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From the Ladies' Book for June.

### THE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. MARY H. PARSONS.

(Concluded from p. 250.)

It was the first time a thought of his own guilt crossed his mind—he had been so absorbed in angry and revengeful feelings against his wife, that he had forgotten to question himself—"In how far might this thing have been prevented?"

Leora Everard lived—she was feeble, and her strength came slowly, but not her cheerfulness; the dark eyes were heavy and languid, and very rarely was the beautiful mouth parted with smiles that of old played so sweetly upon it, for it is hard for the young and hoping to yield submissively to the first heavy stroke of destiny. There was one night, after she had nearly recovered, having slept much through the day, she sat in her large easy chair later than usual; her father had said good night, and retired to his chamber; Mrs. Castlemore, who was with her, rose at last to go, yet, ere she did so, looked forth from the open window, it was a night of rare beauty after a day of excessive heat, long shadows of moonlight lay upon the green trees and thick shrubbery that stretched far and wide in the garden beneath.

"Leora, love," she said, smilingly, "the beauty of the evening tempts me strongly to seek the open air. Those long afternoon siestas disincite one to sleep at the usual hour: I will return to your chamber ere I seek my own." So saying, she left, and Leora sat silent and musing, her thoughts far away upon another time, when the voice she loved so well to hear, had whispered blessed words of love and happiness.

The night was indeed one of glorious brilliancy. Mrs. Castlemore lingered in the doorway, gazing with rapt and wondering attention, upon "the thousand, and ten thousand" stars that gleamed forth from the heaven before her. She was startled by a slight noise near her, a row of waving shrubbery was parted, and some one sprang forward and stood by her side. Mrs. Castlemore recoiled, as she exclaimed in a low, breathless tone, "Frederic Clare!—what do you here?"

"Has not she been in danger—ay, dying? yet you ask me what I do here—oh, mockery!—tell me of Leora?" His tones of bitter anguish went to the heart of one who loved Leora well herself; and she saw his face by the clear moonlight, it was ashy pale, and his frame trembled either from exhaustion or strong emotion. Gently and kindly she spoke to him, and she afforded him relief inexpressible by her assurance of Leora's entire recovery. A sad smile played over his countenance for a moment, as he said:

"Power is a dangerous thing to entrust to us poor and passion-tost mortals—mark ye, how Luis Everard exercises that where-with he is clothed? He has brought his child to the verge of the grave, and why? Why does he reject me? What are his objections?" and his voice deepened, and his eye kindled as he spoke: "Am I not his equal in birth—his superior in wealth—his inferior in nothing. Yet, am I scorned and spurned, because I am my father's son."

"Be calm, be calm, I entreat you, for Leora's sake," said Mrs. Castlemore, troubled and alarmed at his emotion.

"For Leora's sake! Oh, I have borne much and will bear more for love like hers; but she was dying, all hope was over; and I dared not cross the threshold of her door—not on my own account," he said fiercely, "did I refrain, but I would not that act of mine should give her pain. I have watched night and day, skulking like a thief, in the night time, pouring gold into the hands of those who would bring me tidings, information came in many and torturing forms, contradictory and alarming, tell me now the whole history of this fearful illness."

Truly and circumstantially Mrs. Castlemore gave the account; she entered much into detail, for she saw how eagerly he listened, and at last, in proof of Leora's being nearly well, she mentioned the fact of her being even then sitting up awaiting her return.

"Sitting up!" exclaimed Clare, "the house is quiet; where is her father? Oh! cannot I see her for one moment, only one moment, Mrs. Castlemore?" In vain she combated the wish he so strongly urged; she could not deny Everard's being in his own chamber, and he would scarce listen to words of refusal. Mrs. Castlemore condemned her brother's conduct at heart, and she had at one time looked forward with pleasure, to a union between Leora and Clare, as her feelings of interest in the latter amounted to attachment. She yielded, at length, a reluctant consent, upon condition that he left Florence the next morning, and exacted no promise of any kind from Leora.

"None other than the continuance of her love—she may repeat

the old promise," said Clare, as he yielded to Mrs. Castlemore's conditions. She left him for a moment to apprise Leora of his visit: she returned very soon, and motioned him to follow: "I give you half an hour," she said; "no longer. I will await your return in this passage." She pointed to the door of her niece's room, and he entered.

"Leora, do I indeed look upon you once more? Oh, dearest, in my despair I thought you were lost to me forever." He covered with kisses the small hand he had taken, and sat down on the low stool at her feet, "You are changed, Leora, and oh, that such change should have come from a sorrow I might not share."

Leora would have spoken; she strove to smile but tears gushed forth, and they dropped fast and warm upon the hand that held her own, while she murmured, "Do not chide me, that I meet you with tears; I am feeble, and have suffered much, Frederic."

"Chide you, dearest," he said, tenderly—"oh, that I could give you comfort and dry your tears, now and forever. But, Leora, think you it is right to suffer your father to exercise more than a parent's proper authority, and destroy the happiness of both? Should there not be a limit to his power, and your forbearance?"

"Hush, Frederic, hush," said the maiden earnestly, as the color spread over her face; "you will not say again what you have now said, and you will bear for a season, patiently; there may come a change for the better. Never hope to lead a daughter from the path of duty, and find her faithful as a wife—if she read asunder the ties that bind a child to her parent, light matter will she deem it to break through the obligations that bind her to a husband. Urge me no more, then, to disobedience—my father has had many sorrows, and oft-times he has named me his sole earthly comfort—his blessing may yet rest upon our love—will you wait cheerfully, for my sake?" He looked up into her face as she ceased speaking, and he thought the earth held not a fairer or lovelier.

"For your sake—much, very much I would do for your sake," he said, fondly; "but, Leora, if I wait in patience and silence—afar off, debarred from all communication with you, what shall be my solace?"

"My promise to be true," she answered. "I now repeat it. My father shall never wed me to another. If your trust is like unto mine, Frederic, you will ask no more."

"Let it be as you have said, and time will prove whose trust has been the strongest. Thou art to me as good as thou art lovely; and this it is that gives me patience to wait your own time, to strive to be more worthy of you."

There was a slight rap at the door, and Frederic rose. "It is Mrs. Castlemore—we part now, Leora, in confidence and hope, is it not so, beloved?" But Leora was very pale, and she trembled, although she strove to be calm; her heart was full of grief, and tears would have way.

He leaned forward, and kissed the white forehead of the maiden, and with another blessing and farewell, he left her.

Leora made but one inquiry of Mrs. Castlemore—"Where had he gone?" "To the village of—, some few miles distant," was the reply. "I have consented to write once, to inform him of your entire restoration to health; after that, all communication ceases between us, without my brother's consent." Leora bowed her head in assent, and the subject was not renewed again by either.

The effect of Frederic's visit upon Leora, was very gratifying to Mrs. Castlemore, who, loving her as a daughter, had long mourned her prostration of cheerfulness. A calm and gentle happiness seemed to have found a resting place in her heart, and its sweet expression was upon her beautiful face. Everard was satisfied, her peace of mind was restored, and his determination was strengthened never to consent to her union with Clare.

One night they had sat up later than usual, Leora with them, they had received letters from England, and were occupied, unconscious of time, in their perusal. At length they separated for the night, and all was hushed throughout the mansion. It was two hours past midnight, when a cry went out upon the still night air, of—fire. It was Everard's house, and before efficient aid could be obtained, the whole right wing of the mansion was wrapped in flames, the fire had originated there, and it raged with fierce and terrible intensity. In making his escape, Everard had been struck by the falling of a piece of burning woodwork, he lost consciousness, and owed his escape to the exertions of his sister, and an old English servant. They were both without the walls, when remembrance of Leora flashed across the mind of Mrs. Castlemore—excessive terror and her brother's fearful danger had almost deprived her of the power of thought, yet she never doubted of her escape, as she occupied apartments in the left wing of the mansion, where there was but little danger at first. A fearful an-

swer met her demand, Leora had not come forth. The blood curdled in her veins, and her heart grew cold as death; already the flames, accompanied by dense masses of smoke, were forcing their way through the hall door, and that was the only mode of communication with the suite of apartments on the left. Mrs. Castlemore shrieked in her anguish, as she offered untold gold to him who would venture in. Men looked on, and turned shudderingly from the fiery grave that seemed yawning to receive the first intruder. Then she called upon the father to save his child, but he lay senseless before her, was there no one? Yes, there was one—right and left the crowd parted, clearing a path for one who, with fearless and firm step came forward, and who was she? who, but the mother? Other hands than her own had rolled a wet blanket around her, as some protection—she thought not of herself, but with a bound that made men close their eyes and tremble as they did so, she plunged into the hall. On she went, and on, though the flames bisser in her ears, and her brain grew mad with intolerable pain, but she pressed onward, she gained the library door, was beyond it, and alive! "Blessed be God," she uttered, as she tore the burning dress from her limbs, and extinguished the flames, then she sprang up the staircase, and along the private passage Everard had before led her, to the chamber of her child. The door was open, and she hurried in—Leora lay senseless upon the floor: Aline unfastened the window, and threw it wide open—"Ladders!" she cried, "or the flames will reach us," and the crowd, who had poured into the garden, hastened to obey her orders. The night air, as it rushed in, revived Leora; still feeble from long illness, she had, as her mother supposed, flinched from excessive terror, on discovering her situation.

"Leora—my child, my child! Heaven has been merciful to me, this night, you will live, Leora, to pardon me, to cease to hate me," and the mother wept in her passionate joy, as she folded her daughter to her heart.

"Is it you, then?—Oh, mother!" and Leora knelt before her. "Pardon me, mother, great is my guilt; I have hated and scorned you, and you have risked your life for mine."

"Let the blessing and the pardon be mutual," and Aline, as she spoke, and threw around herself and child whatever covering chanced to be near, she saw the ladders were fixed, and men were mounting, and she felt it was well, for her pain of body was beginning to affect her mind. They were borne down in safety, and to Aline's house both were taken. Mrs. Castlemore accompanied them, nor did she offer any objection to Leora's remaining with her mother. Aline's wounds were dressed, she was frightfully burned, but uttered no complaint through all that fierce torture; she seemed rather to triumph in the thought, that a life so utterly worthless had saved that of one so precious. She called the physician, and demanded his true opinion: "Can I live? It is my earnest wish to know the truth—do not think I fear death. Oh no, to me it comes as the last earthly trial." She was told the truth, that she could not live three days. "It is well," she said, calmly, "and now, Mrs. Castlemore, will you ask of Luis Everard his consent to Leora's remaining with me, till I am at rest?"

Mrs. Castlemore acquiesced, and sought her brother, at the temporary home to which he had been conveyed; he had quite recovered, and was only suffering from an injury his arm had received, which was not of serious consequence. He knew that all were saved, but particulars had not been communicated to him: great was his agitation at Mrs. Castlemore's recital. His daughter's danger was the prominent thought—it absorbed for a time every other feeling, and so, much was his stern nature softened; that when, in conclusion, his sister told him of Aline's certain death, and her wish to keep Leora with her till all was over, he said abruptly,

So let it be—Heaven knows she has dearly earned the right to claim her. But you also must be with her, sister, I require no attention. Leora is very unfit, with the weakened nerves consequent upon a long and severe illness, to go through such a scene alone. You will remain with her?"

Consent was easily obtained, and Mrs. Castlemore returned to Aline and Leora. Oh to her, the mother, what a sense of blessedness did the presence of her gentle child impart; it seemed as though it was assurance of pardon from One mighty to forgive, and most merciful; the pure and good were around her, and they did not scorn her, although shame and sin had been her portion, but sin repented of, how long and bitterly.

Leora knelt by the side of her mother, and her eyes rested sadly and tenderly upon the wasted and shrunken features, ever as she looked the tears gathered in large drops, and fell silently upon her cheek.

"Do not weep for me, love," said Aline, as fondly she returned

the look of affection, "yet a little time longer, and all sorrow and suffering will be over:

There is a calm for those who weep,  
A rest for weary pilgrims found:

And I have obtained it through long and sincere repentance. If hereafter temptations should beset thy path, remember thy mother. Leora, for nineteen long years, I have never known one happy hour, burdened even through the solemn night and weary day by the canker of remorse. You were by my side to reproach me for desertion and wrong; I could not shake your image from my soul, as I had left you in helpless infancy—and oh, what torture there was in such remembrance.

She was silent for a long time; her mind held commune with the past; then she turned to her daughter, and asked, if the tale she had heard was true, that she loved, and her father opposed her attachment.

Leora saw how earnest her mother was, and she gave a clear, but brief history of the past.

"Thank you, love," and Aline spoke faintly; "go now to your father, tell him I am dying, and would see him once more."

