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THE COLONIAL PEARL.

POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

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

VOLUME FOUR. HALIFAX, N. S. SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 27, 1840. NUMBER TWENTY-SIX.

ON PUBLIC SPEAKING IN ANCIENT AND MODERN TIMES—THEIR DISTINCT CHARACTERISTICS AND USES.

A LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE HALIFAX MECHANICS' INSTITUTE:

By George R. Young, Esq.

This subject has been selected with a due appreciation of the responsibility it entails. It is one of peril and difficulty to any Lecturer—for in referring to the golden ages of the mind, and to the noblest and polished passages of the great masters of eloquence in ancient and modern times, his language and force of expression must suffer from comparison. "The brilliant lights in the hemisphere above will reflect on the dim world below." But personal considerations of this kind ought not to weigh upon us here. We bring our offerings to a blessed altar. It is our duty, however moderate or even inadequate our powers may be to the task, to communicate knowledge upon those subjects, whether of science, of philosophy, or letters, upon which we have spent the vigils of a past life—on which we can shed the "lights" of observation and experience, and to which we can bring the fruits of a long, if not successful, study. The first enquiry is one which has long been familiar to me; and in bringing before you the conclusions to which I and others have come, and the evidence upon which they are founded, I trust I shall be able to correct some general and erroneous impressions, and prove the importance, in a novel and important light, of these and similar institutions. In this utilitarian age we all subscribe to the principle that theory and speculation are little entitled to respect, unless they have a practical and useful end.

The powers of language—of transferring ideas by the means of abstract sounds—of making the music of the voice convey abroad and to those around us, the world of thoughts which crowd upon the human mind, is that peculiar and god-like gift which distinguishes man above the lower animals. The latter, it is true, have their own symbols of utterance for their appetites and passions. The lion has its roar, the horse its neigh, the dog its bark and the bird its song; they can communicate thus to each other their wants and pains; but to this limit their intercourse is confined—the experience and knowledge acquired by one, which at best is little superior to the range of instinct, is confined to and dies with the individual, while man, gifted with higher powers, and brought nearer to that "Divine Essence," of which the mind is an emanation, can instruct, please and animate his kindred; send down his experience and acquirements to after ages even by the slender and fading thread of tradition; and now, by the invention of letters and the press, which give a visible form and perpetuity to language, the discoveries of every great intellect—the ideas it creates and the elegance in which they are clothed—become the property, the enjoyment, and the inheritance of mankind. The produce of mind so blended with matter, is made communicative. Science adds to science, knowledge to knowledge; man is ever progressive, pressing forward to some higher and imagined excellence, elevating here, in short, his own divine nature, and preparing himself better for that immortality, and that wider and nobler range of contemplation, which in an after state of existence is expected to burst upon him.

We speak of the pleasures of society, and of the exquisite enjoyments which are derived from the exercise of the social affections. What is the charm which gathers us here? We come here voluntarily, a multitude—and yet bound together by a kinder and mutual tie. Hand may be pressed to hand—eye may turn to eye—glances may be exchanged which animate and thrill—the deaf and the dumb may be sensible to these and respond to them; but how little do these compare to the thousand other exquisite sensations, which can be conveyed by the tongue giving audible, and if I can use the expression, existence and form,—social creation and communicative force, to the knowledge, the imaginings and judgments of a single mind. The researches and productions of one come thus—in an instant and as if by miracle—to be extended and transferred to a thousand; the speaker, in fact, for a time lives within each of you; and thus the sober and solitary labours of the student, the facts gleaned in exhausting study, the ideas nursed in wild and cheerless abstraction, and the thoughts collated and refined by the curious chemistry of the mind, come to vivify, improve, and fascinate, not a circle, but a world. Homer awakened song in Greece, and has taught every subsequent age to admire the chastened majesty of the epic—Demosthenes, in arousing Athens, has left his specimens of oratory as examples for future times,—Galileo gave to the range of the telescope order and science, and opened a pathway which has since led to a thousand brilliant discoveries,—Bacon, Shakspeare, and Scott, were each the wonders of their age; and in their different spheres have left invaluable inheritances to literature. None of these have lived for themselves or for their country. Their knowledge and productions have been left to adorn and beautify the great and catholic history of letters,—and hence it may be said that a gifted mind in literature, like a lustrous star, renders brilliant to itself not only the narrow orb in which it moves, but freed from the laws of the physical world—can step, as it were, out of its own body, traverse illimitable space, people the universe with its systems of worlds—give to each of them their millions—pierce the throne and sanctuary of the Most High,—and then come back to the fireside, the forum, or to the Institute, reveal in words its own bright course and revelations to others, or by the use of the pen and the press, record them upon a physical, tangible, and enduring tablet. Are not these mighty achievements? Is not the improvement of a spirit such as this worthy of us all? Have you, as the members of one general system, no power over the destinies of the Provincial mind? It will be my object in following out this inquiry to show you the influence you possess, and ought to exercise.

Passing from these observations, for what purpose it may be first enquired, was this power of utterance and of language conferred upon man; and *second*, in what does eloquence consist? Let me answer these enquiries in plain language. There may be eloquence at the domestic hearth, as well as in the Senate—in the simple lessons of piety and virtue delivered by the parent to his children, as in the elaborate and finished speech of the Advocate—in the sermons of the Christian pastor, as well as in the orations of the Statesman, who speaks to an assembled nation. In every phase of our intercourse with each other eloquence may be employed. Its office is to teach well, to persuade effectually, to animate to action. Some possess one of its attributes—not all. There are men who are powerful to convey facts and general principles—to transfer their own impressions to others. This is the eloquence of the schoolmen and of professors. Another class are eloquent to convince. They think clearly and can deliver their thoughts in logical order, and in appropriate and luminous language. They speak only to the understanding—to this their dominion is confined—they have not reached or touched the feelings. Neither of these however, exhibit oratory or eloquence, in its highest and sublimest sense. The perfect orator is he who *can teach* and *can persuade*, and unites to these the rare and mighty power of exciting—animating and leading on. He addresses himself to the heart and to the judgment—he enforces conviction and enkindles the passions, and thus controls and guides the minds of his audience by a magical and mysterious influence. Every sound is hushed—breath even seems suspended, and nothing is heard save the varied and *telling* intonations of his voice. All other thought is beat down by the rush, the grandeur, and moral force of his own, and for a time he occupies the proud situation of being the "centre point," of which the general intelligence acknowledges the supremacy, and to the power of which it is subservient. The finest definition of eloquence I have ever read is to be found in the eulogy written by Mr. Webster on the death of Adams. "Eloquence consists not," he says, "in the learning of the schools—it is not found in the melody or beauty of language—logic has it not—philosophy alone does not own it—it consists in clear and lucid thought, delivered in plain, but powerful expression—speaking to the understanding and the heart—convincing, moving, and leading to high and generous action, from the fervid, thrilling and irresistible impressions of the hour."

It is not within the scope of this lecture to describe, with the precision of an elocutionist, the different styles of public speaking, and the characteristics which distinguish them. These may form an appropriate subject for some subsequent occasion; but in drawing those broad lines of distinction which are known by students to exist between the ancient and modern schools of Oratory, it is of importance to settle this principle—that both the audience and the subject—the time and the prize, are admitted to exercise a wonderful, and almost mysterious influence upon human powers. This is founded unquestionably upon the strength and action of the social relations—upon the ambition which is wisely implanted in the human heart, of earning the admiration or seeking the love of our species, of playing a prominent part on the theatre of life, of exercising a useful influence upon the freedom or destinies, not of our own circle only, but of a nation; and hence it will be found that the reputation of all great orators has been founded in those stirring times when some great public emergency had occurred, and the mind, with that boundless elasticity which seems inherent to its own nature, rose as if inspired, shook off the languor which before had restrained it, and exhibited a force and genius till then unknown even to its own possessor. Providence, it is said, tempers the wind to the shorn lamb; and in the mysteries of its decrees, the mind, when called upon, when involved in the battle of great and clashing events, may be endowed with fresher gifts and acquire fitter adaptations to work out the mighty work for which it has been designed.

But apart from all speculations of a doubtful character, I refer to the experience of every man who is in the habit of addressing an audience, and of that audience who hears him, that there are times and seasons and subjects in and on which the same individual speaks with greater perspicuity, force and animation, than at others. Every man, skilled in the art, will practise it best who, forgetting himself, the worthless and ignoble vanity of display—casts his thoughts into the hearts and upon the feelings of his auditory, and endeavours to make every word, argument, and metaphor tell upon them. He looks to the end, and goes onward. A dignitary of the Church, when addressing the Bench of Bishops, would pursue a very different order of speaking than if he spoke only to his rectory. A politician, a rougher and bolder style of eloquence at the Hustings than if he trembled under the austere and polished judgment of the House of Commons;—and an Advocate, it is known, has one style of tactics for a Jury, and another when he speaks to the Bench in the sober and chastened oratory fitted for a legal argument. All these are examples which prove the existence of the social sympathies, and the respect which is paid to them. There are some rare examples, like Brougham and O'Connell, who have the power of indulging in several styles, with the same mastery and effect; but it is clear that even they would violate the admitted rules of ratiocination and oratorical effect if they did not on every successive occasion, adapt themselves both to their auditory and to their subjects. If skill in oratory then be the application of means to ends,—if they be the best orators who pursue this adaptation closely—if the human mind have the plastic and expansive power of moulding itself to meet and master the exigencies in which it is placed—it would seem to follow, as a necessary corollary, that the greatest orators will be found among a people best fitted to appreciate their efforts, and at a period too when the events and circumstances in which they were cast were most likely to inspire and brace every latent gift and talent of the mind, as it has the same

A reference to these principles are of essential importance in illustrating the opposite characteristics of the ancient and modern schools of oratory; and if we carry them with us, they will relieve our research of much obscurity and doubt. They are the ground on which theory is built—or rather the causes to which the different characteristics of the two styles must be attributed.

I do not intend to enter here into the history of eloquence—to trace it to its origin, and to describe the excellence it has reached even among savage tribes. History has the records of some specimens of this kind, which, for force, pathos, and dignity, are equal to the purest productions of the schools,—we will go at once into the sources of classic history, and to the two golden ages of letters, by which its tablets are adorned.

In the age of Demosthenes, it is admitted, that the people of Athens had reached a high degree of intellectual improvement. They were acute, subtle, ingenious—trained amid the perfect models of the arts, and with a form of Government which rendered them curious and recondite in public affairs. All the circumstances by which they were surrounded were favourable to sagacity and even refinement of mind. Their statues, their temples, their olympiads, their public assemblies, subjected them daily to an education of an intellectual and refining kind. But there were other causes which operated upon the speakers of that age.

"The orator of old was the Parliamentary debater, the speaker at public meetings, the preacher, the newspaper, the published sermon, the pamphlet, the volume, all in one. When he was to speak Greece flocked to Athens, and his address was the object of anxious expectation for months before, and the subject of warm comment for months after the display of his powers."

"Nor is it enough to say that the rostrum of old monopolized in itself all the functions of the press, the senate, the school, and the pulpit also, in our days. It was a rival to the stage also. The people, fond as they were of theatrical exhibitions, from having no other intellectual entertainment, were really as much interested in oratorical displays as sources of recreation. They regarded them not merely with the interest of citizens hearing State affairs discussed, in which they took a deep concern, and on which they were called to give an opinion; but as auditors and spectators at a dramatic performance, by which they were to be moved and pleased, and on which they were to exercise their critical faculties, ripened by experience, and sharpened by the frequent contemplation of the purest models."

That the orators of Greece felt the sharpness of the ordeal through which they were to pass, and prepared for a public oration with all the study and care necessary to produce dramatic effect, cannot be doubted from the evidence which has come down to us. They

had schools in the first place solely for the training of public orators. Action and intonation were each made a science. The patience with which Demosthenes himself laboured to cure his natural defects—the pebbles he placed in his mouth while he addressed the waves in the Ægean Gulf, and the sword hung above his shoulders are recorded as proofs of his zeal to improve and his determination to excel. Isocrates, Iseus, and Demosthenes himself taught their art to those who wished to cultivate forensic talent.

