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A LEGEND OF THE SILVER WAVE.

BY CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

It was verging toward the evening of an autumnal day, in the year 1777. The forests began to assume the varied and magnificent tints peculiar to this season in an American climate—those rich, brilliant dyes, like the hectic glow on the cheek of consumption, which, while it deepens the charm and the interest of beauty, is yet the herald of decay. The prevailing hue was still of deep unfaded green; but the woods were girdled by a band of mingled scarlet, green and yellow, whose gorgeous rainbow-like colors might well be compared to the wampum belt of the Indian, tracing its bright outline on the dark ground-work of the aboriginal dress. These inimitable tints were reflected in that mirror which the children of the forests denominated the *Silver Wave*—known to us by the more familiar, but not less euphonious name, of the *Ohio*; but its bosom was not then covered with those floating palaces which now, winged by vapor, glide in beauty and power over the conscious stream. The bark canoe of the savage, or the ruder craft of the boatman, alone disturbed the silence of the solitary water. On the opposite bank, a rude fortification, constructed of fallen trees, rocks and earth, over which the American flag displayed its waving stripes, denoted the existence of a military band, in a region as yet uncultivated and but partially explored. Toward this fort a canoe was rapidly gliding, whose motions were watched by the young commander, as he traversed the summits of the parapet with a step which had long been regulated by the measured music of the 'ear-piercing fife and spirit-stirring drum.' The canoe approached to the shores and as Captain Stuart descended to receive his forest visitor, his eye, accustomed as it had been to the majestic lineaments of the savage chief, could not withhold its tribute of involuntary admiration, as they were now unfolded to him invested with all the pomp which marked his warlike tribe. He was indeed a noble representative of that interesting, but now degenerate race, once the sole possessors and lordly dwellers of the wilderness—now despoiled and wandering fugitives from the land chartered to them by the direct bounty of heaven. The gallant tuft of feathers which surmounted his swarthy brow, the wampum girdle which belted his waist, his deer-skin robe, ornamented with the stained ivory of the porcupine, corresponded well with the expression of his glittering eye and the proportions of his martial limbs. From the lofty glance of that eye, he had received the appellation of the Eagle; but the commander of the fort now hailed him by the name of Sakamaw, which simply signifies a chief.

'Brother,' said Sakamaw, as he leaned with stately grace on his unquivered bow, 'brother, will the pale man dwell in peace and friendship with the tribe of the Shawneese?—or shall the eagle spread its wings to the shore that lies nearer the setting sun? The Mengwe have sworn to obey the white Father, who lies far beyond the great Salt Lake: the Wolf and the Turtle have given their allegiance to him, and the Serpent and Buffalo rise up against the pale tribe that are dwelling in our wilderness. Sakamaw, the friend of the white man, comes to warn him of the snare; to know if the Eagle shall curl his talons beneath his folded plumes, or arm them with the war-bolt that shall find the heart of his enemy.'

It was not without the deepest emotion that Captain Stuart heard this intelligence, that the British army had received such powerful allies as these fierce and vindictive tribes. He felt that he occupied a perilous station; and notwithstanding the high trust he had always placed in Sakamaw, who was emphatically called the friend of the white man, as he looked upon the dark brow and giant frame of the Indian warrior, all that he had heard of the treachery and revenge of the tawny race, flashed upon his excited imagination. Captain Stuart was brave, but he was in arms against a foreign foe, who had stooped to the means of strengthening its powers by an alliance with the children of the wilderness, arming in its cause their wild, undisciplined passions, and adding all the horrors of border warfare to the desolation that hangs over the embattled field. He may be forgiven by the bravest if, for one moment, his generous blood was chilled by the tidings, and suspicion darkened the glance which he turned on the imperturbable features of the Eagle chief.

'Young man,' said the savage, pointing to the river, whose current was there quickened and swollen by the tributary waters of the Konawa, 'as the *Silver Wave* rolls troubled there by the stream that murmurs in its bosom, so does my blood chafe and foam, when its course is ruffled by passion and revenge. Feel my veins—they are calm. Look on my bosom—It is bare. Count the beatings of my heart, as it rises and falls, uncovered to the eye of the Master of life. Were Sakamaw about to do a treacherous deed, he would fold his blanket over his breast, that he might hide from the Great Spirit's view, the dark workings of his soul.'

'Forgive me, noble chief! exclaimed Stuart, extending his hand with military frankness and warmth; 'I do not distrust you: you have come to us unweaponed, and we are armed; you are alone, and we have the strength of a garrison; and more than all, you warn us of treachery and hostility on the part of other tribes, and bring us offers of continued peace from your own. I cannot—I do not doubt your faith; but as the rules of war require some pledge as a safeguard for honor, you will consent to remain a while as hostage here, secure of all the respect which brave soldiers can tender to one whose valor and worth have made the fame of this forest region.'

Sakamaw consented to this proposal with proud, unhesitating dignity, and turned to follow the young officer, whose cheek burned through the soldierly brown as he made the proposition, which military discipline required, but which he feared might be deemed an insult by the high-minded savage. Sakamaw cast his eyes for a moment on the opposite shore, where it was immediately arrested, and his foot stayed in its ascent, by the objects which there met his gaze. An Indian woman, leading by the hand a young boy, of the same tawny hue, approached to the water's side, and by impressive and appealing gestures, seemed to solicit his attention and compassion.

'Why do the doe and fawn follow the panther's path?' muttered he to himself; 'why do they leave the shelter of their own green, shady bowers, and come where the dart of the hunter may pierce them?'

He hesitated, as if resolving some doubts in his own mind; then springing into the canoe that lay beneath the land on which he stood, he pushed it rapidly over the waters to the spot where they awaited him. Whether the dark shadow of future events cast its prophetic gloom before him, softening his heart for the reception of conjugal or parental love, I know not; but there was something mysteriously tender in the manner in which he departed from the coldness and reserve peculiar to his race, and embracing his wife and son, placed them in the light bark he had just quitted, and introduced them into the presence of Stuart, who had witnessed with surprised sensibility the unwonted scene. The sensations which then moved and interested him have been since embodied in lines, whose truth the poet most eloquently felt:

'Think not the heart in desert bred,
To passion's softer touch is dead;
Or that the shadowy skin contains
No bright or animated veins,
Where, though no blush its course betrays,
The blood in all its wildness plays.'

'Sakamaw,' said he, 'you have decided well. Bring them to my cabin, and see how warm and true a welcome a soldier's wife can offer. The walls are rough: but they who share the warrior's or hunter's lot must not look for downy beds or dainty fare.'

It was a novel and interesting scene, when the wife and son of the Indian chief were presented to the youthful bride of Stuart, who, with generous, uncalculating ardor, had bound herself to a soldier's destiny and followed him to a camp where she was exposed to all the privations and dangers of a remote and isolated station. As she proffered her frank, yet bashful welcome, she could not withdraw her pleased and wonderful gaze from the dark but beautiful feature of the savage; clothed in the peculiar costume of her people, the symmetry of her figure and the grace of her movements gave a singular charm to the wild and gaudy attire. The refined eye of Augusta Stuart shrank intuitively, for a moment, from the naked arms and uncovered neck of the Indian; but there was such an expression of redeeming modesty in countenance, and her straight, glossy hair, falling in shining folds over her bosom, formed so rich a veil, that the transient disgust was lost in undisguised admiration at the beauties of a form which a sculptor might have selected as a model for his art. The dark haired daughter of the forest, to whose untutored sight the soldier's bride appeared fair and celestial as the inhabitant of a brighter sphere, returned her scrutinising gaze with one of delighted awe. Her fair locks, which art had formed into waving curls on her brow—her snowy complexion, and, eyes of heavenly blue, beamed upon her with such transcendent loveliness, that her feelings were constrained to utter themselves in such words as she had learned from her husband of the language of the whites.

'Thou art fairer than the sun, when he shines upon the *Silver Wave*,' exclaimed Lebella, such being the name of the beautiful savage; 'I have seen the moon in her brightness, the flowers in their bloom; but neither the moon when she walks over the hills of night, nor the flowers when they open their leaves to the south wind, are so fair and lovely as thou, daughter of the land of snow! The fair cheek of Augusta mantled with carnation as the low, sweet voice of Lebella breathed forth this spontaneous tribute to her

beauty. Accustomed to restrain the expression of her own feelings she dared not avow the admiration which had, however, passed from her heart into her eyes; but she knew that praise to a child was most acceptable to a mother's ear; and passing her white hand over the jetty locks of the Indian boy, she directed the attention of her husband to the deep hazel of his sparkling eye, and the symmetrical outlines of a figure which bore a marked similitude to the chiseled representations of the infant Apollo. The young Adario, however, seemed not to appreciate the favors of his lovely hostess; and shrinking from her caressing hand, accompanied his father, who was conducted by Captain Stuart to the place where he was to make his temporary abode. The romance, which gave a kind of exciting charm to the character of Augusta, had now found a legitimate object for its enthusiasm and warmth. By romance, I do not mean that sickly, morbid sensibility which turns from the realities of life with indifference or disgust, yearning after strange and *hair breadth* events—which looks on cold and unmoved while *real* misery pines and weeps, and melts into liquid pearl at the image of *fictitious* woe; I mean that elevation of feeling which lifts one above the weeds of the valley and the dust and soil of earth;—that sunny brightness of soul, which gilds the mist and the cloud while it deepens the glory and bloom of existence;—that all-pervading, life-giving, yet self-annihilating principle, which imparts its own light and energy to every thing around and about it, and animating all nature with its warmth and vitality, receives the indiscriminate bounties of heaven—the sunbeam, the gale,—the dew and the flower—as ministers of individual joy and delight. Augusta had already begun to weave a fair vision of the future, in which the gentle Lebella was her pupil as well as her companion—learning from her the elegancies and refinements of civilized life, and imparting to her something of her own wild and graceful originality. She witnessed with delight the artless expression of wonder, the simple decorations of her rude apartment, elicited from her untaught lips; for, though in the bosom of the wilderness, and dwelling in a cabin constructed of the roughest materials, the hand of feminine taste had left its embellishing traces wherever it had touched. Wild, autumnal flowers mingled their blooms and fragrance over the rustic window frame; sketches of forest scenery adorned the unplastered walls; and a guitar, lying on the table, showed that the fair mistress of the humble mansion had been accustomed to a more luxurious home and more polished scenes. I cannot but linger for a moment here, for to me it is enchanted ground;—a beautiful and accomplished woman, isolated from all the allurements of the world, far from the incense of adulation and the seductions of pleasure, shedding the light of her loveliness on the bosom of wedded love, and offering the fresh and stainless blossoms of her affections on that shrine which, next to the altar of God is holiest in her eyes. But I must turn to a darker spot—one which has left an indelible stain in the annals of our domestic history, but which is associated with so many interesting events that I would fain rescue it from oblivion.

The next morning the garrison was a scene of confusion and horror. A party of soldiers had been absent during the evening on a hunting expedition, being a favorite recreation in the bright moonlight nights. When the morning drum rolled its warning thunder, and the hunters came not, as wont, to perform their military duties, a general feeling of surprise and alarm pervaded the fort. Gilmore, the next officer in rank to Stuart, had a very young brother in this expedition; and, filled with fraternal anxiety, he collected another party, and endeavoured to follow the steps of the fugitives. After hours of fruitless search, they discovered a fatal signal, which guided their path, blood staining the herbage on which they trod; and plunging deeper into the forest, they found the bodies of the murdered victims, all bearing recent traces of the deadly scalping-knife. The soldiers gazed on the mangled and disfigured remains of their late gallant comrades with consternation and dismay; while Gilmore, rousing himself from the stunning influence, rushed forward, and raising the body of his youthful brother in his arms, defaced and bleeding as it was, he swore a terrible oath, that for every drop of blood that had been spilt, heaven should give him vengeance. The other soldiers, who had neither brother nor kindred among the ghastly slain, shrunk with instinctive loathing from their gory clay; but breathing imprecations against the savage murderers, they followed the steps of Gilmore, who weighed as he was by his lifeless burden, with rapid and unflinching course approached the fort.

'Behold!' cried he to Stuart, who recoiled in sudden horror at the spectacle thus offered to his view, 'behold!' and his voice was fearful in its deep and smothered tones, 'had he been a man—but a boy, committed to my charge with the prayers and tears of a doating father—the Benjamin of his old age—Oh! by the shed blood of innocence and youth—by the white locks of age, I swear

—to avenge his death on the whole of that vindictive race who thus dare to deface the image of their Maker—my poor, poor brother!" and the rough soldier, overcome by the agony of his grief, deposited the mangled body on the ground, and throwing himself prostrate by his side, "lifted up his voice and wept aloud." The manly heart of Stuart was deeply affected by this awful catastrophe, and the violent emotion it had excited in one of the most intrepid of their band. That the treacherous deed had been committed by one of those tribes, of whose hostilities Sakamaw had warned him, he could not doubt; and he looked forward with dark forebodings, to the stormy warfare that must ensue after such bold and daring outrage. He turned toward Augusta, who, pale with terror, stood with her Indian friend, somewhat aloof from the dark-browed group that surrounded the mourner and the mourned, and the thought that even the arm of love, 'stronger than death,' might not be able to shield her from the ravages of such an enemy froze for a moment the very life blood in his veins. Sakamaw was no unmoved spectator of the scene we have described: but whatever were his internal emotions, his features remained cold and calm as the chiseled bronze they resembled. He saw many a fierce and lowering glance directed toward him, but like lightning on the same impassive surface, neither kindling nor impressing, they raged around the stately form of the eagle chief.

