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For the Pearl.

STANZAS.

..... "Ignorance is the curse of God.  
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to Heaven."—Shakspeare.

I  
O let that curse no more controul  
The minds that else were pure and high,  
But lend in youth the soaring soul  
The wing with which she seeks the sky!  
The darkest clouds that round us lie,  
The gloom that o'er the earth prevails—  
That shrouds the soul and dims the eye—  
That feared and fatal curse entails!

II

Unmindful of your heavenly birth,  
Ye weigh your hoards of treasured gold  
Against the soul's immortal worth,  
And hide a mine of thought untold,  
That else would all its light unfold!  
Oh! lost to every nobler aim,  
To Mammon's hateful service sold,  
Who quench the soul's ethereal flame!

III

Behold how bright, how fair a scene  
Our heavenly Maker's hand hath wrought!  
The glorious sky—the wide terrene!  
O think ye these were made for nought?  
For aims and ends with wisdom fraught  
God gave to man a living soul:  
O prize the gift, and take ye thought  
Its wayward passions to controul!

1840.

J. McP.

## THE POOR RELATION.

'Will you tell me,' said the stranger, 'inquiring at the door of a descendant of the Worthingtons, whose the dwelling of Thomas Worthington, Esq. is?'

'It is that noble edifice which you see yonder beyond the long row of factories.'

The enquirer moved slowly on, apparently scarcely able to sustain himself, from physical imbecility. He was met at the outer gate by a servant.

'Will you tell your master that a distant relation, from across the water, who experienced many misfortunes, desires to see him.'

The servant returned, and ushered the traveller into the outer hall; and in a few minutes the owner of the mansion appeared.

'I am, sir, your supplicant,' said the stranger. 'You doubtless recollect, that a brother of your mother, residing in Scotland, had many sons. Misfortunes have thickened upon one of them. He is poor, and from a recent loss of every thing by shipwreck, is now pennyless. He begs a lodging at your hands, and something wherewith to clothe his almost naked frame.'

'I have nothing to give to stragglers,' said the lord of the mansion. 'Most persons like you are impostors.'

'I am no impostor,' said the petitioner; 'here is proof that I am not,' taking a letter from his pocket; 'but I am your poor cousin; and if you will but relieve my pressing wants, Providence may put it in my power to reward your kindness.'

'I repeat I have nothing to give; and I should advise you to get some daily work to supply your wants.'

The stranger heaved a deep sigh and left the house. He tottered on. It was impossible to pass many dwellings, without encountering one owned and occupied by a Worthington or his descendant. He called upon many; told his misfortunes, and solicited relief; but all were deaf to his petition, and most of them shut the door in his face.

Late in the evening, an old Quaker gentleman, who accidentally heard the poor relation's story, while passing the door of the Worthingtons, offered him a lodging and supper. He went with the benevolent old gentleman, and on the following morning he again wandered forth to renew his calls of the day before. It was observed that he was very particular not to neglect to call upon every son of the deceased Mr. Worthington. He expended several days in this way, but every where there appeared the undisguised dread of a 'poor relation.'

At length he sought the magnificent dwelling of the hon. Benjamin Worthington, which was situated about two miles from the main settlement of the village of Weckford. It stood upon a commanding eminence, which overlooked the village, and was justly regarded as one of the most delightful rural retreats that the country could boast. After going through the usual ceremonies of the

door, he was introduced to the business office of the Oaklands Mansion. Presently the hon. Mr. Worthington appeared. The stranger repeated his solicitation for relief and claim as a relation; but here too he met with nothing but coldness and neglect.

'Then,' said the stranger, 'if you will not relieve the wants of your most unfortunate cousin, perhaps I can tell you something that will move your pity. You had a brother Thomas, who many long years ago most mysteriously disappeared?'

'Yes,' said the honorable gentleman; 'but he is no doubt dead, long and long ago.'

'He is not dead!' said the stranger, 'but after an age of misery, and misfortunes, he has returned in poverty and in rags; and now solicits you to clothe and feed him.'

'Impossible!' exclaimed the honorable Mr. Worthington. 'Here is a mark upon my arm, received by a burn when a child, which proves the truth of what I say,' said the long lost son.

Horror seemed to convulse the frame of the lord of the Oaklands.

'Take this note; go to the Swan hotel, a small tavern directly upon the road, about two miles beyond this, and I will come to you with some clothes, and money to provide you a passage over the seas.'

The stranger departed; but not to the Swan hotel did he bend his footsteps. He wandered to the confines of Weckford, where he was told that a distant relation of the Worthingtons lived, in a small cottage a few miles beyond. Here he resolved to make himself once more known. He did so; and found the inmate, the widow of a cousin who had come to this country and settled many years before in a neighbouring seaport. He had died, leaving a very small property to his widow, and an only child. Mrs. Amelia Perley—for this was the name of the lady, received the relative of her dear husband. She bade him welcome to her table; provided some clothing for him at once; and with a sweet smile, that added pleasure to the offer, she proffered him a home beneath her humble cottage, until he could find one more congenial. The poor stranger accepted the favour of the kind-hearted widow, with becoming thankfulness, and remained under her roof a short time; but at length suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. Whither he had gone, his kind hostess knew not, and the rich Worthingtons took no pains to enquire. They were not a little delighted to be so easily rid of a 'poor relation,' who might have been a burthen and a shame; but most of all was rejoiced the honorable Benjamin Worthington, to whom the disclosure of his relationship had been so alarming.