In the preparation of their orations they expended a degree of labour, not equalled by the public speakers of modern times. To improve his style, Demosthenes, it is said, copied with his own hand the history of Thucydides no less than eight times. Cicero transcribed with equal care the best authors who had preceded him. Independent of the training to which he had subjected himself while a young man, he went, at an advanced age to the School of Molo, a Greek orator who had visited Rome;—he visited Greece itself expressly to study its divine masters; and "while in full practice at the bar, he continued the habit of declaiming upon supposed questions, and it is known he studied delivery under Roscius and Æsopus—two actors, the former in comedy, the latter in tragedy."

Again, nothing can surpass the exquisite polish of the style of these orations. "The structure of the sentences, the balanced period, the apt and perfect antithesis, the neat and epigramatic turn, the finished collocation, all indicate," says a modern author, "an extreme elaboration, which could hardly have been the suggestion of the moment." Some of these orations are known to have cost months of previous preparation. Passages have been re-written, so as to reconstruct, polish, and improve. Their metaphors, style, and even single expressions were reformed; and speeches, both of the Grecian and Roman Orators, have come down to us ready to be delivered, but which were never spoken, with allusions to the scene and the audience, proving beyond all doubt that they were in the habit of arranging their thoughts, and even clothing them in language, before they subjected them to that critical audience by whom their merits were to be scanned and decided upon.

If we add to this diligence of preparation their loftiness of motive—the state of Greece when Demosthenes occupied the rostrum, Philip threatening to destroy the liberties of these ancient Republics,—and the events which agitated the Roman Empire when Cicero spoke to the Senate and to the people—Cataline's conspiracy, Cæsar and Pompey struggling for power;—the grandeur of subject which inspired them, and the rich prizes which followed success—a reputation and influence founded upon national esteem, and won by the triumphs of the intellect*—it is less subject of wonder that Oratory should then have reached her loftiest flights, and conferred upon two of her disciples an eloquence, which is said to have equalled that of the gods—for these *causes* were well fitted to produce magnificent *effects*.

The liberty of Greece passed away, and Rome lost her virtue—her arts and her greatness. These fine and intellectual regions of the south were invaded by the northern hordes who trampled down and desecrated all the temples and structures, which a refined and exquisite taste in literature and the arts had erected. Then followed the sleep of letters for some centuries, and with the desolation of the ancient world, the human mind itself seemed to have lost for a season the mighty powers which it before had displayed. In this period there were no professors and no style of eloquence which are known.

But this eclipse gradually wore away. Literature and the arts and sciences first returned to Europe in the young Republics of Italy, where the spirit of Commerce, with the generous protection she ever extends to human improvement, had founded and fostered the institutions of social liberty. The fine arts found again under their sanctions a kindred home and vineyard. They produced painters and poets—Titian and Angelo—Dante and Tasso, and their history bears record of the lives of many distinguished men, gifted with transcendant powers of eloquence; but still they founded no school, and have left no examples by which we can now judge of their skill.

In the dark ages we should look in vain for any orations which would be precious in our times, or which could stand comparison with the efforts of those great masters who have lived in former and latter ages. Learning then was not scattered abroad among the mass. It was cultivated by the few, in order to hold the many in abject and ignoble thraldom. It consisted in compilation more than in invention; and although in these times there unquestionably existed men,† who, like Peter the Hermit, Wickliffe, Luther, Calvin, Erasmus, Knox, had from nature all those elements of mind—quickness of perception, brilliance of fancy, force and clearness of judgment and deep and impassioned feeling, fitted for the highest efforts, we cannot say they produced them. They, no doubt, exercised their own rough and effective eloquence, fitted to persuade and actuate. Men who were fitted to lead the Crusaders could not but be gifted—Christians who could raise these Gothic temples which adorn the fairest plains of the old world, could not be cold and lifeless at the splendid altars where they worshipped—the Knights at Runnymede, who framed our Magna Charta, did not lay the corner stone of our Constitution in silence,—the adherents of the House of York and Lancaster, who fought under their banners of the white and red rose, could not conduct their strifes without impassioned appeals to their bands. There must, then, have been eloquent leaders, and fathers, and patriots, who, in happier times, would have left to posterity records of their oratory, which would have placed them among the "illustrious dead." They have, however, left their works and their fields, not their words—and we can now only judge of their eloquence by the mighty effects it achieved.

(To be continued.)

* See Blair's Lectures, 1 vol. 482.

† Some of these men lived in the dawn which separated the dark ages from the brighter days which succeeded them.

* Hallam's State of Europe in the Middle Ages, 2 vols. chapter 9.

FELICITOUS RAINS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE CHINESE.

The last month of winter was for the most clear and mild,
And now at length approach the well-timed showers:
The wide-spread mist has involved yon mountain dwelling,
Its dews are slowly filling each rocky hollow;
The vernal winds obscure the clouded sun.
It is the season for all things to germinate;
Let us convey an exhortation to the husbandman,
That he delay not the business of his western fields.

The green foliage of the willows has not yet shaded the path,
But the peach blossom already covers the grove;
Every inanimate thing seems to feel the influence of the season,
Shall I, then, be unmindful of the purposes of Heaven?
Like some who lean on their tables and grow unprofitably old,
Who exert not their strength in the proper time:
—The rain falls in drops before my rude door-way,
As I stroll about, or sit immersed in such meditations.

From the London Morning Herald.

A CANADIAN WINTER SKETCH.

Strange, most strange to English eyes is the scene presented to the view by the Canadian winter—every thing seems to assume a foreign aspect; the face of the earth has totally disappeared, and will not look smilingly at us for perhaps three month—the merry dancing of the blue waves of old Ontario, as far almost as eye can reach, is changed to the calm and unbroken expanse of the ice-field, spread like a pall over the late playful waters; the naked branches of the forest trees like shivering phantoms of the summer woods, waving in the cold air—the ceaseless "melody rude of the merry sleigh bells," as the grotesque vehicles that bear them skim rapidly and smoothly by, and the uncouth appearance of the bipeds themselves, masked and muffled in endless rolls and wrappers of fur, all tend to convince the new comer that he is, indeed, in a strange land, where nature and her productions alike assume a form unrecognised by his native impressions.

But the wintry sun is climbing higher and higher in the unclouded heaven; the mercury is starting from its lethargy, and is ascending its tube with speedy promise of reaching, if not passing, 34; drops of water, actual water, are positively glistening at the end of those huge icicles pendent from the roof, as the sunshine of the advancing morning gradually pervades the clear atmosphere. Let us venture out in the open air, and well fenced with protecting coverings, take a speculative ramble over the frozen ground with the exhilarating clearness and freshness of the bracing wind to stimulate us to healthful exertion, and shake off the drowsy vapours of the long, long wintry night.

Look up to the sun, it is pouring down a flood of light, more dazzlingly, wondrously brilliant than his fairest July splendour, from the refraction of his rays on the snowy mantle of the frost-bound world—not a cloud, not the phantom of a fleecy vapour is to be seen in the bright expanse of heaven, floating over its intense blue. There is little or no breeze to break the calm of the sunlit air. No bird is winging its way through the ungenial atmosphere. And the floods of glorious light seem to fall unheeded on the silent earth, spell-bound and voiceless in her yearly trance.

We may, now that our eyes have recovered from the first dazzle of the light of morning, glance at the scene around, and, to obtain the best prospect, will advance a short distance on the vast field of ice spread before us. We are now on the frozen bosom of the Bay of Toronto. A few weeks, nay days since, the waves were curling playfully beneath our feet—a firm, compact mass of ten or twelve square miles in extent now usurps the place of the glad waters; and horses, sleighs, iceboats, and pedestrians are now travelling cheerly over the congealed surface. Landward lies the metropolis of Upper Canada, presenting the ordinary features of an American town of 12 or 13,000 inhabitants. There is but little architectural display to greet the eye, and hardly an object to rise above the level of the roofs, or break the monotony of the whole, save the lofty steeple of the cathedral of St. James, with its tin spire literally blazing in the sunlight, and the golden cross overall in strong relief against the deep blue heaven. The gray smoke is curling from the numerous hearths, and losing itself gradually in the clear cold air. The constant ringing of a thousand sleigh-bells comes soft and pleasant on the ear, and the hum of busy life sounds cheerful from the distant streets. Beyond the town, and as far as the eye can reach, the pine forest spreads its long array of dark evergreen foliage, and closes in the landscape in its gloomy circle.

Southward, beyond the frozen bay, and the trees of the long narrow strip of land that forms the harbour, we see the vast expanse of Ontario, and his blue waves sparkling in the sunshine in utter contempt of winter and his ice-chains; and further on still, a long white outline on the verge of the horizon—that is the Niagara coast, some forty miles from our present position, and only visible in very clear weather. Do you catch far away, due south, a thin gray vapour curled upward to the sky, half cloud, half imagination? Well, that is the spray column hanging over the thunders of the great cataract, the "everlasting incense of the waters." The varied glories of the iris-arch are glittering through its misty folds—but to us, worshipping at a distance, there is nought, save that lonely wreath of vapour to tell that *Niagara* is beneath.

Beautiful, most beautiful certainly is the *genuine* Canadian winter day. Bright sun, blue heaven, dry bracing air, and hard frozen ground are all required as necessary ingredients of this most pleasant specimen of transatlantic "winter and rough weather."

The natives complain that of late years their much-prized climate has assimilated to that of England—that there is less snow and more rain in winter, and the continued hot weather of summer has been partly superseded by the variable and humid changes of our island skies.

They are passionately fond of sleighing, which is certainly the only smooth method of land travelling here, and persons, in the interior especially, look forward to a good fall of snow to enable them to come down to *the front*, as they term the towns and settlements on the great lakes and main roads. Any thing approaching the mud and moisture of an English winter is, consequently, equally inconvenient and unpopular.

The temperature is generally quite high enough to admit of healthful and pleasant exercise, well protected of course from the rough chances of the atmosphere. Frost generally rules at night with more or less severity, but slight thawing commences when the sun is high in the heavens. Occasionally will come one or two days and nights of unimaginable cold, bursting every thing, freezing every thing—toes, nose, ears, finger-tips—every thing, in short, exposed for a few minutes to its operations—10, 15, 20 degrees below zero, and in short, no knowing how cold it might be, as the Yankee remarked, *were the thermometers long enough*. These remorseless visitants, however, are fortunately of rare and uncertain occurrence; and this winter, with snow enough to satisfy the veriest Canadian grumbler, has presented but few instances of such severe frost.

No mere English tourist can form any idea of the appearance of our forests in the deep winter—animal and vegetable life alike seem to have vanished in those wild recesses. The birds have all winged their way southward to a more genial home. The squirrels have laid up their winter store, and are quietly reposing in their comfortable quarters. Bruin is sucking his paws in his fortress, in the hollow of some ancestral oak; the wolf is lurking in the damp retreats of the inaccessible cedar swamp; and those harmless reptiles, "the spotted snakes, of varied hue," are curled up like twisted icicles in some chosen hiding-place. There is silence, deep silence in the heart of the old forest. If the frost be intense, at intervals you have a report like a pistol-shot, as the branches of the trees split and shiver like living things. Sometimes a lonely deer will flit past, roused from his lair by the intrusion of the hunter. If the day happen to be unusually mild, you may see the black squirrel cautiously descending his tree to take a survey of the world, and look inquiring round to see what symptoms are visible of approaching spring. Perhaps, the worthy gentleman's stock of Indian corn, plundered from the field of the neighbouring farmer last summer, is waxing low, and the wants of a young family have driven him forth to seek some fresh supply.

The pine, hemlock, and cedar, those sturdy despisers of the frost, alone greet the eye with any thing resembling a green leaf, but gloomy and funereal is the faded hue of their dull verdure—save when the morning or evening sun is gilding their huge crests, and wrapping them in a splendour equally beautiful and evanescent.

You descend the pine ridge, over the snowy ground, to the glen where you watched the bubbling of the forest rivulet a few weeks since. What has become of that playful wanderer? Has it shrunk into the earth in terror at the advance of the frost king and his manacles? No. See you not a narrow surface of smooth ice meandering like a frozen serpent through the recesses of the valley? There is the tiny river that lately danced and flashed in the chequered sunlight, that struggled through the wilderness of foliage to sparkle on the happy breast of the merry waters. Listen!—it is not all silent—there is a faint murmur of waves, far down under the frozen surface—a half-heard sound of life, like the complaining dirge of an imprisoned minstrel, singing mournfully of hope and freedom in the dark shadow of his dungeon. The wild vine is drooping lifeless over the frost-bound stream. The wandering stag comes to its margin for the accustomed draught, and away bounds in disappointment to seek for some unfrozen salt spring or "lick" to quench his thirst.

