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THE COLONIAL PEARL.

POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

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

VOLUME FOUR.

HALIFAX, N. S. SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 21, 1840.

NUMBER TWELVE.

CANOVA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN, BY M. MORGAN, M. D. SURGEON
V. S. NAVY.

*Canova first called to Paris—his Statue of Napoleon Bonaparte,
First Consul.*

At this period he had made the modest of a colossal statue of Ferdinand, King of Naples, and had finished a copy of his Perseus, with some variations, for Pologna; when Caeault, the French Minister at Rome, invited him in the name of the First Consul to Paris, in order to execute there a work of art. But he was so attached to Rome, and so unwilling to change his habits of living, that, for some time, he presented obstacles to leaving there. But being advised by the Pope himself, and others capable of judging of the advantage which might result to him from a compliance with the wishes of the First Consul, he at length consented to the request. His friend, D'Este, told him, "If it should become necessary to write your life, it will be gratifying to see your sepulchre registered and connected with great men and great events. It is well that a great artist should have something of variety and recreation connected with his fame, for readers who are always curious in such matters." He therefore departed for Paris, accompanied by his brother, George Baptiste; and the French Minister presented him with a beautiful carriage for the journey. The Pope gave him letters to his Legate, near the French Republic; and he was furnished with credentials from St. Cloud, of the most generous and liberal kind with regard to his expenses. On his arrival he was treated with the most marked attention and courtesy, and was introduced by the Legate to the Minister of the Interior, who immediately accompanied him to the Palace of St. Cloud. There, by the Secretary Bourrienne and the Governor General, he was presented to Bonaparte, who received him most kindly, and conversed freely and with great complaisance on various topics.

The ingenious artist begged permission to speak to the First Consul with the candour and simplicity which belonged to his character; and went on to explain to him, how Rome languished in indigence and poverty from the unfortunate state of the times, despoiled as she was of her ancient monuments, the palaces of the Popes going to ruin and decay, while the city was without money and without commerce.

"I will restore Rome," said Bonaparte; "I have the good of mankind at heart, and I will promote it. But what then would you have?" "Nothing," replied the sculptor, "but to obey your orders." "Make my statue," said Bonaparte, and took leave of him.

Three days afterwards, Canova returned to St. Cloud with the clay for the model, accompanied by his brother; and they breakfasted with Bonaparte and Josephine. Canova observed that a person having so much to do as the First Consul, would probably be fatigued with the waste of time in sitting for his likeness. "I am not wanting of something to do, indeed," said Bonaparte. Canova then commenced the statue, which in five days was finished in gigantic proportions.

While Canova was working at the model, the First Consul read, or conversed jocularly with Josephine, or talked familiarly with the artist about his particular profession. Among other things they spoke of the taking from Rome of the ancient Greek monuments, and other precious objects of the fine arts. On this subject the artist could not restrain his feelings and his grief, at the great loss and injury to Rome. "Believe me," said he, "this lamentation is not mine alone and that of Italians; the French themselves, who possess such high taste and sense of dignity of the fine arts, participate also in our grief; and a paper has been published here in Paris to this effect by the illustrious Quatremere of Quincy." The conversation afterwards turned on the transportation of the bronze horses from Venice; and Canova said, "Sire, the subversion of that Republic will afflict me with sorrows during life." What ardent love of country, and above all, what sincerity, frankness and feeling, are in all the words of the sculptor.

Bonaparte was pleased with his manner, and indulged in familiarity with him, which he used with no other person, and of which some were jealous. While upon the head of the statue, Canova observed, "It must be confessed that this head is so favourable to sculpture, that finding it among the ancient statues, it would always be taken for that of one of the greatest men of antiquity who are honoured in history. As the likeness of a hero, I shall succeed marvellously; but as such it may not perhaps please so well the tender sex." At this Bonaparte smiled.

The model being finished, the sculptor was entertained in the most magnificent style by the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and all

Paris talked of nothing but Canova, the statue, and the attentions bestowed on him by the First Consul.

The celebrated David became his intimate friend, and entertained him at his house, where he was made acquainted with the most illustrious artists of France, and among them with Gerard, who painted his portrait. Canova was always a firm defender of the exalted merit of these great artists, and spoke well of their works. While visiting the Gallery of Pictures, where, among others, there was one by Gerard representing Belisarius as a beggar, and a Hypolite by Guerin, a young man then of great promise, Canova said publicly that France possessed artists whose merit was superior to their fame.

He was afterwards honourably presented to the National Institute, of which he was made a member; and at Neuilly, the villa of General Murat, he again saw his groupes of Psyche and Love, and worked on them for some time with much effect. Finally he took leave of the First Consul the morning that he received the ambassador from Tunis. Bonaparte said to him, "Commend me to the Pope, and tell him you have heard me recommend the liberty of all christians."

The sculptor made notes of all this at the time, which he left with his brother.

He was announced at quitting Paris as the greatest sculptor in the world, and that the bust of the model was a perfect apotheosis.

On his way home, he lodged at Lyons with the Archbishop, Cardinal de Resch, brother to the mother of the First Consul, a worthy lady, who knew how to conduct herself with equal dignity in the extremes of prosperous and adverse fortune. At Turin, he lodged with the Marquis Prie, and received great honours at Milan from Murat, and from Melzi D'Eril, Vice President of the Republic; and his return was a perfect triumph, such was the disposition to honor him, and in him the Fine Arts.

Having arrived at Florence, he was received with the most enthusiastic applause by the Academy there, and his Majesty, Ludovico, King of Etruria, made him a noble present, which was all the works of the ample museum, with an engraved frontispiece, and a dedication to the sculptor by the King himself.

He thence returned to Rome, where all were eager to employ him, as all Europe desired to possess some of his works. But one man, however laborious, could not gratify all; and he was compelled to decline a monument for the First Consul, at Milan—a statue of Mr. Dundas, for Lord Ferguson, with the offer of three thousand pounds sterling—a statue of Catharine II. for Russia—one of Ferdinand IV. for the city of Catania—and one of the Duke of Bedford, and many other works; having determined to be more indulgent to his liberal genius, rather than restrained by such commissions.

Two great works now occupied him, the Statue of the First Consul, and the Grand Mausoleum to Christina, for Austria.

He finished first the statue of the First Consul, which was done in the heroic costume, much like the statues of the Roman Emperors, placed in one hand a spear, and in the other the world with victory. The likeness was naked, except the military vest, which hung from the shoulders; the sword is abandoned to the side for support, and all the person is seen in front. Denon wrote a strong censure of the work, which was published at the time, on the statue being naked, as a thing contrary to our costume in modern times, which he said should be handed down by the arts to posterity. But a defence was made of it by a famous and learned antiquary, whose knowledge of such matters was respected by every civilized nation, the Great Ennio Quirino Visconti, in which were found irrefutable arguments which demonstrated to Denon and the world the propriety of the costume. The costumes in ancient sculpture are not the true costume used in the times when the likenesses were taken, as the difference between the costumes of the times is evident. Costumes are conventional for the embellishment and perfection of the art. Among the ancient naked likenesses, is Meleagen naked, the Gladiator Borghese naked, the Achilles of the Campidoglio is naked, the Laocoon is naked, Jason is naked. There never was an ancient hunter nor soldier nor hero made but he was naked. The art has chosen nudity as its language. Hence the likenesses and statues of the living were represented naked; whence Pompey, Agrippa, Augustus, Tiberius, Drusus, Germanicus, Claudius, Domitian, Nerva, Adrian, Marcus Aurelius, Lucius Veaus, Septimus Severus and Macrinus are all represented naked. No Emperor has the toga on except in the funeral celebrations as Pontiff, when his face is veiled. The toga was only the Roman imperial civic habit. And so in like manner the illustrious Greeks, Pindar, Euripides, Demosthenes, Aristotle, Aristides, have only a large Greek mantle thrown in a picturesque manner over their naked bodies. Thus in the frieze of the Parthenon, where Phidias has given the procession

of Panathenæ, the Athenian nobles are represented either as naked or with short vests. This ever was their costume.

The ancient artists used vestments for decency in their representations of women and their goddesses, unless when Venus was coming from the bath or nymphs coming out of the lakes, beyond this they used them for ornament and as emblematic characteristics. But we cannot represent our clothes as the ancients did theirs, in consequence of their angular shape rendering them unfavourable to and unfitting for use in sculpture. They are contrary to the beautiful and graceful compositions of the art, nor is it proper that such things should be seen from side views. "An artist," concludes Visconti, "might well represent an eastern person with the feet and legs bare, although wrapped in a magnificent robe and covered with a turban and adorned with precious jewels; but a French likeness in an embroidered habit with naked legs, would be excessively ridiculous." The same arguments were urged by Cicognara, when he says that the heroic habit was only a convention adopted to express a quality of the mind, and to use metaphysical entities corresponding with the relations of the arts. This also corresponds with the opinion of Mengs, when he says the Greeks remembered that the arts were made by man, and that their first model was the human figure.

The artist consecrates his works to all people and to all ages, and calls upon posterity to be the judges, and says with Zeuxis, "I paint for eternity."

The figures of the poets are metaphorical—comparison—hyperbole. Poetry is full of them, because they give more energy to language. So the other arts use metaphorical expressions: and nudity, for example, is the metaphor of sculpture. The ancients knew the wants and conveniences of the arts, and permitted to sculpture the habitual use of a metaphor, without which the art would cease to be imitative. It is a convention of the ideal style. Nudity is the practical part of the art—the external part: as much so as the art itself. And thus a state of exalted merit belongs to every age—as it is proper to all times—and transports or gives to physical man that general existence which fame gives to the moral man.

But the censures of the French critics were not confined to the nudity of the statue. The Minister Marescalchi, who was intimate with the sculptor, informed him that the statue was thought too colossal, and that it would have been better liked if it had possessed the form of Apollo rather than the limbs of Hercules; that the muscles of the right side of the breast had too much relief; and that the back showed more of the attitude than the hero. He finished however by saying, "Continue to work for eternity, which alone can judge of you rightly, and let the crows caw!"

The sculptor was always loth to assume his own defence, and was disposed to answer in a more general way by new and beautiful works of his mind and hand; but on this occasion he answered triumphantly with his pen. He showed the absurdity of speaking of it being too colossal, as one might be made of seventy feet if the proportions were properly observed: and to call it too athletic was equally erroneous as it regarded the style; and he refuted the artists who said the head did not correspond with the rest, which seemed too heroic.

The colossal figures of Monte Cavallo are of more marked forms than that of Napoleon. His heroes are always demi-gods. And if you confront it with the statues of the Roman emperors, every objection on this account will vanish.

The learned and accomplished Quatremetre, after impartially examining the work, pronounced it the boldest and grandest that could be produced by a sculptor.

The Academy of Venice published a solemn demonstration of the high estimation in which they held the head of this statue, and their admiration of its elegance; in which they said, "It would be impossible to commend enough the skill exhibited in preserving the lineaments and characteristics, translating it into the spacious dimensions, as well as the choice of the moment of animation. It is without low perturbation; and the features indicate vast understanding—penetration, perspicacity and firmness of mind, magnanimous ardour, promptness of action, with all those marks which come pouring down upon us from antiquity in the likeness of those whom Providence with parsimonious hand has from time to time given to make the most striking epochs in the history of nations."

The noble and sustained grandeur exhibited and corresponding in all its parts; the happy conjunction of its modulations, and the harmony of its terminations, stamped it as a work to endure as long as the art.

"The Annals of Literature and the Arts" of Austria contained also a notice of it, and it was celebrated in Latin and Italian verse; but, above all, there was a beautiful encomium on it by David the Painter, who told the sculptor "he had done for posterity as much

as human skill and excellence could accomplish, and that therefore he might leave to mediocrity its habitual consolation of biting at merit." This letter touched the heart of Canova, and he replied as follows:

"A letter from David had such weight that it is the greatest happiness I could possibly receive. Happy am I if I have been able to produce a work worthy of your approbation, since you do not praise without perfect knowledge. I ought to regard it as a triumph. All is united in your decision, and, believe me, it has given me great pleasure, especially as it comes spontaneously. This will be the most beautiful ornament that will adorn my life; and I shall always remain under obligations to you."

About this time he was applied to by a learned Professor to supply him with material to write his life, adverting to the great fame he had acquired: but Canova declined furnishing him with any papers, having never felt vanity or pride.

