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GOLGONIA

A VOLUME DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND RELIGION.

Published ebery Friday ebening, at 175. 60. per Annum.

FRIDAY EVENING, AUGUST 30, 1839.

NUMBER THIRTY-FIVE.

From the Quarterly Review. OLIVER TWIST.

VOLUME THREE.

Boz is a truly national author-English to the backbone. His countrymen, high and low, are all influenced by a lurking prestige in favour of a wild, adventurous, Robin Hood life: we imbibe it in the ballads of our youth; it is the remnant of the Anglo-Saxon resistance against a Norman invader.

Life in London as revealed in the pages of Boz, opens a new world to thousands bred and born in the same city, whose palaces overshadow their cellars-for the one half of mankind lives without knowing how the other half dies: in fact, the regions about Saffron Hill are less known to our great world than the Oxford Tracts; the inhabitants are still less; they are as human, at least to all appearance as are the Esquimaux or the Russians, and probably (though the Zoological Society will not vouch for it) endowed with souls; but, whether souled or not souled, they are too far beneath the higher classes to endanger any loss of caste or contamination in the inquiry. Secure in their own position, these really enjoy Boz; they have none of the vulgarity of the centre gauche, who cut human nature unless perfectly comme il faut, who would not demean themselves with Boz or his 'horribly low, book, who set their affection on higher objects-while their superiors, in the aping of whom they become ridiculous, have naturally the opposite tendency to look downwards from their meridian.

Boz fills the print-shops—Boz furnishes subjects to playwrights and farce writers; he is the play himself, now that brutes feed where Garrick trod; he brings home to us tragedy, comedy, and farce; the mountain comes to Mahomet, to us in our easy chairs, by our fires, and wives' sides, unpoisoned by the gas and galleries, unheadached by the music and bill of the play. Boz, like Byron, has his imitators : since the increasing demand for the Nickleby article, Boz, not being protected by patent like Mackintosh, has been pirated; cuckoos lay their eggs in his nest; countless are the Factory-Boys which Mrs. Trollope has turned loose; even history becomes Pickwickian; Gurwood, cut like Romeo into small shooting stars, despatches majors and minors, Scott and lot, all aiming at the life of England's Duke, which we hope (notwithstanding he has escaped a hundred victories) is still insured. These biographers run shilling handicaps, the more subscribers the better-nos numeri sumus. Whatever may be the merit of these imitations, for which we are not now looking, the strength of Boz consists in his originality, in his observation of character, his humour-on which he never dwells. He leaves a good thing alone, like Curacoa, and does not dilute it; wit, which is not taught in know the conventional value of these symbols of ideas, although Gower Street, drops out of his mouth as naturally as pearls and we do not understand the lingo like Boz, who has it at his fingers'diamonds in the fairy tale; the vein is rich, racy, sparkling, and ||ends. We are amused with the comicality, in spite of our regoodnatured-never savage, sarcastic, malevolent, nor misanthropic; always well placed and directed against the odious, against purse-pride insolence, and the abuse of brief authority. Boz never ridicules the poor, the humble, the ill-used; he spares to real sorrow 'the bitterest insult of a scornful jest;' his sympathies are not be tolerated. This is the great objection which we feel to-measuring others by his own innocence; delicate and high-mindon the right side and carry his readers with him. Though dealing wards Oliver Twist. It deals with the outcasts of humantiy, who ed, affectionate, noble, brave, generous, with the manners of a with the dregs of society, he is never indelicate, indecent, nor irreligious; he never approves nor countenances the gross, the immoral, or offensive: he but holds these vices up in a pillory, as a warning of disgrace of criminal excess. Boz, like the bee, buzzes amid honey without clogging his wings; he handles pitch charmingly; the tips of the thumb and fore-finger of the cigaresque senoras of Paraguay are infinitely-more discoloured. He tells a tale of real crushing misery in plain, and therefore most effective, language; he never then indulges in false sentimentality, or mawkish, far-fetched verbiage. Fagin, Sikes, and the dog especially, are always in their proper and natural places, always speaking, generous ideas, when expressed in low and mean terms, become barking, and acting exactly as they would have done, and, as ludicrous from the contrast and incongruity. But the base vehifar as we are able to judge, with every appearance of truth. Bez sketches localities, particularly in Lendon, with marvellous effect; thus alone gain admission. The jests and jeers of the 'slangers' he concentrates with the power of a camera lucida. Born with an leave a sting behind them. They corrupt pure taste and pervert organic bump for distinct observation of men and things, he sees with the eye, and writes with the pen of an artist—we mean with artistical skill, and not as artists write. He translates nature and ashamed to put it into practice. Thes Dodgers and Sikes break life. The identical landscape or occurrence, when reduced on one sheet, will interest and astonish those who had before seen with at least, are unfettered by grammer. Boz is no reader of Aristotleeyes, that saw not, and heard with ears that heard not, on whom previously the general incident had produced no definite effect. Boz sets before us in a strong light the water standing in the orphan's eye, the condemned prisoner, the iron entering into his son!. This individuality arrests, for our feelings for human suffering in the pardonable in tragedy-where persons, not events, excits. We Mr. Bentley's ducats-if he aspires to something better than beaggregate are vague, erratic, and undefined. He collects them foresee the thunder-cloud over Œdipus and the Master of Ra-ling made a show of for a season or two-let him alike shape Mac-

stood by the mass, even by the irrational 'masses,' however they even on reperusal, by our perfect knowledge of the catastrophe; may be ignorant of the real causes and appropriate remedies. A general wrong, a poll-tax, will be borne without resistance, a particular outrage shown to the daughter of Wat Tyler came home to the clenched fists of a million fathers; for private feelings pave the way to public outbreaks. Death, again, as an abstract idea, is a thing for declamation. Boz gives the newly-dug grave, the rope grating when withdrawn from under the lowered coffin, and the hollow sound from the shovelful of earth thrown in. The nearer we approach to the corpse, the more appalling is death. The circumstantiality of the murder of Nancy is more harrowing than the bulletin of 50,000 men killed at Borodino. Bloodshed in midday sacre. comes home to our peaceful threshold, it shocks the order of things; it occurs amid life. Wholesale carnage, battle's own daughter, is what we expect, and is gilded with glory and victory, not visited by shame and punishment.

Boz fails whenever he attempts to write for effect; his descriptions of rural felicity and country scenery, of which he clearly knows much less than of London, where he is quite at home and wide awake, are, except when comical, over-laboured and out of nature. His 'gentle and genteel folks' are unendurable; they are devoid of the grace, repose, and ease of good society; a something between Cheltenham and New York. They and their extreme propriety of ill-bred good-breeding are (at least we hope so) altogether the misconceptions of our author's uninitiated imagination, mystified by the inanities of the kid-glove Novelists. Boz is, nevertheless, never vulgar when treating on subjects which ar avoidably vulgar. He deals truly with human nature, which never can degrade; he takes up everything, good, bad, or indifferent, which he works up into a rich al luvial deposit. He is natural, and that never can be ridiculous. He is never guilty of the two common extremes of second-rate authors—the one a pretension of intimate acquaintance with the inner life of Grosvenor Square—the other an affected ignorance of the doings, and a sneering at the bad dinners, of Bloomsburyhe leaves that for people to whom such dinners would be an unusual feast.

Boz is regius professor of slang, that expression of the motherwit, the low humour of the lower classes, their Sanscrit, their hitherto unknown tongue, which, in the present phasis of society and politics, seems like to become the idiom of England. Where drabs, house-breakers, and tavern-spouting patriots play the first ideas and habits. In order fully to enjoy their force, we must do their dirty work in work, pot, and watch houses, to finish on the Newgate drop.

The happy ignorance of innocence is disregarded. Our youth should not even suspect the possibility of such hidden depths of guilt, for their tender memories are wax to receive and marble to retain. These insamies seed the innate evil principle, which luxuriates in the supernatural and horrid, the dread and delight of our childhood, which is never shaken off, for no man entirely outlives the nursery. We object to the familiarising our ingenuous youth with 'slang;' it is based in travestie of better things. Noble and cle conveys too frequently opinions and sentiments which could morality, for vice loses shame when treated as a fool-born joke. and those who are not ashamed to tell of a thing will not be long into our Johnsons, rob the queen's lawful current English; they,

> 'Laws his Pindaric parents minded not, For Boz was tragi-comically got.'

His fable or plot, is devoid of art. This, a fault in comedy, is into one burning focus; a practical oppression is perfectly under- venswood without decrease of interest, which is not diminished Sikes and his gin-bottle. Miss Nancy and my Lady Matida's sple-

but Boz must remember that he is not in the high tragedy line, which deals more in the expression of elevated persons and thoughts, in an elevated manner, than in the mere contrast of situations and events; and make a better story next time. He should 3. also avoid, in future, all attempts at pure pathos-on which he never ventures without reminding us of Sterne, and of his own immense inferiority to that master. Let him stick to his native vein of the serio-comic, and blend humour with pathos. He shines in this: his fun sets off his horrors as effectually as a Frenchman's gravity in a quadrille does his levity in an emeute, or a mas-

He appears to propose to himself in all his works some definite abuse to be assailed. Thus Pickwick, the investigator of 'thtlebats,' sallaying forth with his disciples on knight-erratic discoveries, conveys a good-humoured satire on the meetings of those peripatetic philosophers, who star, sectionise, and eat turtle in the commercial towns, making fools of themselves, throwing a ridicale over science, and unsettling country gentlemen from their legitimate studies of poor, poachers, and turnpikes. Buzfuz and tomata-sauce are a fair exposition of the brow-beating system of our courts of injustice; the verdict dees honour to trial by jury, Nickleby is aimed, primarily, at those cheap seminaries where starvation is taught gratis, and which we fear were too common throughout England; and we rejoice to hear that the exposure has already put down many infant bastilles. We fear, however, that no Nickleby will reform the weak, vacillating Verisophts, or the griping, spider-like pettifoggers; for where there is carrion there will be kites. The poor-creature tribe of dandies (of which Boz has a most imperfect and conventional idea) would otherwise have been created in vain. The destiny of rivers, according to Brindley, was to feed navigable canals; that of the harmless exquisites is to eat Crocky's entrees, and to be eaten up by blacklegs, Opera-dancers, their own conceit, their valets, and usurious attorneys.

Oliver Twist, again, is directed against the poor-law and workhouse system, and in our opinion with much unfairness. The abuses which he ridicules are not only exaggerated, but in nineteen cases out of twenty do not at all exist. Boz so rarely mixes up politics, or panders to vulgar prejudices about serious things. that we regret to see him joining in an outcry which is partly factious, partly sentimental, partly interested. The besetting sin fiddle, they can only speak the language which expresses their of 'white-waistcoated' guardians is profusion, not parsimony; and this always must be the case where persons have to be charitable out of funds to which individually they are small contri-

The whole tale rivals in improbabilities those stories in which pugnance that the decent veil over human guilt and infirmities the hero at his birth is cursed by a wicked fairy and protected by should be withdrawn; we grieve that the deformity of nakedness a good one; but Oliver himself, to whom all these improbabishould not only be exhibited to the rising generation, but rendered lities happen, is the most improbable of all. He is representagreeable by the undeniable drollery; a coarse transcript would ed to be a pattern of modern excellence, guileless himself, and son of a most distinguished gentleman, not only uncorrupted but incorruptible: less absurd would it be to expect to gather grapes on thorns, to find pearls in dunghills, violets in Drury Lane, or make silk purses of sows' ears. Boz, in his accurate representation of Noah Claypole, shows that he knows how much ensier the evil principle is developed than the good. He draws the certain effects of certain causes. Workhouse boys are not born with original virtue; nor was any one except Daniel exposed to will beasts without being eaten up. We are not afraid that the rational portion of Boz's readers may be misled by examples which they know never did and never can exist in reality, and which they persume were invented in order to exaggerate the pathos, and throw by contrast an additional horsor on vice: yet the numerical majority of the young, and of the lower orders—(for whom books in shilling Numbers have the appearance of being mainly designed)-judge from feelings, and are fascinated by the brilliant fallacies which reach the head through the heart.

One word of farewell to our pleasant Boz. We warn him like the weird sisters—beware of the worst cockneyism—that of Mayfair : eschew mawkish, unmanly sentimentalism : beware de pseudo-Byrons, of men without cravats or principles, whose rude. false, sensual, ungenerous hearts are poorly concealed beneath golden chains and speckled waistcoats, men more truly vulgar than any Bates or Dodger. If Boz values his fair fame more than and cooks, wherewith to sharpen his intellect and refine his taste. in from the field together with his two sons. When they were than thyself. If Boz neglects these hints, then, as Sam Slick says, 'He don't all assembled Bartley, in a simple earnest manner, addressed know the valy of his diamond.'