Out on the icy surface of our numberless lakes and rivers the scene presented to our view, in the early part of winter especially, is frequently of no easily imagined beauty. Generally a fall of snow will cover the ground before the waters are frozen, and the ice will remain sometimes for weeks perfectly pure and glassy as

the fluid beneath. We have been out on one of those vast ice-fields on a mild winter evening, when the sun was setting in cloudless serenity, and the scene before and around us has often been one equally difficult to describe or forget—the whole surface of the lake gleaming like a vast burnished mirror, quivering and flashing beneath the splendour of the almost level sun—the white sail of the becalmed ice-boat glancing brightly in the distance—the sullen gurgle of the imprisoned waters beneath, as they strive to surge up through the occasional flaws in their glassy covering—the snow clad shore spread silently around—and the distant crests of the pine forest, bathed in the colouring of the sunset heavens.

When the heavy snow falls after the freezing of the waters, much of this beauty is, of course, lost, as land and sea seem alike wrapped in the one monotonous garment.

Our long, long winter night—can we say any thing in favour of this dreaded period, this *terror-fraught visitant* of the shivering vagrant?

> "Ah! bitter chill it is!
> The owl, for all his feathers, is a cold."

In a *wooden* country, as this province has been emphatically called—the thrifty and industrious have but little to dread from the approach of frost and darkness. A log-built pyramid of flame, in the recess of a huge chimney, roaring and crackling like a furnace, is admirably calculated to restore confidence to the very chilliest trembler at the blast of winter. We can face the enemy boldly and look out upon the night. Starlight is glittering over the silent world, with an intensity and brilliancy unknown to the blue summer nights of our fatherland. No damp or exhalation is dimming the ethereal clearness of the frosty air, and thousands apparently of stars, invisible through the fog and vapour of duller atmospheres, are looking down upon us. A white light is trembling on the verge of the northern heaven, just where dim crests of the far pine ridge mingle with the deep blue sky. Now pale shadowing columns are advancing with swift strides toward the zenith, shifting and changing in the kindling ether. Well do we know—gladly do we hail, those quaint masquers of our midnight skies—

> "We may tell by the streamers that shoot so bright,
> That spirits are riding the northern light;"

and beautiful, startlingly beautiful, are the wild evolutions of those wandering phantoms. For hours together, we have seen the heavens, one instant overspread with the tangled labyrinth of streamers, the next, the pale stars alone gleaming white and wan through the darkening air. Again the columns dash swiftly from the northern horizon, no longer in thin pale lines, but thrown together in a mighty flood of radiance,—deepening and colouring as it advanced, till the zenith was lit up with a glowing ocean of crimson light—and the snowy world kindled beneath the fleeting splendour, as we have seen it glitter at the parting flush of the sunset heaven—

> "Like the rose tints that summer twilight leaves
> Upon the lofty glacier's virgin snow."

But it is time that we retrace our steps, and thought of returning from empty speculation by frozen lake and forest river, "or idle star-light reveries," to the busy haunts of active life.

Hark to the tinkling and chiming of the sleigh-bells, every variety of tone and jingle combined in their endless repetitions. How some of our English whips would delight to exhibit their taste and dexterity over the smooth surface of our *now* unrivalled roads! That matchless artist, Frost, puts poor Macadam completely to the blush in the formation of those conveniences for travel; and the smoothest turnpike track in the mother country could not for an instant be compared to the noiseless and exquisitely even road afforded to the transit of the sleigh *runners*, as the winter substitute for wheels is designated. In *summer* we make no remark on our Canadian thoroughfares, but *now* we challenge competition or comparison from any country, and assert our measureless superiority.

From 'Portugal and Gallicia,' by the Earl of Carnarvon.

THE CONVENT OF BUSACO.

Leaving the highway I rode towards Busaco, to see the memorable field of battle, through mountain passes, finely crested with pines, and abounding in every variety of the orchis tribe. I lost my way among the defiles, and did not easily regain it, being unaccompanied by my muleteer, who had started at an early hour; but after wandering for some time, exposed to the intolerable sun, I reached the monastry of Busaco. I knocked long at the gate of the convent lodge before it was opened, and my first reception was ungracious enough, as the porter observed that arrivals were inconvenient at that hour.—I was so much exhausted by the heat that I could hardly keep my seat on horseback, and was not therefore disposed to be easily rebuffed, so compelling the reluctant menial to inform the Pryor of my arrival, and slowly following him through a fine wood of oak and pine, I reached the convent, a straggling edifice, completely embosomed in the forest. The Prior received me courteously, and placed some wine and salt fish before me, regretting he could not offer me better fare, as meat was strictly forbidden by the convent regulations. He afterwards led me to my cell, where I threw myself on the bed, too happy to enjoy an interval of repose. These monkish dormitories are most welcome to the wearied traveller, from their coolness, their perfect cleanliness, and the total absence of the winged and creeping canibals that infest the inns. I slept for some time, and awoke even more fatigued than when I first lay down.—I frequently observed that, during the intense heats, the mid-day siesta was followed by a sense of increased exhaustation, nor were its invigorating effects fully experienced till after sunset.

I now joined the friar; and as he led me round the convent I was surprised at the unbroken silence that pervaded the place; a silence which seemed rather to indicate a mansion of the dead than the social dwelling of a numerous brotherhood. The profound stillness was only interrupted by the echo of our footsteps, and the low tones of my conductor's voice. The long galleries were partially hung with black cloth, and the shadows of evening, fast stealing over them, gave birth to mingled feelings of melancholy and awe. The Prior afterwards explained to me the cause of this strange silence. The monks who inhabited the convent were Carmelites, and their system was, to a great extent, modelled on that of La Trappe; for, like the friars of that order, they are enjoined to observe perpetual silence, with the exception of the Prior and of an assistant brother, who acted as porter.

The Prior accompanied me to the entrance door, and kindly pressed me to pass the night at the convent; but I was anxious to proceed. "This spot is indeed delightful," I observed, as I wished him farewell. "It is, my son," he replied; with the cold and melancholy smile of one who felt the truth of my remark, but had ceased to derive enjoyments from the objects of my admiration. As I mounted my horse, the last beams of the sun were setting, and forest trees cast their lengthened shadows along the ground. A cross, the emblem of peace, was placed on a pedestal before the door. The beauty and seclusion of the spot appeared to have marked it out as peculiarly fitted for the enjoyment of tranquil happiness, but the piety of man had robbed him of those temperate pleasures which nature had so lavishly prepared for his gratification. The oak and fern reminded me of the deep glades of England, and the majestic cypress of Portugal, with its waving branches, impressed the scene with a character of Oriental grace: yet even on such a calm and heavenly evening, the monks were not allowed to walk beneath the shade of their forest trees.

TRIBUTE TO SPRING.

The sun of May was bright in middle heaven,
And steeped the sprouting forests, the green hills
And emerald wheat fields, in his yellow light.
Upon the apple tree, where rosy buds
Stood clustered, ready to burst forth in bloom,
The robin warbled forth his clear full note
For hours, and wearied not. Within the woods,
Whose young and half transparent leaves scarce cast
A shade, gay circles of anemones
Danced on their stalks; the shad-bush, white with flowers,
Brightened the glens; the new-leaved butter nut,
And quivering poplar to the roving breeze
Gave a balsamic fragrance. In the fields,
I saw the pulses of the gentle wind
On the young grass. My heart was touched with joy
At so much beauty, flushing every hour
Into a fuller beauty.

BRYANT.

THE MOTHER AND HER FAMILY.

Philosophy is rarely found. The most perfect sample I ever met, was an old woman, who was apparently the poorest and the most forlorn of the human species; so true is the maxim which all profess to believe, and none act upon invariably, viz. that all happiness does not depend on outward circumstances. The wise woman to whom I have alluded, walks to Boston, a distance of twenty or thirty miles, to sell a bag of brown thread and stockings, and then patiently walks back again with her little gains. Her dress, though tidy, is a grotesque collection of shreds and patches, coarse in the extreme.

'Why don't you come down in a wagon?' said I, when I observed she was wearied with her long journey.

'We hav'nt got any horse,' she replied; 'the neighbours are very kind to me, but they can't spare their'n, and it would cost as much to hire one, as all my thread will come to.'

'You have a husband—don't he do any thing for you?'

'He is a good man—he does all he can, but he's a cripple and an invalid. He reels my yarn, and mends the children's shoes. He's as kind a husband as a woman need to have.'

'But his being a cripple, is a heavy misfortune to you,' said I.

'Why, ma'am, I don't look upon it in that light,' replied the thread woman. 'I consider that I've great reason to be thankful that he never took to any bad habits.'

'How many children have you?'

'Six sons and five daughters, ma'am.'

'Six sons and five daughters! What a family for a poor woman to support!'

'It's a fine family, surely, ma'am; but there an't one of 'em I'd be willing to lose. They are all healthy children as need to be—willing to work, and all clever to me. Even the littlest boy, when he gets a cent now and then for doing an errand, will be sure to bring it to me.'

'Do your daughters spin your thread?'

'No, ma'am; as soon as they are big enough, they go out to service, as I don't want to keep them always delving for me; they are always willing to give me what they can; but it's right and fair that they should do a little for themselves. I do all my spinning after the folks are abed.'

'Don't you think you should be better off, if you had no one but yourself to provide for?'

'Why, no, ma'am, I don't. If I hadn't been married, I should have had to work as hard as I could, and now I can't do no more than that. My children are a great comfort to me, and I look forward to the time when they'll do as much for me as I have done for them.'

Here was true philosophy! I learned a lesson from that poor woman which I shall not soon forget.—*Miss Sedgwick.*

THE END OF "GREAT MEN."

Happening to cast my eyes upon some miniature portraits, I perceived that the four personages who occupied the most conspicuous places were Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar and Bonaparte. I had seen the same unnumbered times before, but never did the same *sensation* arise in my bosom, as my mind hastily glanced over their several histories.

ALEXANDER, after having climbed the dizzy heights of ambition, and, with his temples bound with chaplets, dipped in the blood of many nations, looked down upon a conquered world, and wept that there was not another world for him to conquer—set a city on fire and died in a scene of debauch.

HANNIBAL, after having, to the astonishment and consternation of Rome, passed the Alps—after having put to flight the armies of this "mistress of the world," and stripped three bushels of golden rings from the fingers of her slaughtered knights, and made her very foundation quake—was hated by those who once exultingly united his name to that of their god, and called him 'Hanni Baal,' died, at last, by poison administered by his own hand, unlamented and unwept, in a foriegn land.

CÆSAR, after having conquered eight hundred cities, and dyed his garments in the blood of one million of his foes, after having pursued to death the only rival he had on earth, was miserably assassinated by those he considered his nearest friends, and at the very place, the attainment of which had been the greatest object of his ambition.

BONAPARTE, whose mandate Kings and Princes obeyed, after having filled the earth with the terror of his name, after having deluged Europe with tears and blood, and clothed the world in sackcloth—closed his days in lonely banishment, almost literally exiled from the world, yet where he could sometimes see his country's banner waving o'er the deep, but which would not, nor could not, bring him aid.

Thus these four men, who, from the peculiar situation of their portraits, seem to stand as representatives of all those whom the world calls 'great'—those four who severally made the earth tremble to its centre, severally died—one by intoxication, the second by suicide, the third by assassination, and the last in lonely exile. "How are the mighty fallen!"—*Anon.*

NEW WAY OF RAISING BEETS.—A writer in the 'Farmer's Cabinet says that the best crop of beets he ever raised, was in alternate rows with corn; the corn was a full crop, and he obtained 300 bushels of beets to the acre beside. The shade of the corn seems to be useful in dry weather, as the beets with the corn did better than others in an open patch alongside. This was practised in Pennsylvania, where it may be more successful than in colder climates; but we would suggest to farmers who have a warm, dry soil, an experiment on a small scale.—*Yankee Farmer.*

There is in the heart of man, a native sense of beauty, a latent sympathy, a harmony with all that is lovely on earth, which makes him unconsciously seek out spots of peculiar sweetness, not only for his daily dwelling, but also for both his temporary resting place and for the mansion of his long repose.—*James.*

UNPARALLELED PRECOCITY.—"Isn't he a fine child?" said a young mother to a visitor, as she proudly exhibited her first born. "The handsomest boy as I ever saw," was of course, the instant reply of the old bachelor to whom the appeal was made. "Yes, bless his little heart!" exclaimed the better-half author of the little bantling: "and so very *forward* of his age, don't you think?"—"*Very forward*," said the echo. And, as the young matron removed the cap from her Bobby's head, the inexperienced bachelor continued in evident amazement, "Bless me!—he is *forward!*—*never* before saw a person *baldheaded so soon!*"

The Vicksburg Whig says that an Irish servant girl of that place, in the employment of Wm. H. Hurst, Esq. having heard of the calamity at Natchez, and that a subscription was on foot for the relief of the people, generously placed in the hands of her mistress *twenty dollars*, to be transmitted to the committee.