On his return to Rome from Paris, he was greeted with magnificent entertainments, and was surrounded by his friends, among whom were Angelica Kauffman—Gaspara, Landi—Cammucini—Benvenuto—and other great artists and connoisseurs, all eager to exchange sentiments with him on the fascinating and sublime subjects of the arts.

(To be continued.)

(From the Albany Argus.)

TEMPERANCE REFORM IN IRELAND.

To the Editors of the Albany Argus.

Gentlemen—I inclosed you a letter I received a short time since from Dublin, alluding to the commencement of a mighty moral revolution in progress in Ireland. In your paper of the 3d instant, you gave your readers the wonderful results of the effort in Limerick, by which in three days 150 to 200,000 individuals solemnly pledged themselves to total abstinence from all that can intoxicate. I have now before me Irish papers by the late arrival, filled with continued triumphs. After the efforts of Father Mathew at Limerick, we find him at Waterford. The account of his visit there I now enclose you. It is long, but I do not see how it can be shortened and give a correct view of the case. As you have kindly opened your paper to this important reform now in progress in Ireland, I trust you will continue to publish the accounts as they reach us. I feel assured that there is not an individual in our land, *having a heart to feel*, but must rejoice in the prospect of seeing the Irish people abandoning the use of alcohol, which has heretofore occasioned a great proportion of all their misery.

Yours, respectfully,

EDWARD C. DELAVAN.

Bullston Centre, February 5, 1840.

(From Waterford, Ireland.)

GLORIOUS REVOLUTION.—Never did we witness any thing comparable to the enthusiasm of the people, with respect to the glorious cause whose progress we have been for some time noticing, and the scenes connected with which, in this city, we have endeavoured to convey some faint idea of below. It is impossible for pen to do it justice, and beyond the reach of imagination to conceive anything its parallel. To those at a distance, the details we have endeavored to collect and embody may appear exaggerated, and the work more of fancy than of fact; but we can only assert, that we pledge ourselves to the literal accuracy of every circumstance we furnish, and that we find ourselves unable to paint the picture as it presented itself to our eyes. We have seen the masses excited by political causes—but all previous reminiscences and experience fade into utter insignificance, as mere dust in the balance compared to the achievements of yesterday. We confess that we were prepared for something extraordinary, in consequence of our accounts from Limerick; but, we candidly admit, that we received these accounts *en prozano salis*—and entertained serious doubts of their implicit fidelity. But we avow ourselves mistaken in the estimate we formed of them, and believe that the whole truth remains to be told. To see thousands and thousands of human beings, whose days had been much devoted to a fascinating, but perilous habit, coming from a far distance, amid the rain and the storm—braving the hostility of the elements and of poverty and destitution—committing themselves to the slender chance of secular commiseration for the means of support during their absence from an humble home—doing this not because of a worldly prospective advantage, but attracted by the fame of an unpretending priest, whose time is given up to the cause of charity and the poor—to see this is indeed marvellous, and to account for it without acknowledging the intervention of a special providence is out of the question. But so it is. An intense feeling appears to have taken hold of the popular mind—a feeling widely spread and deeply rooted—planted, we verily believe, in a religious soil, and promising to bring forth the fruits of joy and happiness, social as well as physical, in good season. We are not philosophers enough to explain why it is, that strictly Catholic though Ireland has been, since Christianity first dawned upon her, no movement of this description has been hitherto made. But even the skeptic has learned that a great, an unexpected movement, has, at length, set in, and he scarcely doubts any longer, from what he has seen, that it will stop before it embraces the entire of the land.

The great apostle of the glorious cause which is making such tri-

umphant, such miraculous headway throughout the south of Ireland, despite the sinister influences combined to arrest its onward career, arrived unexpectedly in this city, by the Cork mail, on the evening of Tuesday. His advent was not looked for until the following morning; and hence he "stole a march," anxious as he is, and as he has always been, to avoid the gaze and applause of the multitude, which are an inevitable concomitant of his footsteps. He was set down at the Commercial buildings, where, in a few moments—word having gone abroad that he had come—he was waited on by the right worshipful the mayor, and some of our respectable citizens, including the exemplary laborer of our local vineyard, Mr. P. J. Murphy, for whom he first inquired, and whom he appeared anxious to see. Having partaken of a dinner, and received some pledges—for postulants even at this early hour poured in upon him—he proceeded with Mr. Murphy and the Rev. Mr. Sheehan, to Mount Sion, where the members of the local Total Abstinence Society were holding one of their usual meetings. He appeared somewhat fatigued after his long journey, and after addressing the meeting in language expressive of thankfulness for their warm reception, accompanied by Mr. Murphy and a few other gentlemen, he left there for the residence of our venerable bishop. On Tuesday evening and throughout the night numbers continued to pour into town from the surrounding country. From the dress and accent of many, it was apparent that they had come from a far distance. Their demeanour, we are happy in being able to remark, was orderly, and partook in no instance that came under our notice, of the "whisky leavings" excesses which have stigmatized the proceedings of other localities. The majority were of the humbler classes, and came provided with the necessaries for travelling in their situation, wearing their kit, after the fashion of soldiers. During the whole of the night, the bridge, the great thoroughfare to and from the Leinster counties, continued open, a circumstance hitherto rarely remembered, while all the avenues leading from the west, and south, contributed a continuous tide of human beings, of all ages and of each sex—of every description, from the affluent to the destitute—from the person who rarely sacrificed reason at the demoralizing shrine of intemperance, to the habitual and reckless drunkard.

Wednesday, nine o'clock, A. M.—This morning from an early hour the city was the scene of busy animation. Notwithstanding that the rain fell in vast quantities, the avenues to the city continued to present a dense mass of living beings wending their way to the apostle. Several hundreds arrived from the county Wexford in market boats, while the river steamers, which ply between the counties of Waterford and Wexford, were thronged far beyond their usual fare. At nine o'clock the Rev. F. Mathew, accompanied by the Right Rev. Dr. Foran, our beloved and apostolic bishop, Major Gahan, Sir Benjamin Morris, Mr. P. J. Murphy, and other gentlemen, left King-street for Ballybricken, in the midst of whose large area a temporary hustings was erected. The ground had already been occupied by Alderman H. Alcock, mayor *pro tempore*, Colonel Manners, and two companies of the 37th depot, with the city police under the command of Capt. Wright, and the members of the Local Temperance society with medals displayed. The military and police formed a cordon around the hustings, and the members exerted themselves with zeal for the preservation of order. But it was unavailing; the torrents of human beings tore down every obstacle—the hustings, after the pledge was administered to about two thousand individuals of both sexes, were besieged despite the efforts of those engaged to restrain the multitude. It was found to be impossible to persevere, and after much exertion the reverend gentlemen adjourned to the court house. Here we are able to say that Mr. Mathew and his friends were comparatively comfortable, and the postulants better off than they were in the area of Ballybricken. The court house steps were occupied by a file of the 37th and the police, and not more than two hundred at a time were admitted. Some individuals were severely crushed in consequence of their anxiety to rush forward, but we are happy to say that no serious accident took place. As each batch entered the court house hall, they knelt in humility and devotion, took the pledge at the hands of the great administrator, and passing out by a different door from that which they went in, gave sufficient room to their followers. This plan was admirable, and tended very considerably to the convenience of the Rev. gentlemen and the people. As each batch rose up after repeating the words of the pledge, brightness glowed in their countenances, such expressions as "Thank God, we are happy now"—"Heaven bless you, Father Mathew," issued from the lips of the regenerated. We are happy to observe that many of the police knelt before the apostle, and plighted their vows never to drink intoxicating liquors more. And this, we are sure, will render them objects of especial favour to their commanders. Alderman Alcock introduced the commanding officer of the garrison, Colonel Manners, to Father Mathew, in the hall of the court-house. Colonel Manners, we should observe, is a decided friend of the cause.

Twelve o'clock.—Thousands continue to arrive. The exemplary Catholic pastors of Tramore, Kill, and Newton, &c. with their indefatigable curates, have come into town at the head of imposing cafileades. Mr. Carr, of Ross, has also appeared with upwards of a thousand men and women from that town. We perceive some highly respectable persons among his group. The court house externally presents at this moment a fearful sight. Crowds rush up the steps despite the military and police, whose conduct is exem-

plary in the highest degree. The doors have been forced in, and the hall is thronged. The apostle is surrounded by Alderman Poole, the Rev. Nicholas Cantwell, P. P. Tramore, the Rev. J. Vaile, P. P. Newtown, the Revs. Messrs. Dixon, Morrissey, Fitzgerald, J. Power, N. T. Dowley, J. Clarke, and Heffernan. It is said that ten thousand persons have already been received; but they are not missed from the myriads who wait to take the pledge. We regret that some of the postulants appear to labour under the effects of fatigue—arising from the circumstance of having travelled all night in the rain. An instance of magisterial petulance has arisen, which we shall notice. Captain Newport has called upon some of his brother magistrates to advise Mr. Mathew to withdraw, as personal danger may ensue. But the gallant captain's remonstrances are not heeded, for the very good reason that no danger is as yet seen by the most experienced persons. "Talk of the victories of the Duke of Wellington," said Alderman Poole, as he regarded the mass of human beings rapidly advancing to take the pledge, "they are nothing to those of Mr. Mathew. He has done more for the Irish people than any man who has as yet appeared, or, perhaps, who ever will appear in Ireland."

Two o'clock.—Crowds on crowds continue to pour in, in apparently exhaustless abundance. It is computed that the Rev. gentleman has received twenty thousand at least since morning. Each batch, amounting on an average to 170 persons, is disposed of in about two minutes, and instantly succeeded by another. Mr. Mathew, on being asked was he not tired, and would he not take some refreshment, replied, "I feel no fatigue in the world. O how rejoiced I am to see them pour in in this way!" And well may he rejoice, for never was man made an instrument in the hands of an all-wise and gracious Providence, for the achievement of such incalculable benefit to society! Several country gentlemen have arrived to witness the proceedings, among whom we perceive Andrew Sherlock, Esq. Killaspey; Richard Duckett, Esq. Tramore; W. Peet, Esq. &c. There are many Protestants and Quakers in the hall, looking with wonderment at what is passing. Some accidents of a slight nature have taken place—one woman is bruised and two men are cut. Mr. Ryan, the worthy governor of the county jail, had them removed to the prison, attended to and nourished. This being the dinner hour of the working classes, we noticed the bacon cutters of many establishments, and other description of labourers, taking the pledge. In Patrick-street the crowd is so dense that a passage through it is quite difficult, while thousands occupy the ground opposite the court house and throughout Ballybricken. The rain continued to fall with unabated violence. The military, police and people are drenched. Sir Benjamin Morris and Alderman Alcock persevere with the same activity as usual in the preservation of order.

Twenty minutes to four o'clock.—The Rev. gentleman has continued without interruption to receive postulants up to this moment; and thousands yet throng the streets, despite the "pitiless pelting of the storm," and even from a great distance. The employers were anxious that their servants should not go forward today, in order that an opportunity should be afforded strangers to take the pledge without any unnecessary delay. But it is expected that there shall be few servants in Waterford who will not have become members of the total abstinence society by to-morrow evening. It is thought that one hundred thousand (and we speak within limits when we say so) shall have been received in this city, previous to the departure of the apostle.

Mr. Mathew and his friends left the court house at the hour above named for the bishop's, where he continued to receive postulants up to dinner hour. Vast numbers surrounded the Rev. Dr. Foran's residence, anxious to take the pledge at once. After dinner Father Mathew continued to receive postulants to a late hour. Several very respectable parties took the pledge. Many ludicrous scenes occurred during the day, exhibitiv of the enthusiasm and devotion of the people. A Carrick woman on arriving at this side of the bridge was heard to exclaim, after turning towards the west, "Joy be with you, Carrick, and all the whiskey I ever drank. I'll never drink more." Nearly all the shoremen of Tramore, Islands O'Kane, and the coast around to Bunnahon, took the pledge. The bathing men of Tramore, a particularly moist sort of people, were the foremost in enrolling themselves under the standard. Hundreds were present from the farthest extremity of Wexford, Carlow, Kildare, Queen, and King's counties. As proof of the great excitement prevalent, it may be observed that the High street Loan Fund Society, (to which we have so frequently called attention) which receives upwards of twenty applicants per diem, and is a bitter pill to the pawnbrokers, received but one application to-day. It was observed with pleasure that females outnumbered males by about twenty-five per cent. This has not, we believe, been the fact elsewhere. The virtuous, as well as the most debased and forlorn of the community, have taken the pledge. Several of the unfortunates, who have lived on the wages of sin, renounced the evil of their ways, and resolved to live soberly and purely for the future.