SELF DEVOTION.

Humble life! how many beautiful and noble virtues spring up unnoticed and unknown in the midst of thee! What rank of society could produce an instance of loftier self-denial, for a more touching purpose, than the self devotion of Bartley O' Reilly?

The farm-house of Shawn Butler lay almost in a direct line between Bartley's father's and his late brother's. It was one of those serene and tranquil spots to which a man who becomes sick of human villiany, would wish to retire and forget the guilty crowds and heartless tuniults of life. The house was plain, near and comfortable. Before the door stretched a small green, in the middle of which was a clear spring-well, overshadowed by a single spreading hawthorn. A little below this, a sweep of meadows spread out, divided by a clear stream, on whose banks, during the calm evenings of summer, many a harmless pass-time took place. Behind the house, at about a distance of half a mile, lay a small but beautiful lake, and before it, rising gradually from the meadows, the green and fertile pastures of F-s. From the door could be seen "the Glen," which, well wooded and deep swept round till it melted away into the meadows, pouring a the same time a tributary stream into the larger river that rat through them. Behind all stood a range of peaked mountains, which, as the farm lay facing the east, formed a semi-circle around the landscape which they bounded.

About the hour of twelve o'clock, Bartley, resolved, but sorrowful, renched the farm-stead of Shawn Butler. A bend in the road brought him within a few perches of the house, ere he saw it, and as it was milking time the sweet voice of Ellen Butler fell upon his ear and heart as she sang the old Irish air of Stagham Varragha. A turnstile opened from the road into a puddock adjoining the house, in one corner of which the cattle that they milked were gathered together.

Bartley had not arrived thus far without having experienced in all its powers that blighting of the heart which arose from a consciousness that the object on which its final cast for happiness had been set, was lost to him for ever. The struggle in his spirit was indeed as painful as it was singular, and altogether unusual in those combinations of human feeling, which weave our individual interests into those of society in general. In his case it was love as a sentimental passion against natural affection, and rarely indeed, do those contingencies of life present themselves in which the passion and the affection are arrayed 'against

Imagination on the one hand, drew in colors the most vivid, all those beautiful traits of love and quiet happiness which shed so blessed a charm over humble life. In the foreground of the picture stood Ellen in the calm serenity of a wife and mother. He knew Ellen's value, her modesty, her virtue, and what was most trying of all, her attachment to himself. Nay, more, he knew that the wodding day had been appointed, and that their marriage would have taken place, were it not for the melancholy death of his brother and his wife. Ellen already looked upon him as her ver to be forgotten." husband and so did her family; yet now was he on his way to blight her hopes and crush her affections. He then thought of bless you; we are, and, I hope, ever will be, friends." the power with which his heart, fresh and unwasted, loved the fair girl who had selected him as the man with whom she perferred to pass through life, he remembered all the acknowledgments of attachment and tenderness that had passed between them; and when, in addition to this, he looked into the future, and saw himself like a harren tree, -his spirit sank, from an apprehension that doin'." he had undertaken a task which he feared was beyond his strength. On the other hand, domestic affection, hely and strong, like a good spirit, came to his aid. He remembered his brother whose head lay low-his Eveleen. meek and affectionate, both her lips with a breaking heart, it was observed that a large tear lay taken away by the mysterious hand of God, from the children upon her cheek. It was not hers, however, for she could not weep, performance is kept a secret from all but what Mrs. Trollope calls whom they loved. But their orphans! the little innocent brood, although her mother did bitterly. lest without one single individual on whom they could depend, and in such a world as this !—he pictured them conversing about attempting to act the mother to the rest-he fancied he saw them his own hopes, in behalf of the young, and sorrowful, and the them asleep in the depth of night, with none to tend their wants or lorphans in tears, and the younger, who were ignorant of their loss, which was never effected on the old and exploded system. their sickness-who was to feed-who was to clothe them? The lat play. This latter circumstance touched him most. He assumpicture altogether overcame him; his heart melted at their sor-icd, however, a cheerful look, and told the lonely broad that he was rows, and he repeated to bimself once more... No.-I will never then come to live with them and protect them. forsake them-my brother's orphans!" Strong in this determination, he approached Ellen and her mother, as they milked their am able to work and support you. I have given up the world for cows in the corner of the little paddock.

whole family, expecially from the articles and simple hearted all be yet happy." Ellen. The composure of his manner, which was sorrowful, did pot surprise them. They knew that grief after such a brother as land wealthy rot under the lying inscriptions of the marble monu- ments consisted of walking round the rotunda, like a home in a

labubs. The world is wide enough without them; nor is there any Fergus, was not likely to pass away soon. Shawn Butler, when ments, whilst thy only record of virtue, before which, however, them as follows :--

what I have to say; and when you hear it you'll be able to feel | course he had taken. As might be expected, his brother's children that it's a hard trial to me. Don't think that the heart-broken soon transferred their affections to himself; he wrought for them, look you see in my face, is owing entirely to the death of poor he educated them, reared them up virtuously and industriously, Fergus. No: it's owing to an intention I've made to give up my own hopes an' happiness in this world, that I may be a father an' as a father. a friend to my brother's orphans. What's to become of them, if I or some one, doesn't save the poor young helpless creatures from destruction, and poverty, and the frown of a bad world? I will never marry; and my heart is breaking while I say so, for God, that is hearin' me, knows, Shawn Butler, how I loved-how I love, an' ever will love—your daughter! My heart—my heart! Oh, may Heaven support me-it's a sore, sore crush to me !"

He was here so much overcome by his feelings that he could not whom he addressed uttered not a word. At length he went on:-

that if poor Fergus was alive, no earthly thing could prevent me not, an' if I don't support his and Eveleen's orphans, they're lost. I say then to you all as I said twice before, may God desert me if own, or as Fergus would do if he was still over them."

There is a dignity in noble and virtuous resolutions that impresses a sense of their worth upon all, without distinction, who come! within reach of their influence.

It might have been supposed, that old Butler and his wife would have expressed themselves with warmth, if not with passion, upon court. A lady and gentleman "walking" a minuet (as it is a determination which fell so heavily upon the affections and prospects of their daughter. There was something, however, in the short explanation of Bartley, that awed them, for it exhibited the trath, firmness, and virtue of his character. From the moment he began to speak, Ellen's eyes were fixed upon him, and her breath came and went thickly. As he proceeded, her countenance changed, the blood forsook her cheeks, and by the time he had concluded, she sat incapable of speech, and as pale as ashes. This proof of her distress did not escape the notice of her family, and for a moment brows were bent, and eyes lightened; but on looking on Bartley, his calm but sorrowfal countenance once more awed them, and repressed what they were about to utter

"Ellen," said her eldest brother, "as this strange business onches you nearest, what do you say to it?"

She looked full upon her brother for more than two minutes, and her lips moved, but no sound issued from them.

- "Did you hear what I said, Ellen dear?"
- "Bartley is right—he is doing what is right," was the reply which the admirable girl gave him.
- "He is right," said her father, "an' may God give you an him strength to bear the sorrow that it brings upon you both. We part with Bartley in good will and friendship; an', what is more, with honor. He's right, an' it's a noble act in him that ought ne-

The eldest son grasped his hand. "Bartley," said be, "God

They all shook hands with him, except Ellen, who in fact was not able to extend her hand towards him. She sat, as before, pale and silent.

- tell me once more before I go, that you agree with me in what I'm who delighted in mingling with those with whom they could not
- voice, "you have done what is right."

Bartley then once more bade farewell to the Butlers, and departed. His feelings for a time were confused and tumultuous, as

"You shall never want, my poor darlings," said he, "while I lyour sakes. Night and day I'll be along with you-we'll get a Warm and affectionate was the greeting he received from the steady, kind servant woman to look to you, and I hope that we'll in the occupation of Mr. Tilbury.

lack in London of witty men and pretty women, of decent books Bartley arrived, had been sent for, and in a few minutes he came | grandeur may sink, is from the feeble pen of one who is humbler

With a heroism which even affection could not shake, he carried his resolution into effect; saw the girl he deeply leved become the "I think it right to bring you all together, that you may hear wife of another, but never for a moment regretted the high-minded "and at this very moment is an honoured man, living among them

CHANGE IN PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

BY THEODORE HOOK, EsQ.

MASQUERADES.

Masquerades have, in these days, been superseded by fancy halls, which seem to be a bad substitute, inasmuch as the natural proceed for a time; and nothing but his sobs were heard, for those mauvaise honte of the English renders the assumption of a character exceedingly embarrassing; and nothing in the world looks "Yes, it is a sore crush to me to give you up, Ellen, but I think | more absurd than a respectable gentleman and his wife, dressthat whatever I and you may suffer, you're too kind-hearted a girlled up as Swiss peasants, with their eyebrows corked, and to blame me for what I believe, before God, to be right, ay, and their faces painted, talking gravely about their domestic affairs. my duty besides. I am sare God will support you, as I hope and just as if they were in their natural costume; or a Greek chieftain trust that he will give strength to myself. I have only now to say and a pasha of three tails lounging with a lovely Whang-fong from China, discussing the merits, or more probably the demerits, from fulfillin' my intentions towards you, my gra Ellen. But he is of the last night's party somewhere else. The mask, besides the consciousness of concealment, and the consequent confidence, gives the desired character to the countenance; and in the olden don't love, and guard, and work for them, as if they were my time, the fun of "hunting down," and "fluding out" friends in disguise, was really good.

As to balls themselves, thirty years ago, country-dances (now expelled, except by way of joke) were the fushion; and fifty years ago, preceded by the minuet, were the dances of the called) now-a-days, would be considered typical of Adam and Eva before the fall.

Here, however, is a double mutation; for the quadrille, which has superseded the country or contre-danse, is but the revival of the cotillion; while the game of quadrille, once all the rage, has been driven from society by that refined edition of "all-fours"-" Ecarte." The Waltz, which invaded our shores in war time, and frightened the sober and sedate from their propriety, seems to have been also a more revivification of a dance described. singular point and animation, by the old gentleman in the "Spectator," who says, "I suppose this diversion was first invented to keep up a good understanding between young men and women; but I am sure had you been here you would have seen great matter for speculation." /

Lady Blessington, in her interesting and entertaining work, "The Idler in Italy," recently published, informs us that the French mode of dancing the Waltz is entirely free from the imputations which the fastidious still cast upon the method of performing it in England. As to dancing, generally speaking, it appears to be reduced to a fashion rather than an amusement, for two reasons: one, because if there is room left in a ball-room for dancing, the party is considered dull; and the other, because if there be adequate space, the figures are walked, or rather slept through by the performers, as if the whole affair was a "bore," and that the appearance of being either entertained or excited, was something too shocking to be thought of.

Formerly Kensington Gardens were quite good enough for the "Ellen," said he, "I will kiss your lips for the last time—but Sunday promenade, which was open for all respectable persons elsewhere be associated—now nobody goes to Kensington Gar-"I don't blame you," she replied, in the same almost inaudible dens, except to hear one of the splendid bands of the Household Cavalry regiments play-and this is always on what is called a Bartley pressed the passive girl to his bosom, and after kissing "week-day," and lest anybody beyond the "chosen few" should benefit by the amusement, the day, and even hour of the "La Creme," as closely and securely as was in the days of pogitism the place at which the fight was to come off.

A quarter of a century ago the fashionable drive was up and their hearth, in sorrow and in tears, the eldest herself a child, may naturally be supposed, when we consider that he had forgone down what is called Rotten-row; now the drive is across the Park from Piccadilly to Comberland-gate, a change infinitely for as the shades of evening fell, gening pale with dread-he saw distressed. On reaching his brother's house, he found the elder the better, as it affords a junction of drivers, riders, and walkers,

Seventy years ago a fashionable place, called "Marybone Gardens," existed, where now stand Weymouth street, Upper Harley-street, and that of the surrounding buildings; nothing remains to mark this once fayourite spot but a small public-house. still extant in High street. The entrance to the gardens having been the site of a large dwelling, once a ladies' seminary, and now

Ranelagh, sixty years since, was the very acme of fashion-it Noble youth! for he was but a youth—how many of the great was the indispensable comfort and support of society—its ansec-

mill, smidst the fumes of tea and coffee, which were made from kettles of water, boiling on fires in the centre of the room, and drank by the gallon, in little pigeon-hole boxes by the most exalt- at first held at Almack's. Sir Willoughby Aston subsequently ed and distinguished persons in the realm, whose conversation was sufficiently mystified by the music of a particularly bad orchestra to make it safe-but Ranelagh was for years all in all the carriages have been known to reach from the top of St. James's street in one continuous line to its doors; and within these few years the road now called Ranelagh-street, I believe, was divided down the centre with posts and rails, to keep the "trains" go ing and returning, on their respective lines.