Leora trembled as she listened, for she saw already a fearful change had passed over the face of the sufferer; tears gushed from the maiden's eyes as she exclaimed, "Bless me before I go, mother—bless your child."

"God bless thee, for ever and ever, Leora," and Aline joined together the bound up hands, that had been burned for her sake, and asked of her God once again to bless her child. Then she was alone, and her low murmurings were of gratitude to an all-merciful Father, who had sent comfort and support to her dying hours. She did not fear to die; she knew "He judgeth not as man," and she felt assured her repentance had found favour in his sight. There was a movement in the room, Aline turned her dim eyes to the door—it was Everard. He took the seat by her side, yet he professed no greeting, and made no attempt to speak; it was indeed terrible to look upon all that was left of the high born and beautiful Aline Delavel.

"I have not deserved this, at your hands," she said; "for myself I should not have asked it, but for Leora. Make her happy in her love; Everard. Oh! remember my father spurned at such appeal—mocked my distress—set at nought my objections—and lo! the result—guilt, and suffering, and death—beware, lest you expose your child to equal temptation. It may be, Everard, you once loved me—you were by nature stern and harsh, if it was so, oh! if it was so, recall your own feelings, and trample not upon your child's affections." Aline paused, she had been faint, and almost gone, but strong excitement had imparted a momentary and unnatural strength. Everard bent forward, and looked full into the now brightened eyes.

"Aline," he said, "answer me in truth—did you not know I loved you?"

"I am dying," was her solemn reply; "where is my hope but in truth? The night I left your roof, I believe you hated me rather than loved—scorned, instead of respected me. If I was wrong, it was owing to your coldness and estrangement."

"Then I have been fearfully to blame," said Everard, and his voice faltered, while a shudder passed over the frame of that self-satisfied and haughty man. "I have need of the pardon you have sought—Aline, it shall be as you wish—Clare shall marry my daughter."

Aline reached forth her hand—her voice sounded faint for an instant, and was gone for ever. The weary, and the suffering, and the long repenting, had gone to her rest.

It was an hour ere Luis Everard came forth from the chamber of the dead; his face was paler and his glance humbler than his wont; and the after years of that stern man were touched with a kinder and gentler spirit, than had ever marked the days of his early life.

It was an English home, a stately and proud one—the mansion of the Clares. A dressing room that opened into a chamber, was occupied by a young, glad mother, her husband, and one that husband had loved in his youth, and tenderly cherished as advancing years came on—his mother. Much of early beauty still lingered about the face and form of that noble lady—to her son had descended the open and striking expression that dwelt upon her features. How fair and beautiful was Leora! She sat upon a large cushioned chair, supporting in her arms a tender baby of some few weeks old, its soft, downy cheek lay upon her hand, and her eyes were bent in tenderness and love upon it. None might tell her feelings—holy were they, full of all solemn yet happy thoughts, was the mind of that young mother. Fondly the husband smiled upon them both, and as he took the tiny hand of the child within his own, he said, "It is very like you, Leora."

"But the name," said Mrs. Clare, "what is the name to be of this sole daughter of your house and heart?"

"Ah! the name," said Leora, "what shall it be, Frederic?"

"Let it be Aline Everard," he replied: "To her we owe our present happiness—may we repent our faults as sincerely, and amend them as well. Let it be Aline!" And Leora lifted her dark and shining eyes to her husband's face; their expression stole into his heart, filling it with happiness unutterable; they spoke of gratitude, of love unchanging, then, and for ever!

For the Pearl.

#### DEATH.

To lay this wearied body down,  
And soar beyond the sky,  
To wear an everlasting crown—  
Why call we this—to die?

To die? The spirit can not die;  
She but resigns her clay,  
To dwell in endless life on high—  
To triumph o'er decay!

To close on this dark world the sight,  
To yield this mortal breath—  
Is but to rise to Heaven's own light,  
To wake from sin and death.

Then who would dread the welcome change  
That gives him to the sky,  
Through all the unexplored to range,  
From star to star to fly!

J. McP.

August 5, 1840.

#### WILD TURKEY SHOOTING.

The discovery of America resulted, among other great events, in the addition of the Turkey to the table of the poor man and the epicure, and in adding to the list of game the most remarkable bird that presents itself to the notice of the sportsman. The Americans are charged with being rather complacent when they touch upon their peculiar advantages. They do believe, we have no doubt, that they have rivers the longest, mountains that stick up the highest, valleys that squat the lowest, horses that run the fastest, politicians that talk the loudest, and girls that are the prettiest, of any other in creation. But the Englishman, Frenchman, or any other European, have all these things in kind, and they will vaunt about the Thames, the Seine, and the like, and thereby grow very self-conceited and satisfied; but they knock under when you mention the Wild Turkey, and willingly admit that America is a great country: indeed, Franklin knew all this, and with a wisdom that eclipsed himself, wished to have this bird of birds introduced upon our national emblem, instead of the Eagle. The idea was enough to have immortalized him if he had not been a philosopher, or a modern Ajax, defying the lightning.

The Eagle, after all, is no great shakes of a bird, if we look into Audubon for its history, being own cousin to the Turkey Buzzard, and the most respectable of the family are fish thieves, and the like. Besides, an Eagle is no more peculiar to America than rats and mice are, it being common to all countries, and anything but a democratic bird to boot. Caesar enslaved the world with his eagle banners borne in front of him; Russia, Prussia, and Austria, all exalt the eagle as the ensign of royalty, and we think that a bird thus favoured by emperors and autocrats ought to be very little respected by the sovereign-people-democrats. So Franklin thought, and so we think, and we shall always go for the Turkey as the most appropriate national emblem of our country, even if we can have no other stripes associated with it than those given by a gridiron.

The Turkey, in its domesticated state, though he may be, and is, the pride of the festival dinner and the farm-yard, gives but an indifferent idea of the same bird when wild, both as regards its appearance and flavour. To see the bird in all his beauty, he must be visited in the wild regions of the South and West: there, free and unconstrained, he grows up in all the perfection of his nature, with a head as finely formed as the game-cock's, and elevated, when walking, perpendicular with his feet, much larger in the body than the tame Turkey, possessed of a never-varying plumage of brownish black, that glistens in the sun like bronze, he presents at the same time the *ne plus ultra* of birds for beauty and for game, ranking with the Indian and the Buffalo, as the three most remarkable living productions of the Western world. The haunts, too, of the wild Turkey are in harmony with the same character as the Aborigines and the Buffalo. In the deep recesses of the primitive forest, on the shores of our mightiest rivers, or buried in the midst of our vast prairies of the West, only is the Turkey to be found. In these solitudes the Turkey rears its young, finding in the spontaneous productions of the soil a never-failing supply of food, and always occupying the same section of country in which they are found; their disappearance from their peculiar haunts is indicative of total extinction. Thus it is that their numbers are irreparably lessened yearly by the sturdy arm of the pioneer and the hunter, and a comparatively few years more are required to give a traditinary character only to the existence of the wild Turkey upon the borders of our very frontier settlements.

Skillful indeed is the shot that stops the Turkey in his flight of alarm, and yet the wing is little used by the bird; like the quail, and the partridge, he depends upon running more, and their speed is wonderful, and we doubt if the hounds could match them in a race even if their wings were clipped, and they could not resort to heights to elude their pursuers. So little indeed does the wild Turkey depend on the wing, that they find it difficult to cross rivers moderately wide, and the weakest of the birds are often sa-

crificed in the attempt. We have seen the wild Turkey gathering upon some tall cotton wood on the Mississippi, and we have known by their preparations that they intended to cross the river; after mounting the highest tree they could find on the banks of the river, and stretching out their necks once or twice as if for a long breath, they would start for the nearest point on the opposite side of the stream, descending constantly until they reached it, and frequently very many would find their strength overtaken and would light in the water and be drowned. The Squatter on the banks of the Mississippi often notices these gatherings, and makes preparations to meet the bird with a warm reception, and often with a club and a canoe, he supplies himself with a quantity and quality of game that royalty cannot command.

The cautiousness of the wild Turkey is wonderful, excelling that of the deer or any other game whatever, and nothing but stratagem and the most intimate knowledge of its habits will command success. We once knew an Indian who gained a living by bringing game into a town in the West, who always boasted exceedingly, if he could add a wild Turkey to his common load of deer, and as the bird was in greater demand than he could supply, he was taunted by the disappointed epicures of the village for want of skill in hunting. To this charge he would always reply with great indignation, and claim the character of a good hunter from the quantities of venison that he disposed of. "Look here," he would angrily say, "I see deer on the prairie, deer look up and say maybe Indian, maybe stump, and deer eats on, come little nearer, deer look up again, and say, maybe Indian, maybe stump, and first thing deer knows he dead. I see wild Turkey great way off, creep up very slowly, Turkey look up, and say first time he see me, dat Indian any how, and off he goes, no catch Turkey, *he cunning too much.*"

A Turkey hunter must be a man possessed of the anomalous character of being very lazy, and yet very fond of rising early in the morning; he must also be a shot most unquestionable, for he can have but one as the reward for his morning exertions,—the game never waiting for a second notice to quit their feeding grounds, so as to be entirely secure for that day at least. A wild Turkey hunter must also be something of a musical and imitative genius; for unless he can gobble turkey-like, so as to deceive the bird itself, he can seldom succeed. The imitation, however, is frequently perfect, and can be acquired with practice. The large bone of the turkey's wings, cut off at one end, and properly used in the mouth, will produce the plaintive sound exactly of the female, who in the mornings of the Spring seems to be calling to her notice her proud lord and master, who like most dandies, employs himself in the presence of his mistress in strutting himself poor. The hunter, armed with one of these turkey calls, and the sure rifle, starts for the woods where he knows the turkey frequents, long before the sun shows the least light in the eastern horizon; silent, and generally alone, he places himself under some previously marked tree, and waits patiently for the fight. Sometimes lie is fortunate in placing himself directly under a *roost*, and when he can discern objects, he sees his game asleep over his head; but if this is not the case, he at least finds his game in the vicinity of his hiding-place, and here concealed by brush, he listens until he hears the gobble of the morning begin. The first sound from the old gobblers the hunter answers by the plaintive note of the female. Pup, pup, lisps the hunter—gobble, gobble, utters the proud bird,—and here the interest of the hunt commences. Then is to be seen the alluring on of the gobbler, his struttings and prancings, and a thousand gallant airs; anon, his suspicions get the better of his love, and the coward is plainly visible, in his suddenly contracted body, and air of ready flight. The hunter warily plies his music, and the bird comes on, until the sure rifle finds the beautiful bird in its range,—its sudden report, and the breaking of the dried brush in the bushes beyond, tells of the death throes of the bird, while his companions, frightened by the sudden noise, scatter like lightning; but not unfrequently until a second rifle, held by veteran hands, careens another bird o'er as he speeds by on the wing. Here the hunt of the day generally ends, and if success has crowned the efforts of the hunter, he feels that he has acquired game and glory enough for that day at least; and no man goes home better satisfied with himself and the world, than the successful wild turkey hunter.—N. Y. Spirit of the Times.

A VILLAGE HOUSE.—The houses of the villages in Turkey seem very much alike. I have been into many; and will describe the one appointed for me last night at Behralm. On the outside it looked like a square box, and the inside measured from twelve to fourteen feet; it was built of stones of all shapes, put together with mud. The roof was flat, and covered with earth; a small roller, generally a piece of a column, lying on the top to make this compact, in order to keep out the wet. There was no window, and consequently light was admitted only by the door, which had no lock or fastening, except a piece of wood suspended over the top withinside, and falling down when the door shut, whilst on the outside hung a peg, with which this inside fastening might be pushed up on entering. The wall and floors were of mud, mixed with short pieces of straw; the roof was a tree laid across, and boards placed transversely; the interior was black with the smoke from a large open fireplace, and, on entering, the house appeared quite dark.

## RUSSIA.—PETERSBURGH.

FROM A LETTER BY A LADY OF NEW YORK.

The first sight of the Kremlin disappointed me much, as I had formed the same exaggerated idea of it, as most people do who have never seen it; but on a more detailed examination of its curious component parts, I found much to admire, and the interest increases at every succeeding visit. When viewed *en masse* from any exterior point, it has a fine effect, particularly when the sun shines bright on its gilded domes and crosses. Its architecture is of a mixed Asiatic and European character. Its numerous domes are pear-shaped, like those seen in the representations of Indian pagodas; they are covered with gilt copper. On driving in at the first gate, we had the *arsenal* on our right, and the *Treasury* building in front, with 900 pieces of brass cannon taken from the French army in the memorable campaign of 1812. It is the intention of the Emperor to compose a column of these cannon, as an offset to the one in the Place Vendome at Paris, made from 1200 pieces of cannon, taken by Napoleon in his German campaigns.