Time passed on, and the disappearance of the mendicant was forgotten in the whirl of fashion, business and pleasure; although the honourable elder brother was now visited by a painful recollection of the 'unfortunate' mark upon the arm of the returned wanderer.

It was a holiday in Weckford. Business was suspended, and the people were abroad, participating in the pastimes of the day. A superb carriage, with four white horses, and servants in livery, drove through Pleasant street, and stopped at the 'Mansion House,' the first hotel in Weckford. Parlours were taken in the name of 'Mr. Edmund Perley, and servants, from Scotland.' Forthwith it went on the wings of rumour that 'the rich Mr. Perley had arrived from Scotland.' As the Worthingtons were aware that the relations of their mother were reputed to be very rich in Scotland, they gathered to the hotel in great numbers, to offer their respects, and solicit the pleasure of honorable Mr. Perley's acquaintance. Day after day did the Worthingtons, and all the descendants, down to the lowest contiguity of blood, pour into the Mansion house, to beg the honour of the rich and honorable Mr. Perley's visit. The carriage of the honorable Benjamin Worthington was out from the Oaklands, and the barouche of Edward Worthington, Esq. from the Worthington Mansion. There was neither end to the family outpourings, nor to their solicitude to bestow attentions. The stranger was polite in his replies; and at last, in return, he invited all his kind relatives to honour him at his levee at the Mansion.

There never was such an outpouring of Worthingtons. The great halls of the Mansion House were filled to repletion. All was gaiety, beauty and fashion. It was a magnificent assemblage of the best and most respectable families of the town, and each one was anxious to outstrip the other in doing honour to the rich and distinguished Mr. Perley from abroad, when the 'poor relation' made his appearance in the midst of the brilliant assembly, dressed precisely in the same clothes in which he wandered through the village, and holding in his hand the same uncouth stick, cut from the wilds, which supported his feeble steps from house to house!

It would be impossible to delineate the various countenances which were there exhibited. We must leave the filling up of that picture to the imagination of the reader. It is only necessary to

add, that the stranger was the long lost Thomas, who had made an immense fortune in the Indies. He now immediately took steps to carry out the will of his beloved parent, receiving all the property it gave him. In the year following he purchased the delightful retreat of 'Auburn Grove,' where he erected a charming residence. He soon after led to the altar the amiable and affectionate young widow, Mrs. Amelia Perley, who was not too proud to welcome him to her humble cottage, as a relative of her departed husband, even though he appeared there in the borrowed tatters of poverty and misfortune. It was a lesson which is often repeated by the villagers at Weckford, and will do no harm by being repeated elsewhere.

## A SKETCH OF ENGLISH ARISTOCRACY.\*

From "Ten Thousand a Year"—Blackwood's Magazine.

## GOING TO THE COUNTRY.

"How you love the 'dear old place,' Kate!" exclaimed Aubrey, in such an affectionate tone as brought his sister in an instant to his side, to urge on her suit; and there stood the Lord of Yatton embraced by these two beautiful women, his own heart seconding every word they uttered.

"How my mother would stare!" said he at length, irresolutely. "What a bustle every thing will be in!" exclaimed Kate. "I fancy I'm there already! The great blazing fires—the holly and mistletoe. We must all go, Charles—children and all."

"Why, really, I hardly know—"

"Oh! I've settled it all—and what's more, we've no time to lose; this is Tuesday—Christmas-day is Saturday—we must of course stop a night on the way. Hadn't we better have Griffiths in, to arrange all?"—Aubrey rang the bell.

"Request Mr. Griffiths to come to me," said he.

Within a very few minutes that respectable functionary had made his appearance, and received his instructions. The march to Shropshire was countermanded—and hey! for Yatton, for which they were to start the next day about noon. Mr. Griffiths first step was to pack off Sam, Mr. Aubrey's groom, by the Tally-ho, the first coach to York, starting at two o'clock that very day, with letters announcing the immediate arrival of the family. These orders were received by Sam (who had been born and bred at Yatton) while he was bestowing, with vehement sibillation, his customary civilities on a favourite mare of his master's. Down dropped his currycomb; he jumped into the air; snapped his fingers; then he threw his arms round Jenny and tickled her under the chin. "Dang it," said he, as he threw her another feed of oats, "I wish thee was going wi' me." Then he hastily made himself a bit tidy; presented himself very respectfully before Mr. Griffiths, to receive the wherewithal to pay his fare; and having obtained it, off he scampered to the Bull and Mouth, as if it had been a neck-and-neck race between him and all London, which should get down to Yorkshire first. A little after one o'clock his packet of letters was delivered to him; and within another hour Sam was to be seen (quite comfortable with a draught of spiced ale given him by the cook, to make his dinner sit well) on the top of the Tally-ho, rattling along the great North road.

