel was a violent slander. It was not such a reply as an aggrieved party should have been allowed to publish. Persons might give opinions of others, without fear of legal consequences, when they were legally acting,—such as a person giving a character of a servant,—a relative or commercial correspondent stating opinions of a third party,—a reporter furnishing proceedings of the houses of Parliament or Courts of law,—these were cases in which the intention was considered,—but not such as that before the Court. Several cases were referred to. The publication of a libel by the plaintiff, by no means privileged the defendant to publish another. It would be an insult to plaintiff to have laid special damages,—who doubted that a man would be damaged in his feelings, and family, and daily avocations, by such charges, going abroad in a widely circulated paper?

The Chief Justice charged the Jury. There was no doubt on the case. The question was, was the article a libel or not; justification by proof was not pleaded. There were three modes of bringing actions for libel: One by going before the Grand Jury, and getting an indictment, on the ground that the offence was calculated to endanger the public peace. Another was to apply to the Court for an Information, in which case the party applying would have to swear that the charges were untrue; under that the truth or falsity could not be gone into before a Jury. A third mode was, by the party bringing his own private action. In the latter, the defendants might plead that charges were true, and bring proof to that effect, and if the Jury were satisfied of the truth, they would not allow a party to put money into his own pocket by means of damages. The defendants in the present case had not done this. The question was, was the article a libel,—of this no doubt could exist. Intention should be judged by the consequences likely to ensue. Was the article, in its nature, calculated to annoy and distress. The printer was responsible,—plaintiff's might choose between printer and writer, where both were known. This was not a question involving any political considerations,—it was not of public men, respecting whom it was somewhat difficult to say how their public and private characters should be kept distinct; this was between private individuals. Plaintiff's publication against *Dunlop*, might, possibly, have been a good public act, but he did it on his own responsibility, and was liable to an action. The article in question was, he, the Chief Justice, considered, a libel,—he did not know how the Jury could draw any other inference,—the damages lay with them.

The Jury (special) retired, and within an hour returned with a verdict for the plaintiff, damages £40. Any amount of damages would carry the expenses.

INSURANCE.—A case of much interest occupied the Court on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday last. It was Messrs. T. & E. Kenny, agents of Mr. D. Brennan, P. E. Island, against the Halifax Insurance Company, for £1938, amount insured on the schooner Joseph Albino. The schooner sailed from Bedeque, P. E. I., for London, on 10th Nov. went aground next day on Indian rocks, and remained on, subject to stormy weather, until the 21st. While in this state, notice of abandonment was given to the Company; the notice was not formally accepted, but the Company took charge of the vessel, brought her to Pictou, gave notice of the same to the insured, and directed him to see after the repairs. He declined, and abided by his abandonment. Notice was then given him, that the Company would proceed with the repairs with due expedition, and pay such sum for losses, as should be afterwards determined. The vessel remained, unrepaired, up to the present time. The Insured brought an action for damages on a total loss;—the Company resisted, on the plea that the vessel was not properly built, and was unseaworthy when she left the harbour; that she sailed without an anchor, which was required,—and that a deviation from the voyage was made. Several witnesses were called; some of the witnesses objected to some particulars of her construction, but the bulk of the evidence appeared to prove, that although not altogether a well finished vessel, she was strong and seaworthy, and that no vessel could have successfully resisted the shocks which she was subject to while aground. Respecting the want of the anchor, and the deviation, it appeared, that the vessel was insured from the time of her leaving Orwel Bay, where she took in part of her cargo,—that she lost the anchor on her passage from the Bay to Bedeque, and that the deviation consisted in her sailing from Bedeque to Charlotte Town, for an anchor, during which time she ran on the rocks. The abandonment was sustained, on the ground, that no negligence had endangered the vessel; that the appearances at the time of her abandonment, were sufficient to make any reasonable man expect a total loss,—and that the Company took charge and dealt with the vessel as if they had accepted the abandonment.

Judge Hill presided,—for the Plaintiff, the Solicitor General and

Mr. Whidden,—for the Company, Messrs. W. Young and J. F. Gray.

Verdict, for the Plaintiff, £1938.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.—English dates remain as at our last. Some items from the United States require brief notice.