In front of the Emperor's palace is a large square, from which is an extensive prospect beyond the Moskwa. The river is now frozen over, and covered with snow. I there observed a singular process going on. The washwomen of the city were busy at their occupation, around holes cut in the ice, when the thermometer was at 42 degrees below the freezing point of Fahrenheit. It was a marvel to me how they could keep the surface liquid; with such an intense degree of cold. Another peculiarity, I observed, which never struck me in any other country. Although the atmosphere was perfectly clear and free from moisture, the white smoke that curled from the thousand chimnies, instead of rising perpendicularly, as in our climate in still, clear, cold weather, fell immediately to the roofs, and appeared to run down their slopes like water or heavy gases.

On one side of the square is a wooden trap door in the pavement, which opens upon a flight of steps, down which persons descend and find themselves on a level with the top of the celebrated *Great Bell*. Another flight of stairs leads to the bottom of the pit, where one gets a full view of this colossus, in its entire height and breadth. It is 21 feet in height, and over 22 feet in diameter at the bottom. The sounding ring is two feet thick. The clapper is fourteen feet long. The weight of the bell is inscribed on it, and is 300,000 lbs. It is said to have been suspended over the pit in which it now lies, but the building taking fire, it fell, and was broken. This is the second bell of this enormous size; the first was destroyed by fire. The Emperor intends to raise it from the pit, and place it on a granite pedestal in the square. Another extraordinary brass casting is a large cannon, sixteen feet long, with a calibre of three feet! There are several others also, nearly as large.

The next object which attracted our attention was the *Treasury*. On entering the first room, my sight was so dazzled with the blaze of gold and silver vessels ranged in glass cases along the walls, from the floor to the ceiling, that I stood wrapt in mute astonishment. I fancied myself in the temple of Solomon, amidst the gold of Ophir, and the silver of Tarshish. The antique forms of the different vessels added to the illusion, for most of them are the facsimiles of the pitchers, bowls, cups, and dishes, one sees in ancient paintings, as well as those engraved on more ancient monuments. Many of these vessels are almost cotemporary with the foundation of the Empire, and no doubt are of Greek Byzantine manufacture; for Russia, at that period, could not have had artists sufficiently skilled in the art of chasing in metals, to produce such works as are seen here. It is a custom in Moscow, that whenever the Emperor visits the capital, the city authorities present him with *bread and salt*, upon gold dishes, richly embossed—several suites of these dishes are here shown. The ancient vessels are all used on great festival occasions, when the Emperor assists in person. I saw an officer of the household looking over the treasurer's accounts, and taking an inventory of this treasure. He was seated in the middle of the room, with a table, paper, and pen before him. On one side were persons weighing each vessel, while others were labelling and replacing them in the glass cases. I was informed that this ceremony is always performed when the Emperor is expected here, as he now is every moment. Passing on from this room to another, I saw several pedestals ranged around, supporting glass cases, under which were the *regalia* of the five conquered nations, *Siberia, Tartary, (Cuziu,) Georgia, Astrakhan, and Poland*—all in massive gold, and loaded with rare and precious stones. Each consisted of a crown, sceptre, and ball. Besides the above, were all the ancient crowns of the Czars of Russia, from that of Vladimir the Second, and worn by him at the old capital, Keoff, 900 years ago. It was made at *Byzantium*, and presented to him by the Greek Emperor. In another apartment are the *thrones* of the conquered nations. It would be very difficult for me to give you a correct idea of these curious antiques. Their general form is that of a large arm chair, elevated on a platform, with a velvet canopy over the whole. The chair, or thrones, are each of various materials, gold silver, ivory, &c. and all richly studded with precious stones.

Under other glass cases are preserved magnificent horse trappings of the ancient feudal times, then used on great State occasions, such as coronations, triumphal entries, tournaments, &c. Many of them were presents from Oriental sovereigns to their "cousins" of the North. Besides saddles and bridles entirely cov-

ered with turquoises, pearls and other precious jewels, there are housings large enough to cover entirely the largest horses, made of heavy crimson Genoa velvet, and wrought all over in arabesques, with the most beautiful Indian pearls, of the *largest and fairest* description to be found. Some of the rosettes are nearly a foot in diameter, and raised high above the cloth foundation, the pearls increasing in size and perfection as they approach the centre. In the basement story of this building, are preserved the ancient carriages used at coronations. They are something in the old Spanish style, enormously large, heavily carved, and entirely covered with gilding; some of them would require many spans of horses to draw them. One in particular has the front and hind wheels upwards of 16 feet apart.

Here, also, is the celebrated *house sleigh*, in which the Empress Catherine came from St. Petersburg to Moscow to be crowned. It is about sixteen feet long, by eight feet broad, with sash windows, divans and tables. It was drawn by sixteen horses.

That ambitious Empress, desirous of eclipsing all other sovereigns that ever reigned, not even excepting Solomon himself, conceived a plan for covering the whole area of the Kremlin with one magnificent palace, whose outer *façade* should rise from the edge of the hill, and extend around its whole circuit, which is about two miles. I saw the complete model on a large scale of this projected *wonder*: it is finished in every minute particular, the painting on the walls, and the different coloured marbles intended to be used in the construction and interior ornament of the palace. It was to have had columns of all the five orders. The present cathedrals and churches were to form part of the interior arrangement of the palace. A large theatre also is seen in the model, which is made to take to pieces, in order to disclose every part of its interior. This palace was actually commenced, but part of the foundation falling in, the Empress abandoned the work, perhaps through some superstitious fear. The book says—"Had the work been completed, it would have been the wonder of the world—it would have surpassed the Temple of Solomon, the Propylæum of Amasis, the Villa of Adrian, or the Forum of Trajan."

From Bremner's Travels.

## FAIR OF NOVOGOROD.

Across the Okka—on a low almost inundated flat, exposed to the waters of both these rivers, lies a scene of bustle and activity unparalleled in Europe. A vast town of shops, laid out in regular streets, with churches, hospitals, barracks, and theatres, now tenanted by more than a hundred thousand souls, but in a few weeks to be as dead and silent as the forests we have been surveying: for when the fair is over, not a creature will be seen out of town, on the spot which is now swarming with human beings. Yet these shops are not the frail structures of canvas and rope with which the idea of a fair is associated in other countries. They are regular houses, built of the most substantial materials, and are generally one story high, with large shops in the front part, and sleeping-rooms for the merchant and his servants behind. Sewers, and other means of maintaining cleanliness and health, are provided more extensively even than in the regular towns of Russia. The business of the fair is of such importance that the governor of the province, the representative of the emperor himself, takes up his residence in it during the greater part of the autumn. There is a large and handsome palace built for him in the centre, accommodating a train of secretaries and clerks numerous enough to manage the revenue of a kingdom. \* \* \* The fair may be about a mile from the centre of the city, but much less from the outskirts, to which, in fact, it is united by a long wide bridge of boats across the two arms of the Okka, and a line of good houses along the steep and difficult slope leading to the bank of that river. This slanting street is filled with a countless throng from morning to night—carriages, waggons, droshkies, pedestrians. \* \* \* Immediately on leaving the bridge, the fair-ground begins. This part is always crowded with labourers looking out for employment, and cossacks planted among them to maintain order. Then come lines of temporary booths, displaying objects of inferior value for the lower classes, such as beads, trinkets, and some articles of dress, especially caps. Of these last, a great variety is displayed—round turbans of short curly wool from Astracan (here called *crimmels*, because the best is furnished by the lamb of the large-tailed sheep imported from Crim Tartar)—high black Kirghis bonnets made of wool resembling hair—and flat gold-figured cowls from Kasan. These booths stand in front of coffee, or rather tea-rooms, laid out with little tables, and eating-houses large enough for two or three hundred to dine in with comfort, and at any price, from two pence to two pounds. The crowd, however, does not present the gaudy look of an ordinary fair. The ribbons and the lace, the gay bonnets and the red cheeks are not here. The mirth, the dance, and the brawl, too, are wanting, as well as the drums and the showmen. For this not an idle, holiday meeting, but a place of business. The Nisnei buyers are not country bumpkins with only a few shillings in their pockets, but rich merchants and grave bankers, who have their whole fortunes at stake. First advances a white-faced, flat-nosed merchant from Archangel, come here with his furs. He is followed by a bronzed long-eared Chinese, who has got rid of his tea, and is now moving towards the city, to learn something of European life before setting out on his many months' journey home. Next come a pair of Tartars from the

Five Mountains followed by a youth whose regular features speak of Circassian blood. Those with muslins on their arms, and bundles on their backs are Tartar pedlars. Cossacks who have brought hides from the Ukraine, are gazing in wonder on their brethren who have come with caviar from the Akhtuba. Those who follow, by their flowing robes and dark hair must be from Persia: to them the Russians owe their perfumes. The man in difficulty about his passport is a Kujur from Astrabad, applying for aid to the Turkoman from the bank of the Gourgan. The wild-looking Bashkir from the Ural has his thoughts among the hives of his cottage, to which he would fain be back; and the stalwart Kuzzilbash from Orenburg looks as if he would gladly bear him company, for he would rather be listening to the scream of his eagle in the chase than to the roar of this sea of tongues. Glancing in another direction, yonder Greek from Moldavia, with the rosary in his fingers, is in treaty with a Kalmuck as wild as the horses he was bred amongst. Here comes a Truchman craving payment from his neighbour Ghilan (of Western Persia), and a thoughtless Bucharian is greeting some Agriskhan acquaintance (sprung of the mixed blood of Hindoos and Tartars.) Nogais are mingling with Kirghisians, and drapers from Paris are bargaining for the shawls of Cashmere with a member of some Asiatic tribe of unpronounceable name. Jews from Brody are settling accounts with the Turks from Trebizond; and a costume-painter from Berlin is walking arm-in-arm with the player from St. Petersburg who is to perform Hamlet in the evening. In short, cotton merchants from Manchester, jewellers from Augsburg, watchmakers from Neufchatel, wine merchants from Frankfort, leech-buyers from Hamburg, grocers from Konisborg, amber-dealers from Memel, pipe-makers from Dresden, and furriers from Warsaw, help to make up a crowd the most motley and most singular that the wonder-working genius of commerce ever drew together."

The following facts will enable the reader to judge of the commercial importance of this fair:

"Schnitzlen and the other authorities state the annual value of goods sold here at 125,000,000 roubles, or £5,000,000 sterling; but we were assured by a gentleman filling a high situation that this is only the official value given to government by the merchants, which always falls short of the real value sold. 'It is notorious,' he says, 'that in order to escape the payment of part of the duties, the merchants never give the true value of their stock.' There has also been a great increase since the time to which this statement relates; so that the real amount of money turned over in the place may now be fairly estimated at 300,000,000 roubles, or Twelve Millions Sterling!"

**HUNGARIAN CHARACTERISTICS.**—The Magyar peasant has a strong feeling of self-respect, at times bordering perhaps on foolish pride. It is very rarely he will consent to exhibit himself as an actor; and in consequence the country is filled with German players, Bohemian riders, and Gipsy musicians; for, however much he may dislike amusing others, he has not the least objection that others should amuse him.

The Magyar has a passionate love of country, united to a conviction that no one is so happy and prosperous as himself. The Swiss does not feel a more devoted attachment to his mountains than the Magyar to his plains. Csaplovics tells us that a young girl of Debreczen, who was taken for the first time into the mountains of Liptau and Arva, regarded the villages with the utmost astonishment; and on seeing what to her eyes appeared the barrenness and poverty of the scenery, burst out in exclamation, "What! do men live here too?"—From *Paget's Travels*.

**THE WOOL SACK.**—In the reign of Queen Elizabeth an act of Parliament was passed to prevent the exportation of English wool; and the more effectually to secure this source of national wealth, the wool-sacks on which the judges sit in the House of Lords were placed there to remind them, that in their judicial capacity they ought to have a constant eye to the preservation of the staple commodity of the kingdom.

The great rule of moral conduct is, next to God, to respect time.

**RECIPE TO CURE HAMS.**—To cure a dozen hams of ordinary size and weight, take 12 pounds of common packingsalt, one pound of saltpetre, and one gallon of molasses; rub the hams thoroughly with this composition, and pack them down closely as possible in a cask. Let them remain one week, then take one ounce of salaratus, make of it a strong ley, add to it a pickle which will bear an egg, pour the pickle so as to cover them, and let them remain in three weeks.

In the summer season after the hams are smoked, put them in a cask in layers, with layers of perfectly dried tan bark between them.