"Come, Kate," said Mrs. Aubrey, entering Miss Aubrey's room, where she was giving directions to her maid, "I've ordered the carriage to be at the door as soon as it can be got ready; we must be off to Coutts—see!" She held two thin slips of paper, one of which she gave Miss Aubrey—'twas a check for one hundred pounds—her brother's usual Christmas box—and then we've a quantity of little matters to buy this afternoon. Come, love, quick!"

Now, Kate had spent nearly all her money, which circumstance, connected with another which I shall shortly mention, had given the poor girl not a little concern. At her earnest request, her brother had, about a year before, built her a nice little school, capable of containing some eighteen or twenty girls, on a slip of land near the vicarage, and old Mrs. Aubrey and her daughter found a resident school-mistress, and, in fact, supported the little establishment, which, at the time I am speaking of, contained some seventeen or eighteen of the villagers' younger children. Miss Aubrey took a prodigious interest in this little school, scarce a day passing without her visiting it when she was at Yatton; and what Kate wanted, was the luxury of giving a Christmas present to both mistress and scholars. That, however, she would have had some difficulty in effecting but for her brother's timely present, which had quite set her heart at ease. On their return, the carriage was crowded with the things they had been purchasing; articles of clothing for the fee-

bler old villagers; work-boxes, samplers, books, testaments, prayer books, &c. &c. for the school; the sight of which, I can assure the reader, made Kate far happier than if they had been the costliest articles of dress and jewelry.

The next day was a pleasant one for travelling—"frosty but kindly." About one o'clock there might have been seen standing before the door the roomy yellow family carriage, with four post horses, all in travelling trim. In the rumble sat Mr. Aubrey's valet and Mrs. Aubrey's maid—Miss Aubrey's, and one of the nursery maids, going down by the coach which had carried Sam—the Tally-ho. The coach-box was piled up with that sort of luggage which, by its lightness and bulk, denotes lady travelling; inside were Mrs. and Miss Aubrey, muffled in furs, shawls, and pelisses; a nursery maid, with little Master and Miss Aubrey, equally well protected from the cold; and the vacant seat awaited Mr. Aubrey, who at length made his appearance, having been engaged in giving specific instructions concerning the forwarding of his letters and papers. As soon as he had taken his place, and all had been snugly disposed within, the steps were doubled up—crack! crack! went the whips of the two postillions, and away rolled the carriage over the dry hard pavement.

"Now that's what I call doing it uncommon comfortable," said a pot-boy to one of the footmen at an adjoining house, where he was delivering the porter for the servants' dinner; "how werry nice and snug them two looks in the rumble behind."

"He goes to-morrow," carelessly replied the gentleman he was addressing.

"It's a fine thing to be gentlefolk," said the boy, taking up his pot-board.

"Ya-as," drawled the footman, twitching up his shirt collar.

On drawing up to the posting house, which was within about forty miles of Yatton, the Aubreys found a carriage and four just ready to start, after changing horses; and whose should this prove to be but Lord De la Zouch's, containing himself, his lady, and his son, Mr. Delamere. His lordship and his son both alighted on accidentally discovering who had overtaken them; and coming up to Mr. Aubrey's carriage windows, exchanged surprised and cordial greetings with its occupants, whom Lord De la Zouch imagined to have been by this time on their way to Shropshire. Mr. Delamere manifested a surprising eagerness about the welfare of little Agnes Aubrey, who happened to be lying fast asleep in Miss Aubrey's lap; but the evening was fast advancing, and both the travelling parties had before them a considerable portion of their journey. After a hasty promise on the part of each to dine with the other before returning to town for the season—a promise which Mr. Delamere at all events resolved should not be lost sight of—they parted.

#### ARRIVING AT THE MANSION.

'Twas eight o'clock before Mr. Aubrey's eye, which had been for some time on the look out, caught sight of Yatton woods; and when it did, his heart yearned towards them. The moon shone brightly and cheerily, and it was pleasant to listen to the quickening clattering tramp of the horses upon the dry hard highway, as the travellers rapidly neared a spot endeared to them by every tender association. When within half a mile of the village they overtook the worthy Vicar, who had mounted his nag, and been out on the road to meet the expected comers for an hour before. Aubrey roused Mrs. Aubrey from her nap, to point out Dr. Tatham, who at that time was cantering along beside the open window. 'Twas refreshing to see the cheerful old man—who looked as ruddy and hearty as ever.

"All well?" he exclaimed, riding close to the window.

"Yes,—but how is my mother?" enquired Aubrey.

"High spirits—high spirits: was with her this afternoon. I have not seen her better for years. So surprised. Ah! here's an old friend—Hector!"

"Bow-wow-wow! Bow!—Bow-wow!"

"Papa! papa!" exclaimed the voice of little Aubrey, struggling to get on his father's lap to look out of the window. "that is Hector! I know it is! He is come to see me! I want to look at him!"

Mr. Aubrey lifted him up as he desired, and a huge black and white Newfoundland dog almost leaped up to the window at sight of him clapping his little hands, as if in eager recognition, and then scampered and bounded about in all directions, barking most boisterously, to the infinite delight of little Aubrey. This messenger had been sent on by Sam, the groom, who had been on the look-out for the travellers for some time; and the moment he caught sight of the carriage, pelted down the village, through the park at top speed, up to the hall, there to communicate the good news. The travellers thought that the village had never looked so pretty and picturesque before. The sound of the carriage dashing through it called all the cottagers to their doors, where they stood bowing and curtsying. They soon reached the park gates, which were thrown wide open in readiness for its entrance. As they passed the church, they heard its little bells ringing a merry peal to welcome their arrival: its faint chimings went to their very hearts.