Ten o'clock, P. M.—The city is extremely tranquil. Such of the postulants as have not left the town are comfortably housed. Several stores have been opened for them, where their wants are well supplied. The apostle resumes his labours this (Thursday) morning.

The very Rev. Theobald Mathew visits Clonmel on the 17th. The court house is preparing for his reception.

From the American Quarterly.

A DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

BY NOAH WEBSTER, L. L. D.

It has ever been a just cause of complaint against the English language, that its orthography is varied and unsettled. Hence any effort to reduce the anomalies which abound it, to something like system, deserves the approbation of every lover of English literature, provided the end is attempted to be gained by suitable and proper means. Many thanks, therefore, are due to Dr. Webster, for the unwearied diligence with which he has pursued this object; and though we do not consider this as one of his happiest efforts, he has accomplished much for which he deserves praise. If we were to instance the point in which we think the doctor has been most successful, we should direct the reader to the *etymology* of his dictionary; and though we cannot say we think it all sound, we believe he has done that which will perpetuate his name, while philology shall be studied as a science. And we attribute his great success in this department to the apparent fact, that this has been pursued less with reference to a *preconceived theory*, than his system of orthography. We shall therefore notice some points where we think his orthography is at variance with the true principles of English spelling, and which seem to have been induced by an adherence to *theory* rather than by deference to *principle*.

But before we proceed to the main object of this article, we beg leave to tarry long enough to venture a remark as to the *cause* of the varieties of orthography which abound in our language. The base of our language, and by far the most important part of it, is Teutonic, and has mostly been subject to the laws which have governed the orthography of the Teutonic languages, while an important part of it has been derived from the Latin, and mainly through the medium of the Romance language. Words of the latter class have generally obeyed the laws which prevailed in the Romance dialects, and the reason for their orthography is to be sought in those dialects. We have, therefore, what for convenience may be denominated a Teutonic and a Latin side to our language, and the reason of the original orthography of words from either side, is to be sought in the laws which regulated contemporaneous changes in the kindred dialects. But neither of these can properly be called a standard of *English* orthography. Such a standard must lie between the two extremes, and to it we can only refer such words as, borrowed from either side, have become perfectly *Anglicised*. Bearing this in mind, we shall proceed to consider some of the things above referred to.

The first point to which we shall turn our attention, relates to the use of the letter *u* in *honour* and other similar words; and that we may see distinctly the reason why Dr. Webster excludes this letter in that class of words, we will quote his own language from the 'Introduction to the Quarto Dictionary.

"Soon after the revival of letters in Europe, English authors began to borrow words from the French and Italian, and usually with some little alteration of orthography. Thus they wrote *athour*, *embassadour*, *predecessour*, &c., using *our* for the Latin termination *or* and the French *eur*, and writing similar words in like manner, though not of Latin or French origin. What motive could induce them to unite these words, *errour*, *honour*, *favour*, *inferiour*, in this manner, following neither the Latin nor the French, I cannot conceive."

These principles are recognised and repeated, in an article on Philology in the *Knickerbocker* for 1836. From the foregoing quotation the following positions are sustained.

1. The practice of spelling these words with *u*, commenced with the revival of English literature; and in the section from which the above is copied, the doctor admits that it continued down to the seventeenth century.

2. That this orthography was used, whether the words were borrowed from the French, Italian, or other languages. To this we may add, that it is frequently extended to words from the Teutonic side, as in *neighbour*; Sax. *nehbar*, *neghbar*; Germ. *nachbar*; Dutch, *nabar*; Sw. *nabo*; Dan. *nabor*; &c.

3. The doctor omits this letter on account of the supposed fact that *our* is neither French nor Italian, and because he cannot imagine the existence of any motive for introducing it.

Upon these we remark, that since this letter was uniformly used, "from the revival of English literature to the seventeenth century," it is to be presumed, in the absence of all proof to the contrary, that it is really part and parcel of the English language, and as such ought to be retained. And farther, the idea entertained by the doctor, that *our* is neither Latin nor French, we take to be altogether erroneous. If we are correct in the foregoing, then upon the principles by which the doctor professes to guide himself, the letter should be retained. These principles are laid down in the *Knickerbocker*, where he says, "By research into the history and principles of the language, I have attempted to ascertain what is genuine English, and what is error and corruption; and by moderate reform to rectify what is clearly wrong." Now it is altogether surprising that it did not occur to the doctor, if this letter has been in use so long, and so uniformly as he supposed, and if he was so much at a loss to know how it came there, as that he was wholly unprepared to say that *our* was not "genuine English," that he could not pronounce that "error and corruption," of which he did not know the origin or cause. The doctor, therefore, has made out a case against himself upon his own principles.

But there is another point of view in which this subject should be considered, by omitting which, the doctor, as we suppose, fell into the error under consideration. We refer to the analogy of the Romance languages. By the "Romance languages," we mean those derived from the Latin, including Provençal, Italian, Spanish, and French. By comparing the changes which the words under consideration have undergone in those languages, it will be seen that a law has operated to change the orthography in this and other similar classes of words, in all those dialects. And if we find such a law, governing the whole class, we presume it will not be denied that that orthography alone can be *philologically correct* which is in conformity with it. To the same law the English has had reference, when borrowing words directly from the Latin, and also from the Saxon.

OR—This termination in Latin embraces two distinct classes of words, those denoting *persons*, as, *pastor*, *author*, &c., and those denoting *qualities*, as *honor*, *favor*, &c. Concerning the first of these we have now nothing to say, as the question at present only affects such words as denote *abstract qualities*. The following synopsis, the materials of which are mainly drawn from the 'Grammar de la Langue Romane,' of M. Raynour, and from 'An Essay on the Origin and Formation of the Romance Languages,' by G. C. Lewis, Esq., shows at a glance the influence of this principle in the various dialects of the Romance.

1. Latin *amor*, *color*, *honor*, *favor*, *labor*, *vigor*, &c.
2. The Spanish has retained the Latin orthography, as *amor*, &c.
3. The Italian adds an *e* to the Latin, as *amore*, *colore*, *favore*, *onore*, &c.
4. The Provençal adds an *s* to the Latin, as *amors*, *colors*, *honors*, *favors*, &c.
5. The orthography of the old French was unsettled, vacillating between the Latin and Provençal, as *amor*, or *amors*, *favor*, or *favors*, *honor*, or *honors*, &c.
6. The middle French changed the *o* of the Latin into *ou*, as *amour*, *favour*, *colour*, *honour*, &c.
7. The modern French has changed *ou* into *eu*, as *ameur*, *honneur*, *faueur*, excepting *labour*, where the orthography of the middle period is retained.
8. With the middle French agrees the English in all the words we have adopted, as *honour*, *favour*, *labour*, &c.

To whatever principle the *u* owes its introduction into *honour*, &c., to the same we may undoubtedly attribute the addition of an *s* in the Provençal, of *e* in the Italian, and the introduction of the *u* into the middle French and English. To the operation of the same principle must we look for the cause of the introduction of the *o* into the Saxon *neghbur*, *thu*, *thusend*, *thurh*, &c. English *neighbour*, *thou*, *thousand*, *through*, &c. We see, therefore, that this is not only a law of the Romance languages in this particular class of words, but that it pervades the *English language*, affecting alike words from either the Latin or Teutonic side.

Immediately connected with this point, and bearing directly upon the importance of this orthography, is the question, when this rule first began to exert an influence. It seems to be admitted by Dr. Webster, and is no doubt the fact, that the foregoing class of words came into the English from the Italian but through the French, and, if so, they came from the middle French, while the orthography was *ou*; and hence, the *u* is an important item in philological history, as it points to the source from which, and marks the channel through which, these words have come. If there be no other reasons for retaining the letter, this alone would be amply sufficient.

We may also obtain further confirmation of this conclusion from the laws governing the changes of other words derived from the Latin in the Romance languages. *Osus*.—The Latin has a large number of nouns with this termination; we have a couple of dozen before us, every one of which has undergone some change in the derivative dialects. The first, is the omission of the Latin termination *us*, which is done by all the modern dialects of that language. The following synopsis will show the nature of these changes:

1. Latin; *amorousus*, *curiosus*, *furiosus*, *generosus*, *luxoriosus*, &c.
2. The Spanish and Italian have dropped the termination *us*, and substituted an *o*, as *amoroso*, *barioso*, *furioso*, *generoso*, *luxurioso*, &c.
3. The old Provençal simply omits the Latin termination, as *amoros*, *curios*, *furios*, *generos*, *luxorios*, etc.
4. The old French dropped the Latin *us*, like the Provençal, but sometimes changed the *s* into *x*, as *amorois*, *amorois*, *generois*, or *generoiz*, *furiois*, or *furioiz*, &c.
5. The middle French changed *o* into *ou*, as *amorous*, or *amorouz*, *glorious*, or *glorioruz*, *generous*, or *generouuz*, &c. The first form of this letter was sometimes written with a final *e*, as *glorioruse*, and the second with *z* instead of *x*, as *amorouz*. This orthography is found in a poem of Raoul de Coucy, who died 1249.
6. The English and modern Provençal add an *u*, as *glorious*, *furious*, &c.
7. The modern French have changed *ou* into *eu*, as *glorieux*, *furieux*, &c.

From this table it is made evident that the *u* in *honour*, *favour*, &c., owes its introduction into those words to the cause, whatever it might have been, which introduced it into *amorous*, *curious*, *furious*, *glorious*, *generous*, *injurious*, *imperious*, *laborious*, *luxurious*, &c. &c.

Us—its—To the foregoing we must also add those words which,

denoting qualities, have been derived from the Latin nouns ending in *us* and *ius*.

These words would not allow the dropping of the termination, and we have, therefore, copied their orthography, inserting an *o* to make them correspond with similar words in English. Thus the Latin *arduus*, *barbarus*, *ludicrus*, *odorus*, &c. become in English *arduous*, *barbarous*, *ludicrous*, *odorous*, &c. So, also, the Latin *ensorius*, *gregarius*, *pious*, *impious*, *serious*, *vicarius*, &c. in English are written *ensorious*, *gregarious*, *pious*, *impious*, &c. But the all-pervading character of this principle is still more strikingly confirmed by the fact that, when we could not bring the Latin nominative,—the case we have usually followed in these derivations—under this law, we have taken some one of the oblique cases as the basis of our English word. Thus, Lat. nom. *victor*, gen. *victoris*, Eng. *victorious*; Lat. nom. *saluber*, gen. *salubris*, Eng. *salubrious*; Lat. nom. *uxor*, gen. *uxoris*, Eng. *uxorious*, &c.

It would seem that, if any position in philology be capable of demonstration, the foregoing is sufficient to establish the authority of *honour*, &c., and, if we are not much mistaken in our conjectures, it was the omission of this mode of comparison which prevented Dr. W. from discovering the reason for writing the words in question in this manner, and led him to attempt to expurgate them from our language. If, by omitting this letter, our language could be made uniform, there would be some good ground for the change; but, so far from that, it in fact introduces still greater irregularities, compelling us to omit the *u* in such words as *Saviour*, and the like, where every principle of analogy and propriety is opposed to it. There are also some two or three other points of orthography to which we have not room at this time to allude, but to which we intend a reference at some subsequent period.

UTILITY OF KNOWLEDGE.—Neither constables, nor bayonets, nor muskets, can prevent the devilry of incendiarism, and various other means of *stealthy outrage*. No; these alone can be prevented by the quiet and internal agency of moral conviction. None but the blindest ignorance can harbour the belief that these villainies are instrumental to good; nevertheless, this blind ignorance does exist, nothing but its removal can remove its results. More knowledge is wanted, moreover, to teach men the impolicy of selfishness; to teach men that nothing that injures their neighbours can by any possibility ultimately benefit themselves. If there were no power on the part of one man to retaliate the injuries he receives, selfishness might, temporarily speaking, benefit the aggressor; but this is not the case; selfishness is reciprocal, and a man can and does repay injury by injury, and thus does selfishness beget a state of mutual injuries by which there cannot be a question that society at large, and hence individuals, are the sufferers—the losers and not the gainers. Now, education is necessary to enable them to see these things.