Ranelagh has vanished from the face of the earth; another ladies' seminary occupies part of its site; a steam-engine puffs forth its noisome smoke, where in other days the sighs of lover filled the air, and a thing called a dolphin, constructed for the pur pose of pumping up pare water from the embouchure of the com mon sewer of Westminster, rears its head, where formerly a aplendid flight of steps invited the anxious guests who preferred visiting the terrestial paradise by water, to the perils of the crowd of carriages by land.

To Ranelagh succeeded Vauxhall; and odd enough to say, the report which was recently circulated, that Vauxhall was also gone the way of all "public amusements," induced the writing of this paper. The report, the newspapers tell us, is not true; but whether it be or not, Vauxhall has ceased to be what it was, its amusements and the hours at which they are given are varied. The custom of supping at Vanxhall is abandoned, and the class of its visitors altered. Thirty years since it was the resort of the greatest and gayest. The Duchess of Devonshire, the Duchess of Gordon, the Duchess of Bedford, Lady Castlereagh, and all the leaders of fashion collected around them within its glittering ring, crowds, not only of those who belonged to their own immediate set, but of those, who, emulating the gaiety of their dresses, and their grace of manner, thronged the gardens to

The fetes which are now given by the nobility "at home," eclipse and supersede altogether the attempts at gaiety and splendor made in public places, which are regulated by an expectation of profit. The private fete is an affair of one night-the public garden the continuous business of a season. The moment, therefore, that it becomes the fashion for the aristocracy by turns to give fetes, their meeting at any common place of ass bly is rendered needless. The people of fashion, therefore, do not go to Vauxhall. With all the vaunted independence of our countrymen and countrywomen, the love of rank, and the desire to be in any way associated with it, is an universal passion. If the people of fashion choose to stay away, so will the people of up fashion; and down goes the whole affair.

SMOKING.

The abstemiousness of which I speak-but which even yet has not obtained entire influence over some circles-is unquestionably attributable to our intercourse with the continent, which continued peace, steamboats, and railroads, render constant and al most continuous. But if the stock of national enjoyment has received an important addition by the association, it must be confessed that the introduction of smoking, as a " public amusement" (a custom also of continental origin), operates as something more than a set-off, per contra. A hundred years-smoking having continued from the first introduction of the "weed"-the custom was the "fashion," pipes were the order of the day, and the House of Commons itself would not have been considered a fit receptacle for the "collective wisdom" of the nation withou a smoking-room. But all this had worn out; the custom had fallen into desuctude, and the habit was confined exclusively to the lower classes. Continental intercourse has renewed the nuisance in another form, and it has become universal-not confined, as in the days of legitimate pipe-smoking, to taverns, or ale houses, but generalized in public places, and public conveyances, and even in the public streets and roads.

COFFEE-HOUSES.

Another remarkable alteration in the "amusements" of the metropolis is the almost entire annihilation of taverns and coffee houses. As an adjunct to an hotel, a coffee-room, for the accommodation of its inmates may yet be generally found; but a tavern coffee-room, for the reception of promiscuous "diners," is indeed a rarity, except in the city, where the appetites of me of business must be satisfied, and where the club system does not prevail to any great extent ; but even there the refreshment taken in these refined times, administered in the way of luncheon the recipients retiring to dinner at their "villas," "lodges," " cottages," and " pavillions."

THE CLUBS.

The spread and increase of clubs are remarkable signs of the times; their uses and advantages are such as to make one wonand Boodle's were the clubs of London for very many years. White's Seing the oldest, and famous as a "chocolate-house" in duties at the baths, while he takes his turn out to sea—one of the the time of Hogarth. As a series of the series of t

The origin of Brookes's was the blackballing of Messrs. Boothby and James at White's-they established it as a rival, and it was originated Boodle's : but these clubs were clubs of amusement. politics, and play, not the matter-of-fact meeting-places of general society, nor offering the extensive and economical advantages of breakfast, dinner, and supper, now afforded by the present race of establishments.

In the Gentleman's Magazine for 1753 (p. 49.) is the followng account of the result of this annual performance in that

"Saturday, Jan. 6 .- In the evening his Majesty played at hazard for the benefit of the groom-porter; all the royal family who played were winners-particularly the Duke, £3000. The most considerable losers were the Duke of Grafton, the Marquis of Hantingdon, the Earls of Holdernesse, Ashburnham, and Hertford. Their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and Prince Edward, and select company, danced in the little drawing com till eleven o'clock, when the royal family withdraw.

The custom of hazard-playing was discontinued after the access sion of George III.; but it is odd enough upon looking back only eight years, to find the sovereign, after attending divine service with the most solemn ceremony in the morning, doing that in the evening which in these days, subjects men to all sorts of pains and penalties; and for the prohibition and detection of which a bill, now before Parliament, is to arm the police with the power of breaking into the houses of her Majesty's lieges at all hours of the day and night.*

Another change in amusements is observable from the disappearance of cards in general society. Young people seldom or ever play at cards; and as, in the present state of the world, old ones are rarely to be seen, the diversion has become scarce Cards are played, but then they are played by particular persons for particular purposes; but taking the whole round of society, they cease to form, as they did when accomplishments were more rare, an essential portion of all evening entertainments.

PUGILISM.

Prize fighting, or pugilism, as it is "genteelly" called, has fallen into decay, owing, in a great degree, to the want of conadence in its patrons as regarded their proteges. Brutal as this "amusement" seemed, it was always justified by its advocates on the ground that it kept up the British spirit, which in case of quarrel, brought the contending parties to a manly conflict, in contradistinction to the insidious and assassin-like conduct of na- University Magazine. tions in which the "fistic art" was neither encouraged nor ever

COCK-FIGHTING.

Cock-fighting is punishable by law. Bull and bear baiting have also disappeared; but archery and hawking have of late years shown themselves in a state of revivification, equal in wisdom and utility to the active endeavors in progress to restore the ancient Welsh language in the Principality.

ROWING

Rowing, or as it is classically called, "boating," occupies ery distinguished position amongst the "amusements" of the At the beginning of the last century, and up to the middle of it, this "aquatic exercise" was by no means in repute. The stiff skirts and gold-laced waistcoats of the dandies of those days were as ill suited to its enjoyment as their manners and habits were to the associations which it naturally induces. It is one of those recreations, however, which, by uniting exercise with recreation, produces both health and pleasure, -not, however, as we too frequently see, altogether unattended by danger.

*The room in St. James's appropriated to the play was remarkably dark, and conventionally called by the inmates of the palace, Hell. Whence, and not, as generally supposed, from their own demerits, all the gaming-houses in London are designattheir own demerius, an the gaming-houses in London are designated by the same fearful name. Those who play, or have played English hazard, will recollect that for a similar inconsequent reason, the man who raked up the dice, and called the odds, was called "the groom-porter."—London New Monthly Magazine

The pride of Beulogne is an attendant at the baths-a young creature who has spent some years in the coarse employment of a bathing-woman, but whose beauty is so dazzling, that she not only surpasses all her companions, but may vie with the proudest of the court. Her face is a model of Grecian beauty, not a coarse line about it; it is all softness, refinement—and, one may add, dignity. She is called by her friends, the Venus de la Mer, from her occupation—and, what is more gratifying to add to the praises of her person, her character is irreproachable, her manners gentle and unassuming, though she has been accustomed to flattery enough to turn a wiser girl's head, and assailed with offers to pervert her principles. Genieve, for that is her proper name, says she is now completely happy, as she has lately been married, afder not only why such things were not established years ago, but ter five years' attachment, to a young fisherman of that port. She how men about town existed without them. White's, Brookes's, is twenty, and her husband five-and-twenty; they are admitted to be the finest couple in Boulogne. She still continues her humble

PURIOUS DRIVING.

At the top of one of the steepest mountain-roads in the west of Ireland, Lord Guillamore stopped the driver of the chaise he was seated in, proclaiming his intention to walk it down rather then proceed in the carriage—the rather as one of the horses, a young, ong-tailed chesput, had given, even on the level road, worke very inequivocal signs of hot temper and unsteadiness.

" I'd rather get out here," said the Chief Baron.

"Anan !" said the postillion, purposely turning a deal ear to what he conceived a slur upon his coachmanship.

"I'll get down-open the door, my man," reiterated his lerd-

"True for ye, it's a fine bit of road, yer honor," said the lie corrigible fellow, still pretending to mistake what was mid the all the while approaching slowly and insidiously to the water the hill. "Now, hould fast," said the wretch, as he last the first over one, then over the other of his horses, and set off down the mountain at a most furious pace. The horses both flying out at either side from the pole, and the chaise spinning and bumping through ruts and over stones that every minute threatened at hilation—the long-tailed chesnut contriving, even in his top speed, to show both his hind hoofs very near the Judge's nose as he est in the chaise, the postillion springing with wonderful sgility from one side to the other, to avoid kicks that threatened every in to smash his skull. Down they went, the pace increasing, the windows broken by the concussion, and one door flung wide open, and increasing by its banging noise the confusion of the scene. The road terminated at the foot of the mountain in a narrow bridge that led off at a very sharp angle from the line; and here the terrified judge expected as inevitable the fate that he had hitherto by miracle escaped. Down they came, the hot chesing, now half mad from excitement, springing four and five feet every bound, and dragging along the other horse at the most terrific rate. They reached the bridge-round went the chaise on two wheels, and in a moment more they pulled up in safety at the opposite side, both the horses being driven, collar-up, into a quick-act hedge. Before the Chief Baron had time to speak, the fellow was down mending the harness with a piece of cord, as leasurely as if nothing remarkable had happened.

"Tell me, my fine fellow," said his lordship, "was that ch nut ever in harness before?"

"Never, my lord; but the master says he'd give sight post for her if she'd bring your lordship down this bit of Slievens without breaking the chaise, or doing ye any harm."-

THE LAST OF THE MAMELUKES.—The Pacha of Egypt I believe in 1818, assembled together the whole corps of melukes, as if for a feast; and having secured all egree a steep and precipitous descent over the sides of the elevi (the platform of the Citadel) he destroyed them with cannon a musketry .- They came, according to custom, in their riches costume, with arms, and bearing with them their wealth. At a signal given by the pacha, death burst forth on all sides. Crossing and enfilading batteries poured forth their flame and iron and men and horses were at once weltering in their blood Many precipitated themselves from the summit of the Citates and were destroyed in the shoes. Two, however, recovered themselves. At the first shock of the concussion both hor riders were stunned; they trembled for an instant like equestrian riders, shaken by an earthquake, and then darted off with the rapidity of lightning; they passed the nearest gate, which fortunately was not closed, and found themselves out of Cairo. One of the fugitives took the road to Eli Azish, the other duried up the mountains; the pursuers divided, one half fellowing

It was a fearful thing, that race for life and death ! The street. of the desert, let loose on the mountains, bounded from rock to rock, forded torrents, now along the edges of precipies. - Three times the horse of one Mameluke fell breathless; three times, hearing the trump of the pursuers, he arose and renewed his -He fell at length not to rise again. His master exhibited a touching instance of reciprocal fidelity; instead of gliding down the rocks into some defile, or gaining a peak inaccessible to eavalry, he seated himself by the side of his courser, threw the bridle over his arm, and waited the arrival of his executioners. They came up, and he fell beneath a score of sabres, without a motion of resistance, a word of complaint, or a prayer for mercy. The other Mameluke, more fortunate than his companion, traversed Ell Azish, gained the desert, escaped unhurt, and in time. became the Governor of Jerusalem.

HYDRANGEA.—This flower, which is usually of a pusk color, may be made to come out a beautiful rich blue, by the simple means of filling the pot or box with the swamp or bog earth. mon garden loam produces the pink.

To TAKE GREASE OUT OF SILK .- If a little powders nesin be applied on the wrong side of the silk, as soon as the sp is discovered, it is a never-falling remedy, the dark spot disappearing as if by magic.

SIR EDWARD EARLE LYTTON BULWER, BRT.

M.P. FOR LINCOLN.

This clever and accomplished writer, is the son of General Bulwer, and descended from an uncient and wealthy family in Norfolk, in which county he was born in 1803. His father dying in 1806, the care of his early youth devolved upon his mother, who sent him to complete his education at the University of Cambridge, where he gained a prize for a poem on sculpture. His first production was entitled, Weeds and Wild Flowers, a collection of poems, published in 1826; and was succeeded, in 1827, by another metrical attempt, O'Neil, or the Rebel. Neither of these, nor his first prose work, a novel, entitled Falkland, which appeared in 1827, attracted particular notice.