"My darling Agnes, here we are again in the old place," said Mr. Aubrey, in a joyous tone, affectionately kissing Mrs. Aubrey and his sister, as, after having wound their way up the park at almost a gallop, they heard themselves rattling over the stone pavement immediately under the old turret gateway. In approaching it, they saw lights glancing about in the hall windows; and before

they had drawn up, the great door was thrown open, and several servants (one or two of them grey-headed) made their appearance, eager to release the travellers from their long confinement. A great wood fire was crackling and blazing in the fire place opposite the door, casting a right pleasant and cheerful light over the various antique objects ranged around the walls; but the object on which Mr. Aubrey's eye instantly settled was the venerable figure of his mother, standing beside the fire-place with one or two female attendants. The moment that the carriage door was opened, he stepped quickly out, (nearly tumbling, by the way, over Hector, who appeared to think that the carriage door was opened only to enable him to jump in, which he was prepared to do.)

"God bless you, Madame," faltered Aubrey, his eyes filling with tears as he received his mother's fervent, but silent greeting, and imagined that the arms folded around him were somewhat feebler than when he had last felt them embracing him. With similar affection was the good old lady received by her daughter and daughter-in-law.

"Where is my pony, grandmamma?" quoth little Aubrey, running up to her, (he had been kept quiet for the last eighty miles or so, by the mention of the aforesaid pony.) "Where is it? I want to see my little pony directly! Mamma says you have got a little pony for me with a long tail; I must see it before I go to bed; I must indeed, is it in the stable?"

"You shall see it in the morning, my darling—the very first thing," said Mrs. Aubrey, fervently kissing her beautiful little grandson, while tears of pride and joy ran down her cheek. She then pressed her lips on the delicate but flushed face of little Agnes, who was fast asleep; and as soon as they had been conducted towards their nursery, Mrs. Aubrey, followed by her children, led the way to the dining room—the dear delightful old dining room, in which all of them had passed so many happy hours of their lives. It was large and lofty; and two antique branch silver candlesticks, standing on sconces upon each side of a strange old straggling carved mantelpiece of inlaid oak, aided by the blaze given out by two immense logs of wood burning beneath, thoroughly illuminated it. The walls were oak-paneled, containing many pictures, several of them of great value; and the floor also was of polished oak, over the centre of which, however, was spread a rich, thickly covered turkey carpet. Opposite the door was a large mullioned bay-window, then, however, concealed behind an ample flowing crimson curtain. On the further side of the fireplace stood a high backed and roomy arm chair, almost covered with Kate's embroidery, and in which Mrs. Aubrey had evidently, as usual, been sitting till the moment of their arrival—for on a small ebony table beside it lay her spectacles, and an open volume. Nearly fronting the fireplace was a recess, in which stood an exquisitely black carved ebony cabinet, inlaid with white and red ivory. This Miss Aubrey claimed as her own, and had appropriated it to her purposes ever since she was seven years old. "You dear old thing," said she, throwing open the folding doors—"Everything just as I left it! Really, dear mamma, I could skip about the room for joy! I wish Charles would never leave Yatton again."

"It's rather lonely, my love, when none of you are with me," said Mrs. Aubrey. "I feel getting older!"

"Dearest mamma," interrupted Miss Aubrey, quickly, "I won't leave you again! I'm quite tired of town—I am indeed!"

Though fires were lit in their several dressing rooms, of which they were more than once reminded by their respective attendants, they all remained seated before the fire in carriage costume, (except that Kate had thrown aside her bonnet, her half-uncurled tresses hanging in negligent profusion over her thickly-furred pelisse,) eagerly conversing about the incidents of their journey, and the events which had transpired at Yatton since they had quitted it. At length, however, they retired to perform the refreshing duties of the dressing room, before sitting down to supper.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### PANORAMA OF VERSAILLES.

Mr. Burford has opened a sunny spot in the midst of the wintry gloom; and those who in their passage through Leicester Square step aside and enter the magic circle drawn by his pencil, will find themselves surrounded with the splendour and gaiety of the Palace and Gardens of St. Louis on the Fete of St. Louis. Versailles, to be seen in its glory—we might almost say to be seen at all—should be viewed on a fete-day, one of those rare occasions here presented; when the eight grand fountains, as well as the minor jets d'eau, are in full play; and the stately parterres and terraces of Le Notre—the statues that line the clipped hedges interspersed with orange and pomegranate trees—are thronged with the motley groups that make up a Parisian multitude: the rushing and plashing of the numerous cascades—their silvery spray cooling the air, and reflecting in rainbow hues the rays of light—the hum and movement of the crowds, the gay dresses and animated faces—these are essential accompaniments to the delights of Versailles. Without them, the formal avenues, the broad gravel-walks and spacious grass-plots, connected by marble steps and bordered by vases and statues, look vacant and triste like an empty ball-room: the solitude is chilling; you wander about in a waste of grandeur, as if roaming over an empty mansion. It is a scene of art, though out of doors; the waving foliage overtopping the verdurous walls of the alleys seems but a few stray locks of Nature's tresses suffered to se-

cape in order to set off the skill of the friseur. The basins look like huge cisterns; and the plumbers-work that obtrudes in the midst of gods and goddesses, destroys by its mechanicalness the effect of the sculpture, wanting the glassy forms of the falling water, to veil those contrivances and give completeness to the design. Retirement is out of the question: if you find a nook to repose in, a fac-simile of it stares you in the face; and threading the alleys is like walking through a problem in geometry. The gardens, however, are in accordance with the Palace, to which they form a verdant fringe or bordering, cut out of the landscape to adorn the building.