'DO WHAT YOU OUGHT, COME WHAT MAY.'—This proverb has stood the test of time. It ought to have an abiding place in every mind, and a controlling influence upon every action of man.

During the recent political canvass in Alabama, Hart, a candidate for the Legislature, lacked the requisite number of votes. Not liking the result, he started on a tour through the country, determined, as he said, to "lick every man" who had presumed to vote against him. At the last accounts he had flogged fourteen.

ORIGINAL.

(We have been favoured with several *Critiques on Shakspeare's Plays*, and have the pleasure of laying two numbers, of the series, before our readers this week. The critiques are brief and characteristic; they evince the deep thinking and extensive reading of the writer,—and will be found to contain striking views of our great poet's works.)

I. THE TEMPEST.

To enjoy the whole charm of this play, it is necessary to make ourselves one of the age in which it was written. That which now seems to stand so glaringly off, from probability, was not, we conceive, viewed in the same light by our forefathers. If it did not exactly meet their belief, it revolted less than it does ours. Caliban, Ariel, and Prospero, may be said to have harmonized with the ideas of a period, whose first sage was a believer in demonology, and whose wisest monarch wrote treatises upon witch-craft. Other circumstances favoured its *vraisemblance*. The new world, though discovered a considerable time before, had not yet been so throughly explored, that much free space was not left to the imagination to descant upon. What could there be improbable after the wonders that travellers had beheld, or fabled in that vast continent! The island with its grotesque personages, really presented nothing very incredible to those who were yearly in the habit of swallowing in the real or fabled wonders, that were recounted of America. In this respect, Shakspeare's position was most favourable. He stood at a point in history when superstition, if it had lost some part of its influence over the learned, adhered with full force to the common mind. He had probably the advantage of being unaffected himself, while he had the full persuasion that nothing which he penned in this sort, would fail to move the popular understanding.

Every thing about this piece seems to indicate it to be a production of his youth. We are so destitute of chronological information as to our author, that we are perhaps about to prove from internal evidence, what a hundred commentators have already proved by historical facts. The play is unquestionably an ebullition of youth. There is in it no lack of art, no want of manly reason, no proof of immaturity of taste, but its main characteristic is the freshness of an untarnished fancy, the turbulence of an unsubdued imagination. The author is the bride-groom who rejoices to run a race, the courser compelled to spurn the ground, to throw off his superabundant energies. The first movements of the imagination are like the first motions of childhood, they are instinctive, necessary, and bring with them their own reward. Compare the impetuosity of this piece with the subdued and chastened strength that pervades Hamlet and Othello. Still we meet with nothing in it that justifies the imputations of wildness or irregularity that have been brought against Shakspeare—that is to say, if by wildness be meant those cases in which the imagination seizes the bit in her teeth, and pursues her mad career without the governance of reason. Such a wildness is not to be met with here or in any other portion of his writings. Nay more, it is not to be found in any one truly great poet, throughout the whole range of literature. Their's is a calculated wildness, in which the fancy, acting under the guidance of reason, pursues an end, and attains it, though her course be eccentric, and her movements apparently capricious. In them reason is the dexterous angler that plays the trout about, but never suffers it to snap the line. The characteristic of his later productions is towering reason, in harmonious union with a vigorous fancy—in this and some other works of his youth, it is, exuberant imagination, but never without the domain of reason.

We are ignorant from what sources he may have drawn either the story or the decorations. The origin of a host of these tales that sprung up during the middle ages, is very often a mystery—we know not whether it be so in this instance. We are almost as much at a loss to understand from what materials he constructed those incantations with which the piece is interspersed. Did he follow any model, did he borrow from the ballads and fairy-legends which, without doubt, abounded at the period, or did he with a stroke of his wand, call this airy world from the capacious chambers of his own extraordinary intelligence? This at least is certain, that whether he followed a model or not, he has been the model in this department to all his successors—and we discover rich infusions from his sketches of the supernatural, in Ben Johnson, Milton, Gray, Byron, Scott, Goethe, and Shelly. These incantations, spells and ballads, have that freshness about them which renders it a certainty to us that they were taken directly from nature, consequently written ere the impression of his native fields was yet dimmed by a sojourn in cities. The smell of flowers is yet fresh upon them, the dew is not yet brushed off. He seems to have bestowed more care upon their versification than he generally gives to his passages, for they are all music—all sweetness.

The masque is introduced with just about as much art as such things are commonly ushered in. That is to say, he has by no means blinded us to its unconnectedness with the main business of the piece—but has silenced censure by the beauties of the thing itself. Such pageants, belonged more to the pompous spirit of the age, than to the man. The interest of the piece depends very slightly upon the plot, in which there is little action or progression—it is to the accessories and adjuncts, that it owes almost all its effect, and these are so very artfully intermingled, that the poverty of the plot is certainly not the first impression that strikes the reader. Hence the fate of the principal personages is not the point on which the feelings fasten, although the loves of Ferdinand and Miranda are narrated with an enchanting softness, although a charm is thrown about "the good old lord Gonzalo;"—we almost forget all this to burst out into an uncontrollable fit of laughter at the doings and sayings of the "motley" Trinculo, the ruby-nosed Stephano, and the humourous goblin Caliban. Their humours raise in us no faint smile that curls the lip, or steals from the eye, but that honest emotion which our German neighbours term *belly-laughter*, "shaking both our sides." The humour has the great merit of being broad and strong, without ever descending into vulgarity. What daring genius was there in the association of three such anomalies as Stephano, Trinculo and Caliban! They form one of the oddest confraternity that ever was met together; they remind us upon the whole of one of those groups of Satyrs and wood gods, which the sculpture of antiquity has transmitted down to us, on which the artist has exhausted his fancy to produce the most motley union of brute and demon. Caliban especially is a wonderful conception. His name marks an order of beings. He is so strange a *cross* between the *gnome* and the brute, that it is impossible to say in what proportion their elements are combined in him. Upon the whole however the brute predominates. His demon mother has left him little of her nature but her malice. Still he is no vulgar brute---there is something poetical about him which he never belies. Hence his language never stoops to humble prose; the whole character is in verse. The author has exhausted his whole dictionary of words to find for him a vocabulary harsh, rugged and unbending as his own nature. In form as in temper he is the exact counterpart of the "most delicate Ariel"---a spirit who is all spirit, and to whom we find it difficult to attach any of the gross attributes of humanity. Charming as is this latter prrsonage, we prefer his gross counterpart, whose character is hewn out with a vigor which we have never seen equalled. In the line of poetry we recollect some spirits that may bear a comparison with Ariel, we remember no goblin that can rival Caliban. The only other plays into which he has introduced similar personages are "*Midsummer Night's Dream*," and the "*Winter's Tale*." The secondary characters, such as the rough swearing boatswain, are hit off with much vigour. We shall often have occasion to speak of his language. It is essentially and throughout metaphorical. We have the metaphor under every possible form, full, allusory, or latent. He walks you up to the object compared, until it stares you in the face, so that there is no mistaking it. He is the first of that line of metaphysical poets, who find resemblances between objects apparently the most heterogeneous.

The play acted under this name is said to have been altered from Shakspeare by Dryden and Davenant.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

It is very far from our intention to present a systematic analysis of each piece. This would be almost as absurd, as if we were to offer a sketch of the plan and incidents of the *Iliad*, or the *Paradise Lost*. We shall do no more than record the general and often scattered remarks occasioned by a hasty perusal.

This play, like very many of his, is a vivid reflection of the age. What histories should we have would their authors think of drawing from such sources!

If we are to judge from such records as this, the orders of society were in those days fixed with a precision to which we see nothing similar now. This remark is derived from the prevalence of what we may term *fixed personages*, in the whole dramatic literature of these olden times. What play was then without the master and his valet? this last an odd compound of dulness and humour, of lowtishness and *espieglerie*, something causing us to laugh at his witty sallies, as often the cause of wit in others by his clownish stupidity? or without the mistress and her waiting maid, who half malice, half good nature, ridicules the coyness, or sympathises in the sorrows of her superior, shews her her own mind in the glass of raillery, and aids her with her counsel in moments of difficulty. In short she is the French confidente, with considerably more wit than her descendant. It is a part of the character of these personages, that in all combats of logic or humour between them and their superiors, they should invariable get the better, and always have the laughers on their side. They remind us of the Roman or Grecian slave who was often wiser than his master. We know of no character of our own day which can more properly be compared to them than the clown or merry andrew of our own puppet shows. It would be but a poor compliment to Shakspeare, however, to maintain that there is an accurate resemblance between his creations and a personage so humble. Still a likeness exists, if not in the substance, at least in the form and manner.

Schlegel, whose work, with all its merit, is rather an eulogium than a critique, has laboured hard to prove Shakspeare's buffoon one of the most remarkable of his characters, and has laid much stress on the circumstance that he was, strictly speaking, an actual personage of the period. We do not altogether assent either to the judgment or the historical assertion. We do not deny that, upon the whole, he is a personage who serves as an agreeable interlude, sets off the principal character, and furnishes a fund of humour which is often good and generally diverting. Still if we were called upon to reply to the questions, does he never occupy a disproportioned share in the business of the piece, does his humour never degenerate into insipid word-play, idle quips and quirks, and tiresome double-entendre,—we could not avoid answering in the affirmative. No—in criticism, as in religion, let us scorn at being swayed by "the fear of men"—let us be guided by the principle, that every writer *must* have his faults, and that it is our office to expose them, and let us remember that by so doing we place ourselves upon a high vantage ground, from which we command the credit of our fellow men, when we exchange the censor for the encomiast.

The buffoon nowhere occupies a greater share in the action than in this piece. We have him under two shapes, in the two serving-men—*Speed* represents the more refined form, while in Launce he appears under his vulgarest aspect. The two characters are not, however distinct throughout—Launce at times steps into the shoes of his rival, and in so doing exchanges his broad farce, for the other's puns and quibbles. This play then is an example which we would adduce where buffoonery engrosses more than a fair portion of the action. Shakspeare, like Moliere, is generally esteemed to have been most advantageously placed as a dramatic artist. His position seems to us to have had its disadvantages also, amongst which we count the necessity of stooping at times to the level of the vulgarer part of his audience, when he flattered their coarse palates with wit such as abounds here—for we cannot prevail upon ourselves to think, that in this he obeyed the unbiassed dictates of his own taste and understanding. We grant that no one could have stooped more gracefully—that no one could more skilfully have reconciled the exigencies of his present situation, with the loftier claims of the genius of poetry within him—but what we will not grant, although there are many who require it at our hands, is, that these things which we look upon as venial and necessary blemishes, should be registered among his peculiar excellencies.