Another legislative fracas occurred recently; it helps to prove that if our neighbours are anxious to deserve the title, "a nation of gentlemen," which has been accorded to the population of one of the British isles, they must look well to some of their deliberative bodies. On the 20th of April an altercation occurred, in Congress, between Mr. Bynum and Mr. Garland. The former, approaching the latter, said that a statement to which he, Mr. G., had appended his name, was a tissue of falsehood. Mr. Garland averred its truth, and said that no gentlemen would say otherwise. Mr. B. reiterated the charge of falsehood, and endeavoured to seize the stick of his opponent. A struggle ensued, several blows were struck, the parties were separated, when Mr. Bynum drew a knife, and used abusive epithets. A committee was appointed to inquire into the occurrence, and to take some steps for the purpose of vindicating the character of the legislature.

An account is given of a dreadful affair that happened at St. Antonio, Texas. A party of Comanche Indians, amounting to about seventy, arrived at the settlement, bringing with them a little white girl, captured about a year and half previously. They came to hold a council, wishing to have the girl ransomed, and offering to bring in several other prisoners. After some parleying, a company of military was marched into the room where the chiefs were, and another was placed in the rear over the other Indians. The chiefs were told that they were prisoners, and would be retained until the whites were restored. An attempt to escape was made, and resisted; some of the Indians were wounded, when the whole prepared for battle. The twelve chiefs were immediately shot. The remainder of the party fought desperately, but all the Indian warriors appear to have been killed except one man. Some Mexicans of the party, and Squaws, appear to have been spared, and a Squaw was sent to the tribe to demand exchange of prisoners.

The town of Belevue, Iowa, was recently the scene of a dreadful affray. The Sheriff and a posse, attempted to arrest a noted character, who was the protector of a gang of counterfeiters and thieves. He collected a party, resisted, and the consequence was, that several men at each side were killed. The assailants made several prisoners, who were tried by Lynch law, and punished by severe flogging.

Several dexterous pickpockets are said to be practising their vocation between New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other cities, and to have recently lightened travellers, considerably, but very little to their satisfaction.

An embezzler, a teller of a Norfolk Bank, decamped lately, leaving charges unsettled at the establishment, to the amount of 580,000 dollars.

The Small Pox has been raging at Barbadoes. The Legislature had passed an Act forbidding the dissemination of the disease by inoculation. In March last, a discussion took place in the House of Lords, on the petition of 12,000 medical practitioners, on the state of vaccination, and the necessity of taking measures to prevent the spread of the small pox. The petitioners argued that inoculation, by persons not connected with the profession, was one cause of the spread of the disease, and that vaccination was a certain preventive. They asserted that cow-pox and small-pox were identical, though different in their operation. During last year, 500 persons died in a city of the South of England, where vaccination was not encouraged. The Petitioners proposed that penalties should be inflicted on persons inoculating for the small-pox, and that measures should be taken to extend vaccination.

A disastrous fire occurred at Kingston, U. C. on the night of April 17th. A gale was blowing from the south-west,—the U. States steamer, *Telegraph*, lying at a wharf, got up steam to change her position. Sparks from her chimney fell on the roofs of some of the contiguous buildings, and a conflagration commenced, which destroyed upwards of 70 buildings, about 60,000 barrels of flour, and, altogether, property to the amount of about £130,000.

A Mechanics' Institute has been commenced at Montreal, under good prospects.

HALIFAX MECHANICS INSTITUTE.—The annual meeting, for election of officers, was adjourned to next Wednesday evening, in consequence of the non-attendance of members. Attendance is particularly requested, at 8 o'clock, next Wednesday evening.

TEMPERANCE.—A Temperance Meeting will be held, at Mason Hall, next Monday evening. Seats will be reserved for ladies, and vocal music will form part of the proceedings. Doors open at half past seven.

Temperance seems to excite much more than usual interest, at the present time, all over the civilized world: Halifax should not be in the rear in so good a cause. The amount of benefit conferred on communities by the system, should not be measured by the numbers which are associated, alone, but by the vast effects which are every where, more or less, perceptible on the masses of society.

MARRIED.

At St. Saviour's Church, London, 23d Feb. Mr. Peter M'Cardell, formerly of Halifax, to Miss Elizabeth Dunnett, of London. At Pernambuco, on the 23d March last, Henry Christophers, Esq. to Clara Louisa, daughter of Antonio Marquez da Costa Soares, and grand daughter of the late Antonia M. da C. Soares, an eminent merchant of that city.

DIED.