The scene is animated and characteristic of the French. The visiter is supposed to stand in the central walk of the terrace called the Parterre d'Eau; on one side stretches out the grand façade, or Western front of the palace; on the other the lengthened perspective of the gardens opens to view the great fountains of Latona and Apollo, the *tapis vert*, and the grand canal—a glimpse of the country beyond terminating the vista. The sky is bright and almost cloudless: the slant rays of a declining August sun light up the yet summer greenness of the foliage, and are reflected from the red glare of the gravel, which by contrast lends a cooler freshness to the shady spots, and brings out the marbles in all their whiteness. The groups of Parisian promenaders are judiciously distributed, so as to enliven the scene without being too prominent, and heightening by the colours of the costumes the pictorial effect: the figures are admirably painted from sketches made on the spot, and stand out in bold relief; and their perspective is managed with great tact, so as to represent the descent of the garden from the terrace, and the spaciousness of the promenades. Here a fierce dandy of La Jeune France, with long hair and "bearded like the pard," is escorting a Parisian *élégante*; there a dragoon, with blood-red trousers and facings, struts along with a white-capped soubrette on each arm; children in fantastic dresses are seen flocking round the "limonadier," or vender of sweetmeats; and workmen and peasants, wearing the "blouse," mingle with the gayly dressed throng, among whom may be seen, conspicuous by his "bow window," the brave Englishman. The white spires of the jets d'eau peeping above the trees in other parts of the gardens, convey an idea of their extent; and the houses of the town and distant heights seen beyond indicate the character of the surrounding country.

The palace itself is, as in the reality, the least striking feature: its immense extent diminishes the apparent height of the building, which thus fails to produce an effect of grandeur commensurate with its magnificence. Its magnitude only becomes evident upon a calculation of its superficial dimensions; and as we arrive at this knowledge only by detail, the whole is not impressive. The long centre and the two long wings, made up of a continuous reiteration of the same parts, without even a portico to vary the monotony of the elevation, and with neither dome nor tower to break the line of the roof, are any thing but imposing: seen at a distance necessary to embrace the whole length of the façade, the edifice looks low; and the multiplicity of windows destroys the beauty of the architectural details. The whole scheme, in effect, is on a scale so vast, that it defeats the intention: as an effort of aggrandizement, it is a signal failure—a huge "too much." Versailles is the "folly" of Louis le Grand; for though he finished it by draining the wealth of the country, it is too big to be used; and the very greatness of the palace makes the court seem little that cannot fill it. It is said to have accommodated at one time 20,000 persons, in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth; but the experiment was too costly to be repeated. So enormous was the outlay for its erection, that even the pampered prodigal who built it feared to let the sum be known, and ordered the accounts to be burnt; so that the estimate of forty millions sterling is only conjectural. Louis Philippe has wisely converted it into a museum of paintings and sculpture commemorating the events of French history, reserving only a suite of state apartments for his own use. The sumptuous theatre cannot be lighted up without an expenditure so large that it is scarcely ever used: the great fountains, too, waste such deluges of water, that they can only be made to flow altogether twice a year—and then but for half an hour at a time. Nor is the splendour of "ce pompeux Versailles," as old Deille properly terms it, enhanced by the associations connected with the place: it was natural that this monument of the extravagance and luxury of a profligate king should be the scene of those terrible outbreaks of retributive vengeance, when the people became as mad as their Grand Monarque.—*London Spectator*.

##### PANORAMA OF BENARES.

Benares, the Holy City of the Hindoos, now occupies the place of Rome, in the large circle of Burford's Panorama. The sacred waters of the Ganges roll their broad and rapid flood where the yellow Tiber sluggishly crept along its narrow channel; Moslem mosques and minarets and Brahmin ghauts and pagodas taking the place of Christian domes and steeples and crumbling colonnades of heathen temples. The scene is striking from its novelty and strangeness no less than its picturesqueness, and the fancy is excited while the eye is gratified. The grand attraction of a panorama—namely, the power of placing you, as it were, bodily in a new world—is felt in a remarkable degree in this instance: scarcely a single object reminds one of Europe; you are at once transported into the midst of Asia, and live an hour in idea under an Indian climate and among a different race of men.