(To be Continued.)

For The Pearl.
STANZAS.

I ask not earthly joy,
Which cannot long endure;
But that which time can ne'er destroy
The fadeless, deep, and pure.

I would not linger here—
I long from earth to flee
To some far higher, holier sphere,
Where all from death are free.

This frail and feverish clay
Befits not this high soul
That longs to wing her joyful way
To Heaven, her blissful goal.

E'en now, as on the verge
Of mortal life I stand,
There come sweet thoughts my flight that urge
To that immortal land.

Well, I will bear this strife,
And calmly wait till He
Who spake the world to light and life,
Shall speak my spirit free!

Halifax, Jan. 24, 1840-

J. McP.

From adventures of Titmouse.—Blackwood's Magazine.

LOOKING FOR RENT.

Gripe, the collector, called one morning for the poor's rates due from Mrs. Squallop, (Titmouse's landlady,) and cleaned her out of every penny of ready money which she had by her. This threw the good woman upon her resources, to replenish her empty pocket—and down she came upon Titmouse—or rather, up she went to him; for his heart sunk within him one night on his return from the shop, having only just taken off his hat and lit his candle, as he heard the fat old termagant's well-known heavy step ascending the stairs, and approaching nearer and nearer to his door. Her loud imperative single knock vibrated through his heart, and he was ready to drop.

"Oh, Mrs. Squallop! How d'ye do, Mrs. Squallop?" commenced Titmouse, faintly, when he had opened the door. "Won't you take a chair?" offering the panting dame almost the only chair he had.

"No—I ain't come to stay, Mr. Titmouse, because, d'ye see, in course you've got a pound at least, ready for me, as you promised long ago—and never more welcome; there's old Gripe been here to-day, and had his hodious rates—(dear the poor, say I! them as can't work should starve!—rates is a robbery!)—but howsomdever he's cleaned me out to day; so, in course, I come up to you. Got it?"

"I—I—I—'pon my life, Mrs. Squallop, I'm uncommon sorry"

"Oh, bother your sorrow, Mr. Titmouse!—out with the needful, for I can't stop palavering here."

"I—I can't!" gasped Titmouse, with the calmness of desperation.

"You can't! And, marry, sir, why not, may I make bold to ask?" enquired Mrs. Squallop, after a moment's pause, striving to choke down her rage.

"Pr'aps you can get blood out of a stone, Mrs. Squallop; it's what I can't," replied Titmouse, striving to screw his courage up to the sticking place, to encounter one who was plainly bent upon mischief. "I've got two shillings—there they are," throwing them on the table; "and cuss me if I've another rap in the world; there, n'nam!"

"You're a liar, then, that's flat;" exclaimed Mrs. Squallop, slapping her hand upon the table, with violence that made the

candle quiver on it, and almost fall down. "You have the *himpence*," said she, commencing the address she had been preparing in her own mind ever since Mr. Gripe had quitted her house, "to stand there and tell me you've got nothing in the world but *two shillings!* Heugh! Out on you, you odacious fellow!—you jack-a-dandy! You tell me you haven't got more than them two shillings, and yet turn out every Sunday morning of your life like a lord, with your pins, your rings, and your chains, and your fine coat, and your gloves, and your spurs, and your dandy cane—ough! you whipper-snapper! You're a cheat—you're a swindler, jack-a-dandy? You've got all my rent on your back, and have had every Sunday for three months, you cheat!—you low fellow!—you ungrateful chap! You're a robbing the widow and fatherless! Look at me, and my six fatherless children down there, you good for-nothing, nasty, proud puppy!—eugh! it makes me sick to see you. You dress yourself out like my lord mayor! You've bought a gold chain with my rent, you rascally cheat? You dress yourself out?—Ha, ha!—you're a nasty, mean-looking, humpty-dumpty, carrot-headed!"

"You'd better not say that again, Mrs. Squallop."

"Not say it again!—ha, ha!" Hoightly-toightly, carrot-haired jack-a-dandy?—why, you hop-o-my-thumb! d'ye think I won't say whatever I choose, and in my own house? You're a Titmouse by name and by nature; there ain't a cockroach crawling down stairs that ain't more respectable-like and better behaved than you. You're a himpudent cheat, and dandy, and knave, and a liar, and a red-haired rascal—and that in your teeth! Ough! Your name stinks in the court. You're a-taking of every body in as will trust you to a penny's amount. There's poor old Cox, the tailor, with a sick wife and children, whom you've cheated this many months, all of his not having spirit to summons you! But *I'll set him upon you; you see if I don't—and I'll have my own, too, or I wouldn't give that for the laws!*" shouted Mrs. Squallop, at the same time snapping her fingers in his face, and then pausing for breath after her eloquent invective.

"Now, what is the use," said Titmouse, gently, being completely cowed—"now, what good *can* it do to go on in this way, Mrs. Squallop?"

"Missus me no Missus, Mr. Titmouse, but pay me my rent, you jack-a-dandy! You've got my rent on your back and on your little fingers; and I'll have it off you before I've done with you, I warrant you. I'm your landlady, and I'll scil you up; I'll have old Thumbscrew here the first thing in the morning, and distrain every thing, and you, too, you jack-daw, if any one would buy you, which they won't! I'll have my rent at last; I've been too easy with you, you ungrateful chap; for, mark, even Mr. Gripe this morning says, 'haven't you a gentleman lodger up above? get him to pay you your own,' says he; and so I will. I'm sick of all this, and I'll have my rights! Here's my son, Jem, a far better-looking chap than you, though he hasn't got hair like a mop all under his chin, and he's obligated to work from one weak's end to another in a paper cap and fustain jacket; and you—painted jackanaps! But now I have got you, and I'll turn you inside out, though I know there's nothing in you! But I'll try to get at your fine coats, and spurs, and trowsers, your chains and pins, and make something of them before I've done with you, you jack-a-dandy!"—and the virago shook her fist at him, looking as though she had not yet uttered even half that was in her heart towards him.

[Alas, alas, unhappy Titmouse, much-enduring son of sorrow! I perceive that you now feel the sharpness of an angry female tongue; and indeed to me, not in the least approving, of the many coarse and heart-splitting expressions which she uses, it seems nevertheless that she is not very far off the mark in much that she hath said; for, in truth, in your conduct there is not a little that to me, piteously inclined towards you as I am, yet appeareth obnoxious to the edge of this woman's reproaches. But think not, O bewildered and not-with-sufficient-distinctness-discerning-the-nature-of-things Titmouse! that she hath only a sharp and bitter tongue. In this woman behold a mother, and it may be that she will soften before you, who have plainly, as I hear, neither father nor mother. Oh me!

Titmouse trembled violently; his lips quivered; and the long pent-up tears forced their way at length over his eyelids, and fell fast down his cheeks.

"Ah, you may well cry!—you may! But its too late!—it's my turn to cry now! Don't you think that I feel for my own flesh and blood, that is my six children? And isn't what's mine theirs? And aren't you keeping the fatherless out of their own? It's too bad of you—it is! and you know it is," continued Mrs. Squallop, vehemently.

"They've got a mother to take—care of them," Titmouse sobbed; "but there's been no one in the—the—world that cares a straw for me—this twenty—years!" He fairly wept aloud.

"Well, then, more's the pity for you. If you had, they wouldn't have let you make such a puppy of yourself—and at your landlady's expense, too. You know you're a fool," said Mrs. Squallop, dropping her voice a little; for she was a *MOTHER*, after all, and she knew that what poor Titmouse had just stated was quite true. She tried hard to keep up the fire of her wrath by forcing into her thoughts every aggravating topic against Titmouse that she could think off; but it became every moment harder and harder to do so, for she was consciously softening rapidly towards the weeping and miserable object on whom she had been heaping such violent and

bitter abuse. He was a great fool, to be sure; he was very fond of fine clothes—he knew no better—he had, however, paid his rent well enough, till lately—he was a very quiet, well disposed lodger, for all she had known—he had given her youngest child a pear not long ago—Really, she thought, I may have gone a little too far.

"Come—it ain't no use crying in this way. It won't put money into your pocket, nor my rent into mine. You know you've wronged me, and I must be paid," she added, but in a still lower tone. She tried to cough away a certain rising disagreeable sensation about her throat, that kept increasing; for Titmouse, having turned his back to hide the extent of his emotions, seemed half choked with suppressed sobs.

"So you won't speak a word—not a word—to the woman you've injured so much?" enquired Mrs. Squallop, trying to assume a harsh tone, but her eyes were a little obstructed with tears.

"I—I—I—can't speak," sobbed Titmouse—"I—I—I feel ready to drop—every body hates me"—here he paused: and for some moments neither spoke. "I've been kept on my legs the whole day about the town by Mr. Tag-rag, and had no dinner. I—I—I—wish I was dead! I do!—you may take all I have—here it is"—continued Titmouse, with his foot pushing towards Mrs. Squallop the old hair trunk that contained all his little finery—"I sha'n't want them much longer—for I'm turned out of my situation."

This was too much for Mrs. Squallop, and she was obliged to wipe her full eyes with the corner of her apron without saying a word. Her heart smote her for the misery she had inflicted on one who seemed quite broken down. Pity suddenly flew, fluttering his wings—soft dove—into her heart, and put to flight in an instant all her enraged feelings. "Come, Mr. Timouse," said she, in quite an altered tone—"never mind me: I'm a plain spoken woman enough, I dare say—and often say more than I mean—for I know I ain't over particular when my blood's up—but—I—I—I would n't hurt a hair of your head, poor chap!—for all I've said—no, not for double the rent you owe me. Come! I don't go on so, Mr. Titmouse—what's the use? it's all quite—over—I'm so sorry—Lud! if I'd really thought"—she almost sobbed—"you'd been so—so—why, I'd have waited till to-morrow night before I'd said a word. But, Mr. Titmouse, since you haven't had any dinner, won't you have a mouthful of something—a bit of bread and cheese?—I'll soon fetch you up a bit, and a drop of beer—we've just had it in for our suppers."

"No, thank you—I can't—I can't eat."

"Oh, bother it, but you shall? I'll go down and fetch up in half a minute, as sure as my name's Squallop!" And out of the room, and down stairs she bustled, glad of a moment to recover herself.

"Lud-a-mercy!" said she, on entering her room, to her eldest daughter and a neighbour who had just come in to supper—and while she hastily cut a thick hunch of bread, and a good slice of cheese—"there I've been a-rating that poor chap, up at the top room (my dandy lodger, you know,) like anythin—and I really don't think he's had a morsel of victuals in his belly this precious day; and I've made him cry, poor soul, as if his heart would break. Pour us out half a pint of that beer, Sally—a good half pint, mind!—I'm going to take it up stairs directly. I've gone a deal too far with him, I do think—but its all of that nasty old Gripe—I've been wrong all the day through it! How I hate the sight of old Gripe! What odious-looking people they do get to collect the rates and taxes, to be sure! Poor chap," she continued, as she wiped out a plate with her apron, and put on it the bread cheese, with a knife—"he offered me a chair when I went in, so uncommon civil-like, it took a good while before I could get myself into the humor to give it him as I wanted. And he's no father nor mother, (half of which has happened to you, Sal, and the rest will happen one of these days, you know!) and he's not such a very bad lodger, after all, though he does get a little behind-hand now and then, and though he turns out every Sunday like a lord, poor fellow—as my husband used to say, 'with a shining back and empty belly.'"

"But there's no reason why honest people should be kept out of their own to feed his pride," interposed her neighbor, a skinny old widow, who had never had chick nor child, and was always behind-hand with her own rent; but whose effects were not worth distraining upon. "I'd get hold of some of his fine, crimson-cran-cums and gim-cracks, for security, like, if I were you. I would indeed."

"Why—no, poor soul—I don't hardly like; he's a vain creature, and puts everything he can on his back, to be sure; but he ain't quite a rogue, neither."

"Aha, Mrs. Squallop—you're such a simple soul!—Would'nt my fine gentleman make off with his finery after to night?"

"Well, I shouldn't have thought it! To be sure he may! Really, there can't be much harm in asking him (in a kind way) to deposit one of his fine things with me, by way of security—that ring of his, you know—eh? Well, I'll try it," said Mrs. Squallop, as she set off up stairs.

"I know what I should do if he was a lodger of mine, that's all," said her visitor, (as Mrs. Squallop quitted the room,) vexed to find their supper so considerably and unexpectedly diminished, especially as to the pot of porter, which she strongly suspected would not be replenished.