SPRING.—There is but little to be seen in a great city which marks the changes of the seasons; the busy denizen plods on, from day to day, unmindful of the "outward shows of sky and earth," till, by the warmth of the weather, demanding a change in his apparel, he is admonished that spring has passed and the summer begun. The most delightful season of the four, the season of buds and blossoms, is entirely lost to a large majority of our inhabitants. Happy, indeed, is he who can escape from the turmoils of business, in the pleasant month of May, to the green valleys and blooming orchards of the country. The selfish and corroding passions engendered by the absorbing pursuits of trade, are softened and subdued by frequent intercourse and communings with nature; the feelings are liberalized, the soul expanded, and the heart purified by her gentle ministrings. These thoughts were suggested by observing a variety of flowers, in pots, standing before Thorburn's seed store, in John-street, a morning or two since; the weather was mild and summer-like, and those little earth-stars had a magical effect upon our feelings.

"Not useless are ye, flowers! though made for pleasure,
Blooming o'er field and wave, by day and night,
From every source your sanction bids me treasure
Harmless delight."

"Were I, O God! in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers or divines,
My soul would find in flowers of thy ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines!"

N. J. Mirror.

BOZ'S NEW WORK.—The reading public are anxious waiting for Dicken's new novel. We learn, from our English papers, that it was to be issued about the first of March.—*ib*.

There are many who, in their eager desire for the end, overlook the difficulties in the way; there is another class who see nothing else. The first class may sometimes fail; the latter rarely succeed.

The great essential to our happiness is the resolution to perform our duty to God as well as we are able; and when this resolution is deeply infix'd, every action and every pursuit brings satisfaction to the mind.

The most important truth cannot be too early learned, nor the journey that leads heavenward too soon begun. The enemy is awake while we slumber, and if we neglect to cultivate the good seed, his tares will cover all the surface.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

What the heart of the young man said to the Psalmist.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us better than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, how'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act, act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footsteps in the hand of time;

Footsteps, that perhaps another
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

RIGHT AND WRONG.—A SKETCH AT SEA.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

The rights of man, whether abstract or real, divine or vulgar, vested or contested, civil or uncivil, common or uncommon, have been so frequently discussed, that one would suppose there was nothing new to be felt and expressed on the subject. I was agreeably surprised, therefore, during a late passage from Ireland, to hear the rights of an individual asserted in so novel a manner, as to seem worthy of record. The injured party was an involuntary fellow passenger; and the first glance at him, as he leisurely ascended the cabin stairs, bespoke him an original. His face, figure, dress, gait and gestures, were all more or less eccentric; yet, without any apparent affectation of singularity. His manner was perfectly earnest and business-like, though quaint. On reaching the deck, his first movement was towards the gangway; but a moment sufficed to acquaint him with the state of the case. The letter bags having been detained an hour beyond the usual time of departure, the steam had been put on at a gallop, and her majesty's mail packet the *Guebre*, had already accomplished some hundred fathoms on her course. This untoward event, however, seemed rather to surprise than annoy our original, who quietly stepped up to the captain with the air of demanding what was merely a matter of course:

'Hallo, skipper!—Off she goes, eh? but you must turn about my boy, and let me get out.'

'Let you get out?' echoed the astonished skipper, and again repeating it, with what the musicians call a staccato—'Let—you—get—out?'

'Exactly so. I'm going ashore.'

'I'm rather afraid you are not, sir, said the skipper, looking decidedly serious, 'unless you allude to the other side.'

'The other side?' exclaimed the oddity, involuntarily turning toward England. 'Poo! poo! nonsense, man; I only came to look at your accommodations. I'm not going across with you: I'm not, upon my word!'

'I must beg your pardon, sir,' said the captain, quite solemnly, but it is my firm opinion that you are going across!'

'Poo! poo! all gammon; I tell you, I am going back to Dublin.'

'Upon my word, then,' said the skipper, rather briskly, 'you must swim back, like a grampus, or borrow a pair of wings from the gulls.' The man at the helm grinned his broadest, at what he thought a good joke of his officer's; while the original turned

sharply around, parodied a hyena's laugh at the fellow, and then returned to the charge.

'Come, come, skipper, it's quite as far out as I care for, if you want to treat me to a sail!'

'Treat you to a sail?' roared the indignant officer. 'Zounds! sir, I am in earnest—as much in earnest as ever I was in my life.'

'So much the better,' answered the original; 'I'm not joking myself, and have no right to be joked upon.'

'Joke or no joke,' said the captain, 'all I know is this. The mail bags are on board, and it's more than my post is worth to put back.'

'Eh? What? How?' exclaimed the oddity with a sort of nervous dance. 'You astonish me! Do—you—really mean to say—I'm obliged to go—whether I've a right or not?'

'I do, indeed, sir; I'm sorry for it, but it can't be helped. My orders are positive. The moment the mail is on board, I must cast off.'

Indeed! well—but you know—why—why, that's your duty, not mine. I have no right to be cast off! I have no right to be here at all! I've no right to be any where, except in Merrion Square!

The captain was bothered. He shrugged up his shoulders, then gave a low whistle, then plunged his hands in his pockets, then gave a loud order to somebody to do something, somewhere or other; and then began to walk short turns on the deck. His captive, in the mean time, made hasty strides toward the stern, as if intending to leap overboard; but he suddenly stopped short, and took a bewildered look at the receding coast. The original wrong was visibly increasing in length, breadth, depth, every minute; and he again confronted the captain.

'Well, skipper, you've thought better of it; I've no right in the world, have I? You will turn her round?'

'Totally impossible, sir; quite out of my power!'

'Very well, very well, very well, indeed!—The original's temper was getting up as well as the sea. But mind, sir, I protest; I protest against you, sir, and against the ship, and the ocean, sir, and every thing! I'm getting farther and farther out; but remember I have no right! you will take the consequences. I have no right to be kidnapped; ask the crown lawyers if you think fit.'

After this denouncement, the speaker began to pace up and down, like the captain, but at the opposite side of the deck. He was on the boil, however, as well as the engine; and every time that he passed near the man that he considered as his Sir Hudson Lowe, he gave vent to the inward feeling in a jerk of the head, accompanied with a sort of pig-like grunt. Now and then it broke out in words, but always the four monosyllables, 'This—is too—bad!—'—with a most emphatic fall of the foot to each. At last it occurred to a stout pompous looking personage, to interpose as a mediator. He began by dilating on the immense commercial importance of a punctual delivery of letters; thence he insisted on the heavy responsibility of the captain, with the promise of an early return packet from Holyhead; and he was entering into a congratulation on the fineness of the weather, when the original thought it time to cut him short.

'My dear sir, you'll excuse me. The case is nobody's but my own. You are a regular passenger. You have a right to be in this packet. You have a right to go to Holyhead, or to Liverpool, or to Gibraltar, or to the world's end—if—you—like. But I choose to be in Dublin. What right have I to be here, then? Not—one atom—atom! I've no right to be in this vessel; and the captain, there, knows it. I've no right (stamping) to be on this deck! I have no more right to be tossing at sea, (waving his arms up and down,) than the Pigeon House!'

'It is a very unpleasant situation, I allow, sir,' said the captain to the stout passenger; 'but, as I have told the gentleman, my hands are tied. I can do nothing, though nobody is more sorry for his inconvenience.'

'Inconvenience be hanged!' exclaimed the oddity in a passion, at last. 'It is no inconvenience, sir!—not—the—smallest! but that makes no difference as to my being here. It's that and that alone, I dispute all right to!'

'Well, but, my dear, good sir,' expostulated the pompous man, 'admitting the justice of your premises, the hardship is confessedly without remedy.'

'To be sure it is!' said the captain, 'every inch of it. All I can say is, that the gentleman's passage shall be no expense to him.'

'Thankee—of course not!' said the original with a sneer. 'I've no right to put my hand in my pocket! Not that I mind expense! but it's my right I stand up for, and I defy you both to prove that I have any right to be in your company!—I'll tell you what skipper—but before he could finish the sentence, he turned suddenly pale, made a most grotesque wry face, and rushed forward to the bow of the vessel. The captain exchanged a significant smile with the stout gentleman; but before they had quite spoken their minds of the absent character, he came scrambling back to the binnacle, upon which he rested with both hands, while he thrust his working visage within a foot or two of the skipper's face.

'There, skipper! now, Mister What—d'ye-call! what do you both say to that? What right have I to be sick—as sick as a dog? I've no right to be squeamish; I'm not a passenger; I've no right to go tumbling over ropes and pails, and what not, to the ship's head?'

'But, my good sir,—began the pompous man.

'Don't sir me, sir! You took your own passage. You have a

right to be sick; you have a right to go to the side every five minutes; you have a right to die of it; but it's the reverse with me; I have no right of the sort.'

'O, certainly not, sir,' said the pomposity, offended in his turn.

'You are indubitably the best judge of your own privileges. I only beg to be allowed to remark, that where I felt I had so little right, I should hesitate to intrude myself.' So saying he bowed very formally, and commenced his retreat to the cabin, while the skipper pretended to examine the compass very minutely. In fact our original had met with a choke pear. The fat man's answer was too much for him, being framed on a principle clean contrary to his own peculiar system of logic. The more he tried to unravel its meaning the more it got entangled. He didn't like it, without knowing why; and he quite disagreed with it, though ignorant of its purport. He looked up at the funnel, and at the deck, and down the companion stairs; and then wound up by a long shake of the head as mysterious as Lord Burleigh's at the astonished man at the wheel. His mind seemed made up. He buttoned his coat up to the very chin, as if to secure himself to himself, and never opened his lips again till the vessel touched the quay at Holyhead. The captain then attempted a final apology, but it was interrupted in the middle.

'Enough said, sir, quite enough. If you've only done your duty, you've no right to beg pardon, and I've no right to ask it. All I mean to say is, here am I, in Holyhead instead of Dublin. I don't care what that fellow says, who don't understand his own right, I stick to all I said before. I have no right to be up in the moon, have I? Of course not; and I've no more right to stand on this present quay, than I have to be up in the moon!'

IRISH PATHOS.

The London and Westminster Review recently gave some amusing specimens of *Irish Humour*; from the same source are extracts below on the equally striking characteristic of the Irish character—PATHOS:

There are many melancholy aids in the country that give Pathos birth, which naturally increase its effect; but it does not need them in the same proportion that Irish humour does; it goes straight to the heart, while its opposite works on the imagination; it follows or precedes the jest with extraordinary rapidity—the smile bursts forth before the tear is dry, but its sadness is certainly augmented by witnessing the cause that produces it. There is a depth of pure and holy poetry in Irish pathos which cannot be surpassed; its metaphors are appropriate, and attack our reason by the force of their beautiful simplicity. We remember once passing by an Irish cottage on the estate of an absentee landlord, whose agent had distrained for rent; the family were of the very poor. A mother, whose husband was only recovering from the "sickness," as typhus fever is always called, staggered from beneath the doorway, not from any weakness of her own, but from her efforts to support the wreck of what had been, three years before, the finest young man in the parish. She was followed by two little children, the small remnant of her family—three had been carried to the grave by the disease from which the father was recovering; it was beautiful to see how that pale, thin, deep-eyed woman suffocated her own feelings with the affection she bore her husband.

"Don't cry after the poor place, childre dear; sure th' Almighty is above us all—and this last trouble has been sent in good time, when there's not so many of us to bear it. The could earth is heavy enough on Kathleen and Matty and Michael, or the trouble of this day would be heavier—for they were made up of feeling. Sure, my darlings, if there's power given by the landlord now, he'll not have any in the world above, and Heaven be praised for the same! Don't cry after the pig, Ellen, avourneen, what signifies it? May the little boy take the cat itself, sir?" addressing the half tipsy man who had taken the inventory of the contents of their miserable cabin. "Never heed it, my darlint, though to be sure it's only natural to like the dawshy cat that lay in his bosom all the time of his sickness. Keep up, Michael," she whispered to her husband, who, overpowered by illness and mental suffering, resisted her efforts to drag him into the high road; he glared upon the bailiff with the look of a famished tiger, so famished that it has not the power to spring upon its foe, impotent in all but the fierce and racking thirst for blood. "What signifies it? sure we'll be happier than ever by'n bye," she added, while the haggard smile upon her lips was the bitter mockery of hope. "Come away, Michael, I wonder that you wouldn't be above letting the likes of them, without a heart, see that you care about them or their goings on. Oh! where's yer pride gone?—That, and the silence together, put many a trouble over us that's known only to ourselves and the Almighty—blessed He is! He knows the troubles of the poor, and keeps their secrets. Come away, Michael! and don't let them tame Nagurs see that it's the woman that puts courage in ye!"