It may be fancy on our part, yet we imagine that we discern in this piece, as in most of Shakspeare's, strong symptoms of that *scholastic discipline* to which the intellect of his period was subjected. These conceits of thought, these fantastic figures, this continued logomachy, this perpetual word-play, may, we think, all be traced up, more or less directly, to that logic of Aristotle, which, with all its excrescencies, was so instrumental in giving an acute and vigorous cast to the intellect of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. His comic personages are not the only ones who take delight in playing with the ambiguity of language; his lovers themselves, at the very full tide of their passion, will "run through all the predicables," and find solace from their griefs in twisting and untwisting thought into most quaint and fantastic combinations. We of the nineteenth century are in the habit of thinking, that such exercises demand a degree of mental repose and indifference, incompatible with the higher flights of emotion. We are right in respect of our own epoch, but let us not be too hasty in imposing as a rule for our forefathers what we can only affirm with certainty of ourselves. In one point, at least, we regard their age as being less passionate than our own—we allude to the sentiment of love. The chivalrous spirit, which was far from extinct, seemed to have led them rather to worship women as divinities, than to love them as beings of the same clay with themselves. Their feelings towards them hovered between this exalted strain of adoration, and its opposite, though separated by a narrower interval than we might suppose, natural concupiscence. In the whole line of poets from Chaucer down to Waller and Cowley, we meet with little that resembles our present perhaps exaggerated notions of the strength and influence of this passion. It is in most cases a theme on which the writer racks his fancy, to discover fantastic conceits and ingenious figures, not a channel into which he pours the full tide of sincere and irresistible emotion. The moral of the piece is contained in the words of Proteus—

> ———————"In love
> Who respects friend?"

a moral upon which many a tale has been hung, since the story of Palamon and Arcite, and upon which Shakspeare himself has more than once commented. It is one from which very powerful consequences may be drawn—for what can well be more interesting than the struggle between the two most absorbing feelings with which our nature is endowed? We venture to say that there is too much suddenness in the manner in which Proteus changes his affections. A modern dramatist would have brough this about more gradually. Perhaps our ancestors were more instinctive than we are. A fault somewhat similar is the suddenness with which the outlaws name Valentine their captain. That a lady should by means of a disguise conceal herself from her lover, and remain in attendance upon him without being discovered, requires a great stretch of faith to credit. This is not the only instance in which Shakspeare gives us the same incident. Such things must be set down in the list of *stage-tricks* which ought not to be looked into too closely. There is great sweetness in the love scene between Proteus and Julia. The character of Silvia is finely imagined, there is an innate dignity about her which she never loses. The poetry seldom stands out of the dialogue, and yet there are a few scattered passages of singular separate sweetness---such as Julia's commentary on Proteus's letter---her ruminations over Silvia's picture---Valentine's meditation among the outlaws, &c. &c.

Never was humour broader than Launce's reflections on his dog. He excels in drawing those beings who stand at the lowest point in the scale of intellect. See *Launcelet Gobbs* and many others. We see the *host* but for an instant, and yet it is in a most characteristic attitude. He falls asleep during the serenade that interests Julia

so deeply. We do not think that he ever endeavours to give his pieces a colouring of place and country. But more on this point hereafter.

SUMMER.

The months we used to read of
Have come to us again,
With cheerfulness and sunniness
And rare delights of rain;
The lark is up, and says aloud,
East and west I see no cloud.

The lanes are full of roses,
The fields are grassy deep;
The leafiness and floweriness
Make one abundant heap;
The balmy, blossom-breathing airs
Smell of future plums and pears.

The sunshine at our waking
Is still found smiling by;
With beamingness and earnestness,
Like some beloved eye;
And all the day it seems to take
Delight in being wide awake.

The lasses in the gardens
Show forth their heads of hair,
With rosiness and lightsomeness
A chasing here and there;
And then 'll hear the birds, and stand,
And shade their eyes with lifted hand.

LEIGH HUNT.

AGNES MOLESWORTH.

BY MISS MITFORD.

Jessy was flitting about like a butterfly among fragrant orange trees and bright geraniums. Agnes was standing under a superb fuschia that hung over a large marble basin, her form and attitude, her white dress, and the classical arrangement of her dark hair, giving her the look of some nymph or naiad, a rare relic of Grecian art. Jessy was prattling gaily, as she wandered about, of a concert which they had attended the evening before at a country town.

'I hate concerts!' said the pretty little flirt. 'To sit bolt upright on a hard bench for four long hours, between the same four people, without the possibility of moving, or of speaking to any body, or of any body's getting to us! Oh! how tiresome it is!'

'I saw Sir Edmund trying to slide through the crowd to reach you,' said Agnes, a little archly; 'his presence would, perhaps, have mitigated the evil. But the barricade was too complete; he was forced to retreat, without accomplishing his object.'

'Yes, I assure you, he thought it very tiresome: he told me so when we were coming out. And then the music!, pursued Jessy, 'the noise they called music! Sir Edmund says that he likes no music except the guitar, or a flute on the water; and I like none, except your playing on the organ, and singing Handel on a Sunday evening, or Charles Woodford's reading Milton and bits of Hamlet.'

'Do you call that music?' asked Agnes, laughing. 'And yet,' continued she, 'it is most truly so, with his rich Pasta-like voice, and his fine sense of sound; and to you, who do not greatly love *poetry for its own* sake, it is doubtless a pleasure much resembling in kind that of hearing the most thrilling of instruments. I myself have felt such a gratification in hearing him recite the verses of Homer or of Sophocles in the original Greek. Charles Woodford's reading *is* music.'

'It is music which you are neither of you likely to hear again, interrupted Mr. Molesworth, advancing suddenly towards them; for he has been ungrateful, and I have discarded him.'

Agnes stood as if petrified: 'Ungrateful! oh, father!'

'You can't have discarded him, to be sure, papa,' said Jessy, always good natured, 'poor Charles! what can he have done?'

'Refused your hand, child,' said the angry parent, 'refused to be my partner and son-in-law, and fallen in love with another lady! What have you to say for him now?'

'Why, really papa,' replied Jessy, 'I am much more obliged to him for refusing my hand, than to you for offering it. I like Charles very well for a cousin, but I should not like such a husband at all; so that if this refusal be the worst that has happened, there's no great harm done.' And off the gipsey ran, declaring that 'she must put on her habit, for she had promised to ride with Sir Edmund and his sister, and expected them every minute.'

The father and daughter remained in the conservatory.

'The heart is untouched, however,' said Mr. Molesworth, looking after her with a smile.

'Untouched by Charles Woodford, undoubtedly,' replied Agnes, 'but has he really refused my sister?'

'Absolutely.'

'And does he love another?'

'He says so, and I believe him.'

'Is he loved again?'

'That he did not say.'

'Did he tell you the name of the lady?'

'Yes.'

'Do you know her?'

'Yes.'

'Is she worthy of him?'

'Most worthy.'

'Has he any hopes of gaining her affections?'

'He is determined not to try. The lady whom he loves is above him in every way; and much as he has counteracted my wishes, it is an honourable part of Charles Woodford's conduct that he intends to leave his affections unsuspected by its object.'

Here ensued a short pause in the dialogue, during which Agnes appeared to be collecting the blossoms of a Cape jessamine, and watering a favourite geranium, but it would not do; the subject was at her heart, and she could not force her mind to indifferent occupations. She returned to her father, who had been anxiously watching her motions, and the varying expressions of her countenance, and resumed the conversation.

'Father! perhaps it is hardly maiden-like to avow so much, but although you have never in set words told me your intentions, I have yet seen and known, I can hardly tell how, all that your kind partiality towards me has designed for your children. You have mistaken me, dearest father, doubly mistaken me; first, in thinking me fit to fill a splendid place in society; next in imagining that I desired such splendour. You meant to give Jessy and the lucrative partnership to Charles Woodford; and designed me and your larger possessions for our wealthy and titled neighbours. And with some little change of person, these arrangements may still, for the most part, hold good. Sir Edmund may still be your son-in-law and your heir, for he loves Jessy, and Jessy loves him. Charles Woodford may still be your partner and your adopted son, for nothing has chanced that need diminish your affections, or his merit. Marry him to the woman he loves. She must be ambitious, indeed, if she be not content with her destiny. And let me live with you, dear father, single and unwedded, with no other thought but to contribute to your comfort, to cheer and brighten your declining years. Do not let your too great fondness for me stand in the way of their happiness. Make me not so odious to them and to myself, dear father! Let me live always with you, and for you—always your own poor Agnes!' And, blushing at the earnestness with which she had spoken, she bent her head over the marble basin, which reflected her fair image, as if she had really been the Grecian statue, to which, whilst he listened, her fond father's fancy had compared her. 'Let me live single with you, and marry Charles to the woman whom he loves.'

'Have you heard the name of the lady in question? Have you formed any guess whom she may be?'

'Not the slightest. I imagined from what you said, that she was a stranger to me. Have I ever seen her?'

'You may see her reflection in the water at this very moment; for he had the infinite presumption, the admirable good taste, to fall in love with his cousin Agnes!'

'Father!'

'And now, mine own sweetest, do you still wish to live single with me?'

'Oh, father! father!'

'Or do you desire that I should marry Charles to the woman of his heart?'

'Father! dear father!'

'Choose, my Agnes! It shall be as you command. Speak freely. Do not cling so around me, but speak!'

'Oh, my dear father! Cannot we all live together? I cannot leave you. But poor Charles—surely, father, we may all live together.'

And so it was settled; and a very few months proved that Cupid had contrived better for Mr. Molesworth than he had contrived for himself. Jessy, with her prettiness, and her title, and her fopperies, was the very thing to visit for a day; but Agnes and the cousin, whose noble character and splendid talents so well deserved her, made the pride and the happiness of his home.

SCRAPS FROM MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.

A GRANDFATHER.

"Samivel Veller," said the old gentleman, 'has conferred upon me the ancient title o' grandfather, vich had long laid dormouse, and wos s'posed to be nearly hex-tinct in our family. Sammy, relate a anecdote o' vun o' them boys—that 'ere little anecdote about young Tony, sayin' as he vould smoke a pipe unbeknown to his mother."

"Be quiet, can't you?" said Sam, "I never see such an old magpie—never!"

"That 'ere Tony is the blessedest boy," said Mr. Weller, heedless of this rebuff, "the blessedest boy as ever I see in *my* days! of all the charmin'est infants as ever I heerd tell on, includin' them as wos kivered over by the robin red-breast, arter they'd committed sooicide with blackberries, there never wos anything like that 'ere little Tony. He's always a playin' vith a quart bottle, that boy is! To see him a settin' down on the door step, pretendin' to drink out of it, and fetching a long breath artervards, and smoking a bit of fire-vood and sayin', 'Now I'm grandfather'—to see him a doin' that at two year old is better than any play as wos ever wrote. 'Now I'm grandfather!' He wouldn't take a pint pot if you was to make him a present on it, but he gets his quart and then he says, 'Now I'm grandfather!'"

Mr. Weller was so overpowered by this picture, that he straightway fell into a most alarming fit of coughing, which must certainly have been attended with some fatal result, but for the dexterity and promptitude of Sam, who taking a firm grasp of the shawl just under his father's chin, shook him to and fro with great violence, at the same time administering some smart blows between his shoulders. By this curious mode of treatment Mr. Weller was finally recovered, but with a very crimson face, and in a state of great exhaustion.

"He'll do now, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, who had been in some alarm himself.

"He'll do, sir," said Sam, looking reproachfully at his parent, "Yes, he *will* do one o' these days—he'll do for hisself, and then he'll wish he hadn't. Did anybody ever see such a inconsiderate old file,—laughing into convulsions afore company, and stamping on the floor as if he'd brought his own carpet vith him and wos under a wager to punch the pattern out in a given time? He'll begin again in a minute. There—he's a goin' off—I said he would!"

In fact, Mr. Weller, whose mind was still running upon his precocious grandson was seen to shake his head from side to side, while a laugh, working like an earthquake, below the surface, produced various extraordinary appearances in his face, chest, and shoulders, the more alarming because unaccompanied by any noise whatever. These emotions, however, gradually subsided, and after three or four short relapses, he wiped his eyes with the cuff of his coat, and looked about him with tolerable composure.

WIDOWS.

"Afore the governor vith-draws," said Mr. Weller, "there is a pint, respecting vich Sammy has a question to ask. Vile that question is a perwadin this here conwersation, p'raps the gen'l'men will permit me to re-tire."

"Wot are you goin' away for?" demanded Sam, seizing his father by the coat tail.

"I never see such a undootiful boy as you, Samivel," returned Mr. Weller. "Didn't you make a solemn promise,—amountin' almost to a speeches o' wow,—that you'd put that ere question on my account?"

"Well, I'm agreeable to do it," said Sam; "but not if you go cuttin' away like that, as the bull turned round and mildly observed to the drover ven they wos a goadin' him into the butcher's door. The fact is, sir," said Sam, addressing me, "that he wants to know somethin' respectin' that 'ere lady as is housekeeper here."

"Ay! what is that?"

"Vy, sir," said Sam, grinning still more, "he vishes to know vether she—"

"In short," interposed old Mr. Weller, decisively, a perspiration breaking out upon his forehead, "vether that 'ere old creetur is or is not a widder."

Mr. Pickwick laughed heartily, and so did I, as I replied decisively that "my housekeeper was a spinster."

He expressed great satisfaction on hearing this, and apologised for the question, remarking that he had been greatly terrified by a widow not long before, and that his natural timidity was increased in consequence.