The life of an author is to be found in his works; for it is from them we can form a pretty good estimate of his private feelings, his virtues, or his foibles : few other materials in general do the memoirs of authors contain, unless it be a heart-reading recital of disappointment and want. But the life of Sir E. L. Bulwer, Bart., fortunately presents none of these points. Born in the lap of affluence-nurtured with all the care concomitant with the life of a gentleman; blessed with a bountiful and classical education; and endowed with wealth—he came forth as an author, not in the hopes of gaining a competency, but for fame and love of the Muses. It is, therefore, solely as un author that we mean to speak of Sir Edward: for it is as such that he will live in the page of English history.

It has been well observed, that "no one can deny to Mr. Bul wer a foremost place among the names which do honour to modern literature. His readers may vary in their preferences-one may like the lively and actual satire of Pelham; a second prefer the poetic imagination of the Disowned; a third, the deeper conception and dramatic effect of Paul Clifford: but the very fact of these preferences shows how much there is from which to choose."

great celebrity: in the preface to the second edition of which, he thus explains the grounds whereon he founded his work :-- "It is a beautiful part in the economy of this world, that nothing is without its use; every weed in the great thoroughfares of life has a honey, which observation can easily extract; and we may gain no unimportant wisdom from folly itself, if we distinguish while we survey, and satirize while we share it. It is in this belief, that these volumes have their origin. I have not been willing that even the common-places of society should afford ueither a record nor a moral; and it is, therefore, from the common-places of society that the materials of this novel have been wrought. By treating trifles na-Nature renders amusing, the same cause also may render instruc- hound which had been presented to me a few days previous. tive: for Nature is the source of all morals, and the enchanted well, from which not a single drop can be taken that has not the power will often hunt well with a good one, I had tied up the eager Braof curing some of our diseases. * * * * I have drawn for the hero of my work, such a person as seemed to me best fitted to retail the opinions and customs of the class and age to which he belongs; a personal combination of antitheses—a fop and a philosopher, a voluptuary and a moralist-a trifler in appearance, but rather one to whom trifles are instructive, than one to whom trifles are natural—an Aristippus on a limited scale, accustomed to draw sage conclusions from the follies he adopts, and while professing himself a votary of Pleasure, in reality a disciple of Wisdom.

political, and in which he was severe on the aristocracy of our country: yet it contained many excellent remarks devoid of po-

In 1831, his Eugene Aaram appeared in three volumes. It is decidedly the most finished of Mr. Bulwer's productions. An admirably wrought-out story, of which we never lose sight, gradually rises in interest, till the feeling becomes equally intense and prinful. There are scenes, in the third volume especially, superior in power and effect to any thing he has yet done. Eugene for checking our headlong speed. The chase had led us miles Aaram is a fine, and most original conception. In this graphically || from the starting point, and now appeared to be bearing up a imagination. Amidst the display of guilty actions, the author has checkered the melancholy scene with the following description of Autumn :- "Along the sere and melancholy wood, the autumnal winds creep, with a lowly but gathering moan. Where the water held its course, a damp and ghostly mist clogged the air; but the skies were calin, and checkered only by a few clouds that swept in long, white, spectral streaks over the solemn stars. Now and then, the bat wheeled swiftly round, almost touching the figure of messenger of death,' as, meteor-like, he flashed by us. One the student, as he walked musingly onward. And the owl, that before the month waned many days, would be seen no more in that where I stood. Leaping from my horse, and placing one knee! region, came heavily from the trees, like a guilty thought that deser's its shade. It was one of those nights, half dim, half glorious, which mark the early decline of the year. Nature seemed restless and instinct with change; there were those signs in the atmosphere hurled from my hand. In hunter's parlance, I had only 'creased may rise in storm or saushine. And in this particular period the bound he was upon me, wounding and disabling me with his sharp performed at the rate of 33 in a minute. skies' influence seemed to tincture the animal life with their own feet and horns. I seized him by his wide spread antiers, and mysterious and wayward spirit of change. The birds desert their

ings of their genius. And every creature that flows upon the tide in every limb. of the universal life of things, feels upon the ruffled surface, the mighty and solemn change which is at work within its depths."

Mr. Bulwer published his Last Days of Pompeii, in three volumes, in the year 1834. Like most of this gentleman's productions, it is replete with fine imaginings; but perhaps the most interesting character in the work, is the Blind Flower Girl-a personification worked up with heart-rending incidents, displaying the greatest intensity of feeling.

Rienzi, the last of the Tribunes, was published in 1836.

Mr. Bulwer came before the public as a dramatic author in 1836, in the production of a play, The Duchess de la Valliere. It was not well received by the critics, who described the plot as devoid of dramatic interest, and the language deficient in imagination and

work contains a few fine thoughts-original ideas; but it is also festered with language that we grieve to think came from the pen Faltering a silent prayer to Heaven, I preferred to meet my fate. of the subject of this memoir.

Exclusive of the above enumerated works, Sir Edward has produced several others, particularly the dramas of the Lady of Lyons, and Richelieu, both successful productions.

of the United Kingdom.

It is rather strange that a gentleman of Sir Edward's literary atmember for Lincoln. With politics (thank Heaven!) we have noprominent character, seldom addressing the house.

His lady has lately given a specimen of her literary acquirefamily by this lady.

His brother, Mr. H. L. Bulwer, who was formerly member fo the borough of Marylebone, is now Secretary of Embassy at Paris -London Mirror.

THE STAG HUNT.

From Random Sketches by a Kentuckian.-Knickerbocker.

A bright frosty morning in November, 1838, tempted me to visit vo, and was attended by the stranger dog alone. A brisk canter wound my way up a brushy slope, and had ascended about half way, when the hound began to exhibit signs of uneasiness; at the same instant a stag sprang from some underbrush, and rushed like a whirlwind up the slope. A word, and the hound was crouching at my feet, and my trained Cherokee, with ear erect, and flashing eye, watched the course of the affrighted animal.

On the very summit of the ridge, one hundred and fifty yards In 1833, his England and the English appeared : a work rather distant, the stag paused and looked proudly down upon us. After a moment of decision, I raised my rifle, and sent the whizzing lead on its errand. A single bound, and the antiered monarch was hidden from my view. Hastily running down a ball, I ascended the slope; I saw the 'gouts of blood' which stained the withered leaves where he stood .- One moment more, and the excited hound was leaping breast high on his trail, and the gallant Cherokee bore his rider like lightning after them.

> For hours did we thus hasten on, without once being at fault miles in length, which I knew the wounded animal would never port :ascend. Here, then, I must intercept my game, which I was able to by taking a near cut over the ridge, that saved at least a mile.

Giving one parting shout to cheer my dog, Cherokee bore me headlong to the pass. I had scarcely arrived, when, black with sweat, the stag came laboring up the gore, seemingly totally letters, or the evening work, as it is called, consist inreckless of our presence. Again I poured forth the 'leaden bound, and the noble animal lay prostrate within fifty feet of rate of 200 letters per minute. upon his shoulder, and a hand on his antiers, I drew my hunting a sudden bound, he threw me from his body, and my knife was says, that 60 is the lowest number a sorter ought to sort.

selves more (than at others) stirred by the motion and whisper-listood looking down upon the combat, trembling and quivering.

The ridge road I had taken, had placed us far in advance of the hound, whose bay I could not now hear. The struggles of the furious animal had become dreadful, and every moment I could feel his sharp hoofs cutting deep into my flesh; my grasp upon his antlers was growing less and less firm, and yet I relinguished not my hold; the struggle had brought us near a deep ditch, washed by the heavy fall rains, and into this I endeavoured to force my adversary; but my strength was unequal to the effort; when we approached to the very brink, he leaped over the drain; Lrelinquished my hold and rolled in, hoping thus to escape him. But he returned, and throwing himself upon me, inflicted numerous cuts upon my face and breast, before I could again seize him. Locking my arms round his antlers, I drew his head close to my breast, and was thus, by a great effort, enabled to prevent his doing me any serious injury. But I felt that this could not last In 1837 appeared his Ernest Maltravers, in three volumes. This long; every muscle and fibre of my frame was called into action, and human nature could not long bear up under such exertion.

At this moment of despair, I heard the faint bayings of the hound. The stag too, heard the sound, and springing from the ditch, drew me with him. His efforts were now redoubled, and I could scarcely cling to him. Oh, how wildly beat my heart, as I In 1838 the Queen was pleased to create Mr. Bulwer a baronet saw the hound emerge from the ravine, and spring forward with a short quick bark, as his eye rested on the game. I released my hold of the stag, who turned upon his new enemy. Exhausted, tainments can find time to attend his parliamentary duties, he being and unable to rise, I still cheered the dog, that dastard like flew before the infuriated enemy, who again threw himself upon me. thing to do; but it may be as well just to notice that Sir E. Bul- I succeeded in throwing my arms around his antlers, but not until wer is what is termed a Liberal. In the Senate he does not form he had inflicted several deep and dangerous wound upon my head and face, cutting to the very bone.

Blinded by the flowing blood, exhausted and despairing, I cursments, in a novel, called Cheveley, or the Man of Honour, which ed the coward dog who stood near, baying furiously, yet refusing His Pelham, in 1828, was much read, and gained the author the reader may perhaps recollect called forth some epistolary cor-to seize his game. Oh how I prayed for Bravo! The thoughts of respondence. We are ignorant as to whether Sir Edward has any death were bitter. To die thus, in the wild forest, alone, and none to help! Thoughts of home and friends coursed like lightning through my brain. At that moment of desperation, when hope herself had fled, deep and clear over the neighboring hill, came the bay of my gallant Bravo. I pealed forth in one faint shout, 'On Bravo! on!' The next moment, with tiger like bounds, the noble animal came leaping down the declivity. 'No pause he knew,' but fixing his fangs in the stag's throat, at once commenced the struggle.

I fell back completely exhausted.—Blinded in blood, I only knew that a terrific struggle was going on. In a few moments all turally they may be rendered amusing, and that which adherence to the forest hunting grounds. I was followed by a fine looking was still, and I felt the warm breath of my faithful dog, as he licked my wounds. Clearing my eyes from gore, I saw my late was anxious to test his qualities, and knowing that a mean dog adversary dead at my feet, and Bravo, standing over me. He yet bore around his neck, a fragment of the rope with which I had tied . him. He had gnawed it in two, and following his master through of half an hour brought me to the wild forest hills. I slowly all his windings, arrived in time to rescue him from a horrid death

TRANSIT OF LETTERS IN ENGLAND.

The post-office system of England, perfected as it has been of late years, is vastly superior to that of any other country.

The mention of the office of chief postmaster of England, occurs in 1581. In 1685, Charles I. directed his " post-master of England for foreign parts" to open a communication by running posts between London and Edinburgh, Holyhead, Excter, Ireland, &c. In 1653-4, the post-office revenues were farmed by the council of state and Proctor at 10,000l. per annum. In 1656, the parliament made some enactments for the erection of a new General Post-office, which was established at the Restoration in 1660, and from that period has only changed by a perpetual growth of activity and usefulness. The mail for letters was first conveyed by stage-coaches, on the 2nd August, 1785, and in 1789, by royal mail coaches.

In order to form some idea of the magnitude, and great facility of transacting business at the General Post-office at the present told novel are many papers displaying great pathos, and powerful creek on one side of which arose a precipitous hill, some two time, we give the following extract from a recent parliamentary re-

> "There are employed at present at the Inland-office of the General Post-office in London, 84 clerks, 50 sub-sorters, 241 lettercarriers, and about 30 messengers—in all, 405 persons.

"The operations of the Post-office, belonging to the despatch of

" 1st. Facing the letters, and stamping them, to show the date of their receipt. Stamping is performed with a hand-stamp, at the

"2. Sorting, according to the different mail routes; in doing which 54 persons are employed. Mr. Bokenham states, that sortknife; but scarce had its keen point touched his neck, when, with ing is done at the rate of 30 letters a minute. Sir Edward Lees

"3. Examining and taxing the letters; in which business 21 which leave the most experienced in doubt whether the morning him. I saw at once my danger, but it was too late. With one persons are employed for one hour and a quarter each. Taxing is

"4. Re-sorting, according to the different post towns.

sought to gain possession of my knife; but in vain, each new "5. Telling: that is, making out the bills for the unpaid let_ summer haunts, an unaccountable inquietude pervades the brute struggle drew us farther from it.—Cherokee, frightened at this ters, against the different deputy-postmasters. Twenty tellers are creation, even men in this unsettled season have considered them- unusual scene, had madly fled to the top of the ridge, where he thus employed for somewhat less than one hour and a quarter each.

" In the evening there are also the newspapers to sort. The first step is to put the directions all one way, the second is to sort. The 241 letter-carriers, and the 50 sub-sorters, in all about 290, ar employed upon this duty.