"There," said Mrs. Squallop, setting down on the table what

she had brought for Titmouse, "there's a bit of supper for you; and you're welcome to it, I'm sure, Mr. Titmouse."

"Thank you, thank you—I can't eat," said he, casting, however, upon the victuals a hungry eye, which beheld what he said, while in his heart he longed to be left alone with them for about three minutes.

"Come don't be ashamed—fall to work—it's good wholesome vittuals," said she, lifting the table near to the edge of the bed, on the side of which he was sitting, and taking up the two shillings lying on the table—"and capital beer, I warrant me; you'll sleep like a top after it."

"You're uncommon kind, Mrs. Squallop; but I shan't get a wink of sleep to-night for nothing."

"Oh, bother your thinking! Let me see you begin to eat a bit. Well, I suppose you don't like to eat and drink before me, so I'll go." [Here arose a sudden conflict in the good woman's mind, whether or not she would act on the suggestion which had been put into her head down stairs. She was on the point of yielding to the impulse of her own good-natured, though coarse feelings; but at last]—"I---I---dare say, Mr. Titmouse, you mean what's right and straightforward," she stammered.

"Yes, Mrs. Squallop—you may keep those two shillings; they are the last farthing I have left in the world."

"No---hem! hem!---a-hem! I was just suddenly a-thinking---now can't you guess, Mr. Titmouse?"

"What, Mrs. Squallop?" enquired Titmouse, meekly, but anxiously.

"Why---suppose now---if it were only to raise ten shillings with old Balls, round the corner, on one of those fine things of yours---your ring, say." [Titmouse's heart sunk within him.] "Well, well---never mind---don't fear," said Mrs. Squallop, observing him suddenly turn pale again, "I---I only thought---but never mind! it don't signify---goodnight! we can talk about it to-morrow---good night---a good night's rest, Mr. Titmouse!" and the next moment he heard her heavy step descending the stairs. Several minutes had elapsed before he could recover from the agitation into which he had been thrown by her last proposal; but within ten minutes of her quitting the room, there stood before him, on the table, an empty plate and jug.

NIGHT SCENES.

"Well—I'll take care of these anyhow;" and, kneeling down and unlocking his trunk, he took out of it his guard-chain, breast-pin, studs and ring, carefully folded them up in paper, and deposited them in his trousers' pockets; resolved that henceforth their nightly resting-place should be—under his pillow; while during the day they should accompany his person whithersoever he went. Next he bethought himself of the two or three important papers, to which Mr. Gammon had referred; and, with tremulous eagerness read them over once or twice, but without being able to extract from them the slightest meaning. Then he folded them up in a half sheet of writing paper, which he proceeded to stitch carefully beneath the lining of his waistcoat; after which he blew out his slim candle, and with a heavy sigh got into bed. For some moments after he had blown out the candle, did the image of it remain on his aching and excited retina; and just so long did the thoughts of *ten thousand a year* dwell on his fancy, fading, however, quickly away amid the thickening gloom of doubts, and fears and miseries, which oppressed him. There he lies, stretched on his bed, a wretched figure, lying on his breast, his head buried beneath his feverish arms. Anon, he turns round upon his back, stretches his wearied limbs to their uttermost, folds his arms on his breast, then buries them beneath the pillow under his head. Now he turns on his right side, then on his left—presently he starts up, and with muttered curse shakes his little pillow, flinging it down angrily. He cannot sleep; he cannot rest; he cannot keep still. Bursting with irritability, he gets out of bed, and steps to the window, which opening wide, a slight gush of fresh air cools his hot face for a moment or two. His wearied eye looks upward and beholds the moon shining overhead in cold splendour, turning the clouds to gold as they flit past her, and shedding a softened lustre upon the tiled roofs and irregular chimney-pots—the only objects visible to him. No sound is heard, but occasionally the dismal cry of disappointed cat, the querulous voice of the watchman, and the echo of the rumbling hubbub of Oxford-street. O, miserable Titmouse, of what avail is it for thee thus to fix thy sorrowful lack-lustre eye upon the old Queen of night!

At that moment there happened to be also gazing at the same glorious object, but at some two hundred miles distances from London, a somewhat different person with very different feelings, and in very different circumstances. It was one of the angels of the earth—a pure-hearted and very beautiful young woman; who, after a day of peaceful, innocent, and charitable employment, and having just quitted the piano, where her exquisite strains had soothed and delighted the feelings of her brother, harrassed with political anxieties, had retired to her chamber for the night. A few moments before she was presented to the reader, she had extinguished her taper, and dismissed her maid without her having discharged more than half her accustomed duties—telling her that she should finish undressing by the light of the moon, which then poured her soft radiance into every corner of the spacious but old-fashioned chamber in which she sat. Then she drew her chair to the window

recess, and pushing open the window, sat before it, half undressed as she was, her head leaning on her hand, gazing upon the scenery before her with tranquil admiration. Silence reigned absolutely. Not a sound issued from the ancient groves, which spread far and wide on all sides of the fine old mansion in which she dwells—solemn solitudes, not yet less soothing than solemn! Was not the solitude enhanced by the glimpse she caught of a restless fawn glancing in the distance across the avenue, as he silently changed the tree under which he slept? Then the gentle breeze would enter her window, laden with sweet scents of which he had just been rifling the coy flowers beneath, in their dewy repose, tended and petted during the day by her own delicate hand! Beautiful moon!—cold and chaste in thy skyey palace, studded with brilliant and innumerable gems, and shedding down thy rich and tender radiance upon this lovely seclusion—was there upon the whole earth a more exquisite countenance then turned towards thee than hers? Wrap thy white robe, dearest Kate, closer round thy fair bosom, lest the playful night-breeze do thee hurt, for he groweth giddy with the sight of thy charms! Thy rich tresses, half uncurled, are growing damp—so it is time that thy blue eyes should seek repose. Hie thee, then, to yon antique couch, with its quaint carvings and satin draperies dimly visible in the dusky shade, inviting thee to sleep: and having first bent in cheerful reverence before thy Maker—to bed!—to bed!—dear Kate, nothing disturbing thy serene thoughts or agitating that beautiful bosom! Hush! hush!—Now she sleeps.

It is well that thine eyes are closed in sleep; for, behold—see!—the brightness without is disappearing; sadness and gloom are settling on the face of nature; the tranquil night is changing her aspect; clouds are gathering, winds are moaning; the moon is gone;—but sleep on, sweet Kate—dreaming not of dark days before thee. Oh, that thou could'st sleep on till the brightness returned!

BORROWING.

When at length this day came to a close. Titmouse, instead of repairing to his lodgings, set off with a heavy heart, to pay a visit to his excellent friend, Huckaback, whom he knew to have received his quarter's salary the day before, and from whom he faintly hoped to succeed in extorting some trifling loan. "If you want to learn the value of money, try to borrow some," says Poor Richard—and Titmouse was now going to learn that useful but bitter lesson. Oh, how disheartening was that gentleman's reception of him! Huckaback, in answering the modest knock of Titmouse, suspecting who was his visitor, opened the door but a little way, and in that little way, with his hand on the latch, he stood, with a plainly repulsive look.

"Oh! it's you, Titmouse, is it?" he commenced, coldly. "Yes. I---I just want to speak a word to you—only a word or two, Hucky, if you aren't busy?"

"Why, I was just going to go—but what dy'e want, Titmouse?" he enquired, in a freezing manner, not stirring from where he stood.

"Let me come inside a minute," implored Titmouse, feeling as if his heart were really dropping out of him: and, in a most ungracious manner, Huckaback motioned him in.

"Well," commenced Huckaback, with a chilling distrustful look.

"Why, Huck, I know you are a good natured chap—you couldn't, just for a short time, lend me ten shill!"

"No, I'm hanged if I can: and that's flat!" briskly interrupted Huckaback, finding his worst suspicions confirmed.

"Why, Hucky, wasn't you only yesterday paid your salary?"

"Well—suppose I was?—what then? You're a monstrous cool hand, Titmouse! I never!! So I'm to lend to you, when I'm starving myself!—I've received such a lot, haven't I!"

"I thought we'd always been friends, Hucky," said Titmouse, faintly; "and so we shouldn't mind helping one another a bit! Don't you remember, I lent you half a crown?"

"Half-a-crown!—and that's nine months ago!"

"Do, Hucky, do! I've positively not a sixpence in the whole world."

"Ha, ha! A pretty chap to borrow! You can pay so well! By George, Titmouse, you're a cool hand."

"If you won't lend me, I must starve."

"Go to my uncle's." [Titmouse groaned aloud.] "Well—and why not? What of that?" continued Huckaback, sharply and bitterly. "I dare say it wouldn't be the first time you've done such a stick, no more than me. I've been obligated to do it. Why shouldn't you? Ain't there that ring?"

"Oh, oh, that's just what Mrs. Squallop said last night."

"Whew! She's down on you, is she! And you've the face to come to me! You—that's a-going to be sold up, come to borrow! that's good, any how! A queer use that to make of one's friends; it's a taking of them in, I say!"

"Oh, Huck, Huck, if you only knew what a poor devil!"

"Yes, that's what I was a-saying; but it ain't poor devil's one lends money to so easily, I warrant me; though you ain't such a poor devil—you're only shamming! Where's your guard-chain, your studs, your breast-pin, your ring, and all that. Sell 'em! if not, any how, pawn 'em. Can't eat your cake and have it; fine back must have empty belly with us sort of chaps."

"If you'll only be so kind as to lend me ten shillings," continued Titmouse, in an imploring tone, "I'll bind myself, by a solemn oath, to pay you the very first moment I get what's due to me

from Dowlas & Co." Here he was almost choked by the sudden recollection that he had almost certainly, nothing to receive.

"You've some property in the moon, too, that's coming to you, you know!" said Huckaback, with an insulting sneer.

"I know what you're driving at," said poor Titmouse; and he continued eagerly, "and if any thing should ever come up from Messrs. Quirk, Gem"—

"Yough! Faugh! Pish! Stuff!" burst out Huckaback, in a tone of contempt and disgust; "never thought there was any thing in it, and now know it! It's all in my eye, and all that!"

"Oh, Hucky, Hucky! You don't say so!" groaned Titmouse, bursting into tears; you didn't always say so."

"It's enough that I say it now, then; will that do?" interrupted Huckaback, impetuously.

"Oh, what is to become of me?" cried Titmouse, with a face full of anguish.

MR. THOMSON,

The following lines, by E. Cook, struck me as being full of piety and deep feeling. If you have a spare corner in your valuable paper, by inserting it you will oblige W. H. R.

PRAYER.

How purely true, how deeply warm
The inly breathed appeal may be,
Though adoration wears no form
In upraised hand, or bended knee.
One spirit fills all boundless space,
No limits to the when or where;
And little recks the time or place
That leads the soul to praise and prayer.

Father above, Almighty one,
Creator, is that worship vain
That hails each mountain as thy throne,
And finds an universal fane?
When shining stars or spangled sod,
Call forth devotion, who shall dare
To, blame, or tell me that a God
Will never deign to hear such prayer?

Oh, Prayer is good, when many pour
Their voices in one solemn tone,
Conning their sacred lessons o'er,
Or yielding thanks for mercies shown.
'Tis good to see the quiet train
Forget their worldly joy and care
While loud response and choral strain
Re-echo in the house of prayer.

But often have I stood to mark
The setting sun, and closing flower,
When silence and the gathering dark
Shed holy calmness o'er the hour,
Lone on the hill my soul confess'd
More wrapt and burning homage there,
And served the Maker it addressed,
With stronger zeal, and closer prayer.

When watching those we love and prize
Till all of life and hope be fled;
When we have gazed on sightless eyes,
And gently stayed the falling head—
Then what can sooth the stricken heart,
What solace overcome despair,
What earthly breathing can impart
Such healing balm as lonely prayer?

When fears and perils thicken fast,
And many dangers gather round;
When human aid is vain and past
No mortal refuge to be found.
Then can we firmly lean on Heaven,
And gather strength to meet and bear;
No matter where the storm has driven;
A saving anchor lies in prayer.

Oh, Lord! how beautiful the thought,
How merciful the blest decree,
That grace can e'er be found when sought,
And nought shut out the soul from Thee.
The cell may cramp, the fetters gall,
The flame may scorch, the rack may tear,
But torture—stake—or prison wall
Can be endured with faith and prayer.

In desert wilds, in midnight gloom,
In grateful joy or trying pain,
In laughing youth or nigh the tomb,
Oh, when is prayer unheard or vain?
The Infinite, the King of kings
Will never heed the when or where,
He'll ne'er reject a heart that brings
The offering of fervent prayer.

For the Pearl.

TOUCH, MINSTREL! TOUCH THY LUTE FOR ME.

Touch, Minstrel! touch thy lute for me
And wake the voice of song
That used to float at silent eve
My native vales along;
For here a sad and wearied thing
In foreign lands I roam,
Debarred from all the dear delights
And tender cares of home.

Bring back the thousand memories
Of other skies and bowers—
The calm pure thoughts and fairy dreams
Of childhood's sunny hours.
Bring back the sounds I loved of old
Heard in my native glen—
The music of the mountain streams
That used to glad me then.