But the peasant heeded her not—the home affections were tugging at his heart. He kept his eyes fixed upon the furniture of his once comfortable cottage, that were dragged out previous to being carried away: he pointed to the potatoe kish which was placed upon the table—that indispensable article in which the potatoes are thrown when boiled, and which frequently, in the wilder and less civilized parts of Ireland, is used as a cradle for the "babby." "Heaven bless you!" he exclaimed to the man.

"Heaven bless you, and don't take that—it's *nothing but a kish!* it's not worth half a farthing to ye, it's falling to pieces; but it's more to me, homeless and houseless as I am, *than thousands—it's nothing but a kish,* but my eldest boy—he, thank Heaven, that's not to the fore to see his father's poverty this day—he slept in it many a long night, when the eyes of his little sister *had not gone among the bright stars of heaven,* but were here to watch over him—*it's nothing but a kish*—yet many a time little Kathleen cowered, and held up her innocent head out of it to kiss her daddy—*it's nothing but a kish*—yet many a day, *in the midst of my slavery,* have I, and my wife, and five as beautiful children *as ever stirred a man's heart in his bosom*—sat round it, and eat the praytie and salt out of it, fresh and wholesome; and when I had my *six blessings* to look on, it's little I cared for *the slavery a poor Irishman* is born to:—*it's nothing but a poor kish*—but it's been with me full, and it's been with me empty, for many a long year, *and it's used to me, it knows my troubles,* for since the bed was sold from under us, for the last gale, what else had we to keep our heads from the cold earth? For the love of Heaven, have mercy on a poor, weak, houseless man; don't take the last dumb thing he cares for—*sure it's nothing but a kish.*"

No matter for the insignificance of the object, the pathos of this is felt at once; it is hardly necessary to describe the scene or the actors therein, the words carry their own meaning with them. The trust of the poor Irish in the protecting care of the Almighty is uppermost in all their troubles; their faith in His wisdom is never shaken. When tried in a manner that would drive a Frenchman to his charcoal, and an Englishman to the river or the rope, we have seen Paddy's eyes—eyes that have ceased to feel the luxury of tears—uplifted to heaven, and heard him murmur, "Well to be sure, His will be done! He sent the sore trouble on us, but His will be done!"

During a country stroll, in one of the green *bolreens*, or little bridle roads, that intersect the country, we came, not long ago, most unexpectedly upon a love-making young couple, seated on the stump of an old tree. It was the hour of early mass, and Phelim and Peggy should have been there instead of love-making. Phelim had a self-confident, roguish aspect, that we did not quite like; but then he appeared very much in earnest, and that was something: the girl had the sweet, confiding look, which goes straight to the heart of an honourable man.—"Where's the good Phelim," she answered, to one of those appeals made with all the full, rich sweetness of the *soft Irish brogue*, interspersed with that delicious *cushla machreeing* which the translation, "*pulse of my heart,*" but feebly expresses: "where's the good of feeding up a poor girl like myself, *that never saw the sunshine of a mother's smile?* Where's the good, Phelim, of feeding her up, with false music?"

The womanly helplessness of the picture is perfected by the observation of the girl "who never saw the sunshine of a mother's smile;" and the comparison of love-making to "sweet music" is exquisite.

It may be as well to add, that the following Sunday after mass, we met Peggy, blushing to be sure, but leaning with the self-satisfied propriety and confidence of a bride upon the arm of her Phelim, whose music now had not a false note in it.

Irish words of endearment are the very soul of tenderness. "*Maourneen dheelish*" is a warm, ripe, rich expression of affection, which "My sweet darling" fails to translate. "*Tick machree,*" or "Son of my heart," is a beautiful phrase. But we could proceed, at this rate, much longer than might be interesting to our readers. We cannot refrain from mentioning the "*Keen,*" or *cry* over the dead body of those who were beloved in their life-time. The dramatic effect of the "*Keen*" is very powerful; the crowd of persons, the darkness of the death chamber, illumined only by the candles that glare upon the corpse, the murmur and repetition that runs round when the "*keen*" gives out a sentence—the deep, yet suppressed, sob of the near relatives—and the stormy, uncomfortable cry of the widow or bereaved husband, when allusion is made to the domestic virtues of the deceased, heighten its effect; but in the open air, when the funeral of a priest, or some person greatly beloved and respected, winds through a mountain pass, and the *keen*, swelled by the voice of "the people," is flung upon the mountain echoes, it has magnificent effect. Several *keens*, or "Irish death songs," are before us. We select one, which professes to be a translation from the Irish:

"Thou wast dearer to me than the rays of the declining sun; and when I turn my eyes on him, the thought of thee brings sorrow to my soul! Thou wast like him in thy youth, with the soft blush on thy cheek: like him at midday, thou shone in the splendour of manhood! But early was thy fate clouded with misfortune, and thou hast sunk beneath it; nor shalt thou rise again like him.

"Cold and silent is now thy repose!"

"Thou wast to me *as the nerve of my throbbing heart!* For thy sake only was this world dear. Thou wast brave; thou wast generous; thou wast just; thou wast loved by all! But why look back on thy virtues?—why recall those scenes to memory? They are no more to be beheld, for he whose they were has passed away; he is gone for ever, to return no more!

"Cold and silent is now thy repose!"

We remember ourselves once hearing the "*keen*" of "a brother of a boy,"—a fine brave fellow too, but who, for all that, richly deserved the fate which he escaped by being accidentally shot. Some

expressions used by the wild-looking woman, are worth recording: nor was her appearance less extraordinary than her words. A red silk handkerchief partly confined her black and shining hair, which, without such restraint, would have fallen over her shoulders; her eyes were those deep-set Irish greys, which are almost peculiar to the country, and are capable of every expression, from the bitterest hatred and the direst revenge, to the softest and warmest affection; so extraordinary were those eyes that we remember nothing of her face but them. Her long blue cloak was confined at her throat, but not so closely as to prevent the outline of her figure being seen; when she arose, as if by sudden inspiration, and tossed her arms wildly above her head, continuing the chaunt in a more earnest and animated manner, and using every variety of attitude to enforce her description of the virtues and good qualities of the deceased.

"Swift and sure was his foot," she said "on hill and valley. His shadow struck terror to his foes; he could look the sun in the face like an eagle; and the 'wheel' of his shillela through the air was fast and terrible as the lightning. There had been full and plenty in his father's house, and the traveller never left it empty; but the tyrants had taken all, except his heart's blood—and that they took at last. The girls of the mountain might cry by the running streams, and weep the flower of the country! but he would return no more. He was the last of his father's house; but his people were many, both in hill and valley, and they would revenge his death!"

A SKETCH FOUNDED ON FACT.

"Well, will they fight?"

"Fight! yes, indeed. They can't avoid it. Free love must challenge, after what has passed, and of course Henderson won't refuse, for the same reason."

"Well, there's no necessity for these things," said I, "nobody can persuade me, either of the utility or propriety of duelling. I'll never acknowledge it, nor will I ever fight."

"How would you avoid it in a case like the present?"

"I don't know yet what this is."

"Don't! Why it's all over town. Henderson went to Mrs. L's party last evening, with Miss A. In the course of the evening he went to the refreshment room, where Free love, in the midst of a crowd of gentlemen, made some remark concerning Miss A. which Henderson felt himself called upon to contradict; and he did so rather abruptly. Free love, who is quick as touch-paper, took fire directly, and gave him 'the lie.' Every one expected a row, but Henderson, after leisurely swallowing a mouthful of coffee from the cup he held, turned to Free love and said, very quietly, 'I shall not interrupt the party to give you the chastisement you deserve, but I pronounce you to be, for what you have said of Miss A. a liar and slanderer, and if you are not a coward also, you will demand the satisfaction of a gentleman; which, if you do not demand, I shall, for your language to me, give you a caning the next time I see you.' He then coolly finished his coffee and re-entered the dancing rooms, where he talked and danced all the evening as if nothing had happened. Every body thinks Free love will be shot, he's so quick and Henderson so cool. But Free love's remark was certainly most unjustifiable,—he deserves something severe. Now, how would you have gotten out of such a scrape without a challenge?"

"Knocked Free love down, to be sure."

"Then he'd have challenged you."

"Perhaps so; but why do you tell me all this so particularly?"

"Because your services as surgeon will be required on the ground. There'll be need I assure you—sharp work before they're done."

"I've no wish to witness a scene that I disapprove of, and I am unwilling—"

"Don't be hasty now. I am very anxious to have you present, for more reasons than one. Indeed you must consent to accompany us."

"To do what!—accompany you?"

"To tell the truth, then, the challenge has already passed. I am Henderson's friend, and I beg of you not to refuse. It's by Henderson's wish that I ask you. Besides, I wish you to be present for your own sake."

"How so?"

"To change your opinion of duelling."

"More likely to confirm it,—but, I'll be with you. When and where is it?"

"To-morrow morning at six—hang it, I see no use in getting up so early to be shot, but Henderson would have it so—out near T——."

We were on the ground, the morning was foggy, and our coachman had like to have lost his way and driven us two miles from the right place. A pretty story that would have been to set down to Henderson's credit. However, it luckily did not happen, and we reached the appointed spot two minutes after the opposite party. The seconds advanced immediately and entered upon their duties. There was a high, white-washed fence running along near us, which, about fifty yards off, took a short angle to the right. The ground was measured off parallel to the fence, and while this was doing, I took a look at the principals.

Free love was dressed in a blue coat, and grey pants, with a vest of black. This at once told me he was no duellist, and that his second was no better. Henderson I know to be a first rate shot and no novice in the present business. But these were not his only advantages: he was as cool and calm, as if totally unconcerned in the affair, while a glance at his opponent shewed him to be fidgeting and excited, even nervously so,—not by any means from cowardice, (for we all knew he would behave well) but from anger and his own violent disposition. Henderson was dressed entirely in black, even to his black satin shirt bosom; but his quiet air, his total unconcern, and more than all, his after conduct, forbade the supposition of his having, in this, taken advantage of his superior experience in these affairs.

It was agreed by the seconds, among other preliminaries, that the parties might fire as soon or as slow as they pleased, after the signal was given. The ground was measured, (twelve paces) the principals took their stations, and Henderson's second (to whom the throwing up of a piece of coin had allotted the privilege of giving the signal) placed himself between the combatants, sufficiently out of the line of fire to form the third angle of a triangle, while I made the triangle of a square by taking position directly opposite my friend's second, and equi-distant from either principal. The signal was given and Free love fired instantly, but missed. I turned to Henderson, who had thus risked his life for the sake, as any one would suppose, of a better aim at his antagonist. He was standing there as coolly as ever, with his pistol cocked in his hand, and as he raised his familiar weapon to a level with his opponent's breast, his dark eye all the while fixed sternly on Free love, (who, to do him justice, stood this fearful trial well) I almost involuntarily closed my eyes, for I knew his bullet would be fatal. I was mistaken. He paused a moment, then muttered to himself, loud enough though for all to hear, "who'd have thought a scoundrel could be a brave man," and then fired in the air.

Free love's face from pale became scarlet. I never saw a man so angry. "Do you call this the satisfaction of a gentleman?" shouted he furiously. "I demand another shot."

The seconds looked at each other, and at Henderson. "Certainly," said the latter, with a look of the most sovereign contempt at Free love. I now regretted having come, for I was certain one would fall, and perhaps both. Henderson's manner told me too plainly that he would not again fire in the air. But here we met an unlooked-for interruption. Two or three carriages came in view, (for it was now rapidly clearing) driving along the road at a rapid rate, and a short distance behind appeared a long train of heavy waggons. So there was no alternative but to wait for half an hour, (no pleasant idea under any circumstances in the early damp air, and rendered still more irksome by the almost certainty that we should have a corpse to carry home at the end of the time) or to change the ground. Free love's impatience at once suggested the latter. So it was determined to retire behind the sudden angle of the high white fence above mentioned.

The seconds proceeded to measure the ground afresh. And by some oversight, the former line of direction was not changed; so that now, instead of the line of fire being parallel to the fence, it was at right angles with it. The consequence of this mistake (which the experience of the seconds, Free love and myself, prevented our noticing, and which Henderson's carelessness and contempt for his opponent hindered him from observing) was, that one of the principals, Henderson, had to stand with his back to the fence.