**EASY MODE OF EDGING RAZORS.**—On the rough side of a strap of leather, or an undressed calfskin binding of a book, rub a piece of tin, or a common pewter spoon for half a minute, or till the leather becomes glossy with the metal. If the razor be passed over this leather about half a dozen of times it will acquire a finer edge than by any other method.—*Mechanics' Magazine*.

## ORIGINAL.

## CRITIQUE ON SHAKSPEARE'S DRAMAS.

(Continued from page 228.)

## IX. THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

The critic's office is easy, only in proportion as the work he reviews presents faults or excrescences. In the cases in which there is such a harmony in the proportions, that no one part stands prominently out, his mind is forced to embrace the scheme of the whole, before he can venture to pronounce a judgment.

Nothing is more easy than the analysis of separate portions, as nothing is more difficult than a review which is pertinent without being partial, and comprehensive without being vague. When, after the perusal of any work, we find our mind to be in a state of general and vague admiration which excludes all specialities, we take that as a proof that every detail is in perfect keeping, that the different elements are smelted together into such a compact whole, as to repel any effort to decompose them. Such a production may very justly be compared to a suit of armour, so perfectly tempered, and so elegantly joined together, as to offer no one point at which the lance could hope to penetrate. This piece appears to us by much the most perfect of any of Shakspeare's which have as yet fallen beneath our observation, and is, for this very reason, the one on which we feel it to be the most difficult to express an opinion. We feel disposed to fall into that strain of general eulogium, which is always a confession, on the part of the critic, that he has failed in appreciating the precise merits of his author, and that he is obliged to pay his debts with admiration instead of criticism. We make the remark upon this piece, which, as we have already made it upon others, is not the most special that could be offered,—that, in point of character and incident, it presents materials enough from which to construct two, if not three, comedies—which, after all, would neither be meagre or unvaried. As we have also already remarked in a similar case, this plenitude of incident gives rise to no confusion, the different parts hang closely together; and although it would be too much to say, that no passage could be abstracted without destroying the whole, still there is no instance in which, such an abstraction could be considered as an improvement. Upon this piece we ground the remark, that he possesses the art of rendering his secondary personages interesting up to a point which if they exceeded in the slightest, they would interfere with the principal ones. Hence, though none of his productions ever give rise to the questions, Who is the hero? Which is the main action? still there are many of them in which we find it hard to say, that one personage, or one chain of incidents, is more remarkable than another. His differences are rather distinctions of kind, than degrees of talent. What a group of remarkable personages is presented in this piece! what exuberance of imagination was required to create them! what art was necessary to handle them when created! An inferior writer would have furnished out a play from one of the two chains of events of this one, and would have found that there was no lack of incident. Nay, more: had he been demanded to compress all that is here into his piece, he would have found himself terribly embarrassed. Out of Shylock and Antonio he would have drawn a moving drama, perhaps a deep tragedy. With Portia and her casket, and her group of motley lovers, he would have composed a very elegant opera or melodrama, with magnificent decorations, in the style of Blue Beard or Cinderella. It required Shakspeare's genius to throw the two things together, and to combine them by mutual action and reaction. The connection between the two can hardly be said to be essential, tho' close enough to satisfy the laws of dramatic probability. Portia stands connected with the fate of Antonio, inasmuch as she is the ultimate cause of the debt which throws him into the power of Shylock—love is her first link of union with the other characters; in the progress of the piece she establishes another link, which brings her into such close contact that the action finally turns upon her. All that relates to the casket and her string of suitors is completely accessory. Jessica, too, and her lover effect a juncture with the main action, towards the end of their existence, up to that period having been somewhat arbitrary and independent. Had their connection been even less close, who could quarrel with personages so very graceful, so very captivating?

If we try the main incident by the sober rules of modern history, we shall be forced to pronounce it improbable, to say the best; but if we carry back our thoughts to the supposed epoch, if it does not amalgamate entirely with the character of the period, it at least does not stand so prominently off. During the long and bitter enmity between Christian and Jew, perceptible in every country of Europe, which stained history with some of the very foulest crimes that blot her pages, and supplied the romancer with some of his darkest tints, Shylock was no unnatural personage, and Shylock's ferocity nothing impossible. What adds to the probability of the action is the scene's being in Venice. Placed in Spain or England, where the Jews were treated with most oppressive rigour, its improbability would have been glaring—in Venice, where commerce must have widened liberty, and secured to all classes of citizens something like equal privileges, Shylock's demand is conceivable, and the manner in which it is attended to, natural.

Shylock belongs to the four or five master conceptions of Shakspeare. In none of his comedies do we find a character of such remarkable stature; to find a counterpart for him we must have re-

course to his tragedies. He is the Jew in every action, yet never the vulgar Jew, he remains from first to last a romantic personage.

If contempt be applicable only to the hypocrite, and if every one who acts from conviction, in whatever manner he acts, be possessed of some degree of dignity, then is Shylock a dignified personage—for every action of his seems to receive the approbation of his conscience. Cupidity the most sordid, and hatred, the most inhuman, lose in him a part of their loathsomeness, because flowing from a creed which held these things to be good when exercised against a Christian. In his moments of repose his Jewish nature is less conspicuous, but all the remarkable peculiarities of his race break forth in the seasons of passion. He possesses all the sordid rapacity of his nation; his burst of wrath almost destroys in him the claims of natural affection; the loss of his ducats affects him more than that of his only and amiable child; in all this he differs not from others of his tribe, and Shakspeare has insisted upon this feature of his character only to give prominence to its most remarkable trait—that spirit of demoniacal revenge which completely swallowed up the other passion. He who bewailed his ducats more than his daughter is an ordinary Jew—as such he is a ludicrous and a contemptible personage; but all feelings of this kind are absorbed in emotions of a much more powerful nature, when we behold him casting off his slough of avarice to abandon himself, without controul, to the dictates of a far deadlier feeling. In this case we mortally hate, but we cannot for our souls despise him. He is a powerful reasoner after his own manner; he stands by the strict letter of the law, and disavows such motives as generosity and mercy. These are things of which he holds no count; they are no pleas in his code of equity. So far are they from influencing him when urged to him, that he does not even seem to listen to or understand them. He wants the sense necessary to appreciate them, just in the same degree as the blind man wants the perception of colours; and therefore it is not by such weapons that he is or can be discomfited; the edge of that law to which he appealed is turned against him. He acknowledges its force, and does not endeavour to disarm it by the supplications to which he himself had already turned a deaf ear. He only quarrels with its leniency, which spares his life while it bereaves him of his ducats, "his Christian ducats." And in this last particular he reverts again to his primitive Jewish nature, above which passion had lifted him for a time.

There is at least a wonderful consistency in all this, and if consistency without another virtue entitles its possessor to admiration, Shylock may be classed among heroes. This return to his ordinary character is a remarkable proof of art, as it shews the profoundest insight into human nature. It was also a most felicitous idea to make him draw from the Bible so much of his best argument and illustration. It needed not Shakspeare's intelligence to know this book to be the literature, the law, and the religion of the nation, but we think we recognise all his own peculiar talent in the manner in which he has brought this knowledge into play. There is one moment, and but one, in which the harsh nature of Shylock softens down almost to the tone of gentle feeling, and at that moment we feel half disposed to pity if not to love him. It is when he says, "I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor. I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys."

It did not suit the author's design to dwell upon it. A few such traits, and he would have foiled his own purpose.

The main action is brought to an end in the fourth act. And what an act, what action, and what characters! Shylock, with greedy eyes fastened upon his victim, for whom in the very court he whets his knife, rebutting with calm indifference the cutting sarcasms of the enraged Gratiano, or repelling, with an appeal to justice, the arguments of mercy addressed to him by the others. Antonio led like a lamb to the slaughter, and joining in the discourse only to assuage the grief of his friends. Bassanio divided between sorrow for his benefactor and rage at his oppressor. Gratiano's coarser and more volatile nature a prey to ungovernable rage which can find no words strong enough for its expression. Portia, the able, dexterous advocate, who touches on the chord of mercy, but finding that it had no echo in the flinty heart of Shylock, attacks him with his own weapons and foils him. The Duke or Doge, the upright representative and administrator of his republic's laws, lending the influence of his voice to the arguments of Portia, but venturing not to interpose the authority of his office between the law and his victim. And then the new aspect which the question assumes, the glee of the advocate, the calm joy of Antonio, the exultation of the others, and the stern composure of Shylock while he is the object of universal execration. If there be in the range of our dramatic literature a scene comparable with this, it must be in the writings of the same author, for we have no other equal to such an effort. But all is not yet over. Had the piece ended here, we should not have had time to recover from the conflict of painful and pleasant emotions awakened by the above transactions. Space is afforded for this in the fifth act, which moreover unfolds to us another world of charms, differing indeed in kind, but no-way inferior in degree to those we have already met with. It opens with the scene of the two lovers, who, seated on a bank of flowers, the moon above, and the soft sky of Italy around them, yield themselves up to the enchantment of the hour, catch from nature her stillness, and communicate in their turn new charms to her. The situation is no new one, it has been described since there was a poet to sing or lovers to sing of; it has been described more lengthily, with greater pomp of words, with more display of senti-

ment, with larger pretensions to feeling; and yet we know not one instance in which thought and language are in more exquisite sympathy, in which the one possesses more real tenderness, or the other more perfect melody. History is called in to vary the range of idea, and Lorenzo and Jessica suffer their thoughts to steal back to Troilus and Cressida, Pyramus and Thisbe, Æneas and Dido, Medea and Æson.

They gaze into the blue vault of heaven, and give a language and a music to the spheres—for what is there to which passion does not communicate its own hues and colours? We do not at present recollect in his regular dramas a passage in which Shakspeare has more fully and completely abandoned himself to his emotions of the beautiful.

There is no one of his plays from which there stand off so many of those passages which form part of our memory, being registered there never to be erased; and what is singular, there is no one in which the dialogue, dramatically speaking, is more perfect throughout.

Upon the whole, the tamer portions are those which speak of Portia's lovers and her casket.

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN OLD SAVOYARD.

I left my native mountain land more than eighty years ago, with a pair of brushes, a pike, and a marmot. As I ranged at liberty through the fields, I imagined myself master of the world. I managed to employ myself, however, on my route, so that with my little earnings, I was able to buy a monkey at Chambery, a magpie at Grenoble, and a bear at Lyons. I was active, hearty, daring and light-hearted, thus partaking of the nature of the rock, the chamois and the bird, among which my infancy was passed. The most flattering prospects opened before me. My magpie chattered, my monkey played antics before the mirror, and shaved himself, and I succeeded in training my voice to such touching inflections, that, on arriving at Paris with my dumb companions, I soon gained the hearts of the *Estrapade*. At the *Gros Caillou* I produced the same sensation; but no heart was so hard as to resist the attraction of so young and precocious a child.

As my purse grew heavier, my ambition rose. I knew that a poor man in London, had become Lord Mayor, and had gained an immense fortune in India by means of a cat; so I said to myself, that poor man had but one animal, I have four; since with a single cat one may become Lord Mayor, with a menagerie I shall be a Prince. Absorbed by this idea I arrived in London, and took up my quarters at Charing-cross, and I can flatter myself, that not a single citizen of Picadilly can say, "He has not been in my house," for I have swept all its chimnies from top to bottom. And there is not a young woman in the Haymarket who has not stopped to admire my dancing, and say "What a fine fellow!" to which my magpie would smartly reply, "A penny if you please." By dint of sweeping these chimnies, and the patronage of these young ladies, I obtained a free passage on board a vessel sailing for India, and being weary of having no chimnies to sweep on my voyage, I rendered myself useful with my brushes on board, and amusing by my agility in climbing to the mast-head.

Among my native mountains, I had employed myself in making wooden clocks—in India I made spinning wheels, and machines of various kinds. The India Company soon took me into their service as a mechanic; from that office I rose to be book-keeper, then principal agent, then treasurer, then administrator to the Honourable East India Company, and in a few years found myself a *millionaire*; but I still retained my early simplicity, and sighed for the happiness of my chimney-sweeping life.

I lived in India thirty years, but there were three things in that country to which I never could reconcile myself, and these were—a flat surface, an unchanging sky, and effeminate manners. As long as ambition swayed me, I suffered comparatively little, but that being gratified, I felt as if I bore the great Indies on my shoulders. I returned to London with my fortune, and with a yearning for an immediate return to France.

The English banker who had charge of my affairs, wrote to a Parisian confederate, requesting him to prepare all that was necessary for the return of a rich nabob to the French capital. A Hotel was rented for me in the *Chaussée d'Antin*, equipages were purchased, and a large number of servants engaged for my establishment. The most splendid reception awaited me.