The morning duty of the Post-office consists in unleading the mails, and delivering the letters, that is to say, in
"1. Opening the bags, of which there are 700, and in checking

the Deputy-postmasters' accounts for paid letters; 15 persons are thus employed; one person examines a bag in one minute and a half; 10 persons are employed in examining the taxings of unpaid letters, made by the deputy-postmasters.

"2. Sorting; 50 sorters are thus employed for two hours.

" 3. Telling, that is, making out bills against every letter-carrier Ten tellers, assisted by three check-clerks, are employed in this husiness during an hour.

" 4. Delivering; the letter-carriers, of whom there are 241, are to return by a certain time, and are to pay the money charged against them to the receiver-general; also 50 sub-sorters, who are in a situation between clerks and letter-carriers, assist in the early delivery of general-post letters."-London Mirror.

SALLY CURRY'S COURTSHIP.

"Well, Sally," said I, smiling, "am I to lose you on Sanday night?"

"I am afraid so, ma'am," said she, sliding behind the door.

"Don't be ashamed, Sally," said I, "I have shown you such an example of marrying one whom I preferred, that I am sure I cannot blame you.'

Upon this, Sally looked up, and I asked her how long she had known Mr. Carry.

Sally began twisting a gold ring that was on the fore-finger of her left hand, and said-

My Mother, ma'am, was a poor woman in Salem, the widow of a sea-captain. He was lost on a voyage, and she fell sick, declining like. I was her only child. It was a very stormy night, a year ago, and my mather was very ill. I sent to a neighbour to say I was afraid she wouldn't stand it. Our neighbour sent back she darsen't leave her baby, who was sick; but a young man named Curry, a very decent person, would come and watch with me. I was thankful to see a living countenance, and said he might come and welcome.

"That was my forlorn night, but Mr. Curry helped me a sight. My Mother was in a faint all night, and he was as tender as a child to her. Once he began to tell a sea story, to try to cheer me up; but he found he made me cry more, because it didn't seem somehow respectfully to talk of the things of life by a death-bed, and stopped talking, and only now and then, when he found he could not comfort me, nor raise her neither, he would fetch up such a pitying look, as if he wished he could.

"The day was just dawning, when my mother seemed to come to a little, and spoke right out, 'Sally, hear.'

... What mother?' says I, and my heart beat as if it would come through.

" Is there any body with you?" says she.

" Yes, my dear mother, a friend,' says I, whispering.

" Will be take care of you?" says she, and she looked with a sunken eye full on Curry.

"Curry got right up, and came by the bedside, and knelt down and took her thin hand, and said, in a voice quite loud and solemn I will take of her, so help me Heaven.'

"She didn't say another word, but just gave a kind of sigh, as it were, sorrowful, but as if she was satisfied, and squeezed his hand, and so she died."---Am. paper.

[In a late Pearl we inserted an account of the opening of Green wood Cemetery, near New York. Below is a description of that receptacle of mortality, from the New York Gazette, and some lines on the question, Who shall be first ?-in allusion to the first interment in the grounds.]

* THE GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

In point of sylvan beauty, of grand and varied prospect, of rich rurality on one hand, and the gorgeous magnificence of civic splendor and commercial bustle on the other, we have no idea that there is a spot on this continent to vie with it. We know there is not, for there is nowhere else that emerging from a darkened dell of tangled wildwood, where the vision cannot extend itself half a dozen carriage lengths from the spectator, a city of three hundred thousand inhabitants, another at your very feet of as large a size as some European capitals, are both before you—where you see a bay bearing on its bosom the commerce of a continent, rich in its own beauty as the proudest waters that wash the boasted basis of Vesuvius—where you see the rocky barriers of the Hudson on one side, and the blue billows of the Atlantic on the other, as distant as the visual organs have the power to reach—where the eye catches a distant glance of the finest island that rises out of the waterand Staten is not flattered when we say so-while at the same moment, some ten or a dozen charming towns and villages with their white houses and their tall church spires, add beauty to the bustle make a much better loof at a cheaper rate.

and to the grandour of the panorands. All this and much more is realized at Greenwood, and what gives peculiar charm to the see nery is, the almost infinite change; every rod of travel has a beauty of its own, and a beauty totally variant from the one you leave. The transition from city to wilderness, from fleets of ships to the deep gloom of overshadowed dingle, where nought save the sombreness of forest solemnity can be seen even under the noonday sun-from a prospect of fifty miles diameter over the loveliest scenery that ever opened upon human vision, to the dark gorge of woodland valley, where you can scarcely see ahead of your horses. is striking in the extreme. The ride round the grounds is at every step a romance, but we do say, that the approach to the little wood-embosomed lake—the lovely Vermontimere of these grounds is more surpassingly charming than any thing that can be found in the State-so grand, we do not say, but certainly the most beautiful, and the visiter will agree with us, if like us, he is fortunate to view the scene with the same accompaniments. Our last visit was extended to twilight, and a company of gentlemen amateurs were on the sylvan hills above us. They struck up a strain of music appropriate to the scene and to the occasion; they then descended to the lake, embarked in the little fairy frigate moored on the margin, rowed into the middle of the water, and sang several glees. The effect was almost magical.

On the whole, Greenwood is in all the essentials of adaptation to the purposes for which it is intended, the finest spot that could have been selected.

WHO SHALL BE FIRST?

BY J. N. M'JILTON.

Who shall be first in snowy shroud, To rest beneath the pall and plume, Silent amid the weeping crowd, A lonely tenant for the tomb? Borne silently along the wood, Some lonely sleeper soon must be, To rest in dreamless solitude, 'Neath lowly shrub or lofty tree.

Who shall be first—the man of years, Or matron of the silv'ry crown; Who, tired of life-its toils and tears, Would gladly in the grave lie down? O many a head hath bowed in grief, That years have covered with their snow And many a heart hath sought relief From care, the crumbling sod below.

Who shall be first—the man of prime The maiden cast in beauty's mould, Cut down in loneliness, ere time But half their happy years had told? Not manhood's strength, nor beauty's form, The tyrant's ruthless arm can stay; The heart where health beats high and warm, He humbles with its kindred clay.

Who shall be first-the thoughtless youth, That boundeth o'er the grassy plain; Whose heart of innocence and truth, Hath never known guilt's gloomy stain? From youthful cheeks, the ruddy glow Of blooming health, alas, may fade; And lovely forms beneath the blow Of dark, relentless death be laid.

Who shall be first-the sinless one That sits upon its mother's knee; Whose race of life is but begun, Alike from care and error free? The cheek that ne'er hath blushed in guile, The lip that never knew deceit; May blanch in death and wear the smile Of beauty at the monster's feet.

Who shall be first-who shall it be, That broken-hearted friends may weep; While bearing to the cemetery, To leave in their last, lonely sleep? If from the happy throngs-or those The tempests of the world have driv'n, May all who here in peace repose, The first-the last-all meet in heav'n,

Green Mount Cemetery, July, 1839.

DISCOVERY. - Considerable sensation, among the bakers in the ity of Edinburgh, has prevailed for some weeks past, in conse quence of the discovery of an article possessing all the valuable qualities of the best wheat, and of much chesper cost. It appears house and a country seat or retreat to retire to during the bread in question is composed of three fourths of wheaten flour, and one-fourth of fine sago, which enables the baker to you every day and that is the greatest compliment that can be past

From Captain Manyat's "América."

GALE ON LAKE HURON.

The next morning it blew hard, and as we opened apon Lake Huron, we had to encounter a heavy sea; fortunately, the wind was fair for the island of Mackinaw, or we might have been de-layed for some days. As soon as we were in the lake, we made sail, having fifty-six miles to run before it was dark. The gale increased, but the cance flew over the water, skimming it like a bird. It was beautiful, but not quite so pleasant, to watch it, as upon the least carelessness on the part of the helmsman it would imm distely have filled. As it was, we shipped some heavy seas ; but the blankets at the bottom being saturated, gave us the extra ballast which we required. Before we were clear of the islands, we were joined by a whole fleet of Indian cances, with their day blankets spread to the storm, running as we were to Mackinson, being on their return from Maniton Islands, where they had congregated to receive presents from the Governor of Upper Canada. Their canoes were much smaller than ours, which had been built for speed, but they were much higher in the gunnel. It was interesting to behold so many hundreds of beings trusting themselves to such fragile conveyances in a heavy gale and running sea; but, the harder it blew the faster we went; and at last, much to my satisfaction, we found ourselves in smooth water again. alongside of the landing wharf at Mackinaw. I had had some with to see a fresh-water gale of wind; but in a birch cance never wish to try the experiment again.

A CRISIS AT NEW YORK.

Two hundred and sixty houses have already failed, and no one knows where it is to end. Suspicion, fear, and misfortune have taken possession of the city. Had I not been aware of the cause, I should have imagined that the plague was raging, and I had the description of Defoe before me.

Not a smile on the countenance among the crowd who pass and repass; hurried steps, care-worn faces, rapid exchanges of saintation, or hasty communication of anticipated ruin before the sun goes down. Here two or three are gathered on one side, while pering and watching that they are not overheard; there a solitary, with his arms folded and his hat slouched, brooding over departed affluence. Mechanics, thrown out of employment, are pacing up and down with the air of famished wolves. The violent shock has been communicated, like that of electricity, through the cou to a distance of hundreds of miles. Canals, railroads and all public works have been discontinued, and the Irish emigrant leans against his shanty, with his spade idle in his hand, and starves, as his thoughts wander back to his own Emerald Isle.

THE STATE OF "BARTER" REACHED.

Nobody refuses to take the paper of the New York banks, though they virtually have stopped payment; they never left any thing in New York; but nobody will give specie in change and great distress is occasioned by this want of a circulating me dium. Some of the shopkeepers told me that they had been obliged to turn away a hundred dellars a day, and many a Southerner who has come up with a large supply of southern notes, has found himself a pauper, and has been indebted to a friend for a few dollars in specie to get home again.

The distress for change has produced a curious remedy. Every man is now his own banker. Go to the theatres and places of public amusement, and instead of change, you receive I. O. U. from the treasury. At the hotels and oyster-cellars it is the same thing. Call for a glass of brandy and water, and the change is fifteen tickets, each "goed for one glass of brandy and water oyster shop, eat a plate of oysters, and you have in return seven tickets, good for one plate of oysters each. It is the same everywhere. The barbers give you tickets, good for so many shaves : and were there beggars in the streets, I presume they would give you tickets in change, good for so much philanthropy.—Dealers, in general, give out their own bank-notes, or, as they are called here, shin plasters, which are good for one dollar, and from that down to two and a half cents, all of which are redeemable, and redeemble only upon a general return to cash payments. Pass on to Boston, where they are

MORE ENGLISH THAN THE ENGLISH.

Masschusetts is certainly very English in its scenery, and Boxton ssentially English as a city. The Bostonians assert that they are more English than we are; that is, that they have strictly editored to the old English customs and manners, as handed down to them previous to the Revolution. That of sitting a very long while at their wine after dinner, is one which they certainly adhere to, and which I think, would be more honoured in the breach than the observance; but their hospitality is unbounded, and you do, as an Englishman, feel at home with them. I agree with the Bostonian so far, that they certainly appear to have made no change in their manners and customs for the last hundred years. You meet there with frequent specimens of the Old English Gentleman, descend ants of the best old English families who settled here long be the Revolution, and are now living on their incomes, with a season. The society of Boston, is very delightful; it wins

BRAUTIES OF ROZ.

LANT STREET, BOROUGH .- The chief features in the still life of this street are green shutters, lodging bills, brass doorplates, and bell-handles; the principal specimens of animated na ture, the pot bey, the muffin youth, and the baked-tater man. The population is migratory, usually disappearing on the verge of quarter-day, and generally by night. Her Majesty's revenues are seldom collected in this happy vale, the rents are dubious and the water communication is very frequently cut off.

Papping THE QUESTION.—"I think a inn is a good place to propose to a single woman in Mr. Pickwick; she is more like ly to feel the loneliness of her situation in travelling, perhaps than she would be at home."

PROSPERITY IN PERSPECTIVE .- "I warnt always a "boots, Sir," said Sam Weller; "I was a wagginer's boy, once." "When was that?" asked Mr. Pickwick. "When I was first pitched neck and crop into the world, to play at leap-frog with its troubles," raplied Sam, "I was a carrier's boy at starting; then a wagginar's, then a belper, then a boots. Now I'm a gemman's segvant. I shall be a gemman myself one of these days, perhaps, with a pipe in my mouth, and a summer-house in the back garden. Who knows? I shouldn't be surprised, for once."

DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS. - They little know, who talk of the poor man's bereavements coldiy, as a happy release from pain to the departed, and a merciful release from expense to the survivor -they little know what the agony of those hereavements is. A silent look of affection and regard when all other eyes are turned ooldly away-the consciousness that we possess the sympathy and affection of one being when all others have deserted us, is a hold, a stay, a comfort in the deepest affliction, which no wealth could purchase, no honour bestow.

MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES .- The friend was a charming young man of not more than fifty, dressed in a very bright blue coat, with resplendent buttons, black trousers, and the thinnest possible pair of highly-polished boots. A gold eyeglass was suspended from his neck by a short broad black ribbon; a gold snuffbox was lightly clasped in his hand, gold rings innumerable glittered on his finger, and a large diamond pin set in gold glistened in his shirt frill. He had a gold watch and a gold curb chain with large gold seals, and he carried a pliant ebony cane with a heavy gold top. His linen was of the very finest, whitest and stiffest; his wig of the glossiest, blackest, and curliest. His snuff was Prince's mixture : his scent bouquet du oi. His features were contracted into a perpetual smile, and his teeth were in such perfect order, that it was difficult at a small distance to tell the real lines from the false.

Puppies.-Lounging near the doors, and in remote corners wese various knots of silly young men, displaying every variety of pappyism and stupidity, amusing all sensible people near them with their folly and conceit, and happily thinking themselves the object of general admiration—a wise and merciful dispensation which so good man will quarrel with.

Law.- "No room's private, to her Majesty, when the street door is once passed," said Mr. Grummer, "that's law. Some people maintains that an Englishman's house is his castle, that's gammen."

ANGER.—The unwonted lines which momentary passion had raied in Mr. Pickwick's clear and open brow, gradually melted away as his young friend spoke, like the mark of a blacklead pencil beneath the softening influence of India-rubber.

WHITE HORSE CELLAR .- The traveller's room at the White Horse Cellar is of course uncomfortable, it would be no traveller's room if it were not. It is the right-hand parlour, into which an aspiring kitchen fire-place appears to have walked, accompanied by a rebellious poker, tongs, and shovel. It is divided into boxes for the solitary confinement of travellers, and is finished with a clock, a looking-glass, and a live waiter, which latter article is kept in a small kermel for washing glasses, in a corner of the apart-

A LANDOWNER. - Captain Boldwig was a little fierce man in a stiff black neckerchief and blue surtoit, who, when he did condeseemd to walk about his premises, did it in company with a thick watten stick with a brase ferrule, and a gardener and sub-gardener with meek faces, to whom (the gardeners-not the stick) Captain Boldwig gave his orders with all due grandeur and ferocity; for Saptain Boldwig's wife's sister had married a Marquis, and the Captain's house was a "villa," and his lands "grounds," and it was all very high and mighty and great.

TURNPIKES .- "Werry queer life is a pike-keeper's, Sir." "A what?" said Pickwick. "A pike-keeper." "What do you mean by a pike-keeper ?" inquired Mr. Peter Magnus. "The old un means a turn-pike-keeper, gem'len," observed Mr. Weller, in explanation. "Oh," said Mr. Pickwick, "I see. Yes, very curious life, very uncomfortable." "They are all on em men as has met with some disappointment in life," said Mr. Weller, sonior. "Ay, ay !" said Mr. Pickwick. "Yes! consequence of thick they retires from the world, and shuts themselves up in ikes; partly with the view of being solitary, and partly to remedves on mankind by taking tolls. If they was gem you'd call them misenthropes, but as it is, they only takes to pike keeping."

THOUGHTS BEFORE SUNSET.

God of the sun-light hours! how sad Would evening shadows be; Or night, in deeper shadows clad, If anght were dark to Thee !

How mournfully that golden gleam Would touch the thoughtful heart,. If, with its soft retiring beam, We saw Thy light depart !

But no: tho' sun-set hours may hide These gentle rays a while, And deep through ocean's wave may glide The slumber of their smile.

Enough, while these dull heavens may low'ry If here thy presence be; Then midnight shall be morning hour, And darkness light-to me.

Through the deep gloom of mortal things Thy light of love can throw That ray which gilds an angel's wings, . To soothe a pilgrim's woe.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, AUGUST 80, 1839.

ITEMS--FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

We again obtain dates several days later than those in our last by way of New York. The Steam Ship Liverpool, brought English dates to Aug. 1. She arrived out in 19 days, having experienced some dreadful weather, in which fears for her safety were entertained. The Liverpool conveyed 113 passengers, and might have had many more had her accommodations allowed. £20 were offered above the passage money for a birth. This is a good evidence of the business and enterprise connected with the line of travel, and of the high opinion entertained of the great Steamers

GREAT BRITAIN.

The chartist excitement had grown to an alarming degree in Birmingham.

The Magistrates had been engaged in examinations connwith former riots, and the circumstance eaused the collection of crowds in the streets, and finally a large party armed with bludgeons commenced a series of outrages by an attack on the prison, the windows of which they demolished. Similar attacks were made on other buildings, and at length several shops were forced, and valuable property strewed about the street and carried away. Not satisfied with this, some combustibles were ignited, and were brought into the shops of two houses, which were soon wrapped in flames. A number of houses were forced open, and the property found was destroyed, chiefly by being broken and scattered about the streets. By the efforts of the Firemen the fire was confined to the two buildings alluded to, and detachments of troops succeeded in clearing the streets. The military and special constables were active for several days and nights in preventing any further outrages.

The subject had been brought before Parliament and had aused some augry discussion between the Duke of Wellington. and Lord Melhourne. The former reprobating the delay which was experienced in providing an ample check to the disorders, each matters.

Lord John Russell advocated the establishment of a Police force in Birmingham, and proposed that £10,000 should be advanced for that object.

Government also proposed an increase of 5000 men to the army, which would occasion an increase of expenditure to the amount of £75,000 up to April next.

Several interesting subjects had occupied the attention of Parliaent, but little definite appears to have been accomplished. The Bill for providing for the temporary government of Canada passed the House of Commons 110 to 10. This Bill was opposed on the ground that a constitutional government should be provided for Canada,-Lord Durham spoke in favour of Responsible government, but admitted the necessity for the Bill, in the mean time,ministers supported their proposition, arguing that more information was required before taking any important step respecting the Canadas, that 1842 would be the period when the government might be expected to be prepared to present propositions for a permanent system, and that the Bill was requisite for the intermediate period.

The report of the special commission on the state of Crime in Ireland, was laid before the House of Lords, it occupied 1400 folio pages.

The Bank of England, it is said, had but £3,000,000 of specie me time ago it had £10,000,000; the importain its vanks,---so tion of Corn is blamed for the reduction, -- application from the

Bank, to the Bank of France, for a loan, had not been successful. in the first instance, but subsequently, it is said, a loan of 50,000,-000 francs was effected.

Heavy rains had caused much fear for the crops in England. The Hon. Mr. Webster, from the United States, was attracting much notice in England.

The Weslevan Conference at Liverpool was attended by 500 preachers. The Centenary subscription had amounted to £215.000s

Lady Hester Stanhope, who has long resided in Syria, died on the 23d of June, at Dijaun, after a long illness, at the age of 64. Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin died at Cheltenham July 23.

FOREIGN.

TURKEY .- The Turkish and Egyptian armies had met in an important struggle, which resulted in the signal triumph of the latter. The force engaged, on both sides, amounted to hearly 200,000 men : what gigantic efforts at working evil! The battle was fought near Aleppo.

The Turkish army was posted in a strong position. Ibrahim, the commander of the Egyptian force, had received permission to attack, but was induced by Colonel Selves (Soliman Bey) to draw the enemy from his entrenchments, instead of attacking him there. A feigned retreat was made. A strong division of cavalry was sent out by the Seraskier, who commanded the Turkish force. The corps pressed by the cavalry dispersed, according to orders, and the Seraskier advanced with his whole force, imagining an easy victory. The retreat lasted two hours, when a field of battle selected by Selves was arrived at. The Egyptians then faced about, formed into compact masses, the antillery and cavalry on each wing, and charged their pursuers. Astounded by this unexpected change in affairs, and unprepared for it by the the irregularity of a pursuit, the Turks were soon thrown into disorder, and made but slight resistance,-bodies of Arabs who had been placed in ambush; fell upon the Turkish rear, and completed the confusion and route of the devoted army. They fled on all sides, and the Seraskier, whose wounded horse failed him in crossing the Euphrates, narrowly escaped drowning. In the course of a few hours Ibraham, the leader of the Egyptians, was seen retreating before his pursuers,---then foriously charging the astonished host, and pursuing in return,-and then reposing in complete triumph under the tent of the flying Seraskier: a striking instance of the uncertainty of human affairs.

The Sultan who so ardently desired the destruction of the Egyptian Viceroy, died before the disastrous news reached Constantinople. The messenger sent by the young Sultan to announce his father's death to the Viceroy, arrived at Alexandria on the 10th of August. An officer had been despatched to the Viceroy with offers to place the Turkish fleet under his protection, as a safeguard against troubles which were apprehended in Turkey on the Sultan's. death; the Divan at Constantinople had taken a similar step. So that the Viceroy, instead of being brought in chains to the capital, as the last monarch so much desired, finds himself Protector of the

The arrival of the Turkish and Egyptian fleets in company, was expected at Constantinople, for the purpose of effecting important. changes in the government. Mehemet Ali, the Viceroy, had been invited to Constantinople, to recognise the government, and had been offered the hereditary sovereignty of Syria and Egypt.

This intelligence had, of course, much effect in the cabinets of England, France and Russia, -powers that have been much interested in Turkish affairs.

Nothing of consequence appears to have been determined on. Mehemet Ali has been an improving ruler, of an important counthe latter asserting that the government had done its duty in all try, and if he can be made its independent sovereign, his success may not prejudice the views of England or France. The policy of Russia, evidently, has been, to keep Turkey weak and dependent on her power; the change and renovation which the new order of things will probably cause, may subvert this policy, and produce intrigue or open exertion that may embroil the other powers.

> CHINA.—A London Paper of July 31st says .- "Government and the Honorable East India Company this morning received overland despatches from China. All that we can at present ascertain is, that the China trade had been stopped and her Majesty's superintendents and merchants made prisoners by the Chinese authorities. We believe the dates from Canton are to the 15th of April, and from Bombay to the 15th of June. and Calcutta to the 21st of May."

> Another paragraph says: The trade of China is stopped, and her Majesty's superintendent, and some of the British merchants. are taken prisoners by the Chinese authorities. The prisoners had not been allowed food or water for several days, when her Majesty's superintendent, Capt. Elliot, required all the merchants to deliver up their opium, guarranteeing them payment of the same. The quantity delivered up was estimated at two millions of rupees, but neither Capt. Elliot, nor the merchants had, been released up to the date of these advices.

> Intelligence has been received from India, stating that the British serin entered Condahar on the 21st of April. The difficul

in twenty-two days.

contingent army of Runjeet Sing, accompanied by the Shahzadah for annihilating or curtailing innocent enjoyment. Timoor and Col. Wade, upon Cahool.

FROM MEXICO, to the 25th, July. Bustamente reached the of gladness and respect. He immediately thereafter resumed the Presidential chair, and Santa Anna retired to his farm at Menga de Clova. At Tampico business was beginning to revive; but the heavy charges on the transportation of goods to the interior, hindered it from assuming much activity. Two conductes had arrived there with \$2,500,000. Arista, by order of the Government, was using every exertion to obliterate every trace of the late re volution, by destroying all the fortifications, etc. erected by the Federalists.

On the 24th July, the English packet sailed from Tampico, with upwards of half a million in specie on board.

FRANCE. The insurgents had been sentenced by the Peers. Only one, Barbes, was condemned to death, and the King commuted his sentence to confinement at the Galleys for life.

HANOVER.—The chief of the Magistricy, M. Rumann, had signed a petition to the Germanic Diet, against the arbitrary proceedings of King Ernest, and for the restoration of the constitution of 1833. The King, in consequence of this, suspended him, and gave orders that he should be tried by the Privy Council. The citizens of Hanover opposed this, and remonstrated, alleging that M. Rumann could only be tried by a municipal tribunal. The pork etc. to W. B. Hamilton; barque Ospray, Barrows. Port Antonio, King submitted. Some riots had occurred in which blood had 26, and Bermuda, 9 days—ballast, to J. & M. Tobin—left brig Somerbeen shed.

COLONIAL.

New Brunswick .--- A public meeting was held at St. John, on the 20th respecting the late calamitous fire. The meeting resolved that his Excellency should be requested to call the Legislature together soon as possible, for the purpose of adopting measures of assistance and of prevention.

The resolution was submitted to His Excelleney in an Address. His Excellency answered, expressing his readiness to assist in any manner,—he stated that he would immediately consult with his Executive Council respecting the propriety of calling the Legislature together, that he would willingly give assent to Legislative relief, salmon, and herring, to J Allison, & Co, and others; brigt. Atlantic, His Excellency answered, expressing his readiness to assist in any but especially to measures providing for the construction of build- Lewis, Grenada, 18 days, rum. ings upon a principle of greater security.