Yet most from out the vanished years
To this lone heart restore,
The treasured smiles, the tones and tears
Of those beheld no more.
Recall young feeling's blissful dream—
The joys of moments fled,—
And give me back the loved and lost,
The beautiful and dead.

JOHN McPHERSON.

Halifax, January 19, 1840.

SCENES IN OTHER LANDS.

JOURNEY FROM BALLYCASTLE TO BELFAST.

Ballycastle is beautifully situated close to an inlet of the sea, and in the centre of an amphitheatre of hills. Much intercourse is kept up with the neighbouring islanders of Rathlin—a people of great simplicity, and still living under a species of patriarchal government. They seem to be neither Irish nor Scotch, but a distinct race partaking of the characteristics of both the neighbouring countries; and so strong is the partiality for their own little island, that, as we were told, nothing so readily quiet the insubordinate amongst them as to threaten them with banishment to the neighbouring coast of Ireland. The passage between Ballycastle and Rathlin is generally a stormy and dangerous one,—subject to sudden gusts of wind, which frequently overturn the light craft that ply between them, and the influence of wind and tide in so narrow a strait will very suddenly raise up a heavy and dangerous sea.

After dining at Ballycastle, we proceeded in a car to Cushendall, about 12 miles distant. On the way, about four miles from the former place, is the majestic promontory of Fair Head, or Benmore, rising up close to the margin of the raging sea to the height of 535 feet. Its base is composed of huge masses of rock strewn about in the wildest confusion, upon which there rises a succession of perpendicular columns to the height of 250 feet; but the awful grandeur of the spot is much increased by the precipices and caves which the traveller may there contemplate. One wild chasm of 200 feet in depth, seems to divide the promontory in two; and there are places where you may gaze down giddy precipices of more than that height, and look into gloomy caverns which the fabled architects of the Causeway might have chosen for their retreat.

The drive to Cushendall was generally over a mountainous and barren country; and as the evening became cloudy and chill, and occasionally dispersing a shower, we were glad to reach that town about eleven o'clock at night. The romantic associations of this charming spot are much heightened by the traditions of the neighbourhood,—it is said to be the scene of many of the wild songs of the Scottish Ossian; and when we gazed upon the magnificent scenery around, and threw back our thoughts to the time when their wildness was complete from the utter absence of cultivation,—when we viewed the mountains with their misty summits almost entirely encircling us, and the angry sea before us, on the opposite side of which were dimly discernible the wildest regions of Scotland,—it was easy to fancy ourselves amongst the very scenes where the poet sung his rhapsodies.

A little beyond Cushendall, the road ran at the foot of a perpendicular cliff, in which are several inhabited caves; one of which has, for several years, been occupied by a fish woman, and another is used as a blacksmith's forge. The road proceeded along beautiful, winding bays, and sometimes across lofty promontories; the whole scene diversified by hill and valley, wood and water, in most agreeable interchange. We passed through the pretty village of Cairnough; above which a mountain frowns with a dark, dismal summit, contrasting strongly with the neat and quiet villas which lie at its base, sloping gently towards the sea. We next drove to Glenarm, a little village delightfully situated on a mountain stream, and nearly encircled by high ridges,—the sea in front, nigh to which are the remains of a Franciscan Friary founded in 1465.

Soon after leaving this village, we ascend an eminence, the summit of which is nearly 1500 feet above the level of the sea, and the view afforded from so great an elevation was grand and beautiful. Just at the moment, too, the sun burst through the mists with which it had been shrouded all the morning, and lit up the varied

and extensive prospect with a glorious splendour. Mountains, woods, valleys, villages, and the sea,—the sea, sparkling and dancing in the sunbeams,—were before us; and the spirits experienced from the freshness and beauty of the scene a sudden renovation. About 5 o'clock in the afternoon we came to Larne, a considerable town situated on a narrow inlet of the sea, and containing one of the best harbours on the north eastern coast of Ireland. Like the others towns on this route, already described, it is surrounded by the most romantic scenery. At the extremity of the peninsula which forms the north side of the harbour, are the ruins of Oldfleet Castle, built in the reign of Henry III.; and here it was that Edward Bruce landed in 1315 with the design of conquering Ireland.

The town of Carrickfergus lies about midway between Larne and Belfast,—a place beautifully situated, and possessing many historical associations. It was taken by Robert Bruce in 1316; in 1568 it was surrendered under O'Neil, the Irish chief, to Sir H. Sydney; in 1689 it yielded to the Duke of Schomberg; in 1770 the French under Thurot made a descent here and surprised the castle; and in 1778, Carrickfergus Bay was visited by the celebrated Paul Jones. The castle situated on a rocky point of the Bay, is a commanding object as well as a venerable structure.

Having arrived in Belfast and intending to spend a portion of two days in that city, I visited many of the public edifices which a traveller ought to inspect, the Linen Hall, with its area and garden, the Academical Institution, the Custom House, &c. The Churches and Hospitals are numerous; and the House of Correction, is a conspicuous object with its front of 236 feet. The quays are well worthy of inspection; and the Bridge over the Lough at its connection with the river, is 2560 feet in length, and supported by twenty one arches.

About noon on the following day we embarked in the Steam Packet Chiefian for Liverpool, and were favoured with fine weather and a tranquil sea. In passing through the Lough, the channel is rather intricate, and in one place there is merely room for two vessels to pass. In proceeding downwards we had an excellent view of the country on either side, embellished with all its variety of mountain and valley, fields, trees, villages and country seats. Soon after our egress from the Loch, we passed the town of Donaghadee, from whence a steam packet plies regularly with the mail to Port Patrick, the nearest point of Scotland, and only 16 miles distant. For some times in the progress of our voyage, we had a clear view both of the Scottish and Irish coast; and towards sunset we made the Calf of Man, along the shore of which were fishing boats in countless multitudes. It was the herring season, and a favourable day,—so that the opportunity was seized by hundreds of the Manxmen. I would fain have landed on this interesting spot; but the Steamer rapidly pursued her way over the tranquil sea, and the Isle of Man was soon lost to sight in the gathering shadows of night. On the following morning we were safely landed at one of the stupendous quays for which Liverpool is so famous.

ROME.

The exact distance from Naples to Rome, by land, is about 132 miles. On the Neapolitan side the road is excellent. Five of us went off *vetturino*, and were nearly three days on the road. The manner of travelling is thus: you start at 4 or 5 in the morning, halt from 10 to 12 to rest and feed the horses (the same set carrying you on to Rome,) and here you take a meal. At noon you start again, resume your journey, drive on till eight or nine, when you halt, sup and sleep. The next morning you start again, at the same early hour as before. Thus, with four horses, we were 64 hours on the journey, one half of which time was spent on the road, and the balance in eating, resting, or repose. The *vetturior* charged each of us nine piasters (or about 8 dollars,) and for this he gave beds and suppers, but no dinners. The road is not quite safe, robberies being sometimes committed.

The western shores of Italy consist of a series of plains like the Campiano of Naples, and divided by mountain ridges. The Neapolitan plain extends near to Mola; a ridge of mountains many miles broad, separates that from Terracina, a pretty town (the *Auxur* of the ancients) with castellated rocks of limestone towering above *pagna di Roma*, of which the first portion is the Pontine marshes, which are 26 miles long and about 12 wide. The Republic commenced the draining of them, the Emperor and Pope continued it, but it is not yet finished, though more is done than I had been led to expect. A very monotonous journey is that through the Pontine marshes. In a mathematically straight line, a canal 50 feet wide (the grand trunk of the drainage) extends along the whole length of the marshes. The soil thrown out of this canal has made a raised bank, about 6 feet above the water, and above 100 feet wide. Along this bank a very good road passes, with a double row of trees on each side. And you travel on the straight line, wishing, mile after mile, for something to break the flat monotony. Here and there are a few trusses scantily scattered through the Pontine marshes. What has been drained is chiefly in pasture—a small part has vines, and isolated bits are ploughed. Until you come to the north or higher end, you scarcely meet with any wet marsh. There a great portion remains as yet undrained.

The northern part of this plain embraces and surrounds the Alban mountains, with Rome and its seven hills, and the lakes nearly to Civita Vecchia. It may be 100 miles long by 30 broad.

It stands bigger than the valley of Naples, but is less rich. It is a plateau from 1 foot to 200 above the sea, traversed by wide shallow valleys, of from 50 to 200 feet deep. Along the sea shore is a stripe of swamp, a couple of miles broad, but with this exception the Campagna di Roma appears generally dry, and I entertain no doubt that, in the hands of an industrious, well governed people, a very little expense and trouble would make it become as healthy, populous, and fertile as the far-famed plains of Lombardy or Tuscany. At present the Campagna has a bleak and deserted aspect. Here and there are clumps of brushwood, but a single tree is a rarity, and within its whole extent there is nothing like woodland or forest. Fences are scarce, villas there are none, and farm-houses very few. Even of cottages there are few; from the hills near Civita Vecchia to Rome, (40 miles) I did not count 80 cottages. The soil is cultivated—to some extent. The plough is seldom used—and I heard that the Roman custom is to take a crop one year, and leave the land in fallow for the next three or four. The hoe is used oftener than the plough, and about one acre in eight is sowed with corn. An under peopled as well as an over peopled country will have misery and mendicancy. The working classes of Rome are well clad, and the rural population look like paupers, exactly the reverse of Naples; but then the fruitful plain of Naples is well populated and well cultivated, while the Campagna di Roma is nearly a desert. Tivoli is within 15 miles of Rome, and I was so strongly recommended to carry a couple brace of pistols when I went to it, that I did take them—for a party went thither the week before, in a coach and four, were beset, robbed and stripped of nearly all their clothes!

At Albano you begin the descent of the northern declivity of the mountains, and immediately you get a dim view of Rome 14 miles off. It seems, at the first and distant glance, a long extended mass, where you vainly look for any thing like the seven hills. You press forward and get a glimpse of St. Peter's; you see the cupola. As you advance other domes and objects grow apparent. You turn from the distance to the road, and see the distance marked off by handsome round mile stones on the road side. Your cheek tingles as you read the inscription *VEN APPEA, M. XII.*, and then *M. XI.*, and so on, diminishing as you go citywards. You are indeed passing over the famous Appian way, through the drear solitudes of the Campagna. On each side you see the ruins of Empire. Here are a few shapeless brick ruins—there the magnificent ruin of some mighty aqueduct, with perhaps 60 or 80 arches left. The line of road is through a level country, and you see these objects against the sky. Very few, very mean, and very wretched, are the habitation of men which you pass. To describe one is to describe all: a miserable, half-ruined, square erection, with two stories. On the ground floor the cattle are lodged, and the family live on the floor above them. The house has no glass windows, but it has wooden shutters.

You come yet nearer to the Eternal City—the Niobe of Nations—and find the vineyards more frequent. They are fenced or walled off, to protect them. You find no gentlemen's villa, no citizen's box, no cottage ornee. At last you reach the famous walls built by Aurelian, A. D. 271. They have a decayed appearance, but they have been and yet are great. They are chiefly built of brick, have a great many square towers, and are about 50 feet high. You come to the gate, and pass the sentinels who guard it. What meets the eye? what splendid edifice? How elegant its proportions! It is the Church of St. John Lateran. The promise it gives, is soon broken, for you pass through dreary districts. But this is soon got over, and you reach the well-inhabited parts of Rome. Should you enter in any other gate, on the south or east side, you must drive through a mile of vineyards before reaching the actual city.

The country around Rome looks a desert. But it need not be so. I can conceive no place more capable of being made "a land flowing with milk and honey." The natural advantages of soil and climate are very considerable here, and a little wisdom would effect a vast change for the better.—*Correspondence of N. Y. Evening Star.*

From the Falmouth Packet.

HINTS ON HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

IN PROSE AND VERSE.

"Heavens! Sutherland," I exclaimed, when his wife and five young children left the room, and we had quaffed a bumper of his curious old port to their healths, "what in the name of ill-fortune can induce you, with a young and increasing family, and an income which in the greater part ceases with your life, to continue vegetating in this confounded garden of England, Devonshire; the very hot-bed of small annuitants and genteel inactivity, where nature has placed her barrier against commercial enterprise, and nothing of greater weight ever occupies the financial enquiries of its inhabitants than the price current of lodgings and cabbages; how so many men like yourself in other respects of mind and energy, should be so far biassed by early prejudices as to sacrifice the interests of their families, by remaining in a neighbourhood where nought but poverty awaits them, is to me an enigma!"

"Why, my dear Darlton, you know Lucy has alwas set her heart on the boys entering the the public service. From the time of her great grandfather, (old Admiral Spunyard,) there have always been three or four in the navy, and therefore if we are to keep up the charter, I don't see how we can do better than stick to this neighbourhood. To be sure, it is not quite so easy in these reforming

times to get lads admitted, and although there's but little chance of promotion, they are ten times the expense they used to be when blockades and prize money were in fashion. Yet what can I do, women, you know, my dear fellow will have their own way.