While these preparations were in progress, I arrived from Calais in Paris on foot with a knapsack on my back; and being curious to see the mansion prepared for me, I presented myself at the door, *incognito*, as an old savoyard, with two young assistants of the same nation, whom I had found at the first *Carrier*. While, by the orders of my steward, these little rogues swept all the chimnies, my footman proposed to me to black his shoes; my butler that I should go into the pantry and take a glass with him; and all this embroidered rabble said unto me, with a cuff now and then on my ears, "We'll recommend you to the nabob when he comes, old fellow; but you'll pay for that small glass."

I understood from what I saw, that I was about to become the slave of a thousand new wants; and shut up, as in a chrysalis, in all this splendour, I should be deprived of the pleasures of my pipe and marmot. Wishing to enjoy the short space of time remaining to me, I began to stroll over the city with my little compatriots, and came, in the course of our rambles, to the *Estrapade*. The

great Conde, on beholding again the field of Rocroi, after an interval of thirty years, was less happy than I, revisiting, in the autumn of life, the theatre of my spring-time glory. I gave a brilliant exhibition there, and made my second appearance. Preville and Dugazon never displayed a more exuberant and heartfelt gaiety. I sang, danced, leaped, and the old women in their high crowned caps, looking down on me from their garret windows, knew not which to admire the most, my gracefulness or that of my bear. Passing before the gates of St. Genevieve, I kissed the steps on which I had passed so many quiet nights. "Happy chimney sweep, you slept peacefully on those cold stones—Indian millionaire, to-morrow you may find your couch of down a sleepless resting place.

The next morning at daybreak, I repaired to the street in which the old "mother" of the savoyards lived. She was no more. Three or four successive "mothers" had occupied it since she had gone; but I recognized with pleasure the great hall where we came every three months to get a clean shirt, and the neat little closets where the "mother" with a superannuated hand washed our spring garments. I found numerous successors there, among whom I distributed the contents of my purse. While thus employed, I felt a gentle warmth creeping through my veins, which seemed to fill me with new life. It is sweet to be a man of wealth, said I, this pleasure exceeds my former ones; it has a divine origin.

I spent a week thus in Paris, passing and repassing before my splendid mansion, like a criminal before a jail, who dreads lest he should be entrapped into it. But at length, having assumed a suitable garb, I entered my gilded prison, asked for my jailer, my keys, and all those miserable appurtenances which a foolish and perverse luxury maintains to increase the infection of society. "Will my lord see his concert room, or gallery? Would his grace enter his library? Was his excellency desirous of examining his equipages?" And instantly a chariot was rolled out from the carriage house, the pannels of which were decorated with exquisite paintings. Cupid was represented on a cloud shooting his arrows, while his mother reposing on a bed of flowers applauded his malicious sports. I sent for the artist; I had the band over love's eye widened and converted into a handkerchief enveloping the head. A few strokes of the brush changed his bow into an iron scraper, the cloud into a chimney, and the vapour of the pure sky into smoke; then I caused to be inscribed below, "This is his Lordship." While M. d'Hosier was trying to search out a genealogy for me, and to discover ancestors from whom I might be nobly descended, "M. le President," I said, "spare yourself the trouble of seeking farther, I descended through the chimney."

I had a large view of the Estrapade substituted for the ornamental ceiling, in which I was introduced at full length, waltzing with a bear in the midst of a group of young savoyards, busied in blacking the shoes of the ladies of the neighbourhood, and looking out with the most naive alertness for a new job.

I was soon, in spite of myself, drawn into the highest circles of Parisian society. My acquaintance was eagerly sought, but when they spoke to me of the magnificence of my Indian possessions, I pointed to the ceiling and said, "Behold the Nabob."

After having consumed at Paris one fourth of my fortune in six months, overcome with ennui, and in the harrassing practice of the details of that code, at once so sage and so silly, called the "savoir vivre," a code as pedantic and complicated as the Asiatic, and which reduces one half of the inhabitants to the condition of the inhabitants of Pekin, and the other half to that of a machine, I resolved, one fine day, to leave all its luxuries and fooleries. Avenging myself thus on the Parisians for all the bows they had made me, and all the dinners they had eaten for me, I departed without taking leave, having settled all my accounts, paid all my purveyors, and leaving behind me no other creditors but those to whom I owed the accumulated wages of contempt due to their cringing baseness.

I journeyed on foot as far as Mt. Taurus, there I took a ferry-boat to Lyons, and from Lyons to St. Symphonien in a post chaise drawn by mules. I began to feel that a taste for luxury had already gained upon me.

I was more than forty years old when I returned to my native mountains; it was time for me to settle in life. This wife whom I took to myself, was the valley of Queyras. Happier far than Romulus, who possessed but seven hills, I hold in full proprietorship fourteen mountains, seven of which are pasturages, garnished with their stables, cottages, and inns; three are covered with forests of pine and fir trees: the others are clothed with a tapestry of lavender, veronica, and Swiss tea, which is sold at Paris for three francs a pound, but which I freely give away. Also a glacier, bordered with meadows, which I purchased from the proceeds of the sale of mirrors and their frames; beside fifteen hundred merino, and six thousand native sheep, one hundred fine Normandy cows, six cascades, fourteen torrents, and the peak of Azerole, which is eighteen hundred fathoms high, and which I bought with the price of a time piece. Eight carriage horses, that I sold in Paris, furnished enough to pay for one hundred and twenty Piedmontese mares, six fine horses from Dauphiny, and sixty Provençal asses. As I gaze on these possessions, I say to myself, with the most profound satisfaction, "I found all this up the chimney." Here, then, for fifty years we have lived, people, beasts, and mountains, each maintaining the other in perfect contentment. Half a century of happiness is a thing unheard of; in a city, its enjoyment for a year, a day, an

instant is rare. And, after all, what is this urban felicity but a succession of fêtes, to which pleasure, taking you by the hand, introduces you, in which etiquette makes you acquainted with every vice, and from which ennui and satiety bow you out as far as the staircase?

Every thing grows stale and wearisome in a circle of artificial enjoyments, in which man, the voluntary slave, revolves under the scourge of caprices, prejudices, and follies. Nature alone, in its succession of ever new and ever brilliant scenes, and in the ever interesting study of its phenomena and productions, offer us inexhaustible pleasures.—Translated from the French, by a lady of Philadelphia.

For the Pearl.

#### MELODY.

Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,  
And thought can not conceive,  
The bliss to be on those conferred,  
Who on the Lord believe.

Not all that erst in Eden smiled,  
However bright and fair,  
Ere sin her peaceful haunts defiled,  
Can with that bliss compare.

We know there is a better shore,  
Which clouds may not o'ercast,  
To which our joyful souls shall soar,  
When this poor life is past.

We know not what we there shall be—  
Yet we shall be like Him,  
Before whose glory earth shall flee,  
And every orb be dim!

Liverpool, 8th Aug. 1840.

J. McP.

#### SKETCHES BY A TRAVELLER.

VIEW FROM A SUMMIT OF THE ALPS—VOLTAIRE'S SEAT.

After breakfast we started to ascend the Grand Selève, one of the neighbouring Alps. It is situated to the south of Geneva, across the Arve, in Savoy, a part of the King of Sardinia's dominions. There are two summits, the Petite Selève and the Grand Selève. We ascended the latter, which is more than twice the height of the former. The ascent was steep and tedious, as the weather was warm: but the scenery which we witnessed was inconceivably grand. To the north of us, immediately below, lie the Arve, the Rhone, and the lake of Geneva. All the surrounding valleys were blooming with cultivation, while we stood in snow six inches deep, and all the peaks around us gave the impression of a mid-winter scene. Beyond the valleys, on the north, extend the Jura, covered with snow. On the east and west range the Alps, with Mont Blanc lifting its triple head above them all, covered with everlasting snow. Clouds, like a loose mantle, hung around its declivities, while its summit flashed above them in the sun. There it stood an embodiment of sublimity itself. Its awful majesty is indescribable. Ages have rolled their wintry storms over that dreadful peak, but still it stands in its silent grandeur, looking down on the ephemeral generations of men as they pass away. Never have I stood amid such awful sublimity before—not even at Niagara. I knelt on the snowy summit, and gave vent to my emotions in praises to God.

To-day we visited Ferney, the residence of Voltaire. We walked thither from Geneva in about an hour. It is four or five miles to the north-west, on the road to Paris. The road leads through a fertile and blooming country. Ferney is an insignificant village, with nothing specially attractive for these regions. The mansion is at the western extremity, and stands a number of rods back from the public road, almost hid in foliage. Ranges of trees form a beautiful avenue from the street to the door. Before entering the garden, at the head of the avenue, stands the little chapel which was built by Voltaire for the peasantry. It is quite decayed, the windows being mostly broken, and the interior used for a stable.

On entering the yard, an old man presented himself as our guide. We walked through the garden in the rear. It has fine arbored walks, planted by Voltaire himself. The one on the left is peculiarly beautiful. The house itself is large, and not destitute of workmanship, though it begins to show marks of decay in many parts. It has three doors in front, one entering the body of the edifice, and the others the two wings. After seeing the gardens, we were taken into the rooms. The furniture is just as he left it. The first apartment contains a number of paintings and a few cushioned chairs. The next is the bed-room. The bed is still standing: a small canopy projects from the wall above it. On one side of the room is the monument and vase in which his heart was placed. The heart has since been removed to Paris. This monument is quite simple, but tasteful; the material is black marble. Under the part which contained the heart is written, "Mon esprit is partout, et mon cœur est ici"—My spirit is every where, and my heart is here. Above it is written, "Mes manes sont consolés, puisque mon cœur est au milieu de vous"—My manes are consoled, since my heart is in the midst of you.

A number of pictures hang around the room—simple prints, such as Washington, Franklin, Milton, Marmontel, Racine, Corneille. There are also portraits of Frederick the Great, Catherine the Second of Russia, and Madame de Chatelet, and Voltaire himself in the midst of them.

Among the paintings is one extraordinary as an example of the vanity of man. He has been called the "vainest of men," and truly a similar instance of vanity was never recorded before. It was designed by himself, and painted, it is said, by a bungling artist of Ferney: Voltaire stands holding in his hand the *Henriade*, which he is extending to Apollo, who descends towards him from Mount Olympus. The temple of Memory stands in the background. Fame flies toward it, pointing at the same time at the *Henriade*. The Graces and Muses surround him, and are about to convey his bust to the temple of Memory. The heroes and heroines of the *Henriade* stand about him in apparent amazement. Envy and her imps are dying at his feet, and the authors who opposed him are sinking into hell, grasped by furies and scourged by demons. The Calais family, for whom Voltaire showed so much interest, are included in the picture.

A beautiful little work in china, representing a female bursting from the tomb, in the resurrection; with her child, stands at one end of the bed-room in a corner.—*Olive Leaf*.

#### VESUVIUS, HERCULANEUM AND POMPEII, IN 1839.

It is especially towards the evening, when the sun has disappeared beneath the horizon, that the vapours of Vesuvius assume a denser tint, and deck its summit with a boquet of brighter whiteness. At Resina you find conductors, who convey travellers half-way up the mountain to the spot called the "Hermitage." This first ride is not an uninteresting one. Here nature is not yet dead. You pass through vineyards planted in ashes, which yield the celebrated *Lachryma Chrysta* wine; then come some nameless trees, the foremost sentinels of vegetation, which the next eruption will dewour, and, lastly, you reach the "Hermitage," surrounded on all sides, save one, by the lava of 1794, 1810, 1813, and 1822. Here you alight, and enter a region of chaos. No more trees, vegetation, birds, or insects, are to be seen. Everything is dark, bristling with points, rent into deep and rugged fractures, covered with scoria, of a sulphurous smell, which tear your feet before they burn them. You are now at the foot of the cone; all that remains to be done is to ascend vertically along the external sides of the volcano.

If your heart has not failed you along this ladder of dried lava, you will reach the top of the volcano in three quarters of an hour. Imagine a funnel five hundred metres deep, whose upper edges present innumerable crevices, whilst from the lower part rise clouds of sulphurous vapour, which escape by numberless apertures, bordered with dust of a lively orange colour. If you stop to admire in the distance the city of Naples, softly spreading round the gulf, and at your feet the ever-smoking crater, you feel the fire penetrating your boots, and the guide will urge you to walk in order to avoid accidents. The ground, when strongly struck, yields a certain metallic sound, and as you go round the mountain you meet with gaping apertures, at the bottom of which burns a red and fat-tish flame. I have plunged into one of these pits a long chestnut-stick, fresh cut, and covered with its still moist bark, and it has instantly caught fire. As you kneel before these infernal gates to ascertain their depth, you distinctly perceive, within hand-reach, the flame bending upon itself, dense, quiet, and almost limpid; it discharges clouds of sulphuric acid gas. The ground is strewn with grey lava, ashes, melting sulphur, and pyrite substances, whence escapes, at intervals, a white smoke, which affects your eyes and lungs. One can scarcely conceive how that crater, so narrow in its lower part, has vomited heaps of lava large enough to form a mountain four times as bulky as the Vesuvius itself, without mentioning the ashes, small pebbles, and masses of boiling water, which the wind has sometimes carried to enormous distances.