The inhabitants of Eastport had returned the \$1000, subscribed towards their assistance by St. John, to the latter, as some help under their recent misfortune. The St. John relief Committee accepted the money, under existing circumstances, as an evidence, of the kindly feeling of the citizens of Eastport.

A meeting was held in Halifax, on Monday last, for the purpose of providing assistance for the sufferers by the St. John Fire. A liberal subscription was entered into, and a Committee appointed to collect means.

Mr. Cunard returned to Town on Wednesday week. Addresses from the Committee appointed to celebrate the Steam Packet project, by a dinner, and by the presentation of a piece of plate, were presented to Mr. Cunard, and received suitable replies.

It was finally resolved, by the dinner Committee, that a Pic Nic, on a splendid scale should supercede the dinner. This was given on Wednesday last, on McNab's Island. His Excellency and the Naval Commander in Chief, and their suites, the Field officers, Captains of ships of war, Heads of departments, etc. were among the guests. The celebration passed off with much

NEW PAPERS.—Two young men of Halifax, Mr. Fenerty, and Mr. Kuhn, have issued Prospectuses of new papers; one to be tri-weekly, published at St. John, to be called The Commercial News; the other, by Mr. Kuhn, semi-weekly, to be published in Halifax, and called the Haligonian. May both remunerate the respective candidates in the race of life, and be useful in their respective spheres in the cause of knowledge and morality.

Pic Nics.—This summer has been unusually productive in this mode of recreation,—and what mode can be superior? A feast in a forest glade, after a sail on a magnificent piece of water. The THE SUBSCRIBER having by the late arrivals completed his exand fitted up with her flags, and awnings, and having her deck crowded by a gay company, she forms, on these occasions, quite a handsome feature in the scenery of our harbour. Halifax is The whole are offered for sale on the most reasonable terms, at his finely situated for these celebrations. There are delightful spots,

ties which the army had experienced with respect to provisions in every direction, for such ruralizing; the Island, the Arm, the thad vanished, and they had been received with open arms. Pri- Passage, the Basin, each has a charmen its name, and has scenes vate intelligence from Condahar to April 29. reports that Shah of great beauty to enchance the sweet retirement that its shades Shooja had been crowned with acclamation. The British army afford .-- Fire Companies, Rifle Companies, Charitable Societies, was to proceed forthwith to Dabool, which it is expected to reach and societies got up extemporaneously, have chosen this mode of amusing themselves and their friends. The number of these trips This gratifying intelligence had been received at Peshawur this summer, proves, we trust, that the inhabitants generally, are with great rejoicings. The city was illuminated for three days, in more comfortable circumstances than in former seasons; and and preparations were made for the immediate advance of the that anxious care, the bane of life, has less than usual cause

To CORRESPONDENTS.—We have to acknowledge the receipt capitol on the 17th, and was received with every demonstration of several favours in prose and verse, -some of these we design retaining for our next ORIGINAL number, and request additional contributions for the same.

MARRIED.

On Thursday evening, last, at Halifax, by the Rev. Addington Parter, Mr. Charles H. Rigby, to Mary Anne, daughter of the late James Driscoll, Esq, Royal Navy.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Fitzgerald Uniacke, Mr. John Hobson, to Miss Elizabeth Wills, both of this town

DIED.

On Saturday evening, after a long and severe illness, which she bore with patience and resignation to the Divine will, Rebecca, daughter of the late Peter Smith, of H. M. Dockvard,

On Monday morning, Eleanor, consort of Mr. Gasper Roast, aged

At Bahia, on the 16th of March last, of consumption, George Richard Finlay, aged 19 years, son of Mr. James Finlay, residing at St. John's, N. F. and formerly of Halifax. And at Georgetown, Demerara, on the 14th June last, of yellow fever, William Thomas Finlay, aged 23 years; also son of Mr. J. Finlay.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED.

Saturday, 24th, -Schr Bee, Yarmouth-dry fish; schr. Esperance,

Gagnion, Montreal, 18 days -pork, flour etc. to S. Binney. Sunday, 25th,-Am. schr. Annawa, Atkins, Boston. 31 days-flour, set and Grand Turk at Bermuda; Am, brig Acadian, Jones, Boston, 31 days—assorted cargo, to D. & E. Starr & Co. Wier & Woodworth, R. Noble & others; Emily, Hilton, St. John, N. B.—salmon and ale-wives, to S. Binney and T. C. James.

Monday, 26th, -Am. ship American, Fletcher, Liverpool, G. B. 48 days-salt, dry goods, etc. bound to New York, short of provisions, and water, put into Caplin Bay, 9th inst. and sailed again 14th, 208 passengers; Am. barque Marenzo, Gillespie, Londonderry 57 days, 121 passengers, bound to New York, cargo, iron and coals, put in for water & provisions; Packet ship Halifax, McClear, Liverpool, G. B.47 days—salt, dry goods, etc. to A. A. Black and others; H. M. Frigate Crocodile, Captain Milne, Havanna, 14 days.

Wednesday, 28th-Schrs Industry, Simpson, Boston, 4 days, flour etc. to John Esson and others. 11 passengers; Gracious, Glawson, Labrador, 14 days, fish, oil etc. to D. Cronau; Temperence, Smith, do

Saturday, 24th,-Halcyon, Robbins, West Indies, fish etc. by M. B Almon; James, Stowe, Trinidad, do by Saltus & Wainwright; Georgia, Marshall, Jamaica, do by D. & E. Starr & Co.; Picton, Ferran, Fogo, N. F. assorted cargo by P. Furlong. 27th, Schrs Sarah, Balcomb, St. John, N. B, pork, by S. Binney; Minerva, Ross, Montreal - sugar, by ditto. 28th, Brig Victoria, Smart, St. Andrews, ballast; schr George Henry Shelnut, Miramichi, rum and molasses, by J. & M.

Friday, 29—Brigt Margaret, Doane, —— 23 days, sugar, molasses to J. W. Young; Schrs. Margaret Ann, Cook, St. John N. B. 10 days, salt and alewives, to J. Fairbanks; Mary, Boundroit, Restiouche, 9 days---salmon, shingles, & salt, J. M. Tobin; Eight Sons, Eaton, Trinidad de Cuba, 30 days, Molasses J. Fairbanks, Sloop Lady Hunter, McLeod, Liverpool N, S. 1 day---salt.

Friday, 30 --- Am. Brigt Franklin, Crane, Pictou 5 days, Coals bound to Philadelpha.

Thursday, 29 .-- Sailed, Am. Ship American, Fletcher, New York; Barque Marenzo, Gillespie,

WINES, TEAS, SUGARS, &c.

THE SUBSCRIBER offers for sale at his Store in Market square, nearly opposite Messrs. W. A. Black & Son's Hardware Store, a general assortment of Wines and Groceries suitable for the Town and Country, which he will dispose of by wholesale or retail. Goods sent to any part of the Town free of expense.

R. TREMAIN, Junr.

WESLEYAN ASSOCIATION MISSION.

N next Lord's day Evening, the 1st of September, the Rev. Robinson Breare, Wesleyan Association Missionary, from Manchester, England, will preach in the Wesleyan Association Chapel, Dutch Town. Service to commence at 7 o'clock. August 30.

AT PRIVATE SALE.

THAT new and well finished Dwelling and Lot of Ground, in Ar gyle Street, south of the Wesleyan Chapel. The situation is very eligible. The house is contrived and finished in such a manner as to make it an uncommonly comfortable residence Persons desirous of purchasing may inspect it on application to

HENRY G. HILL.

DRUGS, SEEDS, TEAS. Spices, Dye Stuffs, Perfumery (Among the latter Farina's Eau de Cologne) Combs, Brushes, etc

PAINTS and Oils, etc. Drug Store, near the Market. James F. Avery.

New Butter.

Sale at Auction,

BY D. & E. STARR & CO. At Clark's wharf, TO-MORROW, SATURDAY, as 12 o'clocker

50 FIRKINS NEW BUTTER.

30th August.

just arrived.

SODA, MILK, WINE, AND SUGAR CRACKERS.

JUST RECEIVED by schooner Pique from New York, a large assortment of the above and other descriptions of Crackers and Biscuits---fresh from the manufactory---for sale at low prices by the barrel August 30.

Sm. R. TREMAIN, June.

Just published, in one volume, and for sale at the several bookstores in Halifax, price 6s. 3d. in boards, with a portrait:

A MEMOIR

OF THE LATE

REV. WILLIAM BLACK,

WESLEYAN MINISTER, HALIFAX NOVA SCOTIA.

Including an account of the rise and progress of Methodism in Nova Scotia,—characteristic notices of several individuals, with copious extracts from the correspondence of the Rev. John Wesley, Rev. Dr. Coke, Rev. Freeborn Garrettson, &c.

BY MATTHEW RICHEY, M. A.

Principal of Upper Canada Academy.

Unexampled Mammoth Scheme!

HE following details of a Scheme of a Lettery to be drawn in December next, warrants usin declaring it to be unparalleled in the history of Lotteries. Prizes to the amount have never before been offered to the public. It is true, there are many blanks, but on the other hand, the extremely low Charge of \$30 per Ticket—the value and Number of the Capitals, and the revival of the good old custom of warranting that every Prize shall be drawn and sold, will we are sure, give universal satisfaction, and especially to the Six Hundred Prize Holders.

To those disposed to adventure, we recommend early application being made to us for tickets—when the Prizes are all sold, blanks only remain the first buyers have the best chance. We, therefore, emphatically saydelay not! but at once remit and transmit to us your orders which shall niways receive our immediate attention. Letters to be addressed, and application made to

SYLVESTER & Co.

156 Broadway, New York.

\$20,000

820,000

20,000

10,000

10,000

5,009 2,500 21500

1,5000 1,5000

20,000

2,000

Observe the Number, 156.

\$700,000 ! \$500,000 ! ! \$25,000;! ! ! Six prizes of \$20,000 ! 2 prizes of \$15,000 ! 3 prizes of \$10,000 !

GRAND REAL ESTATE AND BANK STOCK LOTTERY.

Of Property situated in New Orleans.

The Richest and most Magnificent Scheme ever presented to the public, in this or any other country. TICKETS only \$20.

Authorised by an Act of the Legislative Assembly of Florida, and under the directions of the commissioners, acting under the same.

To be drawn at Jacksonville, Florida, December 1st, 1839.—Schmidt Hamilton, Managers.—Sylvester & Co. 156 Broadway, N.Y. Sole Agents.

No Combination numbers !!! 100,000 Tickets, from No. 1 upwards, in Succession.

The deeds of the Property and the Stock transferred in trust to the Com-

The deeds of the Property and the Stock transferred in trust to the Commissioners appointed by the said Act of the Legislature of Florida, for the security of the Prize Holders.

SPLENDID SCHEME!!! 1 PRIZE-THE ARCADE,

286 feet, 5 inches, 4 fines on Magazine street; 101 feet, 11 inches, on Naiches street ; 126 feet, 6 inches, on Gravier street-Rented nt about \$37,000 per annum valued at 1 PRIZE-CITY HOTEL, \$700,900

RRIZE—CITY HOTEL,

162 feet on Common street; 146 feet, 6 inches, on Camp street—
Rented at \$35,000—Valued at

1 PRIZE—DWELLING HOUSE,

(adjoining the Arcade) No 16, 24 feet, 7 inches front on Natches

street—Rented at \$1200—Valued at

1 PRIZE—DWELLING HOUSE,

(adjoining the Arcade) No 18, 22 feet Contact of Machine -8500,000

(adjoining the Arcade) No. 18, 28 feet front on Natches street-

Rented at \$12,00—Valued at 1 PRIZE—DWELLING HOUSE, (adjoining the Arcade) No. 20, 23 feet front on Natches street— Rented at \$1200—Valued at 1 PRIZE—DWELLING HOUSE,

No. 23, North east corner of Basin and Custom house street; 40 feet front on Basin, and 40 feet on Franklin street, by 127 feet

deep in Custom house street, rented at \$1500, valued at 1 PRIZE—DWELLING HOUSE, No 24, South west corner of Basin and Custom house street; 32 feet, 7 inches on Basin, 32 feet, 7 luches on Franklin, 127 feet.