"Do! why take a trip across the Atlantic, and see if your wife's prejudices do not quickly vanish. It's only a ten day's affair now in the steamers."

"Ah! but Darlton, if it's the United States you're drifting at, I must put in my decided *veto* against it. Much as I would be willing to sacrifice for the youngsters, both Lucy and myself have been too long accustomed to the conventional refinements of European society ever to settle among those coarse and vulgar republicans."

"Well, but my dear fellow, surely the whole of North America cannot be classed under the same head? It is not two months since having an offer from an old messmate in command of a packet, I re-visited my favourite cruising ground, Halifax! Since I was last there you know what an inveterate rambler I have been, yet never, in all my wanderings, have I seen a place, which, in my opinion, combines in an equal degree the pecuniary advantages arising from a new country with all those nameless but inestimable refinements which characterizes the best society in Europe, and the loss of which you seem so much and so deservedly to apprehend. Nay do not smile, nor fancy I am going to place Halifax in point of luxury and refinement on a par with either Paris or London; yet, believe me, it would be equally unjust to compare it intellectually with even the best of our English country towns. The high official, and legal characters which necessarily reside at a seat of government, and whose occupations, though on a minor scale, are precisely similar to our own, give a stamp and intelligence to society, which we should in vain search for among the civil authorities and commonplace conveyancers of our chief provincial cities. As a proof look at their periodical press, replete as it is with articles of original merit and correct observation; nay, one of the most humorous, political, and social satires that has appeared since the Gulliver of Swift, was the hasty and gratuitous production of a legal gentleman to fill a corner of one of their weekly newspapers. The constant succession of 'crack' regiments too which have been quartered there for the last fifty years have materially tended to preserve the good breeding and courtesy introduced by the numerous loyal Americans who fled there with their property on the breaking out of the first revolutionary war, and who form the nucleus of their present aristocracy. Now all this is combined with an enterprise and attention to commercial affairs, which though not apparently so energetic as that of their southern neighbours, yet, by being conducted on a more solid foundation, bids fair, without any of their intermediate reverses, to be equally successful in its results."

"Well! this is very flattering, no doubt, and I can easily conceive in a country with such natural resources in mines, fisheries and agriculture, there would be little difficulty in getting the boys well off my hands; but there! you could never persuade Lucy! she's so fond of gaiety that she wouldn't live a winter in that dreary wilderness of snows for all the salt fish and lumber in the colony."

"Oh! if it's only gaiety she wants, I warrant you she'll have enough of it in Halifax. Bacon or some other wiseacre, says, 'you may know which way the wind blows as well by the turn of a straw as the course of a line of battle ship;' and I may certainly add the habits and feelings of a people far better from their songs than their sermons—so here goes with a specimen of the miseries of the Nova Scotian Wilderness:—

For chargers and sorry-hacks, troopers, and saucy Jacks,
No place like Halifax, sure, can compare;
Newfoundland and Labrador, ay! or a dozen more,
Tho' they their wits should tax never would dare.
Why have we not always three regiments who all days
Parade through our streets, and at night court our gals?
Besides too the spring, sirs, is certain to bring, sirs,
The West India fleet, cramm'd with out and out pals.

(SPOKEN.)—Ah! and regular out and outers these *Middies* are! and no mistake. They come upon us like a Barbadoes hurricane; bone our knockers, ride our spavined hacks to the dogs, gallop over our wives and children like mad, and lampoon us afterwards, if we neglect to thank them for their delicate attentions! Talk of the army! why their tandem clubs, balls, and private theatricals don't kick up half such a bobbyery!

To the island MacNab, then, we go it like mad then,
Determined in sunshine to tumble the hay,
But scarce we've worked at it, when all hands "'oh rat it,"
Swear surely they've done quite enough for the day.
When, as well as they're able, o'er nature's green table,
The white damask table cloths smoothly are spread,
Each lass with her fork and spoon, keeps up a pretty tune,
Whilst the gemmen in chorus sing "White wine or red."

"Oh! Miss Leonora, what a scene is this! how beautiful! what on earth can compare with a rustic repast like the present; where nature resumes her lawful influence, and the young heart bounds at its brief liberation from the monotonous trammels of every-day society." "Confound your sentiments, Adolphus! why don't you stir about and help the girls to wine; Leonora, shall I have the honour?" "Oh, really Tom, I have taken wine with twenty gentlemen already." Ah! but Champagne, you know, goes for nothing." "Oh! if that's the case I shall be most happy."

As they quaff down the wine, MacNab's isle grows divine,
And inspires all in praise of their favourite bards;

The dear girls all adore, that sweet wretch "Tommy Moore,"
And lip about shepherds and captains of guards,
Whilst the Halifax beaux, what one scarcely'd suppose,
Are so moved by the scenery, food, and champagne,
Spite of bankruptcies, losses, and mercantile crosses,
They vow that the next week they'll come there again.

"I say, Tom, 'pon my honor that's a lovely girl!" "Which do you mean?" "Why, the one in green!—sitting on the hay-cock there, with a turkey's drum-stick in her fingers,—who the deuce is she?" "Why you never mean to say you don't know her?" "I do though, 'pon honour!—never saw her face before in all my life, to my knowledge." "Why that's Lucy Loveall! a twenty-thousand pounder, if she's a farthing." "She'd be a charming creature if she hadn't a rap! Ah! Tom, how little is true admiration, influenced by money matters! What an heavenly complexion she has! Well, I always was partial to carrot hair, as the literary Mr. Walker, of two-penny post notoriety, poetically expresses it. By the bye Tom, you didn't say whether 'twas sterling or currency."—"Sterling, you fool, to be sure." Well, she certainly is a most desirable person!"

'Tis now that the play-folks begin to belay folks,
And beg all the gay folks to come to their show;
Sires, maidens, and matrons, must all become patrons,
To prove that the drama has not fallen so low;
Then with tears, the dear creatures beslobber their features,
Hardly knowing thro' sympathy what they're about,
'Till a rum chap comes "jawing," and sets them "haw hawing,"
By asking them all, "if their ma's know they're out?"

Ladies and gentlemen, owing to the rapturous applause with which the talented comedy of *Does your Mother know you're out?* has been received by crowded and distinguished audiences, it will be repeated every night till further notice. We are, however, sorry to state, that from the many severe accidents which occurred last night from excessive laughter in the dress circle, the humorous expression from which the drama takes its name, cannot possibly be repeated more than two hundred times in any future representation. The gifted author (who is a native of this capital) has been intensely occupied in preventing this sacrifice of humour from deteriorating from the general interest of the piece.

Soon the winter approaches, and off wheel the coaches,
For the fur-covered sleighs, to glide on in their place;
Deck'd in cloak, muff, and tippet, they merrily whip it,
O'er the snow-cover'd roads as if running a race,
Now the routs do begin too, and sure 'twere a sin to,
Neglect to say something on subject so rare,
Though 'tis twelve below zero, each fair girl's a hero,
And, spite of Jack Frost, vows that she doesn't care.

"Well, ma, here we are! I am sure we shall have a pleasant night, ma. Edward Simpkins is to be there." "How do I look ma? How does my gown set behind, ma?" "Do you like my hair, *a la Grisi*, ma?" "Oh! you all look like dear good girls as you are, but you've no time to lose, so wrap yourselves well up; my dears: they are rubbing John's nose in the kitchen, and he'll be here in a minute." "La! Julia you've got my nose covering again and you know your's is too small for me!"

But Jack's a cold shaver, and therefore they labour
To guard 'gainst his razor as well as they can;
Each small foot they thrust in, a fur-be-lined buskin,
And don a huge cloak, fit for guard of a van;
Then each pretty neck, they becomingly deck
With a few yards of wollen to keep off the chill;
Whilst with mittens and fur-gloves, nose-coverings, and ear-gloves,
They laugh at Jack Frost's vain endeavours to kill.

"Here, girls! girls! when will you be dressed? the sleigh has been at the door this half hour. John's nose is as white as a parsnip, and poor Dobbin has two icicles at his nostrils, like a pair of antelope's horns."—"Never mind John's nose, ma, we've plenty of snow to rub it with; you would not surely have us look like frights when you know all the Royal Rutlandshire rifles are to be there to night."

Once arrived at the mansion, no time's lost in launching
This masquerade dress from the delicate frame,
Lo! the Esquimaux Crony skips out Taglion!
Or at least quite as graceful as that noted dame;
Having ta'en off their "creepers," the gents ope their peepers,
With wondering gaze on the fair sylphs around,
Who, waltzing, quadrilling, move on, scarcely willing,
To let their small feet touch the envious ground.

"A song! A song! ladies, before the quadrille." "Hang that fellow, when he once begins, we get no more dancing; but we may as well make up our minds, and listen to it, I suppose."

TUNE—The Invitation to the Ball.

Good Nova Scotians all, I beg you, great and small,
To listen with attention to my lay,
Nor pritheer scold, tho' I'm so bold,
To sing of one esteemed by all most wily,
Whose great renown reflects on you most highly.

Of famed Sam Slick, the Yankee chick,
Sure all the world has often heard,
So, right or wrong, I'll in a song
Of his vagaries sing a word.
O'er hill and dale, with clocks for sale,
He made half yearly calls around,
And never budged, till he had fudged
His wooden wheels off all around;

For rare Sam Slick had such a trick
Of using the soft sawder, Sir;
No man so strong, could hold out long,
From giving Sam an order, Sir.

Like pettifog, Sam Slick would jog,
His various circuits to explore;
Where clocks ho'd sold, folks swapp'd their old,
For new ones valued ten times more:
In vain they tried and loudly cried,
We want no more your wooden trash;
With human nature, ev'ry creature
Sam quickly cleaned out of his cash.
For rare Sam Slick, &c, &c.

A blue-nose squire soon wrote a quire
Of Sam's fine tricks and sayings queer,
Without ado he sold it too,
And thanked Sam for it with a jeer.
Says he, "friend Slick, a pretty pick
I've gained by noting down your fun;"
Says Sam "tip half;" "don't make me laugh;"
The Blue-nose cried, "you're fairly done;"
Thus poor Sam Slick learnt such a trick,
In spite of his soft sawder, Sir,
That in a fit, at being bit,
He bolted o'er the border, Sir.

After supper is over, all seem to recover
Fresh spirits and dance with more glee than before;
So that even the dozers, the loungers, and prozers,
No longer persist to encircle the door;
But in whispers and sighs, they begin to apprise
Their fair partners of all they had felt long ago;
Whilst to prove their devotion, and ardent emotion,
They lose not an instant in sporting a toe.

"I say, Fred! why don't you dance to-night? you're the only one standing out since supper. Why, I thought you and Sophy were inseparables." "Po! when the red coats are here we boys in mufti don't stand a chance; so I'm determined I'll not increase her vanity by asking her." "Bravo! I admire your spirit! She never was a favourite of mine, the diminutive little minx!" "well, if she is little, Tom, you must acknowledge she's symmetry itself in form, and has a grace in dancing that would charm an anchorite." "On! pretty well for that. But then, what confoundedly small eyes she has, Fred!" "Fain, that's true, but still, ill as she treats me, I can't help thinking, after all, they have more expression in them than the largest pair in America." "Fred, I really believe you are as much in love with her as ever! Come along with me, my boy, I was only joking with you, for I'm quite sure she likes you too, so we'll drink her health in a bumper, and you shall waltz with her for the rest of the night in spite of the red coats, or I'm no true prophet."

Now all with a sorry heart, feel 'tis the hour to part,
So rush in a posse to search for their traps;
Fifty voices kick up a stir, for clocks, gloves and comforter,
Whilst naught's but confusion and luckless mishaps.
"Here! John, help my boot on! Oh! what has the brute done,"
"You've struck some one's 'creeper' bang into my heel."
"I not go to do it sir." "Well, you shall rue it, sir,"
"You lazy black nigger, I'll soon make you feel."

"Ah! Tom, you were right enough, I've been waltzing with Sophy ever since. What an angel she is!" "Why, I thought she seemed rather serious." "Oh! you don't understand her, she's all soul; I hate a girl with an eternal grin on her countenance. Here help me on with my buffalo skin, Tom, and we'll walk home together, though I forewarn you that I shall think of nothing, breathe of nothing, talk of nothing, and dream of nothing but my sweet little Sophy for the next month to come." "Why this love of yours is quite old fashioned, but—bye the bye though, Fred, didn't you first get acquainted with your '*adorata*' in one of those 'Falmouth Packets.'" "To be sure, came out from England together." "Oh! that accounts for it, then: why they have lately become the very high courts of Venus, the perfect Baker street bazaars for speculative spinsters and *ci-devant* young men, and I don't think I can do better than stop your endless tale of love, by singing you on our way home, the last proof of it that has come to my knowledge"—

"Bravo, Tom! if the good Falmouth folks knew what a *viva voce* panygerist you are, I shouldn't wonder but they'd send you to advocate their cause at St. Stephen's."

Then the two Houses open, the Queen's speech is spoken,
Whilst all the militia-men figure in green,
If it were not so slipp'ry, 'twould be without trick'ry,
The grandest spectacle that ever was seen.