"It was on the rail," said Mr. Weller, with strong emphasis; "I was a goin' down to Birmingham by the rail, and I was locked up in a close carriage vith a living widder. Alone we wos; the widder and me wos alone; and I believe it was because we *was* alone and there was no clergymen in the conweyance, that that ere widder did'nt marry me afore ve reached the half-way station. Ven I think how she began a screamin' as we wos a goin' under them tunnels in the dark—how she kept on a faintin' and ketchin' hold o' me—and how I tried to bust open the door as was tight-locked and perwented all escape. Ah! It was a awful thing—most awful!"

RAILROADS.

Mr. Weller was so very much overcome by this retrospect that he was unable, until he had wiped his brow several times, to return any reply to the question, whether he approved of railway communication, notwithstanding that it would appear, from the answer which he ultimately gave, that he entertained strong opinions on the subject.

"I con-sider," said Mr. Weller, "that the rail is unconstootional and an inwaser o' priwileges, and I should wery much like to know what that ere old Carter as once stood up for our liberties, and won 'em, too,—I should like to know wot he vould say if he wos alive now, to Englishmen being locked up with widders, or with anybody again their wills. Wot a old Carter would have said, a old Coachman may say; and I assert that in that pint o' view alone, the rail is an inwaser. As to the comfort, vere's the comfort o' sittin' in a harm cheer, lookin' at brick walls or heaps o' mud, never comin' to a public house, never seein' a glass o' ale, never goin' through a pike, never meetin' a change o' no kind (horses or othervise), but always comin' to a place, ven you come to one at all, the werry picter of the last, with the same p'licemen standing about, the same blessed old bell a ringin', the same unfort'nate people standing behind the bars, a waitin' to be let in; and everythin' the same except the name, vich is wrote up in the same sized letters as the last name and vith the same colour. As to the honour and dignity o' travellin', vere can that be vithout a coachman; and wot's the rail to sich coachmen and guards as is sometimes forced to go

by it, but a outrage and a insult? As to the pace, what sort o' pace do you think I, Tony Veller, could have kept a coach goin' at for five hundred thousand pound a mile, paid in advance, afore the coach was on the road? And as to ingein—a nasty, wheezin', creaking, gasping, puffin', bustin' monster, always out o' breath, vith a shiny green and gold back, like an unpleasant beetle in that 'ere gas magnifier,—as to the ingein as is always a pourin' out red hot coles at night, and black smoke in the day, the sensiblest thing it does, in my opinion, is, ven there's somethin' in the vay, and it sets up that 'ere frightful scream, vich seems to say, 'Now here's two hundred and forty passengers in the wery greatest extremity o' danger, and here's their two hundred and forty screams in vun!'"

A LONDON NIGHT IN "OLD TIMES."

The following night, when it was quite dark, the hollow echoes of old London Bridge responded to the rumbling of the cart which contained the ghastly load, the object of William Mark's care. Sufficiently disguised to attract no attention by his garb, Will walked at the horse's head, as unconcerned as a man could be who was sensible that he had now arrived at the most dangerous part of his undertaking, but full of boldness and confidence.

It was now eight o'clock. At nine, none could walk the streets without danger of their lives; and even at this hour, robberies and murders were of no uncommon occurrence. The shops upon the bridge were all closed; the low wooden arches thrown across the way were like so many black pits, in every one of which ill-favoured fellows lurked in knots of three and four; some standing upright against the wall, lying in wait, others skulking in gateways, and thrusting out their uncombed heads and scowling eyes, others crossing and re-crossing and constantly jostling both horse and man to provoke a quarrel, others stealing away and summoning their companions in a low whistle. Once, even in that short passage, there was the noise of scuffling and the clash of swords behind him; but Will, who knew the city and its ways, kept straight on and scarcely turned his head.

The streets being unpaved, the rain of the night before had converted them into a perfect quagmire, which the splashing water-spouts from the gables, and the filth and offal cast from the different houses, swelled in no small degree. These odious matters being left to putrify in the close and heavy air, emitted an insupportable stench, to which every court and passage poured forth a contribution of its own. Many parts even of the main streets, with their projecting stories tottering overhead and nearly shutting out the sky, were more like huge chimnies than open ways. At the corners of some of these, great bonfires were burning to prevent infection from the plague, of which it was rumoured that some citizens had lately died; and few, who availing themselves of the light thus afforded, paused for a moment to look around them, would have been disposed to doubt the existence of the disease, or wonder at its dreadful visitations.

But it was not in such scenes as these, or even in the deep and miry roads, that William Mark found the chief obstacle to his progress. There were kites and ravens feeding in the streets (the only scavengers the city kept) who scented what lay concealed in the cart and fluttered on its top, and croaked their knowledge of its burden and their ravennous appetite for prey. There were distant fires, where the poor wood and plaster tenements were wasted fiercely, and whither crowds made their way, clamouring eagerly for plunder, beating down all who came within their reach, and yelling like devils let loose. There were single-handed men flying from bands of ruffians, who pursued them with naked swords and hunted them savagely; there were drunken desperate robbers issuing from their dens and staggering through the open streets where no man dared to molest them; there were vagabond servitors returning from the Bear Garden, where there had been good sport that day, dragging after them their torn and bleeding dogs, or leaving them to die and rot upon the road. Nothing was abroad but cruelty, violence and disorder.

Many were the interruptions which Will Marks encountered from these stragglers, and many the narrow escapes he made. Now some stout bully would take his seat upon the cart, insisting to be driven to his own home, and now two or three men would come down upon him together, and demand that upon peril of his life he showed them what he had inside. Then a party of the city watch upon their rounds would draw across the road, and not satisfied with his tale, question him closely and revenge themselves by a little cuffing and hustling for maltreatment sustained at other hands that night. All these assailants had to be rebutted, some by fair words, some by foul, and some by blows. But Will Marks was not the man to be stopped or turned back now he had penetrated so far, and though he got on slowly, still he made his way down Fleet-street, and reached the church at last.

London comprises an area of seventy square miles, or about nine and a half miles in diameter, and thus assumes a radius of five miles from St. Paul's Cathedral. Every year is adding to its population that of a city equal to York. The total population of the metropolis is 1,950,000, and by the end of next year it will exceed 2,000,000, in ten years a population of 400,000 has been added, which is as much as the ancient city in the time of Charles the Second.

Follow fashion, if reason leads her; when she don't kick fashion out of doors, or else she will turn you out.

A HYMN.

O unseen Spirit! now a calm divine
Comes forth from thee, rejoicing earth and air!
Trees, hills, and houses, all distinctly shine,
And thy great ocean slumbers every where.

The mountain ridge against the purple sky
Stands clear and strong with darken'd rocks and dells,
And cloudless brightness opens wide on high
A home aerial, where thy presence dwells.

The chime of bells remote, the murmuring sea,
The song of birds in whispering copse and wood,
The distant voice of childhood's thoughtless glee,
The maiden's song, are all one voice of good.

Amid the leaves' green mass, a sunny play,
Of flash and shadow, stirs like inward life;
The ship's white sail glides onward far away,
Unhaunted by a dream of storm or strife.

Upon the narrow bridge of foot-worn plank,
The peasant stops where swift the waters gleam,
And broods as if his heart in silence drank
More freshening draughts than that untainted stream.

O Thou! the primal fount of life and peace,
Who shed'st thy breathing quiet all around,
In me command that pain and conflict cease,
And turn to music every jarring sound.---*Blackwood's Mag.*

DESTRUCTION OF BIRDS.

You stated some time ago in your paper, that the only efficient remedy against the canker-worm was the encouragement of the birds. Several means are now used to protect fruit trees against the ravages of this insect, at considerable expense, most if not all of which are not fully succesful. The numerous insects that prey upon fruit trees and garden and field vegetables, are the proper food of small birds. It is, therefore, reasonable to suppose, that if the birds be left to increase undisturbed, they will be able in a few years completely to protect vegetation. At least a few cheap remedies, in years particularly favourable to the growth of insects, will be sufficient. What has always been our conduct towards those useful creatures that Providence has designed for the especial benefit of man? We have allowed our boys to hunt them whenever a leisure hour occurred, and to rob their nests whenever they came across them. To destroy them has been a favourite amusement with worthless, idle, vicious men. If a person on the morning of Old Election day, in a neighbourhood where a hunt has been determined upon, listen at sunrise to the rich music of the woodlands and the joyous notes of the orchards, where every tree has its songster, and then on the following morning mark the diminished sounds, he will find the contrast melancholy enough. We have on our statute book a law protecting from injury during a part of the year, partridges, snipes, quails, woodcocks, larks, robins, and some other birds, which, except the robin, are the least useful of all our birds save for the table, and for that more useful than profitable,—the best sportsman rarely obtaining enough during a day's hunt, to pay the wages of a common labourer. The law was enacted for the good pleasure of the epicure. It has had a bad effect in giving permission to destroy all except those named in the statute. If a gang of boys enter a field with their guns, and the owner or any other person remonstrate with them, he is told that they kill no birds that the law protects, and the lads blaze away, in the full conviction that they are doing nothing wrong. It is to be regretted that many otherwise respectable persons, in the fall, indulge themselves in hunting robins, which at that season flock together and afford an easy game. Of the system of things on the earth, the birds constitute a part without which mankind could not in any considerable numbers exist. If they were exterminated a general desolation would come over the vegetable world, which the efforts of man could not stay. It is the sun and the rain, the labours of the husbandman and the labours of the birds, that bring to maturity the fruits of the earth. If the farmers consult their true interest, they will find some better amusement for their boys during holidays, than the destruction, oftentimes in a cruel manner, of useful creatures, and will secure the enactment of laws, deterring others from like mischief. We have laws punishing with severity the person found guilty of abusing a domestic animal, and the killing and wounding of useful birds and leaving their young to perish with hunger, should be punished in like manner. All the birds ask is protection; their weight is so small as not to endanger the tenderest twig; they will work in the orchard, the garden, and the field; their notes are soft, and they will give us music from morning till night, which has been admired by wise and good men in all ages, and which cannot be despised by any person having a claim to virtue or taste.—*New England Farmer.*

NERVOUS SYMPATHY.—That the nervous system is especially concerned in the process of digestion, attentive observation is sufficient to establish; and in proportion as the nervous system has difficulties to contend with, is the process of digestion imperfect.

Difficulties may be opposed to the due exercise of nervous influence, first, by imprudence in the use of unsuitable aliment; second, by the casual accession of mental disturbances, in all their varieties; and third, by bodily disorders, whether arising from irregularities of habit or local injury.

We know that sudden intelligence which alarms or rejoices us, or the sudden accession of any powerful impression, makes us forget hunger; that a fatigued horse is suddenly excited to complete forgetfulness and activity on hearing the hounds; and that he will go through a long chase with alacrity, notwithstanding his previous exhaustion. We know, too, that under extreme mental depression from disease and pain, cheerful society will sometimes so awaken our animal spirits, upon some occasions, as to lead us to energetic conversation. But it is to be remembered that these excitements are not effected without considerable expense to the constitution, through the exhaustion they afterwards occasion. The exhaustion is that of the nervous system; and the whole economy suffers until the natural tone of the nerves is restored.

Affections of the nerves produce affections of the stomach and alimentary organs. Affections of the stomach and alimentary organs are equally active in producing affections of the nerves.—*Lib of Health.*

A LESSON TO TEACHERS.—At a Common School Convention in Hampden county, we heard the Rev. Dr. Cooley relate this anecdote. He said that, many years ago, a young man went into a district to keep school, and before he had been there a week, many persons came to see him, and kindly told, that there was one boy in the school whom it would be necessary to whip every day; leading him to infer that such was the custom of the school, and that the inference of injustice towards the boy would be drawn, whenever he should escape, not when he should suffer. The teacher saw the affair in a different light. He treated the boy with signal kindness and attention. At first this novel course seemed to bewilder him. He could not divine its meaning. But when the persevering kindness of the teacher begat a kindred sentiment of kindness in the pupil, his very nature seemed transformed. Old impulses died. A new creation of motives supplied their place. Never was there a more diligent, obedient, and successful pupil; and *now*, said the reverend gentleman, in concluding his narrative, that boy is the Chief of a neighbouring state. If the Romans justly bestowed a civic crown upon a soldier, who had saved the life of a fellow soldier in battle, what honours are too great for the teacher who thus rescued a child from ruin?