The word was given:—"Are you ready?—One—two—three—fire!" Both pistols went off at the same moment, making but one report. Free love uttered a scream of pain that drew his second and myself immediately to his side. Henderson's ball, so true was his aim, had struck the middle fingers of his left hand, crushing them, bone and all, against the stock of his pistol, which alone saved his life. He had no other wound. The finding this out did not take two seconds, not half so long as the relating of it has, and I turned instantly to look at Henderson, who had made no noise, and whom we supposed unwounded. To my surprise he was lying motionless on the damp earth, and his second (who had at first supposed him untouched, and on seeing him fall had sprung toward him, but too late to prevent his falling,) leaning, with a horror-stricken face over the body. I was by him in a moment. His right temple was crushed in—Free love's bullet had gone through his brain—he was stone dead.

The age-like silence of a few minutes that followed, a silence of regret and agony with all concerned, was broken by the voice of a new comer. We looked up, and what was my astonishment to see young Lieutenant A. who had just arrived unexpectedly from Europe, heard the particulars of the affair and its intended settlement, and had started for the duel ground to take his sister's quarrel in his own hands, and prevent the risk of the life of his best friend—his future brother-in-law: for Miss A. and Henderson were to have been married in a month.

A's first exclamation, when he saw the corpse, was—"Merciful Heaven! can all this be reality?" But as his blanched face glanced from the body to the ground, its expression changed instantaneously. "Why, who measured off this ground?" said he, in a voice of anger and amazement. "Who placed this man dressed in black, against this white fence?—whoever did is guilty of his blood!"

A look of blank astonishment from the faces of the party, as we saw too late our fatal blunder, was his only answer. But I cannot, nor need I describe the scene that followed.

As with a slow and funeral-like procession, we drove homewards, the melancholy silence of all present was broken only once, when I observed to Henderson's second, as he sat near me, *This is my greatest objection to duelling, that in at least half the instances, the innocent are punished, and the—I will not say guilty, but those most deserving punishment, escape.*

P. S. R.

St. Louis Pennant.

SIR JOHN MOORE'S RETREAT IN SPAIN.

[The following graphic sketch is taken from the marquis of Londonderry's narrative of the war in Spain and Portugal; it relates to Sir John Moore's most disastrous and unfortunate retreat. Sir John hearing that Napoleon in person, with three distinct corps d'armée, was advancing against him, abandoned his meditated movement against Soult, and commenced a retreat in the depth of winter, in the direction of the mountains of Galicia: the triumph at Corunna was but poor compensation for the loss of the brave men sacrificed by that false movement. The horrors attendant upon war were never more vividly portrayed than in the closing part of the following extract:—*N. F. Mirror.*]

The road from Astorga to Villa Franca leads through the villages of Torre, Bonevredre, Penferrade, and over a country as much diversified, and as striking, as will be seen, perhaps, in any part of Europe. The first four or five leagues carry the traveller up one continual ascent, and along the face of the hill, steep, bare, and open; on gaining the summit of which, he arrives at the entrance of some tremendous passes, such as a thousand resolute men might easily maintain against ten times their number. These extend as far as the village of Torre, a distance of nearly three leagues; after which, the landscape becomes as magnificent as the intermingling of hill and valley, rock and mountain, wood and pasture, can render it. We, of course, beheld it under all the disadvantages of a season remarkably inclement, when the ridges were covered with deep snow, and the fields and woods little better than mere heaps of mud; yet even thus it was impossible to pass it by without feelings of the liveliest admiration, and a strong regret that it had not been our fortune to wander here when the forests were in full leaf, and the green hills in their glory. But it was not from its temporary bleakness alone that a scene like that around us stirred such a strange commingling of pleasurable and painful sensations. The condition of the army was at this time a most melancholy one; the rain came down upon us in torrents; men and horses were foundering at every step; the former fairly worn out through fatigue and want of nutriment, the latter sinking under their loads, and dying upon the spot. Nor was it only among the baggage animals that an absolute inability to proceed farther began to show itself; the shoes of the cavalry horses dropped off, and the horses themselves soon became useless. It was a sad spectacle to see these fine creatures urged and goaded on till their strength failed them, and then shot to death by their riders, in order to prevent them from falling into the hands of the enemy. Then again the few ammunition waggons which had hitherto kept up, fell one by one to the rear; the ammunition was immediately destroyed, and the wagons abandoned. Thus were misfortunes accumulating upon us as we proceeded; and it appeared extremely improbable, should our present system of forced marches be persisted in, that one half of the army would ever reach the coast.

The country became from this point (Villa Franca) such as to render cavalry of no avail. It was universally steep, rocky, precipitous, and covered with wood; and in the few spots where it was otherwise, too much enclosed with vineyards and mulberry plantations, to allow even a squadron of horse to form up or act. The cavalry were accordingly sent on at once to Lugo, whither the infantry and artillery followed, as fast as extreme exhaustion, and the nature of the road by which they travelled, would allow. But they followed both painfully and slowly; for though as many as forty miles were performed in one march, that march comprehended not the day only, but the night also. This was more than men, reduced to the low ebb to which our soldiers had fallen, could endure. They dropped down by whole sections on the way-side, and died, some with curses, others with the voice of prayer, in their mouths. It was dreadful likewise to know that not men only, but women and children, were subjected to this miserable fate. By some strange neglect, or by the indulgence of a mistaken humanity, Sir John Moore's army had carried along with it more than the too large proportion of women allotted, by the rules of our service, to armies in the field; and these poor wretches were now heightening the horrors of passing events, by a display of suffering even more acute than that endured by their husbands. They carrying, perhaps, each of them, two children on their back, would toil on, and when they came to look to the condition of their precious burdens, they would find one or both frozen to death. Then the depth of moral degradation to which they sink; their oaths and cries uttered under the influence of intoxication, were hardly less appalling than the groans which burst from them, as all hope of aid abandoned them, and they sat down to die. I am well aware that the horrors of this retreat have been again and again described in terms calculated to freeze the blood of such who read them; but I have no hesitation in saying that the most harrowing accounts which have yet been laid before the public, fall short of the reality."

SCRAPS FROM LATE PAPERS.

LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT.

Silence broods o'er the mighty Babylon,
And Darkness, his twin brother, with him keeps
His solemn watch; the wearied city sleeps,
And Solitude, strange contrast! muses on
The fate of man, there, whence the crowd anon
Will scare her with life's tumult! the great deeps
Of human thought are stirless, yet there creeps,
As 'twere, a far-off hum, scarce heard, then gone,
On the still air; it is the beating of
The mighty heart, which, shortly, from its sleep
Shall start refreshed. Oh, Thou who rul'st above,
Be with it in its dreams, and let it keep
Awake, the spirit of pure peace and love,
Which thou breath'st thro' it now, so still and deep!

LEGNOR.—I take great delight in watching the changes of the atmosphere here, and the growth of the thunder showers with which the moon is often overshadowed, and which break and fade away towards evening into flocks of delicate clouds. Our fire-flies are fading away fast; but there is the planet Jupiter who rises majestically over the rift in the forest-covered mountains to the south, and the pale summer lightning which is spread out every night, at intervals, over the sky. No doubt Providence has contrived these things, that, when the fire-flies go out, the low-flying owl may find a home.—*Shelley.*

VENICE.—Venice is a wonderfully fine city. The approach to it over the Laguna, with its domes and turrets glittering in a long line over the blue waves, is one of the finest architectural delusions in the world. It seems to have—and literally it has—its foundations in the sea. The silent streets are paved with water, and you hear nothing but the dashing of oars and the occasional cries of the gondolieri. I heard nothing of Tasso. The gondolas themselves are things of a most romantic and picturesque appearance. They are hung with black, and painted black, and carpeted with gray; they curl at the prow and stern, and at the former there is a nondescript beak of shining steel, which glitters at the end of its long black mass.—*Ibid.*

THE TOMBS OF POMPEII.—On each side of the road beyond the gate are built the tombs. How unlike ours! They seem not so much hiding-places for that which must decay, as voluptuous chambers for immortal spirits! They are of marble, radiantly white; and two, especially, are loaded with exquisite bas-reliefs. These tombs were the most impressive things of all. The wild woods surround them on each side; and along the broad stones of the paved road which divides them, you hear the late leaves of autumn shiver and rustle in the stream of the inconstant wind, as it were, like the step of ghosts. The radiance and magnificence of these dwellings of the dead, the white freshness of the scarcely finished marble, the impassioned or imaginative life of the figures which adorn them, contrast strangely with the simplicity of the homes of those who were living when Vesuvius overwhelmed them.—*Ibid.*

LIFE ON MOUNTAINS.—Upon the tops of mountains, the air being subtle and pure, we respire with greater freedom, our bodies are more active, our minds more serene, our pleasures less ardent, and our passions much more moderate. Our meditations acquire a degree of sublimity from the grandeur of the objects around us. It seems as if, being lifted above all human society, we had left every low terrestrial sentiment behind; and that, as we approach the ethereal regions, the soul imbibes something of their eternal purity. One is grave without being melancholy, peaceful but not indolent, pensive yet contented; our desires lose their violence, and leave only a gentle emotion in our hearts. Thus, the passions which in the lower world are man's greatest torment, in happier climates contribute to his felicity. I doubt much whether any violent agitation, or vapours of the mind, could hold out against such a situation, and I am surprised that a bath of the reviving and wholesome air of the mountains is not frequently prescribed, both by physic and morality.

DR. ARNE'S DEATH.—The manner of Dr. Arne's death was very singular. The day after his decease his intimate friend, Vernon, the favourite singing actor of Drury-Lane Theatre, came into the music room, and in my presence described it as follows: "I was talking on the subject of music with the doctor, who suffered much from exhaustion, when, in attempting to illustrate what he had advanced, he in a very feeble and tremulous voice sung part of an air, during which he became progressively more faint, until he breathed his last! making, as our immortal Shakspeare expresses it, 'a swan-like end, fading in music.'"

A BENEVOLENT SINGER.—We find the following anecdote in the last number of the "Gazette Musicale":—The principal singer of the great theatre at Lyons, one day lately observed a poor woman, with her four children, begging in the street. Her decent and respectable appearance, in the midst of extreme poverty, interested the kind-hearted vocalist. He desired the poor woman to follow him into the Place Bellour, where, placing himself in a corner, with his back to the wall, his head covered with his handkerchief, and his hat at his feet, he began to sing his most favourite opera airs. The beauty of his voice drew a crowd round; the

idea of some mystery stimulated the generosity of the by-standers, and five-franc pieces fell in showers into the hat. When the singer, who had thus, in the goodness of his heart, transformed himself into a street minstrel, thought he had got enough, he took up the hat, emptied its contents into the apron of the poor woman, who stood motionless with amazement and happiness, and disappeared among the crowd. His talent, however, betrayed him, though his face was concealed; the story spread, and the next evening, when he appeared on the stage, shouts of applause from all parts of the house, proved (says the French journalist) that a good action is never thrown away.

PRINCE SAUNDERS.—The Attorney General of the republic of Hayti, and the author of the "Criminal Code" of that country, was one of the most remarkable persons of the time. He was a coloured man, of excellent education, correct life, and extraordinary capacities. He was born in Thetford, Vt. and emigrated to Hayti in 1807, where, immediately after his arrival, he was employed by Christophe, to improve the state of education in his dominions, and to visit England to procure means of instruction. In the British capital he was introduced into the society of the nobility, and made his home with Sir Joseph Banks, then president of the Royal Society. The result of his mission not being satisfactory to the king, he left Hayti and returned to the United States, where he studied divinity, and was settled over a religious society in Philadelphia. Returning, after a few years, to Hayti, he was received with favour, and actively engaged in the public service until his death, on the twelfth of February.

ZERAH COLBURN.—This "sometimes wonder of the world" died at Norwich, Vt. on the third day of May, aged thirty-five. His father was an uneducated man in indigent circumstances, in the eastern part of that state. When young Colburn was about six years old he began to exhibit those powers of arithmetical computation which brought him into general notoriety, and excited the interest of the learned throughout this country and Europe. After having been examined by several distinguished persons in Vermont, to whom his extraordinary capacities were as incomprehensible as they were to himself, he was taken to Boston, where several gentlemen proposed to raise a fund to be expended in his education. They were unable, however, to satisfy the cupidity of his father, who, after having exhibited him in most of the large towns of the United States, embarked with him for England, where he arrived in May, 1812. His talent for mental arithmetic was so extraordinary, that it would be wholly incredible were it not supported by the most unquestionable testimony. He travelled through England, Scotland and France, and returned to London in 1824, at which time his father died, leaving him extremely poor, but independent of control. Aided by the generosity of the Earl of Bristol, he returned to the United States, where he studied divinity, was ordained a minister of the methodist episcopal church, and in 1835 received the appointment of professor in Norwich University. He lost, some time before he left England, his mathematical capacity, and was subsequently no way distinguished for scholarship or eloquence. He is said to be a man of exemplary character and unassuming manners.