Ah! New Scotland after all, seems to be the only spot in which the customs of poor England are preserved intact, where the ladies equally adorn the parlour and the laundry, and make with uniform good taste a curtesy, or a curstard; and then what valiant militia too, who well merit such attractions. How would their ancestors of the Lumber troop exult, could they but view their gallant descendants emulating their glorious example in a costume even more military and melo-dramatic than their own, as,

"Midst cloaks of fur, and jewels sheen,
They stand in braided bottle green,
The admired of all the glittering scene."

There are spots in the sun, sirs, but here there's but one, sirs,
Tho' to visitors really it seems a hard case;
'Midst a medley of prog shops, lodging-houses, and grog-shops,
There's but one decent inn to be found in the place;
But if you take your ease there, or do as you please there,
Or ask a few friends to partake of a spread,
Should they make a slight rumpus, they're bundled out lumpus,
Whilst you're sent without candle or supper to bed.

"Now, saire, I bring you my bill; suppose you not like charge, why then you go somewhere else." "Why, confound you, you

know well enough there's no other place in the town to go to. But let's see it, let's see it. Hallo! what the deuce have we here! 'For frightening black cosey, two dollars!' why, what do you mean by this, you infernal —." "Yes, saire, you remember you come home one night after 12 o'clock, and 'cause Cosey not give you no supper, which is 'gainst the rules, you say you jump down Cosey's throat; Cosey very timersome, saire! run down stair, drink half bottle of brandy for recover his fright, and not do no work all next morning. I wrong not charge you three dollars, saire!" "Ah! ah! make hay while the sun shines, Mynheer, but if I stand this when the new new hotel opens, I'm a Dutchman!"

Now to end these few jokes, on the Halifax folks,
I must say they don't always kick up such a stir,
On a just computation, and strict calculation,
They visit but three hundred times in a year.
Still with damsels so fair, I must plainly declare,
Were I destined to stay with them, as I'm alive!
I should make an objection to ev'ry exception,
And place on a level the sad sixty-five.

"Bravo! If you'll only repeat this, one of these days to Lucy, I'll bet a rump and dozen we pay a visit to your *el dorado* of the first Novascotian steamer." X. L. V.

PRIZE ESSAY ON ARDENT SPIRITS.

Continued from page 406, vol. 3.

A wealthy farmer in Sullivan County, New Hampshire, had been in the habit of drinking spirit for a number of years, and during the haying season he often used it freely. With more than ordinary activity of mind and a vigorous bodily constitution, he attained the age of *seventy-five* years; much broken down and decayed however, under occasional attacks of gout, which he called rheumatism. At this period he broke off suddenly and wholly from the use of spirits; and within two years, that is at the age of *seventy-seven*, he was so much recruited as to appear several years younger, and he assured me that in the last two haying seasons he had accomplished more personal labour than in any two other haying seasons for the last ten or twelve years. He expressed himself in the most decisive and energetic manner when remarking upon the effects, in his own case, of total abstinence from spirituous drinks; he had not only not been injured, but had been an unspeakable gainer by the change. This case, and others like it, show the futility of the opinion that it is unsafe for persons of any age suddenly to break the habit of spirit drinking, and that those advanced in life should either not attempt to discontinue it, or should do it in the most cautious and gradual manner. The truth is, that the effects, whether immediate or remote, of alcohol, whenever they are so distinct as to be estimated, are always those of an unnatural, unhealthy, or poisonous agent; and soon after the daily poison is withdrawn, the vital powers, relieved from their oppression, rally, the organs act with more freedom and regularity, and the whole machinery of life exhibits something like a renovation.

Spirit has been erroneously supposed to afford a protective influence against the effects of severe cold. A sea captain of Boston Massachusetts, informed that on a memorable cold Friday in the year 1816, he was on a homeward passage off our coast not far from the latitude of Boston. Much ice made upon the ship, and every person on board was more or less frozen, excepting two individuals, and they were the only two who drank no spirit.

In 1619, the crew of a Danish ship of *sixty* men, well supplied with provision and ardent spirit, attempted to pass the winter in Hudson's bay; but *fifty-eight* of them died before spring. An English crew of twenty-two men, however, destitute of ardent spirit and obliged to be constantly exposed to the cold, wintered in the same bay, and only two of them died. Eight Englishmen did the same under like circumstances, and all returned to England. And four Russians, left without spirit or provisions in Spitzbergen, lived there six years and afterwards returned home. Facts of this nature might be multiplied to any extent.

So far, also, from guarding the animal fabric against the depressing and irritating effects of heat, spirit tends to produce inflammatory diseases. A distinguished medical officer, Marshall, who was subjected to great exertion and exposure in a tropical climate, observes, 'I have always found that the strongest liquors were the most enervating; and this in whatever quantity they were consumed: for the daily use of spirits is an evil which retains its pernicious character through all its gradations; indulged in at all, can produce nothing better than a diluted or mitigated kind of mischief.'

Those ships' crews who now visit hot and sickly climates without spirit, have an average of sickness and mortality strikingly less than those who continue the use of it as formerly. 'The brig *Globe*, Captain Moore,' says the anniversary report of the Pennsylvania Temperance Society for 1831, 'has lately returned from a voyage in the Pacific Ocean. She had on board a crew of ten persons, and was absent nearly eighteen months. She was during the voyage, in almost all the climates of the world; had not one person sick on board, and brought the crew all back orderly and obedient. All these advantages Captain Moore attributes, in a great measure, to the absence of spirituous liquors. There was not one drop used in all that time; indeed there was none on board the vessel.'

To a place among preventives of disease, spirituous drinks can present but the most feeble claims. If, under occasional drinking during the period of alcoholic excitement, a temporary resistance may be given from those morbid influences which bring acute disease, be it occasional or epidemic, that excitement, by

the immutable laws of vital action, is necessarily followed by a state of relaxation, depression, or collapse, in which the power of resistance is weakened, and this too in proportion to the previous excitement. In order therefore to obtain from alcoholic stimulus any thing like a protective influence against the exciting causes of disease, the exposure to these causes must be periodical, precisely corresponding with the stage of artificial excitation. If however, such accuracy of adjustment between the powers of vital resistance artificially excited, and the unhealthy agencies which tend to produce disease, be wholly impracticable, then the danger must be increased by resorting under any circumstances to spirit as a preservative; and if not, other articles would do as well.

The best protection against disease is derived from a natural, healthy, unfluctuating state of vital action, sustained by plain articles of nutriment taken at regular intervals, uninfluenced by any innutritious stimulus which operates upon the whole nervous power. The habitual drinking of ardent spirit creates a multitude of chronic or subacute organic irritations and derangements, upon which acute disease is most easily, nay, often necessarily ingrafted; hence tiplers and drunkards, exposed to the exciting causes of inflammatory, epidemic, and contagious diseases, are liable to an attack, and when attacked, having the vital powers unnecessarily wasted they die in large numbers. These results are witnessed in epidemic pleurisies, lung fevers, the severe forms of influenza, pestilential fevers, and cholera.—(To be continued.)

From Addison's Travels in the Holy Land.

LANDSCAPES IN THE EAST.

JAFFA.

The view from this terrace was quite enchanting; the blue expanse of sea, ruffled by the light morning breeze, and sparkling in the sunbeams, was suddenly spread out before me. It was the first time I had seen the sea, expecting at a distance, since leaving Beirut, and it naturally excited a host of pleasurable recollections. The waves surged and murmured on the beach below, and the morning gale brought with it that delicious freshness and peculiar fragrance, so characteristic of the sea-coast, and so delightful after the hot, dusty plains of this land of sorrow and desolation. To an Englishman in a foreign land, the sight of the sea is always cheering; he welcomes it as an old friend, for it is associated with the memory of his distant home and his sea-girt isle, and forms a sort of connecting link between him and the happy land he has left. The waves beating on the shore, the vessels with their white sails sweeping over the bosom of the waters, and the breeze streaking the coast with sparkling lines of foam, all remind him of his departure from his native country, and naturally connect themselves with his return.

I was shown into a room opposite to one in which I had seen the fair laides; a bowl of rose-coloured sherbet was handed in, a pipe was offered me, and I was requested to wait until the consul, who was absent at his counting-house in the town, could be sent for.

There is a great cheerfulness in the dazzling brilliancy of the landscape in southern latitudes, so different from the all-pervading gloom, and the dull monotony of colouring, so generally diffused over our greener and more richly wooded landscapes in England. Here, when the north wind blows, the air is blue, and the tints on the distant mountains, and over the wide plains, are fascinatingly beautiful.

The great charm of southern scenery consists in the varied and brilliant tints which are spread over the landscape. We look in vain for the richly wooded glades, and the majestic trees, which form so distinguishing and beautiful a feature of English scenery; neither do we anywhere observe the verdant green and the delicious freshness of an English landscape. The scenery in the north of Syria, and along the most beautiful part of the Asiatic shores of the Mediterranean, is of a different and perhaps of a more exalted character. The eye generally rests on a bold back-ground of mountains, tinged with light shades of blue and purple, varying according to the disposition and distance of the eminences. The dusky colour of the plains is sometimes relieved by the bright green of luxuriant foliage contrasted with the intensely blue waters of the sea, or of a lake, or with white buildings and picturesque minarets, canopied by a cloudless sky, whose sparkling transparency can scarcely be imagined by those who have witnessed only the pale watery skies of England. The clearness of the atmosphere, and the blaze of light thrown around, render the most distant objects amazingly distinct, and vastly multiply the features of the landscape. The various indentations and projections of distant mountains are shown forth with great clearness, and the various peaks and waving lines formed by the lofty ridges of rock, and by the bold irregular eminences, present an aspect of great beauty and elegance.

There is an elasticity too, and a lightness in the air, which have a great effect upon the spirits. No cold gray vapours, nor no unbroken leaden-looking canopy of gloomy motionless clouds, cast a sombre and unvarying hue over the landscape; every object has a sparkling, glittering appearance; the dazzling sunbeam is everywhere reflected from tower and rock, wood and water; all is cheerful, and the whole face of nature wears a gay and smiling aspect. When the wintry winds and the rains do come, the dense black clouds are then driven, in detached, irregular and ragged masses, across the sky, and between them the sunbeams gleam at frequent intervals, lighting up patches of the landscape; but when the rain,

which generally descends in one universal deluge, ceases, the sky clears, the sun shines, and the country is not visited with those dreadful days of mizzling rain, or with that dull, monotonous, unbroken canopy of clouk, which we so often witness in England.

CATHEDRAL OF COLOGNE.

'Tis a miracle of art—a splendid illustration of transcendentalism; never, perhaps, was there a better attempt, for it is but a fragment, to imitate a temple made without hands. I speak especially of the interior. Your first impression on entering the building is, of its exquisite lightness: to speak after the style of the Apostle Paul, it seems not 'of the earth earthly,' but of heaven and heavenly, as if it could take to itself wings and soar upwards. The name of its original architect is unknown in the civic archives, but assuredly it is enrolled in letters of gold in some masonic record of Christian faith. If from impression ariseth expression, its glorious builder must have had a true sense of the holy nature of his task. The very materials seem to have lost their materialism in his hands, in conformity with the design of a great genius spiritualised by its fervent homage to the Divine Spirit. In looking upward along the tall slender columns which seem to have sprung spontaneously from the earth like so many reeds and afterwards to be petrified, for only nature herself seemed capable of combining so much lightness with durability, I almost felt, as the architect must have done, that I had cast off the burden of the flesh, and had a tendency to mount skywards. In this particular, it presented a remarkable contrast to the feelings excited by any other Gothic edifice with which I am acquainted. In Westminster Abbey, for instance, whose more solid architecture is chiefly visible by a 'dim religious light;' I was almost overcome with an awe amounting to gloom; whereas at Cologne, the state of my mind rose somewhat above serenity. Lofty, aspiring, cheerful, the light of heaven more abundantly admitted than excluded, and streaming through painted panes, with all the varied colours of the first promise, the distant roof seemed to re-echo with other strains than those of that awful hymn the 'Dies Irae.' In opposition to the Temple of Religious Fear, I should call it the Temple of Pious Hope. And now, having described to you my own feelings, I will not give you the mere description of objects to be found in the guide-books. From my hints you will be, perhaps, able to pick out a suggestion that might prove valuable in the erection of our new churches. Under the Pagan mythology, a temple had its specific purpose; it was devoted to some particular worship, or to some peculiar attribute of the Deity: as such, each had its proper character, and long after the votaries and the worship have passed away, travellers have been able to discriminate, even from the ruins, the destination of the original edifice. Do you think that such would have been the case, were a future explorer to light on the relics of our Langham Place or Regent Street temples: would an antiquarian of 2838, be able to decide, think you, whether one of our modern temples was a Christian church, or a parochial school, or a factory? Had men formerly more belief in wrong than they have now in right? Was there more sincerity in ancient fanaticism than in modern faith? But I will not moralize; only as I took a last look at the Cathedral of Cologne, I could not help asking myself, 'Will such an edifice ever be completed—shall we ever again build up even such a beginning? The cardinal virtues must answer the question. Faith and Charity have been glorious masons in times past—does 'Hope's Architecture' hold out an equal promise for the future?'—Theodore Hook.