The view includes the whole extent of Benares, the seat of Brahminical learning and the sanctuary of Brahminical superstition, taken from the Ganges, on the left bank of which the city is built; a curve in the river causing it to form a sort of amphitheatre of buildings of the most fantastical shapes, piled up one above another on the steep bank to a great height, and advancing even beyond the water's edge. The various and singular styles of architecture, ruined walls and mud huts mixed with masses of masonry, and melon-shaped and conical cupolas, with here and there a slender minaret shooting up from battlemented walls; the number of ghauts—immense flights of steps to facilitate the approach of crowds of devotees who throng to bathe in the sacred stream; the buildings, of as many different colours as forms, interspersed with the foliage of the peepul and other trees: the whole scene, in fact, conveys an impression of the vast wealth of the few, the extreme poverty of the many, and the gross superstition of all, that throws an air of barbarism over the most elegant structures. The incidents on the river strengthen this impression: the edge of the stream is covered with shoals of bathers performing their ablutions, the most important and frequent of the Brahminical rites; while on the surface of the stream floats the garlanded corpse of some victim to superstition.

But more pleasing objects meet the eye in the native boats, their sterns rising high out of the water, with raised cabins of matting and thatch, looking like floating huts built on the slant, with the occupants perched on the roof, and carrying immense sails of grass mats, slightly tacked together, supported on tall bamboo masts, and propelled by long paddles resembling the "peel" that bakers use to draw the bread from out the oven. In contrast with the crank and crazy forms of these frail barks, are the neat and compact budge-rows or pleasure-boats of British residents of similar build, with raised cabins, covering the whole extent of the deck, closed in with Venetian lattices: the English Governor's pinnace, with its neat rigging, does not, however, strike the fancy like the 'moahpunkee' of the Indian potentate—a long, gayly-painted bow-shaped galley, its tall stern thrust up in the air, terminating in a peacock's head, and having a raised pavillion in the middle. The lightly clad or half-naked forms of the people—their dusky skins and graceful postures setting off their white or bright-coloured draperies and turbans—the elephants bathing, and the crocodile darting on his prey—the marques pitched on the shore, and the distant procession of some chief with his train of elephants and armed followers—complete the Oriental features of the view.

The arrangement and the execution of the paintings are, as usual, masterly; every individual object appears to be delineated with that spirited accuracy resulting from thorough knowledge of its characteristic points; and the general effect is such as to harmonize with the various details: the cloudless blue of the sky and the sunny glow of the atmosphere, its fiery heat tempered by the mist of evening, bring out with great vividness the infinity of hues that enliven the picture; the reflections in the water preventing any harshness from the assemblage of so many intense colours, by blending and softening the whole.—*ib.*

#### LA TABLE DES MARECHAUX.

When Napoleon returned from his German war, he raised the well known column in the Place de Vendôme, in honour of the army, and in commemoration of the battles fought during that war.

As a more minute, but no less remarkable memorial of that active period, he engaged the painter Isabey to procure a slab of Sevres porcelain, large enough for his purpose, and thereon to paint and enamel portraits of himself and the chiefs, his companions, during the campaigns in Germany.

After several failures, the slab was procured and painted at an expense, as is stated, of £12,000. It was presented by the Emperor, to the corporation of Paris, and placed by that body in the Musée at the Louvre, where it remained a monument of national glory, and a proportionate attraction to the visitors until the restoration, when it was returned (with some indignity) to the corporation, from whom it was purchased by the present possessor, who encountered considerable odium as a Napoleonist, by his purchase. He hoped, at the Revolution of 1830, that the best of republics would have appreciated his patriotism in desiring to preserve for France so curious a production; but he was, deceived, and after various vicissitudes La Table des Marechaux has come to England, forms an exhibition at the Western Exchange in Old Bond-street, and is to be disposed of, by a species of lottery, for 3,000 guineas.

The table is a simple circular frame of gilded brass, richly and appropriately sculptured, containing the slab of porcelain—a piece of art in itself of great rarity and value. The slab is supported by a strong short column of the same material, having a capital and pedestal of gilt and graven brass, bearing on its shaft figures of war, glory, victory, peace, plenty, and chiselled with peculiar force and fine taste from the porcelain itself. The face of the table is now glazed, and it represents, in rich enamel, portraits of the Emperor seated in his robes of state, surrounded by rays, on each of which is inscribed the name of a victorious combat, and between the rays are portraits of his Marshals—Soul, Davoust, Marmont, Lannes, Mortier, Ney, Murat, Bernadotte, Angereau, Caulaincourt, Duroc, Bessieres, and Alexander Berthier—admirable and impressive likenesses, and painted in a delicate and refined, yet strikingly ef-

fective style—so minute in finish, that the highest magnifier improves the appearance, and so rich in colour, that independently of the subject, the harmony and tone of the work are of themselves sufficient to justify its pretensions as a work of art. Soul, as he was in 1805, and as we lately saw him, are strangely contrasted; but as among the old men at Queen Victoria's coronation, the duke of Dalmatia was pre-eminent, so among the heroes of 1805 there is no face more finely expressive of genius or high resolve. This curious table will have many visitors, and from the nature of the scheme it is not at all unlikely that it may be purchased and remain among us. It might be well, by arrangement with the subscribers, to allow a certain number of chances to the British museum and some other public institutions, on payment of the proportionate amount of subscription.—*Lon. Atlas.*

#### MECHANICS' INSTITUTES AND PUBLIC LECTURES.

Among the most remarkable and peculiar characteristics of the present age, Mechanics' Institutes and lecture rooms occupy a prominent place. But it is often the fortune, or misfortune, of such agents of civilization that they work below the surface unseen by the crowd above, yet producing salutary effects which are felt every where; insensibly, perhaps, but surely exercising a deep and permanent influence on the tone and development of the national mind. When some philosophic historian shall come by and by to investigate the "motive-powers" of this period of movement and transition, he will assign a large space to the delineation of that adult-educational machinery which is now at work through these numerous channels of daily and hourly instruction; yet it may be asserted with confidence that the great bulk of the middle and upper classes really know very little about such institutions, beyond the bare fact of their existence.