PRINCESS MARIE OF WURTEMBERG.—Marie, eldest daughter of Louis Philippe, king of France, and wife of the duke of Wurtemberg, died at Pisa, in Tuscany, on the second day of January. On hearing of her demise, her mother is said to have exclaimed, "My God! I have a daughter less and thou an angel more!" She was remarkable for all the virtues that adorn her sex, and wrote her name in history, by the production of many works of art, which are worthy to be placed beside those of the best masters of modern times. As a sculptor her reputation was equal to that of Baily, Greenough, or Gibson. She executed statues of her parents, and of other eminent persons in France, and left in the royal gallery at Versailles, among other works, "The Chivalier Bayard, dying," and "Jeanne d'Arc." Her paintings adorn several churches in Paris.

THE GRIEF OF THE RICH AND THE GRIEF OF THE POOR.—Among the affluent there is sometimes a luxury of grief which is altogether unknown to the poor. There is such a thing as a pampered sorrow which the heart cherishes without being aware of its own selfish enjoyment. Indolent, perhaps, and called to the discharge of no duties, the mourners give themselves up to the indulgence of feelings which are known to be natural, and which they conceive of as amiable, till the remembrance of the loss sustained becomes evidently fainter and fainter in a mind still surrounded with the comforts and blessings of life; and at last the afflicted return to their usual avocations without having undergone much real or soul-searching and heart-humbling distress. But in the abodes of poverty there is no room, no leisure, for such indulgence. On the very day that death smites a dear object the living are called by necessity, not to lie down and weep, but to rise up and work. The daily meal must be set out by their own hands, although there is in the house one cold mouth to be fed no more; and, in the midst of occupations needful for them who survive, must preparations be made for returning, decently, dust to dust. This is real sorrow and suffering; but, although sharp, the soul is framed to sustain it;—and sighing and sobbing, weeping and wailing, groans heaved in wilful impiety, outcries to a cruel Heaven, and the delirious tearing of hair—these are not the shows of grief which nature exhibits on the earthen floors and beneath the smoky rafters of the

house of the poor. The great and eternal law of death is executed there in an awful silence; and then the survivors go, each his way, upon his own especial duty, which is marked out to him, and which he must perform, or perhaps he and the family utterly perish.—*Trials of Margaret Lyndsay.*

In the "Persian Tales" there is a story of an atrocious Khan of the Tartars, who, having heard that the Son of the Sun and the Moon had spoken something of him not much to the purpose, sent word to his celestial highness that he required a sum of money in satisfaction. The Son of the Sun and the Moon called his mandarins, and it was resolved thus:—"The Son of the Sun and the Moon may say any thing he pleases of any body. Let it be a decree!" The Khan, however, was determined to have his account settled on better terms than these, and attacked the subjects of his celestial highness without mercy; whereupon the mandarins were again called, and they resolved, in like manner, thus:—"If the Khan proceeds further, he and all his people shall be put in the stocks. Let it be a decree!" The Khan, nevertheless, did proceed; and while the Son of the Sun and the Moon was down in the country, laid his hand upon sufficient to meet his demand. Some disloyal knaves said that his celestial highness had stopped out of the way, because he was afraid that he had got into an ugly business after all; but, be that as it may, without calling the mandarins, he wrote with his own hand—"As the Khan has paid himself, there is an end of the matter; let it be a decree!" and he forthwith sent a trusty servant in the dark to ransom the plunder out of the Khan's hands.

A CONVENT IN LONDON.—In the lower part of Bermondsey, just before reaching Rotherhithe, there has lately been erected a nunnery, to which a Roman Catholic chaplain is attached. The building is surrounded by a high brick wall. It is built in the ancient Gothic style of architecture, and is said to be an imitation of a celebrated establishment of the kind near Madrid.

HARBOUR OF REFUGE.—It is understood that her Majesty's government have approved of the Report of the Commissioners of Survey appointed by the Admiralty to examine the coast, for the purpose of forming "Harbours of Refuge" for her Majesty's steamers and other vessels; and that Margate and Rye have been definitively resolved upon. The works are to be commenced early in the ensuing spring.

PORTRAIT OF MEMEMET ALI.—A PEN-AND-INK SKETCH, BY HORACE VERNET.—Mehemet is small in stature, his beard is white, his face dark, his skin tanned, his eye vivid, his movements quick, his speech abrupt, his air sarcastic and *spirituel*. He laughs freely when he has launched some sarcasm—a pleasure which he gave himself freely in our presence, and always when the conversation turned on politics.

DEATH FROM A SLIGHT CAUSE.—On Wednesday an inquest was held before Mr. Baker, on the body of a female child, who died in consequence of her brother having, by accident, run a fork into her arm. She concealed the circumstance to save him from punishment, and an abscess forming, caused her death.

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE FRENCH COLONIES.—The *Temps* says that, in virtue of the ordonnance regulating the employment of the 65,000*l.* voted by the Chambers for the measures preparatory to the abolition of slavery in the colonies, thirty-three priests are to be sent out, and thirteen chapels are to be established.

The Earl of Ludlow has, in the most handsome manner, presented to the Duke of Bedford (late Marquis Tavistock) one hundred thousand pounds on his grace's accession to the title, accompanying the noble gift with a letter, stating that it was his intention to have left his grace that amount in his will, but he now thought it better to save the legacy duty.

There is a valley near Kentimere, in Westmoreland, where it is stated the original language of the Danish inhabitants is still retained in so high a degree of purity, that a native of Denmark, at the present time, is able to hold a ready conversation with the peasantry in his own language.

A female sailor, Mary Ann Arnold, said to be a daughter of a lieutenant of the royal navy, has been discovered doing the work of a sailor boy on board the "Robert Small," East Indiaman, now at the Cape of Good Hope. She has been a sailor, it seems, in different ships for some time, and is, now she has resumed her female attire, a pretty girl of fifteen.

The third Book of Milton entire, and a selection of the Odes of Horace, were on Wednesday recited by the boys of the upper sixth class of King's College School, in the theatre, and in the presence of the principal and a numerous assembly.

Miss Innes, of Stow, died at Edinburgh on Saturday; her fortune was calculated at a million and a quarter. Her heir at-law is William Mitchell, Esq. of Parson's Green.

The other day an eagle was shot on Bodowen farm, close to Bodorgan, Anglesey. The noble bird measured from wing to wing eight feet, and from bill to claw four feet.

The Thames Tunnel is rapidly approaching towards completion, advancing at the rate of eight feet per week. On Wednesday the Duke of Buccleuch and Mr. W. Walker, civil engineer, visited the works.

There are now at least *eight clergymen of the Church of England* who are of the Hebrew nation.

On Sunday week the Rev. Mr. Storr, *rector of Otley*, baptised a female by immersion in a new baptistry, which had been made by order of the clergyman, in the vestry.

According to the second report of the House of Commons committee on railways, the number of persons conveyed on the different lines in 1838 was 5,532,825.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 21, 1840.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.—English dates have been brought down to the 20th February, by the arrival of the Great Western at New York.

Her Majesty's Marriage was solemnized on the 10th of February. The much-talked-of event was celebrated with due splendour.—Rumours of Ministerial changes received currency, but on what foundation does not appear.—The first of the Steamers for the Halifax line, the *Britannia*, was launched early in February.—Appearances of a renewal of hostilities between Mehemet Ali and the Sultan, exist.—Affairs in China had a warlike aspect.—The British had gained some further successes in India.

An article on our second page gives some highly interesting particulars of the progress of the Temperance reformation in the South of Ireland.

A Gas Company has been arranged for Halifax,—capital £20,000. Many shares have been subscribed for. A Bill for incorporating the Company passed the House of Assembly.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—Rev. Mr. O'Brien continued his subject of *Enquiry*, before the Mechanics' Institute, on last Wednesday evening. It was eloquently and learnedly treated. The Lecture room was crowded, but excellent order prevailed. The main object of the lecture was to exhibit the assistance which *Enquiry* has given to the establishment of the facts of Revelation. The Reverend Gentleman, in concluding, expressed the warm interest that he took in the Institute, as a means of *Enquiry*, and his readiness to zealously co-operate in its behalf. He also explained a passage of his former lecture, alluded to by a writer in last Pearl, and declared that he entirely agreed with that writer.

Mr. A. McKinlay President of the Institute, will lecture on *Electricity*, with numerous experiments, next Wednesday evening.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.—An hour was usefully spent, last Monday evening, in Recitations. Several of the members showed much talent in the department. One recitation, of a passage from *Ossian*, was a high treat.

Subject for next Monday evening—Should the laws of morality ever be transgressed for political purposes.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are much pleased that our correspondent Delta, has taken an answer to his former enquiry in "good part." We proceed to answer further enquiries, assuring him, that if the brevity of our remarks occasion an appearance of captiousness or hypercriticism, such by no means is our desire,—and we request of him to supply the courtesy and modesty, in his imagination, which may seem wanted.

The enquiries of Delta may be thus stated:—1st. Is a certain passage of his communication very deficient in the prosody of Blank Verse? 2nd. Is not the similarity between a certain address and one in Byron's *Manfred*, very slight and allowable?

In answer to the first, we would say, that some lines of the passage are good, and some "very deficient in the prosody of Blank Verse." Commencing at the part mentioned by himself, we may point him to the 9th, 28th, 31st, 38th, 41st and 42nd lines, the reading of which, if his ear is naturally musical, will, we think, prove our assertion, without any reference to the laws of prosody. Beside these, some other errors might be mentioned, if we were in "free conference" with the author. Respecting prosody, it should be recollected, that pauses are of much consequence in metre. Some of the objections to Delta's composition, do not apply to the metre of each line taken by itself,—but to the arrangement of the sentences, or important clauses of sentences; the construction of many of these is not musical, and their terminations break the metre of the lines, and jar, like the strain of a catch singer out of time. We will give an example of what we mean in a few extemporaneous lines:—

The moon in beauty glides: along the arch
Of summer sky the cloudlets fit: while far
Above the moveless stars hold endless watch.

Each of these lines of ten syllables, taken by itself, and without attending to the punctuation, is metrical enough. Read as they should be, music, poetry, and sense will appear most rudely handled.

An answer to Delta's second enquiry,—we agree with him, that it would be a wretched kind of criticism that would cry out "plagiarism" and "servile imitation," because some phrases in an article

were similar to phrases in any other work. Words and thoughts will often resemble what has appeared before, and no harm done; and it would be as fair to charge want of originality on a painter, because he used the colours that others used, as to blame a poet because some of his forms of expression could be found in Byron or Scott. But when an *address*, which is delivered by a moody character, to the spirit of a beloved female—has the same kind of verse, and in many instances the same forms of speech, as the address of Byron's *Manfred*, we may be excused for doubting the propriety of so close a resemblance in an *original* article: It looks too like an adaptation merely.

In conclusion, we express a confidence that Delta will pardon our plainness,—and assure him that the lines published in a late Pearl, and which he says bear a close resemblance to *Childe Harold*, were not written by the person mentioned.

The February Packet arrived off the harbour last evening,—the Dartmouth Steamer went down and brought up the Mail. She brings no news so late as that on hand.

MARRIED.

On the 5th March, by the Rev. Mr. Breare, Mr. R. Woodroffe, to Mrs. Catherine Campbell, both of Halifax.

At Portipique, 14th ult. by the Rev. George Simmons, Mr. William Hill, to Sarah, second daughter of James Spencer, Esq.

At Economy, 15th ult. by the Rev. Abel Marsh, Mr. Hugh Walker, to Rebecca Higgins.

At Upper Stewiacke, on the 7th of March, by the Rev. Mr. Burnet, Mr. Joseph McMullon, to Miss Rebecca Graham, second daughter of Mr. William Graham, Tailor, of that place.

At Economy, March 3, by the Rev. Andrew Kerr, Mr. Andrew Fulton, to Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. James Crowe.

At Economy, March 4, by the Rev. Noah B. Keelar, Capt. William Helt, to Miss Mary Ann, eldest daughter of John Barss, Esq. of Mount Shingleton.

At Five Islands, March 5, by Rev. Abel Marsh, Mr. Robert Wadman, Teacher, to Miss Martha, daughter of Joseph Corbett, Esq.

At the Gut of Canso, on the 17th Feby. by the Rev. Dugald McKiehan, Mr. John Skinner, to Miss Jane Cameron, both of that place.

DIED.