WYKEHAM CHAPEL, WINCHESTER.—Perhaps the most curious things about the chapel are the ancient stall-seats now affixed to the walls of the chapel. These have their seats so fixed upon hinges, that those who sit in them can only maintain their position by balancing themselves with care, and resting their elbows on the seat arms; so that if the monks who used them dropped asleep during service, the seats came forward and pitched them headlong upon the floor; nay, if they only dozed and nodded the least in the world, the hard oak seat clapped against the hard oaken back, and made a noise loud enough to attract the attention of the whole audience. Nothing ever was more cleverly contrived to keep people awake at church and chapel; and no doubt most of us know where they would be especially useful now.—*Howitt's Visits to Remarkable Places.*

DO AS YOU WOULD BE DONE UNTO.—The horse of a pious man living in Massachusetts, happened to stray into the road; a neighbour of the man who owned the horse put him into the pound. Meeting the owner soon after he told him what he had done: 'and if I catch him in the road again,' said he, 'I'll do it again.' 'Neighbour,' replied the other, 'not long since I looked out of my window in the night, and saw your cattle in my meadow, and I drove them out, and shut them up in your yard—and *I'll do it again.*"

Struck with the reply, the man liberated the horse from the pound, and paid the charges himself. "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

TAX ON BACHELORS.—A lady having remarked in company, that she thought there should be a tax on the single state—"Yes, madam, replied Colonel ——, who was a most notable specimen of the uncompromising old bachelor, 'as on all other luxuries.'

ENDOWED CHARITIES IN GREAT BRITAIN.—The recent publication of the last division of the Report of the Charities Commissioners closes an inquiry which has occupied upwards of twenty years, and cost the country at least £200,000. It is supposed that the total annual income of endowed charities amounts to nearly £1,500,000.

PAYING FOR NEWS.—On returning to his family after an absence of some weeks, Captain Johnson had been driven from Kingstown to Dublin by a carman, who, looking discontentedly at the fare paid him, said, 'Shure your honor will give a trifle more than this?' 'Not a rap,' said the Captain. 'But you would,' persisted Paudge, 'if you knew all, then.' 'What do you mean?' asked Johnson, anxiously. 'Dat's tellins, any way; and is it only for my fare I'm to tell my news?' 'Well, well,' said the Captain, 'here's another shilling; now what has happened?' 'Sorra the harm at all, only I thought you'd not begrudge a little som'at to know, that I drove ye the last three miles without a lynch-pin.'

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 27.

The Unicorn.—This splendid boat returned from her trip to Cape Breton and P. E. Island, having been absent only five days. For a sailing vessel, under ordinary circumstances, to traverse the same route, fifteen days would be speedy. Coasters have been sometimes a fortnight and more, making the passage from P. E. Island to Halifax. This sets forth, in a strong light, the advantages of steaming. Nevertheless, for him who wishes to enjoy his time and his road, rather than to move over his road against time, the trim, sailing vessel will have recommendations. Hugging along the coast, gliding across the strait, passing slowly from mainland to island, with every opportunity of becoming acquainted with the peculiar features of each scene, and with that life which makes the sojourner undergo a "sea change," will have inducements for the student of life and nature, which will be lacking in the splendid saloons of the fiery-paced steamship. In the latter, the scene hurries by like a hastily shifted panorama, the etiquette of the drawing room is of more consequence than the peculiarities of the route, and a passenger lies down to rest,

"The heavens above and the sea all round him."

and wakes amid the bustle of a harbour, not more conscious of the features of the last hundred miles, than if he were at the bottom of Pictou mines all the time. Thus it is, that the most glorious things have their shaded sides. For those who want to pass as rapidly as possible from place to place, only eager not to lose time by the way,—the steamer has the wing of the eagle, and the strength of the ostrich,—but it causes some disadvantages by the rapidity of its flight.

The Unicorn, as before noticed, is fitted up, in all its parts, magnificently. The state cabin is fit for the travelling residence of a Sultan. An enquiry has been made, and it seems of consequence, whether the extreme of splendour—and, of course, corresponding expense—does not militate against a class of travellers which perhaps form the best basis for the profits of conveyances. The plainer rank of merchants, and traders generally, would perhaps rather travel in a style more in accordance with the common sense comforts of their own parlours, than under circumstances in which they would feel shackled by forms, and etiquette, and splendour to which they were unused.

As regards the Atlantic links of the steam line,—would not some comfortable, second-rate accommodations, suit the views and purses of many, who now travel by merchant craft, but whose fares might be made a profitable item in the steam contractor's books.

The Unicorn was announced as bound for Boston. Her route was altered, and she left Messrs. Cunard's wharf last night, for Quebec. Rumour says that she is to bring the Governor General to Halifax.

Birds.—On another page is an apology for birds. Strange as it may appear, that those beautiful people of the air, which delight by their forms and motions and music, should require apology, yet the fact would seem to be so, judging from the conduct of the lords of animal life. What a strange perversion of inclination it seems, when the wanton destruction of the winged creation is pursued laboriously, and called sport, as if the objects of slaughter were enemies of the human race. We sometimes hear of men—some of them even distinguished above their fellows, by titles of respect and honour—making a campaign in a tract where the birds have been allowed to accumulate, and killing them in heaps, for the silly pride of having to say that they had *destroyed* so much of life, in a certain portion of time. This would appear passing strange, only that custom has worn off the salient points of the practice. Perhaps the extract alluded to, will induce some one of our youthful readers to seek better objects of amusement, and to admire and shelter the birds which embellish the groves about his home, rather than to sieze every occasion of killing, or mutilating, or at least frightening them wofully, by blasts of powder and shot. If so,—and if by the publication of the scrap, one pair of parent birds will be saved the horrors attendant on nest-robbing, the selection will not have been made in vain.

Master Humphrey's Clock.—Dickens has introduced his famous character, Mr. Pickwick, to the Club at Master Humphrey's, and with him has brought Samivel and old Mr. Weller on the stage again. This is rather a novel appropriation. An author creates a character, and infuses so much of real and distinct life into it, that although the cause and end of the creation have passed, it is too vivacious to die. It, accordingly, appears again on a new scene, among new characters, as a real world personage,—but surrounded by a rich haze of recollections which give zest to every new position. We have copied some odd passages, exhibiting the Messrs. Weller at Master Humphrey's, most delightfully, rather out of place, like a couple of old friends who, having taken leave after dinner, return, unexpectedly, to add to the cheerfulness of a new party at the supper table.

Original.—We have been favoured with a lecture delivered by G. R. Young, Esq. on a highly interesting subject. We give the first part of the discourse this week, and hope to lay the conclusion before our readers in our next.

Critiques on Shakspeare, two of which appear in to-day's number, will afford treats for several weeks to come.

News of the Week.—The arrival of the Great Western at New York, has furnished London dates to June 3d.

A new Bill, for the settlement of the Canada Clergy Reserve question, had been introduced to the Commons by Lord John Russell. It purported to give a fourth of the property to the Church of England, a fourth to the Church of Scotland, and a half to other denominations.

The Canada Union Bill was going through the Commons.

A motion for the Repeal of the Corn Laws was negatived 300, to 177.

Registration Bills for England and Ireland were introduced. The defeat of Lord Stanley's Bill was anticipated.

A motion for the abolition of Transportation was negatived. The Timber Ship Deck Load law had been renewed for two years.

York Minster suffered by fire, to the amount of about £20,000.

The season was generally promising in Great Britain.

The French had gained some successes over the Arabs at Algiers, with severe losses in men.

Among other failures in St. John, N. B., is mentioned that of Mr. Whitney, the steam boat proprietor.

Magdalen Islands, it is said, are to be annexed to the government of P. E. Island.

Temperance.—Rev. Mr. Knowlan is to lecture on Temperance next Sunday evening at the Old Baptist Chapel,—service to commence at 7 o'clock.

The signs of the times, happily, seem strong in favour of the great Temperance reformation. Supposing matters to make progress as they promise, what vast results may another generation witness. Honoured are the co-operators in such a work, and unenviable, indeed, the position of those who appear in opposition.

At a recent meeting of the British and Foreign Temperance Society, held in London, it was announced that the present number of tee-totallers in the United Kingdom might be stated at 3,250, 000, of which two millions were natives of Ireland. These are magnificent results of agitation in the moral department.

A late American paper furnishes the following scrap as illustrative of that under-current in the cause, which cannot immediately appear as swelling the lists of the societies.

"Ashamed of it.—A writer in the New Haven Record mentions it as one of the signs of the times, that in looking over the advertising columns of the newspapers of that city, there was not found a single advertisement of rum, gin, brandy, or any other article of that description, whereas, a short time since, the papers were full of such advertisements. We guess that our respectable rumsellers (who are getting very scarce) are already more than a little ashamed of themselves."

The most striking proofs of the effects of the Temperance system, are given, when they appear connected with the trade of a country.

Flowers.—This is the season of those stars of earth, and happy, to the wight immured in town, appears the lot of him who lives amid verdant suburban shades, surrounded by Jillyflowers, and Jonquils, and Tulips, and Columbines, and all manner of garden beauties. While the one inhales the loaded atmosphere of streets and wharves, and sees sunrise and noon and sunset through the one dusty medium,—the other breathes the essences of all fragrant things, while his eye is charmed with scenes of indescribable loveliness.

But, happily, all who are denied the jessamine porch, and the sweet-briar hedge, and the garden avenue,—are not also denied all connection with those cheap luxuries which outshine Solomon's splendour. From the Wall flower, or the Nastursiun, or the horse-shoe Geranium—which blesses the windows of many a back room, glinting out on solitary yards,—or of many a garret which has fields of shingles for its prospect,—from these more common, but still beautiful gifts of Flora—which are tended with constant care and soul-softening sympathy, and flourish in spite of smoke and soot and shade—to the Carnation, and the Regent, and the Coronation, and the Boquet, and many other gorgeous specimens,—a splendid list appears, which are ready to grace city dwellings with their presence, and which get the significant and endearing name of House-flowers. These may nourish much of the spirit of garden-love far from gardens, and even leave little to be desired, as regards the tint and perfume of the commonwealth of flowers.

Our ain-town here, exhibits much of this in-door cultivation, and many a window exhibits clusters which delight the eye of the passer and speak eloquently of the taste of some of the inmates of the mansion.

Passengers—In the Dolphin, from Newfoundland—Mr. and Miss Piers, Miss Tree, and 24 in the steerage.——In the Courtney from Liverpool G. B.—Messrs. Buxton and Rawson.——In the Collector for Bermuda—Mr. Robinson.

MARRIED.

On Saturday morning last, by the Rev. Fitzgerald Uniacke, Alfred Augustus Malet, Esquire, 8th or King's Regt. to Eleanor Ann, only daughter of the late Frederick Passow, Esq.

On Tuesday last, by the Rev. Mr. Martin, Mr. James Scott, to Miss Margaret Kelly.

DIED.

On Sunday evening, Charles Witham, youngest son of Mr. Robert Hodges, of this town, aged 1 year and 7 months.

On Friday evening last, after a lingering illness, Winkworth, third son of the late Mr. Winkworth Norwood, of Her Majesty's Dock Yard, aged 46 years.

On Monday morning, Mr. Thomas Boyd.

On Tuesday, Mr. W. J. Clarke, in the 34th year of his age, for several years a shipmaster out of the Port of Halifax, son of the late Doctor Jonathan W. Clarke, of Sydney, Cape Breton.—His funeral will take place this day, at 4 o'clock, precisely, from his late residence in Brunswick Street.

Yesterday, of consumption, Catherine, only daughter of the late Mr. George Power, of this town, in the 29th year of her age.

Early yesterday morning, aged 48 years, Mr. Samuel Cupples; his funeral will take place on Saturday next, between the hours of four and five, from his late residence, Dock Yard Street, when the friends and acquaintances of the family are respectfully invited to attend.

SAINT MARY'S SEMINARY.

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

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

PROFESSORS.

Spanish.......................................Rev. L. J. Dease.
French.......................................Rev. W. Ivers.
Greek and Latin, First Class...............Mr. M. Hannan.
Do. Do. Second Class...............Mr. R. O'Flaherty.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Terms for Boarders—£33 per annum.

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

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

June 20.

ST. MARY'S SEMINARY.

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

June 20.

NO. 88 & 89, GRANVILLE STREET.