Notwithstanding its fearful aspect, the Vesuvius may be approached even when its eruptions take place. The lava itself, whose progress is so formidable and inflexible, advances with extreme slowness. One has time to avoid or fly before it. The slightest obstacle stops it; it turns round objects, burns them if they be combustible, and envelopes and petrifies them as it cools, if they be not so. Thus it is that the city of Herculaneum has been sealed into a semi-metallic mass, and as it were cast in the lava which now covers it. Pompeii has disappeared under a discharge from Vesuvius, under a shower of ashes and little stones which have gradually though rapidly covered it, just as certain Alpine villages disappear beneath the snow in our severe winters.

Herculaneum and Pompeii seem both very distant from the focus of Vesuvius. They are now separated from it, by inhabitants and cultivated spaces which have been conquered from the lava, and recovered from the volcano. The village of Portici is built upon the roofs of the first of those two cities, which was petrified on the day of its death, and into the tomb of which one descends as into a mine, by a sort of shaft, ending at the theatre where, it is conjectured, the inhabitants were assembled when the eruption surprised them. It was in 1689 that the ruins of the city made their appearance for the first time in an excavation made at random, which was resumed in 1720, and finally organized in 1738. The discovery of the theatre and of every thing else has taken place

since that period. The theatre is of Greek architecture, it is ornamented with a fine front, and with marble columns standing on the stage itself; the spectators occupied twenty-one rows of steps, with a gallery above, embellished with bronze statues.

One can still distinguish the places allotted to the magistrates, the scene behind which the actors withdrew, and a number of objects which excite in the traveller mingled astonishment and emotion. There are also at Herculaneum a Forum surrounded with porticos and temples, which are almost all of them damaged, and a gaol with old rusty iron bars, to which the prisoners were chained—a melancholy feature of all times and places, and a monotonous emblem of human society at all periods. As you leave these excavations, which have as yet made little progress, and cannot be much extended without endangering the safety of Portici, you distinctly perceive several strata of lava, proving beyond a doubt that Herculaneum was drowned in repeated eruptions of Vesuvius.

The difficulty of carrying on the excavations at so great a depth and under the very foundations of a new town, has caused the ruins of Herculaneum to be almost abandoned for those of Pompeii, which present a far more striking interest. At Herculaneum there are only catacombs. At Pompeii, the Romans entirely revive; the houses stand and are furnished and ornamented with picturesque paintings, the cellars are stocked as well as the table; in more than one dwelling the dinner has been found on the table, and the skeletons of the guests round it, and then you enter everywhere on the same floor; and as the ashes, which lie but a few metres thick upon the ancient buildings, are cleared, the town appears, as ours come to light again when the snow melts in mountainous countries. You arrive by a suburb wholly lined with Roman tombs, and walk over a Roman pavement, worn out by Roman vehicles; you may enter the inn; there are stables, with the rings to fasten the horses; close by is the farrier, with his sign over his door. If you penetrate into one of those tombs, you will find urns containing ashes, hair, and fragments of calcined bones. Everywhere are displayed inscriptions, unaffected, dignified, and touching, such as the epitaph dedicated by a woman to her husband—"Servilia, to the friend of her soul." Let us advance; we are in the town. To the right of the gate you behold the guardian's sentry-box cut into the stone. Take the footway, for there are footways at Pompeii; Roman footways, with posts at intervals on both sides, footways wherein one ceases not to gaze on wheel-ruts made eighteen hundred years ago.

Here is an apothecary's shop, with his drugs in phials, with surgical instruments and balsams still yielding a smell.

We are in a baker's shop, and here is the flower grindstone; suppose a stone sugarloaf, covered with an extinguisher also of stone—rub the one against the other, after having thrown some corn between them, and you have a Roman mill. This wretched piece of machinery was entrusted to the hands of slaves. Here is some bread—do you read the baker's name hollowed out of that carbonised pancake; take and break it. Open that cupboard, you will find there preserved olives, dried figs, lintols, and eatables of nil descriptions.

I have carefully explored a number of kitchens and dining rooms at Pompeii, and I have found, even in the richest houses, but very trifling cooking apparatus, and miniature table utensils. Their plates were real saucers, and the tables upon which the dinner was served up, but little stands, in general of stone or marble, which could hold but one dish at a time. The guests lay down around as soldiers round their mess. What is admirable, delightful, charming and overwhelming to us barbarians of the nineteenth century, is the exquisite pureness and delicacy of shape of all the utensils which served in Roman domestic life. One must see those candelabras, lamps, vases, of all sizes, those charming little bronze calefactores (for everything was of bronze) those tripods, scales, beds, chairs, those graceful and so ingeniously wrought shields, which fill up whole rooms in the Naples Museum. One must, above all, see the toilet arsenal of the Roman ladies, their combs, toothpicks, curling irons, and the pots of vegetable or mineral rouge found in a boudoir.

Above thirty streets of Pompeii are now restored to light; it is a third part of the town. The walls which formed its ancient enclosures have been recognised; a magnificent amphitheatre, a theatre, a forum, the temple of Isis, that of Venus, and a number of other buildings, have been cleared. On beholding so many monuments, which display in so lively a manner the importance of public and the independence of private life among the Romans, it is impossible to resist a feeling of sadness and melancholy. Behold the stones of that well, worn by the rubbing of the ropes—examine the guardhouse, covered with caricatures of soldiers—one might suppose the Roman people still existed, and that we were but strangers in one of their towns. Who knows what future discoveries may be made in those august ruins? Murat employed upon them 2000 men every year. Only 60 men, and £1000 are now employed upon them. The excavations proceed, in consequence, with dismal slowness, however great may be the interest which his Sicilian Majesty takes in their success. Pompeii, as regards antiquities, is worth all Italy together.

#### THE QUEEN AT ASCOT RACES.

The town of Windsor was crowded to an overflow, every house of public entertainment and private lodging finding bustling and

anxious inmates, at "remunerating prices," 8s. 6d. being the common charge for breakfast, and so in proportion for other refreshments. The royal standard floated over the round tower, and proclaimed the presence of the Queen in the castle. Several fashionable groups were seen perambulating the High-street, preparatory to their departure for the heath, while hundreds of "go-carts" and other humble modes of conveyance jostled each other in anxious competition for customers. The various roads from the town thro' the park and otherwise, presented scenes of great animation, and were covered with vehicles of every possible description, filled with company. The weather was in all respects propitious, and the rich hue of vegetation, abounding in luxuriant promise, although now and then a little dimmed by the dust, imparted a charm to the whole scene, the value of which was acknowledged by general cheerfulness. The road from London, and the avenues from all parts of the country for miles round, presented similar features.

On the heath the congregation of carriages along the sides of the course proved that thousands must have "taken time by the forelock" in order to secure good positions, and although many hundreds had set down their burdens at the Grand Stand, still there seemed to be no lack of the lovers of picnic coteries, who carried with them those means of indulgence and hospitable distribution, so agreeable after a long journey.

Soon after one o'clock the throng on the promenade had increased in an extraordinary degree, and the crowd of respectable persons who were prepared to greet the royal cavalcade on its arrival was immense. The approach of the royal carriages was proclaimed from the Grand Stand soon after one o'clock, when the pedestrians formed a compact avenue through which they were to pass. At about twenty minutes past one the procession, headed by Lord Kirnaird, in his green costume, as master of the buck-hounds, reached the Grand Stand. First came some yeoman prickers, in scarlet liveries, with Mr. Davis, her Majesty's horseman, at their head; next some whippers-in, in green liveries; and afterwards grooms, in scarlet liveries, with led horses. The royal carriages succeeded in the following order:

1st. A barouche, in which were her Majesty and Prince Albert, Prince George of Cambridge, and Prince Leningen. The Queen wore a white dress, richly fringed, Leghorn bonnet trimmed with red, and a feather.

2d. A barouche, containing the Duchess of Somerset the Duchess of Leinster, the Marchioness of Normanby, and the Earl of Albemarle.

3d. A landau, containing Lady Ann Maria Dawson, the Countess of Uxbridge, the Duke of Somerset, and the Duke of Leinster.

4th. A landau, containing Lady Kinnaird, Lady Palmerston, and the Earl of Uxbridge.

5th. A landau containing Lady Fanny Cowper, Viscount Palmerston, Lord Lilford, and the Hon. Miss Murray.

6th. A landau, containing the Ladies Eleanora and Constance Paget, the Hon. Miss Lister, and Lord George Lennox.

7th. A landau, containing Sir F. Stovin and Lord Morley.

8th. A pony landau, containing Colonel Wylde and Mr. Seymour.

9th. A pony landau, containing the Earl of Errol and Colonel Cornwall.

Sir Edward Bowater, the Hon. Edward Cavendish, and Lord Alfred Paget rode on horseback by the carriage containing her Majesty, in their Windsor uniform, which costume was likewise worn by Prince Albert and all the members of the household. As her Majesty and Prince Albert passed, they were enthusiastically cheered, and the clapping of hands in the stands and carriages was universal, while the waving of handkerchiefs proclaimed the desire of all to participate in the general expression of joy and congratulation. Her Majesty and Prince Albert continued to bow their thanks, and seemed in high spirits and excellent health.

#### THE MAN WHO OWNS A BAROMETER.

FROM THE CHARIVARI.

After the drum-majors of the National Guard, there are no animals in creation with so much vanity, importance, and self-sufficiency as those Parisians who possess a barometer.

The man who owns a barometer is generally between fifty and sixty years of age, wears a blue coat, a flaxen wig, and has very tranquil passions. You will say that you are acquainted with several individuals who possess barometers, but who do not correspond with the above description. To this I reply, that there is no rule without an exception, and the rule is clearly demonstrated by the exception.

The man who owns a barometer lives only for and by his barometer. All his thoughts are centred in his beloved instrument. On rising his first glance is thrown on his household god, and the rise or fall of the mercury decides whether he shall wear linnen or flannel drawers, summer or winter trousers.

The drummer of the National Guard has a great respect for the man who owns a barometer. He thinks him a conjuror. This admiration is not, however, felt to so great an extent by the remainder of his comrades. They all consider him of course as a person of great learning and importance, since he is continually talking about mercury, the weight of the atmosphere, &c. &c., and moreover they reflect that a man who can afford to invest 30 francs in a

barometer must necessarily be a man of substance, and as such a very desirable acquaintance.

It is to be regretted that the man who owns a barometer should make an unjust use of his power. If you remark that "asparagus is very dear," he replies that "he is not surprised at it, for his barometer has been continually rising for the last three weeks," and then he inflicts on you a long history concerning the manufacture of barometers. The National Guardsman who owns a clock acknowledges the superiority of his comrade, because he can only tell the present time, whilst the man who owns a barometer can dive into futurity. He has, however, not been able to inspire the same degree of respect in those who own thermometers. Of those we may speak hereafter.

#### DISLOCATION.

It happened that a gentleman residing in a town in Rockingham county, N. H., was thrown from his chaise by an unruly horse, and had the misfortune to dislocate his shoulder. All the physicians of the neighbourhood were sent for, and with faces of becoming longitude, hestened to his assistance. They attempted to reduce the dislocation, but in vain. They pulled, and twisted, and jerked, and screwed the poor man's arm, until he fainted in agony, but the arm was obstinate, and the bone would not slip into its socket, in spite of all their efforts.

The case looked serious, and so did the surgeons. They consulted together upon what was best to be done. Some one suggested the idea of sending for Dr. Kittredge, and the suggestion was adopted, and an express was despatched for the Doctor. At the time he was expected to arrive, the poor fellow was brought into the front room, placed in an easy chair, his arm was bared, the inflexible joint well oiled, and bandages, rollers, and straps in abundance, for the purpose of giving the patient another pull—"a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull together." The patient beheld all these preparations, with a blanched cheek and a trembling heart.

When Dr. Kittredge came, the room was well filled with anxious and curious spectators, who were desirous to learn the nature of the Doctor's plan for reducing a dislocation.