At Five Islands, on the 29th Feb. after 3 or 4 days illness, Mrs. Mary Keever, wife of Mr. James Corbett, in the 33d year of her age.

At Sydney, on Thursday the 27th ult. Mr. Andrew Sellon, of that place, aged 67 years, much regretted.

At Lower Horton, on Wednesday the 11th inst. of disease of the heart, Thomas William, son of James Hamilton, Esq. aged 33 years; he bore his sufferings with patience and resignation to the will of his heavenly Father; his many inestimable qualities endeared him to a numerous circle of relatives and acquaintances.

On Thursday morning, of a lingering illness, Mary, fourth daughter of Mr. C. Curran of Windsor, in the 21st year of her age. At Windsor, on the 11th inst. in the 43rd year of her age, Sophia, wife of Mr. Thomas McLatchy, leaving a large family and a numerous circle of friends to mourn her loss. She bore a protracted illness with much patience and died in hope of a glorious immortality.

At Chester, Dec. 12' 1839. Mrs. Ann Barbary Refus, on her passage from Chester to Wilmot about one hour before the vessel arrived.—At the same place on Feby. 4, 1840, Mr. James Smith, aged 26 years. Mr. S. was carrying a stick of green wood on his shoulder, from 7 to 9 inches in diameter, 11 feet long, his feet slipped within a few paces of his father's door, and the pole fell on his head. He expired in about 15 minutes after he was carried into the house by his bereaved parents. "How frail a thing is man."—At the same place on 5th March Dr. William Karney, aged 37 years, leaving a disconsolate widow and three children to mourn their loss. Dr. K. is much lamented by the inhabitants of Chester. He was the only regular Practitioner in that place.

NEW BOOK STORE.

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Orders from the country thankfully received and punctually attended to. A liberal reduction made from the retail prices to persons sending orders to the extent of £5; and also a discount all Cash purchases.

ARTHUR W. GODFREY.

February 22.

THE OLD ARM CHAIR.

BY ELIZA COOK.

I love it, I love it; and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize;
I've bedew'd it with tears, and embalmed it with sighs;
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
Would ye learn the spell? a mother sat there,
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I linger'd near
The hallow'd seat with list'ning ear;
And gentle words that mother would give,
To fit me to die and teach me to live.
She told me shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed and God for my guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm chair.

I sat and watched her many a day,
When her eye grew dim, and her locks were gray;
And I almost worshipp'd her when she smiled
And turn'd from her Bible to bless her child.
Years roll'd on, but the last one sped,
My idol was shatter'd, my earth-star fled;
I learnt how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in the old arm-chair.

'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow:
'Twas there she nursed me! 'twas there she died;
And memory flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

THE MEANS THAT DESTROY HEALTH.

Take, for example, a young girl who has been bred delicately in town, and shut up in a nursery in her childhood, in a boarding school through her youth, never accustomed either to air or exercise, two things that the law of God makes essential to health. She marries; her strength is inadequate to the demand upon it. Her beauty fades early; and her acquaintances lamentingly exclaim, "What a strange Providence, that a mother should be taken in the midst of life from her children!" Was it Providence? No! Providence has assigned her threescore years and ten, a term long enough to rear her children, and to see her children's children, but she did not obey the laws on which life depends, and of course she lost it. A father, too, is cut off in the midst of his days. He is a useful and distinguished citizen, and eminent in his profession. A general buzz rises on every side of "What a striking Providence!" The man has been in the habit of studying half the night, of passing his days in his office and in the courts, of eating luxurious dinners, and drinking various wines. He has every day violated the laws on which health depends. Did Providence cut him off? The evil rarely ends here. The diseases of the fathers are often transmitted; and a feeble mother rarely leaves behind her vigorous children. It has been customary, in some of our cities, for young ladies to walk in thin shoes and delicate stockings in mid-winter. A healthy, blooming young girl, thus dressed in violation of heaven's laws, pays the penalty: a checked circulation, cold, fever, and death. "What a sad Providence!" exclaim her friends. Was it Providence or her own folly? A beautiful young bride goes night after night to parties made in honour of her marriage. She has a slightly sore throat, perhaps, and the weather is inclement; but she must wear her neck and arms bare: for who ever saw a bride in a close evening dress? She is consequently seized with an inflammation of the lungs, and the grave receives her before her bridal days are over. "What a Providence!" exclaims the world, "cut off in the midst of happiness and hopes!" Alas! did she not cut the thread of life herself? A girl in the country, exposed to our changeful climate, gets a new bonnet, instead of getting a flannel garment. A rheumatism is the consequence. Should a girl sit down tranquilly with the idea that Providence has sent the rheumatism upon her, or should she charge it on her own vanity, and avoid the folly in future? Look, my young friends, at the mass of diseases that are incurred by intemperance in eating or drinking, or in study, or in business; by neglect of exercise, cleanliness, pure air; by indiscreet dressing, tight lacing, &c. and all is quietly imputed to Providence! Is there not impiety as well as ignorance in this? Were the physical laws strictly observed from generation to generation, there would be an end to the frightful diseases that cut short life, and most of the long maladies that make life a torment or a trial. It is the opinion of those who best understand the physical system, that this wonderful machine, the body, this "godly temple," would gradually decay, and men would die, as a few now do die, as if falling to sleep.

Simplicity and Temperance are of vast consequence in every state and circumstance of life.

THE PHANTOM PORTRAIT.

The story is thoroughly German, and was related—as here given—by a German scholar to Coleridge.

A stranger came recommended to a merchant's house at Lubeck. He was hospitably received, but the house being full, he was lodged at night in an apartment handsomely furnished, but not often used. There was nothing that struck him particularly in the room when left alone, till he happened to cast his eyes upon a picture, which immediately arrested his attention. It was a single head; but there was something so uncommon, so frightful and unearthly, in its expression, though by no means ugly, that he found himself irresistibly attracted to look at it. In fact, he could not tear himself from the fascination of this portrait, till his imagination was filled by it, and his rest broken. He retired to bed, dreamed, and awoke from time to time with the head glaring on him. In the morning, his host saw by his looks that he had slept ill, and inquired the cause, which was told. The master of the house was much vexed, and said that the picture ought to have been removed; that it was an oversight, and that it always was removed when the chamber was used. The picture, he said, was indeed terrible to every one; but it was so fine, and had come into the family in so curious a way, that he could not make up his mind to part with it or destroy it. The story of it was this;—"My father," said he, "was at Hamburg on business, and while dining at a coffee house, he observed a young man of a remarkable appearance enter, seat himself alone in a corner, and commence a solitary meal. His countenance bespoke the extreme of mental distress, and every now and then he turned his head quickly round, as if he heard something; then shudder, grow pale, and go on with his meal, after an effort, as before. My father saw this same man at the same place for two or three successive days, and, at length, become so much interested about him, that he spoke to him. The address was not repulsed, and the stranger seemed to find some comfort in the tone of sympathy and kindness which my father used. He was an Italian, well informed, poor, but not destitute, and living economically upon the profits of his art as a painter. Their intimacy increased, and at length the Italian, seeing my father's involuntary emotion at his convulsive turnings and shudders, which continued as formerly, interrupting their conversation from time to time, told him his story. He was a native of Rome, and had lived in some familiarity with, and been much patronized by, a young nobleman; but upon some slight occasion they had fallen out, and his patron, beside using many reproachful expressions, had struck him. The painter brooded over the disgrace of the blow. He could not challenge the nobleman, on account of his rank; he therefore watched for an opportunity, and assassinated him. Of course he fled from his country, and finally had reached Hamburg. He had not, however, passed many weeks from the night of the murder, before one day, in the crowded street, he heard his name called by a voice familiar to him: he turned short round, and saw the face of his victim looking at him with fixed eye. From that moment he had no peace; at all hours, in all places, and amidst all companies, however engaged he might be, he heard the voice, and could never help looking round, and, whenever he so looked round, he always encountered the same face staring close upon him. At last, in a mood of desperation, he had fixed himself face to face, and eye to eye, and deliberately drawn the phantom vi-age as it glared upon him; and this was the picture so drawn. The Italian said he had struggled long, but life was a burden which he could now no longer bear; and he was resolved, when he had made money enough to return to Rome, to surrender himself to justice, and expiate his crime on the scaffold. He gave the finished picture to my father, in return for the kindness which he had shown to him.

EMPLOYMENT OF RUSSIAN LADIES.—Many ladies employ a number of girls, generally the children of household servants, in embroidering and making all kinds of fancy work, which they execute most beautifully, and which their mistress sells, receiving orders for it, as is common in charity schools in England. In a house where we were visiting some time ago, we were shown a shawl with corners and borders of a most beautiful pattern of flowers, in brilliant colours, which had been entirely made at home, by a young girl, who brought it in to exhibit it, and who was then employed upon another which we saw in progress. Eved the wool, the colours of which were admirable, had been dyed in the house. The shawl was valued at fifteen hundred roubles, about sixty two pounds, it had occupied the girl who made it about a year and a half. In almost every house some art is carried on, useful or ornamental, and women are employed in spinning, weaving, knitting, carpet-making, &c.; for the raw material in Russia is worth little, and the manufactured article alone is valuable in the market. The ladies of England, "who live at home at ease," little know the disagreeable and troublesome duties of inspection and correction, which often devolve upon the mistress of a family in Russia, from all the various branches of domestic industry which she is obliged to superintend.

TIPPOO SULTAN'S DEATH.—This triumph decided the fate of Tippo's capital and kingdom. Fresh troops now entered through the breach, while death continued to sweep the streets of the city and walls of the fortress with its desolating arm. Finding further efforts useless, Tippo withdrew with a few followers towards the

inner fort, and, as he passed along slowly, complained of a pain in one of his legs, in which he had once received a wound. Here he was informed that his favourite officer, Meer Goffar, to whom he had sent orders to keep a strict watch, was slain; to which he only replied, "Well, Meer Goffar was never afraid of death." Pursuing his way still onward to the gate of the fort, he there received a musket ball in his right side, and passing under the gateway, where his advance was interrupted by the fire of the 12th Light Infantry, he was wounded a second time, the ball entering his side near to the other. His horse having also received a fatal wound, sunk beneath him, and he was now removed to his palanquin, which had been laid at one side of the entrance way. Here, as he lay, a broken-hearted and expiring captive at his palace gate, a passing soldier was attracted by the brilliancy of his girdle, and attempted to pull it away; but the haughty chieftain, summoning all the powers of life that would obey his call, cut at the plunderer and wounded him in the knee. The savage immediately raised his piece, and discharged his piece into the fevered brain of the Sultan of Mysore.—*Wright's Life of Wellington.*

APHORISMS.

A poet ought not to pick nature's pocket; let him borrow, and so borrow as to repay by the very act of borrowing. Examine nature accurately, but write from recollection; and trust more to your imagination than to your memory.

Really, the metre of some of the modern poems I have read, bears about the same relation to metre properly understood, that dumb-bells do to music; both are for exercise, and pretty severe, too, I think.

Sympathy constitutes friendship; but in love there is a sort of antipathy or opposing passion. Each strives to be the other, and both together make up one whole.

Know that nothing is trifling in the hand of genius, and that importance itself becomes a bauble in that of mediocrity;—The shepherd's staff of Paris, would have been an engine of death in the grasp of Achilles: the ashen spear of Peleus could only have dropped from the effeminate fingers of the curled archer.

Some enter the gates of art with golden keys, and take their seats with dignity among the demi-gods 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.

He who pretends to have sacrificed genius to the pursuits of interest or fashion; and he who wants to persuade you he has indisputable titles to a crown, but chooses to wave them for the emoluments of a partnership in trade, deserve equal belief.

Sensibility is the mother of sympathy. How shall he fill the eye with the dew of humanity, whose own never shed a tear for others?

Nothing ever left a stain on that gentle creature's mind, which looked upon the degraded men and things around him like moonshine on a dunghill, which shines and takes no pollution. All things are shadows to him, except those which moves his affections.

THE MAJORITY MUST GOVERN.—The old saying that "the majority must govern," was practically illustrated a short time since in a theatre in Germany. The audience consisted only of seven persons, and taking offence at the miserable acting of one of the performers, they hissed him off the stage. By way of retaliation, the manager brought out the "whole strength of his company," and in turn hissed the audience out of the house!

Some fruits, and those in many instances the most noble, require a longer time than others for their formation and maturity, to instruct us; that this is the case also with some virtues, the more excellent of which are more slow and tardy in their growth and progress to perfection, in proportion as their character and quality are of a higher and more distinguished order.

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