Yet there is hardly a nook or corner where some such establishment may not be traced: the suburban neighbourhoods of London swarm with them, every town and village in the country has its theatre of practical knowledge, and wherever there is a population of two or three hundred souls, there, you may rely upon it, the standard of oral education has been unfurled amidst anxious groups of delighted listeners.

It matters little from what small beginnings these institutes, scientific and literary, take their rise; the power they possess for good is equally effective, whether they sprung out of a trifling subscription among the members who formed the nucleus of a future pantheon, or originated with a committee of men of rank and influence, whose example rapidly draws in contributions from all quarters. The virtue that is in the design ensures its own success; and from the most insignificant opening in the back parlour of a stationer's shop, the sphere of operation gradually enlarges until the institution is enabled to appropriate to itself a separate and complete establishment. You might pass one of those fountains of instruction without detecting it in the dense mass of shutters and doors and windows of a populous out-of-town street; for its wealth is all stored up in the warehouse within, instead of being lavished, like that of a speculative trader, upon the house front. Perhaps you are conducted down some blind alley which has a most unpropitious aspect for philosophy or the muses, and then led through a low door into a dark passage, where you tread cautiously till you come to a staircase, which you ascend with no little misgivings, wondering what is to come next of this low senate house of the mechanical orders. On a sudden you pass into a lighted amphitheatre, well-built, admirably constructed for hearing, filled with convenient seats capable of holding several hundred persons, crested with a commodious gallery, and having a commodious stage for the lecturer, where he is brought close to his hearers, with room enough for any description of models, maps, books, or pictures which the nature of his lectures may demand. The place is crowded with an attentive auditory; the utmost decorum prevails throughout; you are surrounded by artisans and their wives and daughters, who have come here, after the labours of the day, to enjoy an evening of intellectual pleasure; you trace the effect of every sentence in their features; you see that they follow the speaker step by step; that a luminous intelligence is gradually developed as the lecture proceeds; and, when it is over, a buzz of admiration denotes the new world of knowledge and gratitude which it has awakened in their understandings and their hearts. Perhaps the subject of the lecture has been chemistry, or steam, or astronomy, or horticulture, or history, or mechanical science, or music, or colonization, or poetry, or geography, or the art of design, or painting, or moral philosophy, or political economy—for all these, or rather all sciences and arts comprehended within the acquisitions of the age, are embraced, from time to time, in these institutions. And such is the scene which is unfolded to you in a lecture room, which is constantly open to the curious and enquiring, and of the exact nature of which multitudes of people who do not know how to get rid of their evenings, are wholly ignorant.—*Spec.*

#### THE SANATORIUM.

This excellent institution may now be considered as fairly set on foot, by the proceedings of a public meeting held recently at the London Tavern. The club system, hitherto confined to providing cheap luxuries for the wealthy, is in this instance applied to the useful and beneficent purpose of ameliorating the condition of the

middle classes in a time of sickness. What the public hospital is to the poor and working man, the Sanatorium will be to the intellectual labourer; with this difference, that instead of being indebted to a charity for relief, the subscriber will purchase a right to a full share of the benefits of the establishment much cheaper than he could procure ordinary comforts and attendance under similar circumstances. The advantages of such an institution to great numbers of persons in this metropolis, who by education and social position are rendered keenly alive to the want of those appliances and means of recovery, which are as important as medical skill in combating disease, are so evident, that one would think it is only necessary to make known the fact of its existence in order to ensure it support.

To the great majority of persons in the middle ranks of life, who owe their subsistence to personal exertions, a fit of sickness is a heavy calamity; threatening, if it does not actually involve, loss of the very means of existence, temporary privation and embarrassment, and the bodily and mental suffering consequent thereon. These evils may be materially lessened, if not altogether prevented, by that timely resource to a curative process which the Sanatorium will induce. Reluctance to call in medical advice, and to "lay up" on a slight attack of illness caused by functional disorders, frequently superinduces organic diseases that shorten life and make it a daily state of suffering. For such ailments, diet, relaxation of labour, and change of air, under medical surveillance, are more efficacious than drugs; and in these cases of incipient indisposition, as well as in the more rare instances of acute and dangerous diseases, the benefits of the Sanatorium will be of vital importance. Take the case of the hard-working intellectual labourer, of any profession, and of either sex, living in lodgings away from family connexions; isolated, self-dependent, and limited in means. The usual avocations become burdensome, the spirits sink, the strength fails, and the whole train of petty miseries consequent on a disordered state of the system oppress body and mind; a physician is applied to—reluctantly, from a dread of the gain on scanty resources by fees: the case is a common one—general derangement of the animal economy, requiring rest, regimen, and the usual minute attention prescribed to the valetudinarian. The medicine is taken, but the patient is confined to a close room, in a narrow, noisy street—breathing a polluted atmosphere while he remains in it, and taking cold whenever he goes out; and recovery, which with a pure and genial atmosphere, and a strict observance of sanitary regulations, would be an affair of a week or two, is retarded for months; perhaps the slightest disorder becomes a severe illness, or a chronic disease as lasting as the life it tends to shorten and embitter. The case of an individual whose pursuits are entirely interrupted by some violent disorder, attended by a hiring nurse, mercenary, ignorant, and heedless—or neglected altogether, except when the dear-bought visit of the physician returns—is still more lamentable: the symptoms, aggravated by anxiety of mind, urgent wants ill-supplied, and a prospect of future necessities still more pressing, defy the aid of medicine, and death is the relief for a constitution utterly broken up.