On Friday morning, after a long and tedious illness, in the 38th year of her age, Helen, consort of Hunter St. Andrew. In Cooper, U. S. 9th April, Mr. George Hall, formerly of England, but more recently of Halifax, N. S. aged about 60 years. At Columbus, Ohio on the 31st March last, after a long and painful illness, Mrs. Mary Laurilla Clarke, daughter of the late Elisha Dewolf, Esq. of Horton, N. S. aged 37 years. At St. John, N. B. on the 30th ult. in the 30th year of her age, Caroline, wife of Hugh McKay, Esq. At Miramichi, on the 18th ult. after a tedious illness, Matilda, wife of Robert Laurie Gray, Esq. Surgeon. At St. Croix, Windsor Road, on the 26th inst. Mr. Wm. Spence, Senr. in the 73rd year of his age. An old and respectable inhabitant. A native of Aberdeenshire. Suddenly, on Monday, Nov. 24, 1839, at a small settlement, near Hiltz's 21 Mile House, Sarah, second daughter of Mr. Robert Frost, in the 14th year of her age. At Portuguese Cove, on Thursday the 7th, in the 71st year of his age, Mr. John Munro, a native of Morayshire, Scotland, leaving a large circle of friends and acquaintance to regret his loss. His funeral will take place from the residence of Mr. Timothy Connors, opposite Mr. Tropollet's, on Sunday at half past one. The friends of the family are requested to attend.

Two young men, sons of Mr. Leonard Hirtle, Mahone Bay, were drowned by the upsetting of a whaler in the neighbourhood of Prospect. Soon after, two other young men, named Uhlman, of Chelsea, while endeavouring to cross the cove of a lake in that vicinity, on a flake of ice, likewise found a watery grave, in consequence of the ice parting under their feet.

On Saturday last, as Mr. Michael Hirtle, of Upper La Have, was coming up to town in his waggon, accompanied by his wife, the horse took fright, and they were both thrown out, and he sustained such severe injury that he died the next evening.

Such solemn and awakening evidences of the uncertainty of life ought not to pass unregarded by those who remain, and to whom the call to pass from time to eternity, may be as near and as unexpected.—Yet alas! how soon does the serious impression at first created by these events, fade away, and the mind becomes as absorbed as ever in the concerns of the world, and as forgetful that "in the midst of life we are in death." So must it be until these outward admonitions of Providence is added the inward grafting of them upon the heart by the energy of God's gracious Spirit, which alone can savingly teach us "so to number our days, as to apply our hearts unto wisdom."—*Colonial Churchman.*

NO. 88 & 89, GRANVILLE STREET.

CALL AND SEE.

THE SUBSCRIBER has received, per recent arrivals from Great Britain, the largest collection of JUVENILE WORKS ever before offered for sale in this town, among which are to be found a number of Peter Parley's, Miss Edgeworth's, Mrs. Child's, and Mrs. Hoffland's publications.

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

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

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

May 9. ARTHUR W. GODFREY.

NO. 88 & 89, GRANVILLE STREET.

THE SUBSCRIBER has just received, per Acadian, from Greenock, Dway Bibles and Testaments for the use of the Laity, The Path to Paradise, Key to Heaven, Poor Man's Manual, Missal, Butler's first, second, and general Catechisms. May 9. ARTHUR W. GODFREY.

SEEDS—FRESH SEEDS.

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

RED AND WHITE DUTCH CLOVER,

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

May 9. Pearl and Novascotian, 3w. G. E. MORTON.

ROHAN AND LONG RED.

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

For the Pearl.

THE LOVERS.—A SKETCH.

They met—and bright the world became,
The desert to an Eden turned;
They loved—and hallowed was the flame
That in their bosoms burned.

Not in the gay and heartless crowd
The deep and thrilling spell was proved;
Where pleasure turned and mirth was loud,
Their souls were seldom moved.

The heart, that vowed and sacred thing
In which our dearest wealth is stored,
Turns ever inwardly to cling
Around its secret board.

Young Love, like Evening's gentle ray,
Like Evening's sweet, impassioned bird,
Owns not the gaudy glare of day
When other sounds are heard.

They waited for the chosen hour
For dews on earth, for stars above—
Then, in the calm, sequestered bower
To breathe their voice of love.

And joy was there that seemed of Heaven—
That filled the soul and lit the eye,
As to the whispered vow was given
The soft, the sweet reply.

Ellen was fair—oh! very fair;
In maiden loveliness she bloomed—
In sunny ringlets flowed her hair,
And health her cheek illumed.

Sweet Maid!—of one fond heart the joy,
To one high soul a worshipped shrine,
Life had for her no dark alloy,
And hope no dim decline.

Pure as a seraph from above,
For him alone she wished to live,
Prizing his deep unchanging love
As all that earth could give.

If ever o'er them came an hour
Uncheered by Pleasure's cloudless beam,
It fled before the bright'ning power
Of Love's ecstatic dream.

Though lost the fabled Age of Gold—
The light of earth's primeval bloom—
Yet oh! what flowers their leaves unfold
When Love beguiles the gloom.