CLIMATE.

From Sketches of Western India. By Col. Tod.—Of the effects of heat the author mentions, as a curious illustration, that when the thermometer was 108° in the shade, he never suffered less from heat.

'Yet, if I looked across the expanded plains, the arid soil appeared as if emitting colourless flames, and as I studied the barometers suspended in their tripod-stands, the brass-work was painful to the touch. Although this degree of heat would appear intolerable to "the cold in climate," and "cold in blood," the external air, though some 25° warmer than within the tent, was not beyond endurance, and I have since felt infinitely more oppressed on an English summer day than in the dog-days of India on the verge of the desert. I would not draw a comparison between an autumnal day at Naples, for- while under such influence I penned these observations, I could barely crawl up the shady side of the Strada di Toledo, in the month of October, two years afterwards, although in tolerable health. I leave the physiologist to discover the cause of these inconsistencies of sensation, merely recording the effect of the intense heat, which, like other evils, political as well as personal, brings bane and antidote together. At 108° and even much lower, the pores are all opened, and the system is in perpetual thaw and dissolution, and were the vapour thus extricated, condensed and made to re-act upon the calico covering, no other frigerator would be required. But when the thermometer is at the freezing point at day-break, and from 30° to 100° two hours after the sun has passed the meridian, in the tent, and 130° when exposed to his rays, what frame can stand this? I have, however, stood such alternations; but when I look back to those days, I enumerate the companions who have growled or laughed with me, and consider where they are gone. I find it difficult to verify my assertions, just two out of twenty are living?—and but one—that one myself—spared to retire to his native land. But alas! it is the common fate of most who go to India.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 1, 1840.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.—New York papers bring London dates to the 13th Dec. Havre 16th.

Quiet, happily, is the prevailing characteristic of late intelligence. Preparations and speculations were in progress respecting the Queen's nuptials. The King of Hanover, it is said, will attend his niece on the occasion. The army expects a brevet modelled after that of the late coronation. Much discussion had appeared in some of the English papers, concerning the Queen and the Queen Dowager; the latter illustrious lady was said to be exercising influence prejudicial to her Majesty's quiet and character. These, except undoubtedly true, very indelicate interferences in the Royal family's affairs, seem to be negatived, in a great degree, by the fact that Dowager Queen Adelaide was passing some days as a guest of Queen Victoria at Windsor, which would scarcely be the case if ill concealed intrigue were at work.

A general Election, in the ensuing summer, was anticipated,—and some preparations were accordingly in progress. A strong opinion is expressed that a change of Ministry will take place.

Nothing new appears respecting the affairs of Turkey and Egypt. Late letters from China represent matters as being far from settled. The Europeans on the coasts of that country, seem desirous of lying to, and keeping their position, for a while, ready to foment difficulties, and expecting some movements in their behalf from Europe.

Rumours of plots were very rife, as usual, in France. Don Carlos was quiet.

A dreadful calamity by the elements of fire and water, occurred on the night of Jan. 13,—between New York and Providence. The Steamer Lexington left New York for Providence with between 100 and 200 passengers; a large quantity of Cotton was on deck. About four hours after starting, at 7 o'clock in the afternoon, and when about two miles from "Eaton's Neck," the Cotton took fire near the smoke pipe. The boat was immediately directed towards the shore. An unsuccessful attempt was made to rig the fire engine. About 20 persons leaped into each of her three boats, and lowered them down; they filled immediately. The Life-boat was thrown over, caught the water wheel, and was lost. Soon after the Engine gave way. She was thus unmanageable, and on fire, of a winter's night, nearly two miles from the shore. A more appalling situation can scarcely be imagined. As an only and dreadful resource, many of the passengers committed themselves to the deep, on boxes, bales of Cotton and other floating materials. One passenger, Capt. Hilliard, who adopted this alternative, and who describes the scene, was picked up at 11 o'clock next morning by the Sloop Merchant. Another who was on the bale with Hilliard perished during the night. Two others, a fireman and the pilot of the boat, were picked up by the sloop. It is matter of astonishment that any could have survived the dreadful exposure. The boat drifted up the Sound, with the tide, and sank about three o'clock. Several attempts were made to reach the sufferers, from the shore, but none of the efforts appears to have been successful except those by the Sloop Merchant.

The steamboat Statesman which was despatched on the morning of the 15th, by the proprietors of the Lexington, to cruise in the Sound in search of bodies and the trunks of the passengers, searched the shore of Long Island, a distance, taking into consideration the depths of the bays and inlets, of nearly ninety miles. Five bodies had been recovered, three of which were taken from the quarter boat, found ashore, but little damaged. The second mate of the Lexington, David Crowley, drifted ashore upon a cotton bale on the previous evening, having been forty-eight hours exposed to the severity of the weather, after which he made his way through large quantities of ice and snow, before gaining the beach, and then walked three quarters of a mile to the nearest house. His fingers and both feet were frozen as stiff as marble, and he was without coat or hat. The frosted part of his feet and hands, by being immersed in cool and luke-warm water, had become soft and much swollen.

Mr. Jaudon, the agent of the U. Statesbank, had negotiated a loan with the Messrs. Rothschild for £900,000.

The trial of the Africans of the Amistad, before the U. S. District Court, had resulted in a judgment in their favour. They are by this, to be transported to Africa, and there set free. An appeal from the decision was expected.

Intelligence from Jamaica states, that H. M. Schooner Skipjack, had brought in a slaver, the Portuguese brig. Ulysses, after a chase of 12 hours, with 529 slaves on board.

One hundred and thirty cases of yellow fever occurred on board of H. M. S. Vestal, at Barbadoes, between the 10th of November, and 18th December. The master, the second master, and 25 seamen, fell victims to it. The 52d, and 67th regiments had suffered and continued to suffer, severely.

Yellow Fever prevailed in Jamaica to an alarming degree.

A fire occurred in St. John, N. B. on the night of January 21, and five valuable houses in Germain-street were destroyed, together

with several out-buildings. There was insurance on all the buildings except one.

The N. Brunswick Legislature was to meet on the 20th January. Dr. Gesner had made a proposition to the St. John Corporation, to light the City with gas.

A coasting schooner owned at Shepody had been seized, having on board a quantity of American articles, to the amount of several hundred Pounds, and which had not gone through the usual process at the Custom House.

Wood was from 30s. to 34s. per cord.

The Nova Scotia Legislature has been getting through some local measures, and preparing the way for more generally interesting business, but has not done much definitely hitherto. A Bill for annexing Five Islands to Colchester, passed the House on Thursday, after several debates. The measure has been agitated for a period of several years.

Several Petitions on the subject of Temperance have been presented, and a Bill is expected to be introduced, and to be fully discussed, for prohibiting the importation of ardent spirits into the Province. Nova Scotia has, ere now, set an example in benevolent measures,—she may do so, to some extent, on this subject.

We this week publish two additional poetical articles from the pen of a writer who has repeatedly contributed to our columns, and whose productions are eminently chaste, thoughtful and melodious. Several lyrical pieces, which lately appeared, by our contributor, may be considered equal to anything in the same class of writing which appears in any of the English periodicals. A correspondent has furnished some lines, which appear on our third page, by Eliza Cook. This lady is an especial favourite with many of the reading public; her poetry is marked by vividness, energy and graphic force. Lines from Blackwood's Magazine, on our last page, form another item in to-day's poetical department, which is well worthy more than passing attention.

We have taken a few additional passages from the adventures of Tittlebat Titmouse,—a story in course of publication in Blackwood's Magazine, and of which we recently took some notice. The dramatic spirit, and truthfulness,—the acquaintance with "human nature" and with literary art, which these passages exhibit, make them a highly pleasing study.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—Mr. A. McKinlay continued his lectures on Heat, last Wednesday evening. The experiments, as usual with the Lecturer, were successful and very illustrative of his subject. Next Wednesday evening Mr. McKinlay will conclude the series on Heat.

We expect to publish a list of Lectures, for the remainder of the present course, in our next. The Institute has survived many difficulties, and has established its character in the community. Additional support, in patronage of every kind, is only its due, and, no doubt, will by and by be amply experienced. We want here some of that energy and general co-operation, which are evinced in St. John, New Brunswick. Complete apparatus and models, and a building of its own, and ample funds for several contingencies, are among the things to be ardently desired, and steadily aimed at, by the Institute.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION.—The question for discussion on next Monday evening is, "Is the tendency of anonymous publications injurious or beneficial."

We are greatly pleased to know that this praise-worthy association continues steadily in that useful path, which leads to general improvement in intelligence, capability and morals.

Some weeks ago a Committee of the Association was appointed to consider of the best means of increasing the interests of the body. We have obtained a sight of the Committee's Report, and make a few extracts, which may be useful and explanatory of their views, to persons who have not had opportunity of becoming acquainted with them.

"An opinion is entertained by some that this society is chiefly intended for young men of the mercantile classes, and that it is hostile to the admission of any others.

"Your committee deeply regret that any circumstances should have occurred to give rise to such an opinion. At the commencement of the society it was intended that it should be open to all classes; but a few individuals were averse to the admission of professional gentlemen; this was imagined to be the feeling of the whole society, and it received confirmation from the injudicious manner of admission which put in the power of five members to exclude any candidate for membership. Two years have elapsed since these circumstances have occurred, and there is not the slightest foundation for the opinion that this institution is partial to any one class of individuals, a better mode of admission has been adopted, which requires a majority of members to exclude any candidate for admission, not only are the rules of the Society but the feelings of every member as favourable to the admission of the professional gentleman and the mechanic as to that of any member of the mercantile class.

"The opinion is also entertained that this institution is principally intended for young men, this opinion is as destitute of foundation

as the other. The society was indeed founded by young men, and has since been under their management, but they have long indulged the hope of being joined by persons of more mature years and experience, who could better carry the objects of the institution into effect, and from whose wisdom they would derive direction and improvement. Several such persons now belong to the society and your committee trust that ere long the number will be increased by many, who, by their age, abilities, and influence, will give the society that standing in the community which it ought to possess in order to render it extensive and permanently useful.

"Your Committee are afraid that an impression exists that this institution is a mere debating club, such an impression must prove very detrimental to the society and ought to be removed. Though the business of the society has hitherto from necessity been chiefly confined to debating, yet this is by no means the sole object of the society; its objects are commensurate with every species of intellectual improvement, and can be limited only by the influence, ability, and funds of the society.

"Your Committee deem it to be of the utmost importance that these and all other misconceptions of the nature and objects of this institution should be speedily and effectually removed so that it may appear to the public in its true light, as an institution founded solely for the intellectual improvement of its members, and for diffusing a taste for science and literature, uninfluenced by any party or sectarian feeling, and open to all ages and all classes in the community.

"Your Committee think that it would be conducive to the welfare of the Society if more variety was introduced into its proceedings, and for this purpose would recommend the delivery of Lectures once a month; no pains should be spared in obtaining lecturers of genuine talent on important and interesting subjects. They also approve of the method lately adopted of setting apart one evening in the month for recitations."

On Sunday evening next, February 2d, a Sermon will be preached in the Wesleyan Association Chapel, Dutch Town, by the Rev. Robinson Breare,—after which a collection will be made, to assist in the establishment of a Sabbath School in connexion with that place of Worship.

BIRTH.

At Government House, Fredericton, on Wednesday the 16th inst. the Lady of Captain Tryon, of a son and heir.

MARRIED.

At St. Mary's Church, New York, on the 2nd inst. by the Rev. Mr. Quarter, Mr. Julius Boudet, to Miss Margari Talbot, of this town.
At Stowiac, on the 10th inst. by the Rev. J. Smith, Mr. Wm. Fulton, to Miss Isabella Ruthford, both of that place.
On the 26th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Gray, Mr. William Wade, of Halifax, to Miss Isabella, second daughter of Mr. James Freeborn, of St. John.

DIED.

At Bermuda, on the 17th inst. in the 22nd year of his age, James, son of John Findlay of Hamilton, Upper Canada, deeply regretted by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.
Suddenly, at St. John, N. B. on Wednesday the 22nd inst. in the 46th year of his age, Mr. G. H. L'Espeule, of this town.
In the Poors' Asylum, Robert Fisher, aged 41 years, and William Haughton, aged 25 years, both natives of England.
In Portland, on Friday morning, in the 67th year of her age, Mary, wife of Mr. Charles Watt, formerly of Digby, N. S.
At Parisboro' on Friday, the 19th inst. after a short illness, Mr. Robert Simpson, Blacksmith, a native of the North of Ireland, aged 42 years, leaving a wife and several children to lament their loss.—At the same place, suddenly, on Wednesday, the 8th inst. Mr. Joseph Glasgow, Cooper, aged 63 years, formerly of Halifax.
At Annatto Bay, Jamaica, on the 27th Nov. Capt. Lewis, of this port.
At Jamaica, Dec. 4th, Capt Kingdom, 64th Regiment.
At Truro, on the 23d instant, Mr. David Page, Senr. aged 70 years.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

PORT OF HALIFAX.