He greeted his brethren of the pill-box and lancet, civilly, but distantly—walked up to the patient, and apparently in the most cursory manner examined the state of his shoulder; and while he was the "cynosure of every eye"—while all were anxiously awaiting the next scene in the drama, he took his bandanna kerchief from his pocket, and apparently engrossed in deep thought, he paced the room to and fro—played with his kerchief, and finally rolled it up in the shape of a ball. Suddenly he rushed to one of the windows, apparently much surprised, and loudly exclaimed—"Good Heavens! what do I behold!"

The doctors and bystanders of every description sprang forward to the windows, all but the patient, who sat wondering in his chair, they strained their eyes, but saw nothing worth looking at; nothing beyond the usual routine of a country life. They heard a sudden noise behind them like the report of a pocket pistol, the sound of a pop-gun, or the smack of a coachman's whip. They faced to the right about, and looked at the patient. A smile of pleasure lighted up his pallid features, while the doctor's were distorted with a grin of triumph. He had completely out-generalled them. While, attracted by his exclamation, they were, one and all, gazing from the windows, he approached the patient, lifted his arm, applied his kerchief to the hollow as a sort of fulcrum—gave the arm a sudden wrench and a pull, secundum artem, and the bone slipped into the socket with a loud report.

ANGLING.—It was a remark of Dr. Franklin, that "of all amusements which the ingenuity of man had devised, none required the exercise of so much patience as angling." For the illustration of this idea he recited the following incident: Setting out from Philadelphia at six o'clock on a summer's morning, to go about fifteen miles, he passed a brook where a gentleman was angling; he inquired, what success, and was told none; "but," added the stranger, "I have only been here two hours." The doctor proceeded forward, and on his return in the evening, he found the angler in the same place, and repeated his interrogation. "Very good sport," was the reply. "Indeed," asked the Doctor, "how many fish have you caught?" "None at all," answered the patient angler, "but about the middle of the day I had a most glorious nibble."

THE BUTLERS AND FITZGERALD.—During the wars of the Roses, the Butlers supported the house of Lancaster, the Fitzgeralds that of York; but they cared more about their own rivalry than the disputed succession. In one of their contests, the old Earl of Desmond, desperately wounded, was made a prisoner, and borne on a litter from the field. When tauntingly asked by the conquerors, "Where is now the great Earl of Desmond?" he spiritedly replied, "Where he ought to be—on the necks of the Butlers."—*M. de Beaumont's Ireland.*

SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.—Mr. John Smith, of Paddockstone near Lowndale, has been visited daily since the month of June by a robin. It has now grown so familiar with the family, that when any stranger enters the house, a tap at the window brings it in, and

it perches on his hand, and picks at his fingers with great familiarity. When Mr. Smith goes out to the garden, though accompanied by strangers, the robin will if called upon, descend from the top of one of the beautiful poplars of Lownsdale; but when evening approaches, he finds his way homewards to Puddockstone, enters the house by a small aperture that has been made in one of the windows, and after partaking of supper, sings his "wood notes wild" until the family retire to rest.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 15.

TO OUR READERS.

The Editor of THE PEARL is reluctantly compelled to announce, that the present is probably the last number of that periodical which will be issued. He has tried the experiment, as he conceives, fairly; if not with as much ability as he could wish, perseveringly, industriously, and with a desire to please; but his efforts, hitherto, have not been crowned with that degree of success which renders it safe for him to continue the paper longer. The time may come—and he hopes it is not far distant—when the Provinces will support a paper devoted to literature alone; but he fears it has hardly arrived—when it has, he may be tempted to revive The Pearl, or perhaps some more able caterer for the public taste may occupy its place with a miscellany of greater value. In the meantime, he would return his best thanks to those who have cheerfully sustained The Pearl, and more particularly to those whose pens have from time to time enriched its pages. Should any person feel disposed to purchase the copyright of the paper, every information will be frankly afforded—should it not be sold, its list will probably be incorporated with that of The Novascotian, to which paper his exertions will be devoted.

The Pearl accounts will be made out up to the 15th August, and rendered without delay; and it is of importance to the proprietor that they should be promptly paid.

DICKENS.—In our last we concluded some extracts from the last received number of Master Humphrey's Clock. In a former number of the Pearl we alluded to a report of the derangement of Mr. Dickens' mind. Since then we have seen a notice on the same subject, stating that he had been seriously ill, but was recovering, and that perfect and speedy convalescence was expected. The same paragraph intimated that the first numbers of the Clock were written for Dickens, and the latter by himself. We trust that the information, as regards health, is correct, and that so bright an intellect is not to be shrouded at its highest noon. As to the intelligence respecting the Clock, it is to the last degree unlikely. Dickens' inimitable vein runs through the whole,—it is richest and fullest in the early numbers, and uniform, like the rays of the sun through a crystal vase,—it is broken and confused, although still occasionally beautiful, in the later numbers,—like the rays on the fragments of the same vase. The exquisite introduction of Master Humphrey and his visitors, and the legends of Guildhall, gave promise of a work of much beauty, although not closely connected in its parts; but the predominance of the Messrs. Weller, and of the Curiosity Shop, to the almost entire exclusion of the original features, give very ominous intimations,—the anomalies, however, have beautiful peculiarities which in a great measure redeem the outline, and sustain the reputation of Dickens' pencil.

REGATTA.—From ten in the forenoon, to about five in the afternoon, on Thursday, the harbour was rendered unusually animated and picturesque, by the competitors in the various races, and by the spectators. The Sir Charles Ogle steamer gave fine opportunities to large parties. She took passengers, at a quarter of a dollar each, for the day, and cruised up and down the harbour, putting in once an hour to admit of landing and boarding. The Dock Yard presented a very lively appearance. Several tents were erected, and a military band added to the attractions of the scene. One consideration which has repeatedly given pleasure, was again experienced on Thursday: The citizens of all classes congregated,—hundreds of the garrison, off duty, moved about at pleasure, interspersed by sailors from the shipping, but no appearance of angry feeling or word sullied the amusements, and very few symptoms of intemperance of any kind. This is very creditable to the town.

On our eighth page, to-day, are some very pleasing lines, by a lady whose pen is known through the Knickerbocker, and other U. S. periodicals.

A couple of melodies by J. McP. also, grace the present number of the Pearl. We have had much pleasure in being the medium, from time to time, of laying the very sweet effusions of our correspondent before the public, and hope that he will, by and by, be induced to collect and present them in a more convenient form.

ENTERTAINMENTS.—Mr. White, late from Canada and the U. States, has been singing and lecturing on Music,—Signior Blitz proposes an exhibition of legerdemain and ventriloquism,—and the arrival of a theatrical company from St. John, is announced.

THE YOUNG MEN.—A meeting of young men of the town took place last evening, according to notice, for the purpose of arranging means of presenting the brave Peloso, who rescued two Novascotians from pirates on a late melancholy occasion, with some mark of respect. A gold medal was voted, and a sum of about £15 subscribed at the meeting. Particulars will appear in subsequent papers. The Juniors have done well,—the Seniors next, who should be happy to see the younger part of the community bestir themselves in so public spirited and laudable manner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL FETE.—The Rev. Mr. Uniacke gave his annual festival on Thursday week. The children and teachers met in a field near the North West Arm, partook of refreshments, and joined in singing and other of the delightful recreations of this very charming mode of celebration.

TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—A Monthly Meeting of the Halifax Temperance Society, was held in the Old Baptist Meeting House, on Monday evening last. The audience, especially the military portion of it, was ably and affectionately addressed by the Rev. Dr. Twining; and, after interesting discussions on the general topics, a Committee was appointed to devise means for arousing a greater interest in the community in behalf of the cause of Temperance; and the Rev. Dr. Twining, with the President, Secretary, and Mr. M. Herbert, were appointed to prepare an address to the mercantile community, on the necessity and advantages of opening and supporting a boarding house for seamen, on Temperance principles. Prior to the dissolution of the meeting, 18 members from the military in the garrison, and 14 civilians, were added to the society.—Guardian.

SURVIVORS OF THE BRIG VERNON.—The survivors of the crew of the brig Vernon arrived here yesterday in the schooner Mercy Jane from Havana. Six of the Pirates were to be shot this morning that vessel left—one had escaped; the officers and men who had the Pirates in charge were imprisoned, where they were to be kept until his re-capture. The Spanish Captain, by whose spirited and noble conduct the Pirates were captured and the survivors rescued, has been promoted to the rank of lieutenant in the Spanish navy. We are glad to hear that the Merchants of the town intend to present him with some testimonial of their respect for his praiseworthy conduct on the occasion.—Journal.

NEWS BY THE GREAT WESTERN.

A slip from the St. John Courier office furnishes the following items:

The steamer Great Western, arrived at New York on Sunday morning, in fourteen days and a half from Bristol. The news was brought to Boston, by Harnden's express, in eleven hours.

The Great Western brought about one hundred passengers, among whom were Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, Prince Ravel, Mr. Miles, M. P. &c.

She brings London and Liverpool papers of the 24th. Colonel Thornton, who went to London for the purpose of negotiating a loan for the State of Illinois, of one million dollars, has succeeded and returned in the Great Western.

The weather had been very unsettled throughout Great Britain and Ireland, and some anxiety prevailed as to the crops. Business and manufactures were dull.

Oxford, who attempted to take her Majesty's life, had been tried, and a large amount of evidence was produced to prove his insanity. The jury returned a verdict to the effect that he was insane, and he was sentenced to the Bedlam prison for life.

Prince Albert had been made Regent of England, which is said to have displeased the Duke of Sussex.

The Canada Government bill, having passed both houses of Parliament, received the royal assent on the 24th ult.

The tabular statements of the British revenue show an increase of 147,133 dollars on the year ending July, 1840, as compared with the last year.

The Duke of Wellington had, on the 15th July, another of his attacks of illness. He had, however, so far recovered as to resume his place in the House of Lords.

The new steamer President, which was to leave Liverpool on the 1st of August for New York, made an experimental trip to Cork and Dublin, and proved herself to be a first rate sea boat.

There is nothing new in China. The second division of the English squadron was to sail on the 13th May from the Cape of Good Hope.

Sulphur Question.—In the Chamber of Peers, M. Thiers stated that the mediation of France between England and Naples had been successful, and that the differences were finally concluded. The sulphur trade is declared free, but a reasonable indemnity has been granted to the Company previously in the enjoyment of the monopoly.

SPAIN.—Calavera, overpowered by the superior forces of the Queen, has been compelled to take refuge in France. A vast number of the Carlist forces have followed his example, and only a few chieftains, with a miserable handful of men, now remain in the field. The Queen's forces having got rid of the enemy, are now in hostility among themselves. Espartero had quarrelled with the Queen, and was in disgrace.

ALGERIE.—The French have met with some partial success in Algiers—but the Arabs seem determined to carry on the war to the last extremity.

TURKEY.—No settlement whatever has taken place between Mehemet Ali and the Porte. A serious insurrection has broken out in Syria.

The envoy of Egypt was detained at quarantine at Constantinople, May 10th, in spite of a promise to the contrary.

Hafiz Pacha, the Turkish Admiral, whose fleet was so long detained by Mehemet Ali, has been sentenced to degradation and banishment. The fleet has been given up.

Italian letters represent the Pope as still unwell, and mention that several arrests had taken place in the Roman States, of persons connected with the Society of the Young Italy.

POOR'S ASYLUM.

The Commissioners of the Poor, being desirous of giving every facility to the Medical Professors of the Town of Halifax, of access to the Asylum, at a recent meeting passed the following resolution, which is published by request.

It having become necessary, by the regretted decease of the Honorable W. B. Almon, late Surgeon and Physician to the Asylum, to appoint some person to fill the vacancy, and Doctor W. J. Almon having been so appointed, the Board deem it necessary to renew their former Resolution, to make the Asylum, as far as practicable, consistently with due order and regularity and the comfort of the inmates, under the Surgeon, a Medical School, and that all regular Practitioners shall be at liberty to attend during all operations, and to visit the Asylum as often as they may deem proper under the regulations of the Commissioners, and that the Surgeon be requested to give every facility for that purpose.

PASSENGERS.—In the Kate from Demerara, Mr. Lewis Jacobs. —In the Dahlia from London, Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Baker of the Commissariat Department, Mr. Hill, 8th Regt. Lieut. Altee. Messrs. Jones, Allan, and 12 men of the Royal Artillery. —In the Abraham Thorne from New York, Mr. and Mrs. Murdoch, Miss Ross, Mrs. Dermody and child, and Mr. Sweetman. —In the Mercy Jane, from Havana, James McLeod, mate, B. Peach and G. McKay, seamen, late of the brig Vernon.

POST OFFICE, Halifax, 10th August, 1840.

A Mail for Boston will be made up, and forwarded by the ACADIA, in three hours after her arrival from Liverpool. The Postage must be paid at the Post Office, upon all Letters so transmitted.