They parted—yet to meet again,
A few long years of absence o'er;
Those years of absence passed, and then
They meet to part no more.

He came, in all but youth the same,
And pressed her to his heart for life:—
She shared his lot, she bore his name,
She lived his happy wife.

Wife! Husband!—in that sacred tie
How softly o'er them passed the hours,
Their's, wedded love—a smiling sky—
A path replete with flowers.

Domestic Bliss! thou only flower
Of Eden blooming o'er the Fall,
To cheer this feverish mortal hour
With sweets that may not pall:—

If Life may not to me impart
The joys that but to thee belong,
Then cold shall be my throbbing heart,
And quenched the light of Song!

J. McP.

Mill's-village, Nov. 5, 1839.

ANECDOTES OF LAWYERS.

An attorney, named Else, rather diminutive in his stature, and not particularly respectable in his character, once met Mr. Jekyll: "Sir," said he, "I hear you have called me a pettyfogging scoundrel. Have you done so, sir?" "Sir," replied Jekyll, with a look of contempt, "I never said you were a pettyfogger or a scoundrel, but I said that you were little else!"

The practice of the law is not altogether—certainly, unless corrected by other studies—favourable to the promotion of those comprehensive and liberal views which should characterize the states-

man. 'Whilst it sharpens the edge it narrows the blade,' as Coleridge has well observed. Lawyers are apt to regard too much the formal, and too little the real nature of things, and to mistake words for things. Sir James Marriott, an admiralty judge, in addressing the House of Commons on the question of American taxation, declared, 'that it appeared to him that the matter had been mistaken throughout the whole argument. It had been contended that America should not be taxed, because she was not represented. But the assertion is untrue, seeing that, when we took possession of America, we did so as part and parcel of the manor of East Greenwich, in the county of Kent.'

Mr. Hargrave is reported to have said, that 'any lawyer who writes so clearly as to be intelligible, was an enemy to his profession.'

Another charge that it has delighted malice to bring against the bar is, avarice—a spirit of cupidity—a thirsty love of gain. How far this charge can be justified, may be seen by comparing their conduct and that of the medical profession, in reference to the new Poor-Law. Although this measure has reduced, to a very considerable amount, the fees of counsel at the sessions (the losses of some of the session leaders has been estimated at several hundreds a-year,) yet, taking them as a body, they have supported it; whilst the apothecaries and surgeons, whose profits have also been curtailed, and who have no longer been permitted to neglect the poor at the rate of so much a-head, have been busy and prominent in getting up petitions— assembling public meetings—putting in motion all the petty machinery of agitation to frighten the legislature into a repeal of the obnoxious act. Indeed, the joke of the avarice and cupidity of the lawyer is now seldom heard, except on the stage. Serjeant Davy was once accused of having disgraced the bar by taking silver from a client. 'I took silver,' he replied, 'because I could not get gold; but I took every farthing the fellow had in the world; and I hope you don't call that disgracing the profession?'

FLOWERS.

Those who intend to cultivate these delightful companions—these voiceless preachers, must bestir themselves. The borders should be cleared and dug—the pruning knife put in operation, and every thing prepared for Flora's reception. She is a sensitive spirit and will not bear a slight,—she is fastidious withal, and is vexed at a want of neatness in her domain. Neglect her and she will resent it:—be attentive and she will scatter her "sweet scented pictures" profusely in your pathway.

In digging borders or flower beds, care must be taken that they are so dug as to lie rather the highest in the middle; a more pleasing effect being thus given to the beds, as well as allowing the water to drain from them in a regular manner—for if it is suffered to lie long on the plants it injures them, unless they are of the species termed Aquatics. In May, attention should be paid to the sowing of annual, biennial and perennial seeds. In the early part of the month put in the more hardy kinds, about the middle sow those less hardy, withholding the tender kinds until the close. Box edgings may be laid in the beginning of the month, and in the middle, or latter part, all kinds of green-house plants may be placed in the flower bed. The *Dahlia*, *Jacobean Lily*, and other tender rooted plants, either tuberous or fibrous, may be planted at the end of May. Annual flowers may also be transplanted from the frames—the hardy early, and the tender ones later. Flowers of tender growth should be supported by tying them carefully to sticks. Close attention should be paid to keep the beds in order if you would have a neat and healthy growth. Of course respect will be paid to the backwardness or forwardness of the season.

A very little attention bestowed will insure a rich return. The little labour that is necessary to keep a flower plant in good condition is more than repaid in the end. No one will regret the pains taken to call them forth when he gazes on the

"angel-like collection"

Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth"—

and inhales their delightful perfume—their grateful incense-offering for your tender care.—*Portland Transcript*.