ARRIVED.

SUNDAY—Mailboat Margaret, Boole, Bermuda, 15 days; H. M. S. Vestal, Capt. Carter, Bermuda, 5 days.
MONDAY—Brig. Stephen Binney, Tatem, Norfolk, 10 days—flour, to S. Binney; left brig Greyhound, Tucker, arrd. about 11th inst. from Montego Bay, to sail again in 5 days for Montego Bay; arrd. schr. Eclipse, Marshall, Kingston, 23 days—to J. H. Reynolds; brig Isabella, Potter, sailed 26 days previous for Wilmington, left Judith & Esther, James, hence; brigs Neptune and Velocity, from N. F.; brig Sir J. Kempt, Fraser, hence, 28 days; Coquette, Harrison, Trinidad, 18 days—cocoon to J. A. Moren.
WEDNESDAY—Brig Emerald, Antigua, 32 days, bound to Lunenburg; Margaret, Foren, Arichat, to P. Furlong; schr. Victory, Darby, Sable Island, 15 days, with Capt. DeRoche, and crew, of the schr. Barbara, from Newfoundland, bound to this port, laden with fish, wrecked on the Island on the 7th inst. The Victory has on board, spars, boat, and how board of the ship "Sarah Stewart." Letters (yellow with green shade) picked up on the Island the 1st inst. Spoke 20th inst. schr. Vernon, from Jamaica for Halifax, out 43 days.

CLEARED.

SATURDAY, 24th.—Brig Ambassador, Clark, Barbadoes—assorted cargo by D. & E. Starr & Co. 27th, brig. Sultan, Jam.—assorted cargo by McNab Cochran & Co. 28th, brig Kate, B. W. Indies—fish, &c. by M. B. Almon; brig. Argus, St. Domingo—assorted cargo, by Fairbanks & Allison.

JUST RECEIVED.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has just received, and has for sale at his Store, No. 88 and 89, Granville Street, a large and extensive assortment of

VALUABLE STATIONARY, BOOKS, &c.

Which he offers for sale, at very low prices, for cash or approved credit.

January 10.

ARTHUR W. GODFREY.

MORE ANNUALS.

ON SALE AT NO. 88 & 89, GRANVILLE STREET.

THE GEM—the Pearl—the Violet—the Gilt—the Token and Atlantic Souvenir—the Youth's Keepsake.

ARTHUR W. GODFREY.

January 10, 1840.

THE SHIP.

Where art thou going mighty ship?
Thy sails are on the wind,
And the ocean with a roaring sweep,
Is racing on behind.

The sea birds wheel above thy mast,
And the waters fly below,
And the foaming billows, flashing fast,
Are leaping up thy prow.

And 'midst the clouds thy fluttering flag
Is streaming strong and well,
As if to bid yon beacon crag
A last and gay farewell.

Where art thou going? "Far away,
To seek a distant shore—
Gaze ye upon me while ye may,
You will not see me more.

"My flag is dancing in the sky,
My sails are on the breeze,
And the wild bird screams exultingly,
As we bound along the seas.

"Gaze while ye may—ye can but see
My panoply and pride—
Ye can but hear the hissing sea
Dashed gaily from my side.

"Hush! bootless sobs and yearning sighs,
Ye broken hearts be still,
Lest yonder landsman's envious eyes
Dream we have aught of ill—

"Lest he should think of care or woe
Amidst our gallant crew,
Or souls that hear the blithe winds blow
With cheeks of ashen hue.

"Hurrah! hurrah! our home we quit
And those who are therein—
Will they be safe and standing yet
When we cross the waves again?

"Hurrah! hurrah! a glorious land
Is rising far away—
What grave upon that stranger strand
Shall wrap our unknown clay?

"Hurrah! hurrah! beneath our keel
A thousand fathoms sleep—
And fleets are there—but with hearts of steel
We'll gaily o'er them sweep.

"On—on—the worm is at our heart,
But the shout upon our lip,
And who shall play the craven's part
In our proud and gallant ship?

"And who shall let the groan be heard
Which lips are gnawed to save—
Or the tears be seen, that without a word,
Are falling on the wave?

"On, on—the sea birds heed us not—
And the shores are sinking fast—
And scarce the landsman from his cot
Can see our lessening mast—

"But sighs him as he turns away
To trim his evening hearth.
That aught should be so proud and gay
Without one care of earth."

Blackwood's Magazine.

A SHOOTING EXPLOIT OF SHERIDAN,

Tom Sheridan used to tell a story *for* and *against* himself, which we shall take the leave to relate:

He was staying at Lord Craven's, at Benham, (or rather Hampstead,) and one day proceeded on a shooting excursion, like Hawthorn, with only "his dog and his gun," on foot, and unattended by companion or keeper: the sport was bad—the birds few and shy—and he walked and walked in search of game, until unconsciously he entered the domain of some neighbouring squire. A very short time after, he perceived advancing towards him, at the top of his speed, a jolly comfortable-looking gentleman, followed by a servant, armed, as it appeared, for conflict. Tom took up a position, and waited the approach of the enemy.

"Hallo! you sir," said the squire, when within half-car-shot,

"what are you doing here, sir, eh?"

"I'm shooting, sir," said Tom.

"Do you know where you are sir?" said the squire.

"I'm here, sir," said Tom.

"Here, sir!" said the squire, growing angry, "and do you know

where here is, sir?—these, sir, are *my* manors; what d'ye think of that, sir, eh?"

"Why, sir, as to your manners," said Tom, "I can't say they seem agreeable."

"I don't want any jokes, sir," said the squire; "I hate jokes. Who are you, sir—what are you?"

"Why, sir," said Tom, "my name is Sheridan—I am staying at Lord Craven's—I have come out for some sport—I have not had any, and am not aware that I am trespassing."

"Sheridan!" said the squire, cooling a little, "oh, from Lord Craven's, eh? Well, sir, I could not know *that*, sir—I—"

"No, sir," said Tom, "but you need not have been in a passion."

"Not in a passion, Mr. Sheridan!" said the squire; "you don't know, sir, what these preserves have cost me, and the pains and trouble I have been at with them; it's all well well to talk, but if you were in *my* place I should like to know what *you* would say upon such an occasion."

"Why, sir," said Tom, "if I were in *your* place, under all the circumstances, I should say—I am convinced, Mr. Sheridan, you did not mean to annoy me; and as you look a good deal tired, perhaps you'll come up to my house and take some refreshment."

The squire was hit hard by this nonchalance, and (as the newspapers say) "it is needless to add," acted upon Sheridan's suggestion.

"So far," said poor Tom, "the story tells *for* me—now you shall hear the sequel."

After having regaled himself at the squire's house, and having said five hundred more good things than he swallowed; having delighted his host, and more than half won the hearts of his wife and daughters, the sportsman proceeded on his return homewards.

In the course of his walk he passed through a *arm-yard*: in the front of the farm-house was a green, in the centre of which was a pond—in the pond were ducks innumerable, swimming and diving; on its banks a motley group of gallant cocks and pert partlets picking and feeding—the farmer was leaning over the hatch of the barn, which stood near two cottages on the side of the green.

Tom hated to go back with an empty bag; and having failed in his attempts at higher game, it struck him as a good joke to ridicule the exploits of the day himself, in order to prevent any one else from doing it for him; and he thought to carry home a certain number of the domestic inhabitants of the pond and its vicinity, would serve the purpose admirably. Accordingly, up he goes to the farmer, and accosts him very civilly—

"My good friend," says Tom, "I'll make you an offer." "Of what, sir?" says the farmer.

"Why," replies Tom, "I have been out all day fagging after birds, and haven't had a shot; now, both my barrels are loaded, I should like to take home something; what shall I give you to let me have a shot with each barrel at those ducks and fowls—I standing here, and to have whatever I kill?"

"What sort of a shot are you?" said the farmer.

"Fairish!" said Tom, "fairish!"

"And to *have* all you kill?" said the farmer—eh?"

"Exactly so," said Tom.

"Half a guinea," said the farmer.

"That's too much," said Tom. "I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll give you a seven shilling piece, which happens to be all the money I have in my pocket."

"Well," said the man, "hand it over."

The payment was made—Tom, true to his bargain, took his post by the barn door, and let fly with one barrel, and then with the other; and such quacking, and splashing and screaming, and fluttering, had never been seen in that place before.

Away ran Tom, and, delighted at his success, picked up first a hen, then a chicken, then fished out a dying duck or two, and so on, until he numbered eight head of domestic game, with which his bag was nobly distended.

"Those were right good shots, sir," said the farmer. "Yes," said Tom; "eight ducks and fowls are more than you bargained for, old fellow—worth rather more, I suspect, than seven shillings—eh?"

"Why, yes," said the man, scratching his head, "I think they be, but what do I care for that—*they are none of mine!*"

"Here," said Tom, "I was for once in my life *beaten*, and made off as fast as I could, for fear the right owner of my game might make his appearance—not but that I could have given the fellow that took me in seven times as much as I did, for his cunning, and coolness."

BURNING OF MOSCOW.

Here was the theatre of one of the most extraordinary events in the history of the world. After sixty battles and a march of more than two thousand miles, the grand army of Napoleon entered Moscow and found no smoke issuing from a single chimney, nor a Muscovite to gaze upon them from the battlements or walls. Moscow was deserted, her magnificent palaces forsaken by their owners, her 300,000 inhabitants vanished as if they had never been. Silent and amazed, the grand army filed through its desolate streets. Approaching the Kremlin, a few miserable, ferocious, and intoxicated wretches left behind, as a savage token of the national hatred, poured a volley of musketry from the battlements. At midnight,

flames broke out in the city; Napoleon, driven from his quarters in the suburbs, hurried to the Kremlin, ascended the steps, and entered the door at which I sat. For two days the French soldiers labored to repress the fierce attempts to burn the city. Russian police officers were seen stirring up the fire with their tarred lances; hideous looking men and women, covered with rags, were wandering like demons amid the flames armed with torches and striving to spread the conflagration. At midnight again the whole city was in a blaze, and while the roof of the Kremlin was on fire, and the panes of the window against which he leaned were burning to the touch, Napoleon watched the course of the flames and exclaimed,—"What a tremendous spectacle!—These are Sythians indeed." Amid volumes of smoke and fire, his eyes blinded by the intense heat, and his hands burned in shielding his face from its fury, and traversing the streets arched with fire, he escaped from the burning city. Russia is not classic ground. It does not stand before us covered with great men's deeds. A few centuries ago it was overrun by wandering tribes of barbarians; but what is there in these lands which stand forth in the pages of history, crowned with the history of their ancient deeds, that for extraordinary daring, for terrible sublimity, and undaunted patriotism, exceeds the burning of Moscow.

AFFECTING SCENE.

We find in the Philadelphia Evening Star, the following article, relating to the sentencing of Dr. Chauncey, who had been convicted of causing the death of a Miss Sowers of that city, by attempting to produce an abortion:—

"An affecting scene occurred on Monday, in the Court of Oyer and Terminer. The spacious room was crowded to excess, and the solemnity of the bench, consulting upon some topic of judgment, indicated that they were about to exercise an important and unpleasant duty. In the midst of the concourse of lawyers and gentlemen within the bar, sat an elderly man, about fifty, of genteel appearance. He was about to be sentenced to an ignominious punishment. His face intimated to the observer that recollection of his home and his large family, were darkly and deeply pencilling an additional agony to his heart, and ploughing a new furrow on his forehead.

"He was a man of classical education, and that refines the feelings, but he was induced to enter upon the delicate and dangerous business of dealing with life and death, and he realized that the brilliant scholar, is incapable of catching the healing art by intuition. A young and erring girl fell by his hand. His plea of professional duty, and tender care for her reputation availed not. He had done an unlawful act, and the inflexible commentary of the law gave to the act the highest penal offence. The Court, by its organ the President, directed that the prisoner stand up. He evidently made the effort,—and again, and again—to obey the direction, but failed; his agitated frame was palsied.

"He was heard to say to his counsel beside him—"For Heaven's sake save me from this ceremony."—But the ancient formality of the law must be complied with. A violent effort brought him to his feet, pale, haggard, and staggering, the lineaments of his face speaking the language that imprisonment, misery and disgrace among men impress upon the most hardened. The judge impressively prefaced a short address to the sentence—he spared the unhappy man an oration of daggers; the judicial fiat was spoken; he fell upon his seat, unmanned; his tears fell like rain drops, and his sobs broke out audibly. He is now in solitary confinement, at labour, in the Francisville jail; and for five long years his earthly career is, as it were, suspended. Who would be a criminal?"

Emma—is from the German, and signifies a nurse.

Caroline—from the Latin, noble minded.

George—from Greek, a farmer.

Martha—from Hebrew, bitterness.

Mary—that beautiful, though common name, is Hebrew, and signifies a tear.

Sophia—from Greek, wisdom.

Susan—from Hebrew, a lily.

Thomas—from Hebrew, a twin.

Robert—from German, famous in council.

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