CALL AND SEE.

THE SUBSCRIBER has received, per recent arrivals from Great Britain, the largest collection of

JUVENILE WORKS

ever before offered for sale in this town, among which are to be found a number of Peter Parley's, Miss Edgeworth's, Mrs. Child's, and Mrs. Hoffland's publications.

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

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

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

May 9. ARTHUR W. GODFREY.

NO. 88 & 89, GRANVILLE STREET.

THE SUBSCRIBER has just received, per Acadian, from Greenock,

Doway Bibles and Testaments for the use of the Laity,
The Path to Paradise,
Key to Heaven,
Poor Man's Manual,
Missal,
Butler's first, second, and general Catechisms.

May 9. ARTHUR W. GODFREY.

MR. W. F. TEULON,

ACCOUCHEUR, &c.

DESIROUS that Professional aid at the Confinements of Mothers (considering themselves at present unable to afford it), might be generally rendered as in Great Britain, and other countries, offers himself to attend such, in any part of the town, at the same rate which obtains there: namely, £1 1 0 Sterling, visits during the recovery of the patient included.

Upper Water Street, Halifax, opposite Mr. Wm. Roche's Store.

May 16, 1840.

NAPOLEON'S TELEGRAPH ON MONTMARTRE.

"In my ramblings round Paris during the days of Napoleon, my steps always turned, at the beginning or end of my ramble, towards *Montmartre*, and my eyes always to the Telegraph upon its summit. I constantly found a number of people lingering there; watching, like myself, the movements of the machine which had sent out so many awful messages in its time. It was, of course, especially busy during the foreign campaigns of the great King-warrior. Its perfect stillness, until it began its communications; and then its sudden, various, and eccentric movements, of which no cause could be discovered, and whose purpose was a secret of state; made it to me, and to thousands of others, the most singular, and perhaps the most anxious of all contemplations, at a period when every act of the Government shook Europe."—*MSS. Journal.*

I see thee standing on thy height,
A form of mystery and might,
Thou strange, uncouth, and shapeless thing,
Tossing thy arms with sullen swing,
Like the bare pinions of some monstrous bird,
Or skeleton, by its old spirit stirred.

I saw thee once. The eve was wild,
The snow was on the vineyard piled,
The forest bent before the gale;
And thou, amid the twilight pale,
Towering above thy mountain's misty spine,
Didst stand, like some old lightnight-blasted pine.

But evil instinct seem'd to fill
Thy ghastly form. With sudden thrill
I saw thee fling thine arms on high,
As if in challenge to the sky;
Ay, all its tempests, all its fires were tame
To thy fierce flight—thy words of more than flame!

The thunderbolt was launched that hour,
Berlin, that smote thy royal tower!
That sign the living deluge roll'd,
By Poland's dying groan foretold.
One rising sun, *one* bloody setting shone,
And dust and ashes were on Frederick's throne!

Talk of the necromancer's spell!
In forest depths, in magic cell,
Was never raised so fierce a storm,
As when thy solitary form
Into the troubled air its wild spells hurl'd,
Thou sullen shaker of a weary world.

I saw thee once again. 'Twas morn:
Sweet airs from summer fields were borne,
The sun was in the laughing sky;
I saw thy startling limbs outfly,
And felt, that in that hour I saw the birth
Of some new curse, that might have clouded earth.

The soundless curse went forth—it passed.
'Twas answer'd by the trumpet blast,
'Twas answered by the cannon roar,
Pale Danube, on thy distant shore.
That sign of woe let loose the iron horde
That crush'd in gore the Hapsburg helm and sword!

Again I look'd—'twas day's decline;
Thy mount was purple with the vine;
The clouds in rosy beauty slept,
The birds their softest vesper kept;
The plain, all flowers, was one rich painted floor,
And thou, wild fiend, even thou wast still once more.

I saw thee from thy slumber start;
That blow was, Russia, to thy heart!
That hour the shaft was shot, that rent
The curtains of the Tartar tent.
That voiceless sign to wolf and vulture cried,
Come to your fiercest feast of Homicide.

Then swept the sword, and blazed the shell,
Then armies gave the dying yell;
Then burning cities lit the gloom,
The groans of Empire in its doom!
Till all was death—then came the final ban,
And Heaven broke down the strength too strong for man.

Then earth was calm. I saw thee sleep—
Once more I saw thy thin arms sweep.
Napoleon's blazing star was wan!
The master of the Talisman
Was dungeon'd far upon the ocean-wave—
Thine were the silent tidings of his grave.

Blackwood's Magazine.

LONDON BRIDGE.

* * * Here we are, then, over the very spot where the old bridge stood for nearly a thousand years. The waters roll over its site, coal barges and wherries are moored over its foundations, and its juvenile successor, a thing of yesterday, rears its head proudly, close alongside. In the interval of time that seperates the erection of the two structures, what changes the world has seen! The physical world has seen none; the tides still roll, and the seasons still succeed each other in the same order; but the mind of man, the world which rules the world—how immense the progress it has made! Even while that old bridge lasted, man stepped from barbarism to civilization. Hardly one of the countless thousands that now pour in living streams from morning to night over the pathway of its successor, has time to waste a thought on the old one, or the lesson it might teach him. Its duration was of twenty generations of mankind; it seemed built to defy time and the elements, and yet it has crumbled at last. Becoming old and frail, it stood in people's way; and was pulled to pieces without regret, twenty or thirty years, perhaps, before the time when it would have fallen to destruction of its own accord. All this time the river has run below unchanged and unchangeable, the same as it flowed thousands of years ago, when the now busy thoroughfares on either side were only swamps, inhabited only by the frog and the bittern, and when painted savages prowled about the places that are now the marts of commerce and the emporium of the world.

A complete *resume* of the manners and character of the people of England may be gleaned from the various epochs in the age of the old bridge. First, it was a crazy wooden structure, lined on each side with rows of dirty wooden huts, such as befitted a rude age, and a people just emerging from barbarism. Itinerant dealers in all kinds of goods spread out their wares on the pathway, making a market of the thoroughfare, and blocking it up with cattle to sell, or waggon-loads of provender. The bridge, while in this primitive state, was destroyed many times by fire, and as many times built up again. Once, in the reign of William Rufus, it was carried away by a flood, and its fragments swept into the sea. The continual expense of these renovations induced the citizens, under the superintendence of Peter of Colchurch, to build it up of stone. This was some improvement; but the houses on either side remained as poor and miserable as before, dirty outside, and pestilential within. Such was its state, during the long unhappy centuries of feudalism. What a strange spectacle it must have afforded at that time!—what an emblem of all the motley characteristics of the ruled and rulers! Wooden huts and mud floors for the people,—handsome stone chapels and oratories, adorned with statues and stained glass, for the clergy; and drawbridges, and portcullises, and all the paraphernalia of attack and defence at either end, to show a government founded on might rather than right, and to mark the general insecurity of the times; while, to crown all, the awful gate toward Southwark, but overlooking the stream, upon which, for a period of nearly three hundred years, it was rare for the passenger to go by without seeing a human head stuck upon a pike, blackening and rotting in the sun. In 1471, after the defeat of the famous Falconbridge, who made an attack upon London, his head and nine others were stuck upon the bridge together, upon ten spears where they remained visible to all comers, till the elements had left nothing of them but the bones. The legs of Sir Thomas Wyatt were exhibited from the same spot, during the reign of Mary. Even the Mayors of London had almost as much power to kill and destroy as the Kings and Queens, so reckless was the age of the life of man. In 1335, the Mayor, one Andrew Aubrey, ordered seven skinners and fishmongers, whose only offence was rioting in the street, aggravated by personal insult to himself, to be beheaded without form of trial. Their heads were also exposed on the bridge, and the Mayor was not called to an account for his conduct. Jack Cade, in the hot fervour of his first successes, imitated this fine example, and set up Lord Saye's head at the same place, little thinking how soon his own would bear it company.

How different are the glories of the new bridge! Of the millions of heads that crowd it every year, busy in making money or taking pleasure, not one dreads the executioner's knife. Every man's head is his own; and if either King or Lord Mayor dare to meddle with it, it is at his peril. We have luckily passed the age when law makers could be law breakers, and every man walks in security. While no human heads adorn, no wooden hovels disfigure the new bridge, or block up the view of the water. Such a view as the one from that place was never meant to be hidden. The 'unbounded Thames that flows for all mankind,' and into whose port 'whole nations enter with every tide,' bearing with them the wealth of either hemisphere, is a sight that only needs to be seen to be wondered at. And if there is a sight from John o' Groat's house to the Land's End, of which an Englishman may be proud, it is that. Other sights which we can show to the stranger may reflect more credit upon the *land*, but that does honour to the *men*, and is unequalled among any other nation on the globe.—*Bentley's Mag.*

THE WIFE.—That woman deserves not a husband's generous love who will not greet him with smiles as he returns from the labours of the day; who will not try to chain him to his home by the sweet enchantment of a cheerful heart. There is not one in a thousand that is so unfeeling as to withstand such an influence, and break away from such a home.

RECEPIES, &c.

HYDROPHOBIA.—We are indebted to Mr Coster, a French physician, for the following valuable discovery, as a preventative to hydrophobia: Take two table-spoonfulls of fresh chloride of lime in powder, mix it with half a pint of water, and with this wash keep the wound constantly bathed, and frequently renewed. The chlorine gas possesses the power of decomposing this tremendous poison, and renders mild and harmless that venom against whose resistless attack the artillery of medical science has been so long directed in vain. It is necessary to add, that this wash should be applied as soon as possible after the infliction of the bite. Another plan, which has been extensively tried at Breslau, Zurich, and many other parts of the continent, consists not merely in cutting out the bitten part, (mere incision has been found too often unavailing,) but in combining with the incision the effectual means for keeping open the wound, and maintaining it in a state of suppuration during a period of at least six weeks. Other curative means, as the exhibition of mercury, balia-dona, or lyltoe, were also employed in these cases; but upon these, it is thought, little reliance can be placed. The following are the results of this treatment:—From 1810 to 1824, the number of persons admitteed into the Breslau hospital was 184, of whom two only died of hydrophobia. From 1783 to 1824, inclusive, there were admitted into the hospital at Zurich 233 persons, bitten by animals, (182 by dogs,) of whom only four died—two on the second day of admission, and in whom the disease had probably become developed before they were submitted to the treatment, and the other two were bitten in parts (inside of the cheek and eyelid) where the prescribed means could not be employed with the requisite exactness.

INFALLIBLE CURE FOR THE BITE OF A MAD DOG.—Take Rue, six ounces; Garlic, four ounces; Venice Treacle, eight ounces; Filings of Pewter, four ounces. Boil it half an hour in two quarts of old ale. Strain off and bottle for use. A wine-glassful is a dose, morning and evening; to be repeated for ten days. The wounds may be bathed with salt and water, and treated as other wounds. The patient should live in a warm room, be frequently bled, and should smell of a fresh peeled onion after taking each dose. We know this medicine is to be relied upon, and is not inferior to any other. We also give it to cattle in discretionable proportion. This is the medicine that was so popular a century ago at Caythorpe in Lincolnshire; all the infected that took it recovered, and those that did not died. Tie up the mouths of cattle, or to the rack, for the same space of time, for until the medicine passes the stomach.

A Philadelphia physician, in the United States Gazette, gives the following remedy for scalds and burns, which he states from 12 years experience to be a certain remedy. The relief is almost instantaneous: from a minute to half an hour, will usually find full relief from pain. No matter what the extent of the burn, even if the skin is removed from the body.

Take soot from a chimney where wood is burned, rub it fine, and mix one part soot, to three parts, or nearly so, of hog's lard, fresh butter, or any kind of fresh grease, that is not salted, spread this on linen or muslin, or any cotton cloth, for easier or more perfect adaption. If in very extensive burns or scalds, the cloth should be torn into strips before putting over the scald, let the remedy be freely and fully applied, so as to perfectly cover all the burned part. No other application is required until the patient is well, except to apply fresh applications of the soot and lard, &c.

In steamboat explosions, this remedy can in nearly all cases be at once applied, and if done, many valuable lives will be saved, and a vast amount of suffering alleviated.

The experience of almost six thousand years has testified the incompetency of every worldly thing to make men truly happy. But the practice and course of the world are such, as if this were some late and sure experiment, which, for curiosity, every one must be trying over again. Every age renews the inquiry after an earthly felicity.

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