BEAUTY—CLOTHING OF CHILDREN.

When we observe the extreme anxiety of mothers to improve the beauty and impart grace to the forms of their daughters, we cannot but pity the ignorance and infatuation which induce them, in too many instances, to resort to means calculated much more effectually to defeat the object so ardently desired, than to promote it. A very slight knowledge of the human frame, and of the manner in which it is influenced by external agents, would teach them the absurdity of all attempts to supply by artificial means, what can resort only from the unassisted efforts of nature. In infancy as well as in adult life, the first and most important object of consideration, should be to preserve and promote the health and vigour of the body; since with its health we necessarily maintain its symmetry, and improve its beauty.

Bodily deformity, in particular, unless congenial, or the effect of unavoidable disease or accident, is, in the great majority of cases, produced by nursery mismanagement, and the employment of the very means which are resorted to in order to prevent it.

The fact cannot be too often repeated, nor can it be too seriously urged upon parents, that the foundation of a graceful and just

proportion in the various parts of the body, must be laid in infancy. A dress, which gives freedom to the functions of life and action, is the only one adapted to permit perfect, unobstructed growth—the young fibres, unconstrained by obstacles imposed by art, will shoot forth harmoniously into the form which nature intended. The garments of children should be, in every respect, perfectly easy, so as not to impede the freedom of their movements, by bands or ligatures upon the chest, the loins, the legs, or arms. With such liberty, the muscles of the trunk and limbs will gradually assume the fine swell and development, which nothing short of unconstrained exercise can ever produce. The body will turn easily and gracefully upon its firmly poised base—the chest will rise in noble and healthy expanse, and the whole figure will assume that perfectness of form, with which beauty, usefulness, and health are so intimately connected.

EXTRAORDINARY MANNER OF MANUFACTURING CLOTH.—A gentleman residing at present in London, has just obtained, we are told, a patent for making the finest cloth for gentlemen's coats, &c. without spinning, weaving or indeed without the aid of any machinery similar to those processes, and at a cost less than one-fourth the present price. The most extraordinary circumstance in this contrivance is that air is the only power used in the manufacture of the article. The ingenious inventor places in an air-tight chamber a quantity of flocculent particles of wool, which by means of a species of winnowing wheel are kept floating equally throughout the atmosphere contained therein: on one side of the chamber is a net-work of metal of the finest manufacture, which communicates with a chamber from which the air can be abstracted by means of an exhausting syringe, commonly called an air pump, and on the communication between the chambers being opened the air rushes with extreme vehemence to supply the partial vacuum in the exhausted chamber, carrying the woolly floccula against the netting, and so interlacing the fibres, that a cloth of a beautiful fabric and close texture is instantaneously made. Several of the specimens of this cloth that have been shown to scientific gentlemen and manufacturers have excited great admiration.

This cloth is a species of felt, but instead of adopting the old laborious method, the above, which is denominated the pneumatic process, is used, and produces the result as it were by magic.

SAGACITY OF THE ELEPHANT.—An officer in the Bengal service possessed a handsome elephant, which he was accustomed to see fed with a certain allowance of grain daily; business requiring his absence, he confided the care of his favourite to a worthless keeper, who, in the interim, stole and appropriated a large portion of the grain intended for the elephant's use. The poor animal daily grew more spare and feeble, missing at its usual feeding-time the abundant feast supplied by his kind and generous master. My friend returned, hastened to the stable, observed the emaciated state of his favourite, and having had no previous reason to suspect the honesty of the servant, was at a loss to discover a cause for the evident alteration. The poor elephant, delighted at his master's return, trumpeted his welcome, raised his trunk as a salam, and moved about, affording in his mute but expressive manner, every demonstration of joy. His feeding time approached, and full allowance of grain was placed at his feet by his dishonest and cruel keeper. The elephant, satisfied of his master's attention, industriously separated it into two distinct heaps, and having eagerly devoured the one, left that which remained, and quietly walked to the opposite side of his stable. The truth conveyed by the gestures of the intelligent brute, flashed upon the mind of his master: the keeper, on being accused of the theft, and finding his unworthiness exposed, fell at the feet of his employer acknowledging the aggression.

A QUIET MIND.—Nothing contributes more to an easy and quiet mind than a disregard of the praise and despising the censures and reproaches of others; man is still the same, which his own actions and the judgments of God make him; this is the standard of our worth and happiness; true friendship is like sound health, the value of which is seldom known until it be lost.

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