104 inches deep in front of Custom house street; rented at \$1500

1 PRIZE-DWELLING HOUSE, No. 339, 24 feet, 3 inches on Royal street, by 127 feet 11 inches deep—Rented at \$1000; valued at \$15,000 1 Prize 250 shares Canal Bank Stock \$100 each Do 2000 do Commercial do

150 do Mech's & Traders' 100 do City Bank Do 100 do do Do 100 do do Do 50 do Exchange Bank 50 do Do 25 do Gas light do

15 do Mech's & Traders' Do Do 15 do do each 10 shares of the Louisiana State bank \$100 each ?

prize \$1000 each 2 shares of \$1000 each, each prize \$200 of the

Do each I share of \$100 of the Bank of Louisisna

Do each 1 share of \$109, of the New Orleans Bank I)n each 1 share of \$100 of the Union Bank of Florida 600 PRIZES

TICKETS \$20-No Shares.

The whole of the Tickets, with their Numbers as also those containing the Prizes, will be examined and scaled by the Commissioners applied under the Act, previously to their being put into the wheels. One wheel under the Act, previously to their being put into the will contain the whole of the Numbers, the other will contain the whole of the Numbers that shall be drawn six; will be entitled to such Prize as may be drawn to its number, and she fit holders of such Prizes will have such property transferred to them is ately after the drawing, unincumbered, and without any deduction?

New York, May 7, 1829.

SYLVESTERA CO. 156 Broadway, "...

THE OLD MINSTREL.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.

An humble, aged man am I, The minstrel of this hamlet small: Yet people wisdom in me spy, And I have wine-unmixed-at call. Come, and beneath the shades this day Haste to unbend yourselves with me, Fa, la, ye villegers, fal, lay, Come, dance beneath my old Oak Tree.

Yes, dance beneath my aged oak, That stands our village inn before: Discord still flits away like smoke, Whene'er its boughs are waving o'er. How often hath its foliage grey Beheld our sires embrace with glee! Fa, la, ye villagers, fal, lay, Come dance beneath my old Oak Tree.

Pity the baron in his hall, Although he be your manor's lord! He well may envy you for all The quiet ease your pains afford. While he is whirled along you way, Cooped in his coach so sad to see, Fu, lay, ye villagers, fal, lay, Dance ye beneath my old Oak Trea.

Far from a wish at church to curse The man who spurns the church's cares-That Heaven may kindly bless and nurse His crops and vines, send up your prayers. Would he to pleasure homage pay-Here let his shrine of incense be: Fa, la, ye villagers, fal, lay, Dance ye beneath my old Oak Tree.

When with a feeble, faithless hedge Your heritage is circled round, Touch never with your sickle's edge The grain upon your neighbour's ground. But, sure that in a coming day That heritage your sons' will be, Fa, la, ye villagers, fal, lay, Dance ye beneath my old Oak Tree.

Since peace its balm diffuses o'er The ills that fell in clustering throng, Oh! banish from their homes no more The blind ones who have wandered long. Hecalling-now the skies are gay--All whom the tempests tost at sea, Fa, la, ye villagers, fal, lay, Dance all beneath my old Oak Tree.

Hear then your minstrel's honest call, And haste to seek my oak's broad shade . From each let words of pardon fall, Here be your kind embraces made. And that, from age to age, we may Peace fixed among us ever see, Fa, la, ye villagers, fal, lay, Dance all beneath my old Oak Tree.

From Chamber's Continential Tour.

SKETCHES OF HOLLAND.

STREETS OR WHAT-YOU-WILL OF ROTTERDAM.

Persons who are accustomed to see towns composed of streets with carriage-ways in the centre, behold in Rotterdam much to astonish them. In penetrating through the town from the Boompies, we come to street, after street, each consisting of a wide harbour or haven of water in the middle, lined with trees on both sides, and exhibiting a mixture of lofty gable fronts of houses, trees and masts of shipping, as odd as it is interesting. Water and water-craft meet the eye in every direction. You find yourself in the midst of a town in which it is difficult to say whether there are a greater number of houses or ships. The deep havens stretch lengthwise and crosswise, like the meshes of a act, through the city; and at every short interval is perceived a drawbridge of white painted wood, constructed with ponderous balancing beams overhead, and raised by means of chains, for the passage of vessels to and fro. The ground beneath the trees is paved with small yellow bricks, and is chiefly occupied as to human beings, is one of the most surprising facts in physical quays for the landing of goods. The space from the trees to near the houses is paved in the usual coarse manner for carts and carriages, and here the foot passengers are generally obliged to large part of Holland and Belgium, and part of France, is in all Is published every Friday Evening, at seventeen shillings and sixpence walk, for small outshot buildings, flights of stepts to doorways, most all parts perfectly level, and if it had not been indebted to the earliest mails to subscribers residing out of Halifax. No subscriptions will be taken for a loss term than six menths. All letters and comthe small brick trottoirs close by the boases. The strangling of fluence of the sea.

foot passengers in the middle of the streets is therefore a distinct dangling, Parisian fashion, from ropes stretched betwixt the trees and the houses. Latterly, a portion of Rotterdam has been lighted process. The waters of the Rhine in all its branches are exceedmany nights of theoretical moonlight, but practical darkness, a wished to avoid tumbling into one of the many havens which intersect his path. The deaths from drowning in the havens, I was informed, average one in the week throughout the year.

ARISTOCRACY OF ROTTERDAM.

Rotterdam, with a population of eighty thousand persons, is essentially a city of merchants. It has no aristocracy of birth or rank. Merchants are the greatest of its citizens, and in them selves constitute an aristocracy which has no parallel anywhere except in Amsterdam. They are an unostentatious, hard-toiling set of men, and seem to confine their attention to their own private circle and their business. Though in many instances possessing much wealth, they very rarely show any funcy for recreations of refined character. Many of them, as I was informed on different occasions, scrupulously adhere to a practice of keeping always at least one-third of their savings, in the form of hard cash, in a strong box in their own possession. If such be the case, and it is quite consistent with that I learned of the economical habits of the people, the amount of coined money locked up from public use in Holland must be immense. While at Rotterdam, I was told of various merchants who had realized great wealth by a lifetime of the most assiduous labour in their kautoors. One of the most remarkable men of this class is Mr. Van Huboken of Rhoom and Pendrecht, who lives on one of the havens. This individual began life as a merchant's porter, and has in process of time attained the highest rank among the Dutch mercantile aristocracy. He is at present the principal owner of twenty large ships in the East India trade, each, I was informed, worth about fourteen thousand pounds, besides a large landed estate, and much floating wealth of different descriptions. His establishment is of vast extent, and contains departments for the building of ships, and manufacture of all their necessary equipments. This gentleman, until lately, was in the habit of giving a splendid fete once a year to his family and friends, at which was exhibited with modest pride the porter's truck which he drew at the outset of his career. One seldom hears of British merchants thus keeping alive the remembrance of early meanness of circumstances.

PALACES OF BURGHER-PRINCES.

All these, however, are inferior symptoms of commerce to those which are obserable alongside the havens. There the houses are constructed strictly with reference to great process of trade, and in a very peculiar manner, which I am not aware has ever yet been described. Each house may be considered the castle of a mer- equal to the best in France, and are generally drawn by three chant, who both resides with his family and carries on the whole powerful horses yoked abreast. Travellers in Holland can never commercial transactions within the same set of premises. The be at any loss in making their way by these commodious confront part of the building exhibits an elegant door of lofty proportions—fifteen or twenty feet high, for instance—at the head of a flight of steps. On getting a glimpse into the interior, you see a lobby paved with pure white marble, and a stair of the same material leading to the story above, which consists of a suite of lofty rooms, and is the main place of residence of the family. Some of the rooms are finished in a style of great elegance, with rich figured cornices and roofs, silk draperies to the windows, smooth oak floors, and the walls most likely painted as an entire picture or landscape, in oil by an artist of eminence. Near the door of the They are tine broad roads, running for miles in a straight line along house is a port cocher, or, in plain language, a coach-house door, which, on being thrown open from the street discloses a wide paved thoroughfare leading to an inner court, the buildings around which are devoted to the whole warehousing department of the merchant. A small office within the entry, with the word Kuntoor written over it, points out the counting-house of the great man of the establishment. Such is a merchant's house of Rotterdam. The bulk of the edifices of this great trading city are of the kind I describe, and therefore it may be readily supposed, that with little outward show a prodigious deal of solid business is transacted. On being conducted through a few of the establishments, I have felt surprise at the extraordinary amount of goods which were piled away in places where nothing of the kind could be supposed by a stranger to exist.

HOW HOLLAND WAS FORMED.

The manner in which the country has been rendered habitable geography. The whole of the territory, from the Texel on the north, to pretty nearly Calais on the south, comprehending a

On looking at this extensive territory, and then proceeding infeature in all Dutch towns, and the only comfort is, that the land to the higher regions of Germany, the conclusion naturally streets are more than ordinarily clean for this mode of locomotion. arises, that the whole of the low countries are simply an alluvial The havens are in few places protected by chains from the streets, deposit, washed from the alpine regions of the interior. The so that there is a constant liability to accidents, particularly at land everywhere on being dug is sand or clay. You may travel night, when the darkness is but poorly relieved by oil lamps, hundreds of miles, and never see a stone. At this present hour land is forming on the coast of Holland, and by a very obvious with gas; but, according to a parsimonious plan, the lamps are ling muddy, or loaded with particles of clay and sand, washed not lighted when the moon is expected to shine; so that during from the upper country, and these are carried out to sea, where they are sinking to the bottom, and forming sandbanks. At the stranger would require to have a lantern carried before him, if he mouth of the Maas, long sandy reaches, produced in this manner, are seen at certain states of the tide. Already they exhibit tufts of herbage, and are resorted to by flocks of sea-birds; and there can be no doubt, that, by a very little trouble, many square miles of new land might at present be added to the coast of Holland. The exact process by which the low countries have been saved from the sea, has never yet been fully detailed. Nature having in the first instance produced an alluvial marsh, a certain degree of art has been employed to raise barriers to prevent the influx of the sea; and this point being secured, the next step has been to drain the land, piecemeal, by pumping, the water being so raised as to flow off by channels into the sea at low tide. Much stress is usually laid by writers on the prodigious trouble taken by the Netherlanders to keep out the sea, by means of artifical bulwarks along the coast. But on this point there is some exaggeration, and one very material circumstance is nearly omitted to be noticed. It is only at certain places that great exertions are made, by means of artificial dykes, to keep out the sea. Nature, as if anxious to save the country from tidal inundation, has for conturies been energetically working to increase the magnitude of the mounds on the coast. At low water, when the bare beach is exposed to the action of the winds from the German Ocean, clouds of sand are raised into the air, and showered down upon the country for at least a mile inland; and this constantly going on, the result is. that along the whole line, from Haarlem to about Dunkirk or Calais, the coast consists of sandy mounds or downs, of great breadth, partially covered with grass and heath, but unfit for pasturage or any other purpose. In some places these downs look like a series of irregular hills; and when seen from the tops of the steeples, they are so hage as to shut out the view of the sea-The traveller, in visiting them from the plains, all at once ascends into a region of desert barrenness. He walks on and on for miles in a wilderness such as might be expected to be seen in Africa, and at last emerges on the sea-shore, where the mode of creation of this singular kind of territory is at once conspicuous. Loose particles of sand are blown in his face; and as he descends to the shore he sinks to the ankle in the drifted heaps. In some parts of these dreary solitudes, the sandy soil has been prevented from rising with the wind and injuring the fertile country, by being sown with the seeds of a particular kind of benty grass, and in a few spots fir-trees have been successfully planted.

DUTCH STAGE-COACHES AND ROADS.

The Dutch diligences are well fitted up and roomy vehicles, veyances; for, by a law of the country, the proprietors of public vehicles are obliged to provide for all passengers who may make their appearance before the hour of departure. They have thus frequently to yoke additional coaches, just before starting, greatly to the comfort of the traveller, though perhaps to their own loss. Although the distance from Rotterdam to Delst is nine English miles, the fare of each person by the diligence is no more than a guilder, or one shilling and eightpence.

The highways in Holland are among the best in the world. the summits of the dykes; and are paved with small bricks set on edge, so as to be very smooth for carriages; and are usually ornamented with a row of trees on each side, so as to form beautiful and cool avenues. Alongside of the roads, and only separated from them in some cases by one of the rows of trees just mentioned, is a main canal of considerable breadth, and sufficiently deep to permit the progress of moderately sized sailing-vessels. These canals, with their minor branches, form the chief thoroughfares. Few wheeled vehicles are met with on the roads, and the whole transport of goods and farm produce is carried on by means of water conveyances. Sometimes you may see the dairy farmer pushing off in a small boat for market with his large bottle-shaped milk-jars, formed of brass and glittering like burnished gold; at another time you may see a boat of a larger size loaded with hay like a stack, and moving on its way from a distant polder to the farmyard. Water, therefore, which is in one respect a source of constant trouble to the country, is in another an engine of national wealth and prosperity.

THE COLONIAL PEARL,