MARRIED.

At Dartmouth, on Sunday last, by the Rev. A. Parker, Mr. William Henry Kain, to Miss Louisa Jane Boyd, eldest daughter of Mr. Spencer Boyd, of Preston.

On the 13th July by the Rev. Mr. Manning, Mr. Peter Rogers, to Miss Sarah Ann McInemia. —By the same on the 22d July, Mr. Benjamin G. Weaver to Miss Susannah Weaver, all of Cornwallis.

At Cornwallis, July 23d, by the Rev. E. Manning, Mr. J. M. Harris, of Maine, to Miss Eunice E. Chipman, of Cornwallis.

DIED.

On Saturday morning last, Mary Ann, wife of Capt. E. Abell, and eldest daughter of the late Thomas Hollihan, in her 23d year.

At Rio de Janeiro, on the 30th April last, in the 26th year of his age, Mr. James William Montagu, son of the late Dr. James Montagu, of this Town—a young man much and deservedly regretted.

Suddenly, on Friday night last, Stephen James, youngest son of Mr. Stephen Studley, aged 2 years and 7 months.

On Sunday evening last, John Burton, infant son of Mr. J. E. Woodworth, aged 4 months.

Monday morning, Ann Maria, third daughter of Mr. John Wellner, aged 24 years.

At Wilmot, on the 17th June last, Mr. William Elliot, in the 47th year of his age, after a protracted illness which he bore patiently, leaving a large family of sons, and five daughters, and a numerous circle of friends and relations, to lament his loss.

SAINT MARY'S SEMINARY.

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

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

PROFESSORS.

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

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

Theology and Scripture.....Rev. R. B. O'BRIEN.  
Moral Philosophy and Mathematics. Rev. W. IVERS.  
English Composition, Reading and  
Elocution.....Rev. R. B. O'BRIEN.

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

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

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

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

Terms for Boarders—£33 per annum.

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

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

June 20.

ST. MARY'S SEMINARY.

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

June 20.

For the Pearl.

## THE SISTER'S WISH.

1.

Language hath not power to tell  
How I love thee, Brother,—  
Dearer than all else below  
Since we lost our Mother!  
Ever when I think of thee,  
Tears of sweet emotion,  
And the faltering of my voice  
Show my deep devotion.

2.

Could a Sister's prayer avail,  
And her warm caressing,  
Thine should be a charmed life,  
Rich in every blessing.  
Never more should thrill of pain  
Cause a start of anguish,  
Or a moment's weariness  
Make thy spirit languish.

3.

I would rear for thee a home  
In a clime Elysian,  
Decked with every beauty rare,  
Like a fairy vision.  
Nothing sad should entrance gain,  
But, from morn till even,  
Joy should rest on folded wings  
'Neath a smiling heaven.

4.

Flowers whose leaves should wither not,  
By clear waters growing,  
Pure as are an infant's dreams,  
Bright as fancies glowing,—  
Lofty trees, like guarding love,  
Pleasant shelter making,  
Singing winds from all around  
Echoes sweet awaking;—

5.

These should cluster round thy home,  
Brother—dearest Brother;  
Ah, that smile! it tells me thou  
Dreamest of another—  
And that other! mortal eye  
Ne'er hath seen its splendour,  
All of power most grand is there,  
All of Love most tender!

6.

Vanish, then, my fairy dream,  
As the light of morning  
Dies amid the golden glow  
Earth and skies adorning.  
Brother! this shall be my prayer,  
Thine hopes suppressing—  
Sister cannot ask for more—  
'Tis—Jehovah's Blessing!

E. H. STOCKTON.

## THE SICK ROOM.

If any place in this world calls for wise and well dictated benevolence, it is the chamber of sickness and death. The writer has much opportunity for observation, and been painfully taught by personal experience.

A sick room is no place for *curiosity*. If no good word is to be said, or kind services to be rendered in a sick and dying room, it is the last place to which one should go as a mere spectator. Every new face, the tread of every uncalled-for foot, the demands upon the air for every breath, but the breathings of such as must be in attendance, is an *injury* in sickness, and especially when debility is great. I have seen persons go into sick rooms, and sit hour after hour, with eyes fixed on the sick persons, occasionally *whispering* to some equally indiscreet one that may chance to be nigh. This is absolutely intolerable. We cannot endure the fixed gaze of half a dozen persons when well, and what must it be to one sinking and dying? Others will hang about the door and *peep* at the sufferer, as they would steal a look at some show. I have seen this so much, that I can scarcely write and possess my soul in patience.

Another practice where the patient is very sick, is that of feeling the *pulse*, looking at the finger-nails, examining the feet, with sundry other acts, all which are accompanied with a very *wise* look, a sigh and a whisper. Those things are generally done by persons who very poorly understand their own tests of approaching death, and alike mistake the good and comfort of the dying. Think not that I would have the fact of approaching death kept from any friend or any fellow-being—far from this—but let the matter be wisely, kindly, and distinctly stated to the patient, and not by such untimely, and I must say unkind hints and insinuations.

A sad mistake common in a dying chamber, is that the dying

person has lost perception and sensibility, because unable to speak. I seriously believe that often, if not in general, the perceptions and sensibilities are more keen and delicate than when in health. I have been in circumstances which I shall never forget. For four hours I was *speechless*; I supposed, and all supposed I was dying. Never, never shall I forget what was said and done around me. Always, let it be remembered, in a dying room, that the departing friend may hear all, and see all, when the persons present will little suspect it. As I have been in hundreds of dying rooms, I might give many examples, to show that persons do notice and understand, when it is not suspected. How important that every thing in a dying room should be made what it ought to be, for one who is being borne away from all that is dear on earth, and approaching all that is serious in eternity. Most generally, persons in this situation are much inclined to commune with their own hearts and the scenes about to open upon them. The sacredness and stillness of the scene should be disturbed with great care and caution.

The only thing I have to say in addition, is that a very great mistake is often made in the length of prayers, and loud speaking in prayer, in the sick room. This is often the occasion of great suffering to the sick and dying.

Let no one understand the above remarks, as intended to keep any away from the house of sickness and distress. No, reader, go to such places, and show your kindness to the afflicted members of the family, governed by the Christian tenderness which will ever keep in mind and reduce to practice the above cautions.—*Recorder, U. S.*

How frequently does the tried Christian mistake his troubles for proofs of his heavenly Father's displeasure.

A poor but worthy inhabitant of Paris, once went to the Bishop with a countenance beclouded, and a heart almost overwhelmed. "Father," said he, with the most profound humility, "I am a sinner, but it is against my will. Every hour I ask for light, and humbly pray for faith, but still I am overwhelmed with doubts; surely if I were not despised of God he would not leave me to struggle thus with the adversary of souls."

The Bishop thus consulted kindly his sorrowing son: "The king of France has two castles in different situations, and sends a commander to each of them. The Castle of Montelberry stands in a place remote from danger, far inland; but the Castle of La Rochelle is on the coast, where it is liable to continual sieges. Now which of these commanders, think you, stands highest in the estimation of the King—the commander of La Rochelle, or he of Montelberry?"

"Doubtless," said the poor man, "the King values him the most who has the hardest task, and braves the greatest dangers."

"Thou art right," replied the Bishop; "and now apply this matter to thy case and mine; for my heart is like the Castle of Montelberry and thine like that of Rochelle."

DEPARTURE OF THE SULTANEE—PRESENTS TO THE IMAUM OF MUSCAT.—The *Ar* ship, the Sultanee, sailed from New York, on the first of August, on her return to Muscat. She is to touch at Madeira, and from thence she proceeds directly to the sea of Arabia. The valuable presents which she brought to the Executive are all to be sold, and the avails are to go into the National Treasury. The commander of the Sultanee is a man of sense and education, and he easily comprehended the reason which prevented the acceptance of the presents of the Imaum by Mr. Van Buren. The rich and tasteful presents which he carries from our Government to the Imaum, will assist in rendering the result of the voyage acceptable to him.

Besides refitting the ship at the Navy Yard, Congress appropriated 15,000 dollars to be laid out in various articles suited to the taste and fancy of an Arab. Most of the presents are completed, and the public have had an opportunity to examine many of them. The richest thing of all, is a pleasure boat, built under the direction of Mr. Livingston, the Navy Agent. It is 30 feet long, by 4 wide, clinker built, of white cedar, and copper fastened. Her outside is enamelled white, and beautifully polished—the gunwale and row locks are lined with rich silver plate—the tiller, and even the rudder, the stanchions for supporting the awning, and the crescent with which each stanchion is surmounted, all heavily plated. The floor of the boat is covered with elegant Brussels carpet. The awning is of fine linen, lined with silk, and covers the whole boat. The seats and the sides are cushioned with rich damask silk, and the tiller ropes, and tassels, are also of silk—all making as pretty a thing as ever filled the eye of a sailor. Her cost is about 2,000 dollars.

Two large and elegant mirrors, and a magnificent chandelier, are among the presents, and we understand the President has directed specimens to be sent of every species of fire arms, and other military weapons, including not only those in authorized use in the army, but repeating guns, rifles, pistols, &c. and every description of swords in use by officers of different grades, artillery, dragoons, and others.—*N. Y. Herald.*

The celebrated German philosopher Kant, well observes, "Take from man hope and sleep, and you will make him the most wretched being on earth." Sleep is intended to refresh the body and

restore the mental faculties when exhausted by the fatigues of labour or mental exertion. It is impossible to specify the quantity of rest necessary for this purpose,—as too little sleep weakens the nervous system, and occasions diseases; while too much renders the mind dull, the body bloated and phlegmatic. We have many extraordinary examples of men, who, with a few hours of sleep, have lived to a great age in the enjoyment of health. Yet seven or eight hours, at least, in the four-and-twenty, seem to be requisite for the generality of mankind. Children require more sleep than grown persons, and the sick and convalescent more than the healthy. "Night is the time for rest," and the proper season for sleep, and few habits are more injurious than late hours.

DEEP SOUNDINGS.—Captain James Ross, R. N. found bottom 3d of March last, in lat. 33, 21 South, long. 94 East, at the depth of 2677 fathoms. He had over 5000 fathoms of line on the reel, and the weight employed was 540 lbs. Captain Ross says—'Nothing could be more satisfactory than this sounding, and it is the more so from showing that we have the means of getting soundings however deep the sea may be, and I trust our next trial will be in deeper water. I have ordered the line to be completed again to 5000 fathoms; but it would be useless to attempt it any more on this side of the Cape.' The mean velocity of the weight, in descending 2677 fathoms, was at the rate of three miles and one fifth per hour. The first fifty fathoms descended at the rate of 71 miles per hour, and the last 100 at 24. On a previous occasion Captain Ross found bottom at the depth of about 3700 fathoms, or about three miles!

HOW TO EAT STRAWBERRIES.—The Kilmarnock Journal says that those who have eaten strawberries served in the following manner, will never eat them in any other way. Place as many strawberries as will form one layer at the bottom of a dish; sift some fine loaf sugar over them; then place another layer and sift again. When there are five or six layers, cut a fresh lemon, and squeeze over them. Before they are helped, let them be gently disturbed, that they may have the benefit of the lemon and sugar.

The celebrated physician Barhave, through life, consecrated the first hour after he rose in the morning, to meditation and prayer, declaring that from thence he derived vigour and aptitude for business, together with equanimity under provocations, and a perfect conquest over his irascible passions. "The sparks of calumny," he would say, "will be presently extinct of themselves, unless you would blow them: and therefore, in return, he chooses rather to commend the good qualities of his calumniators, if they had any, than to dwell upon the bad.

A schoolmaster belonging to a small village in France, was deputed to compliment Louis XIV. as he passed through. A nobleman, who knew the place to be celebrated for an annual fair of asses, asked him in the middle of his speech, "how they sold last year." "My Lord," says the pedagogue, "those of your colour and size fetched little or nothing," and finished his harangue amid the applause of thousands.

The greatest man, says Channing, is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptation from within and without; who is calmest in storms, and most fearless under menaces and frowns; whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God, is most unflinching.

Money invested in furniture, too expensive for a man's means, is worse than dead stock—because it requires, or at least induces a corresponding mode of living. The eye is ill pleased at the expense of comfort—and to fill a sheriff's inventory is small ambition.

Who will sleep on feathers this hot weather? inquires the 'Journal of Health.' Many do, and then complain of weakness, heat, lassitude, &c. Throw *feathers*, as well as physic to the dogs, if you want health and strength.

The silk worm was first introduced into Europe by two monks, from Persia, who were missionaries. The silk-worms were secretly carried in a hollow cane.

## THE COLONIAL PEARL,

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

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