These are not fancied miseries—overcharged pictures of affliction known to but few beyond the sufferers, but instances which are but too familiar. The case of a labouring man who breaks a limb and is taken to the hospital, where he is cured in a few weeks, and there an end, is fortunate in comparison with that of one for whom there is no hospital, and scarcely the hope of a cure.

In the Sanatorium, a payment of about two guineas a week ensures the patient bed, board, and medicine; the attendance of skilful physicians and nurses; the use of a separate room, if requisite; and the range of suites of spacious apartments, well ventilated, and regulated to a temperature adapted to the delicate state of invalids; with the use of baths, and all the facilities and curative means that science has provided in aid of medicine. Strict regularity of regimen, perfect quiet, pure air, and the watchful attentions of qualified nurses, under medical superintendence, are advantages that few but the very wealthiest can command, even at home, where the pillow of the sick bed is tended by the ministering angel of poor mortals—affectionate woman.

It is a leading principle of the Sanatorium, that the regular medical attendant of every individual takes the entire management of his patient, unless the advice of the resident physician be preferred; the medical officers of the institution only following the instructions given by him: and it is a part of the plan to instruct nurses in the duties of their calling—a most desirable extension of the uses of the institution.

The proceedings of the first public meeting were chiefly formal. The ladies, who formed a considerable portion of the assembly, appeared to take a lively interest in the subject: indeed, to that numerous and valuable class, governesses and teachers, most of whom are far away from home and friends, the Sanatorium will be peculiarly beneficial.

The number of life subscribers of ten guineas each, requisite to make up the sum of £3,000 as a fund to commence operations, will, it is hoped, soon be filled. Subscribers of a guinea annually are already numerous; they are privileged, not only to share the advantages of the establishment at a lower rate of cost, but to recommend non-subscribers as inmates.

CHARACTERS.—We injure our own characters by attacking those of others.

## MY BIRTH-DAY.

BY MOORE.

My birth-day! what a different sound  
That word had in my youthful years,  
And now, each time the day comes round,  
Less and less white its mark appears!  
When first our scanty years are told,  
It seems a pastime to grow old:  
And as youth counts the shining links  
That time around him binds so fast,  
Pleased with the task he little thinks  
How hard that chain will press at last.  
Vain was the man, and false as vain,  
Who said, "were he ordained to run  
His long career of life again,  
He would do all that he had done."  
Ah! 'tis not thus the voice that dwells  
In sober birth-days speaks to me;  
Far otherwise—of time it tells  
Lavished unwisely, carelessly—  
Of counsels mock'd—of talents, made  
Haply for high and pure designs,  
But oft like Israel's incense laid  
Upon unholy earthly shrines—  
Of nursing many a wrong desire—  
Of wandering after love too far,  
And taking every meteor fire  
That crossed my pathway, for his star!  
All this it tells, and could I trace  
The imperfect picture o'er again,  
With power to add, retouch, efface  
The lights and shades, the joy and pain,  
How little of the past would stay!  
How quickly all would melt away,  
All—but that freedom of the mind  
Which hath been more than wealth to me;  
Those friendships on my boyhood twined,  
And kept till now unchangingly;  
And that dear home—that saving ark,  
Where love's true light at last I've found,  
Cheering within, when all grows dark  
And comfortless and stormy round.

## COLONEL HAMILTON SMITH'S HISTORY OF DOGS.

That cheap and elegant serial the *Naturalist's Library*, has had fresh spirit infused into it, in the thirty-fifth epoch of its existence. With the exactness of description which has distinguished the preceding numbers, and with sufficient of their literary merit, Colonel Hamilton Smith brings to his task a racy and original cast of mind, whose occasional roughness gives a character to its vigour. He has abundance of what Mr. McGillivray would call knowledge of books and stuffed creatures; but he has also surveyed his subjects in their original haunts, and acquired information from adventurous sportsmen, who have bearded even the lion in his den.

The two Americas and Europe, if not parts of Asia and Africa, have been visited by the Colonel; and friends have imparted to him accounts of the animals they have seen or slain in their Indian or other battles: their personal feats on the occasion being judiciously suppressed. Our naturalist, too, is acquainted with the writings of antiquity, and endeavours to identify the animals described by classical authors; a task of considerable difficulty, and not capable of rigid proof, from the generality of their accounts.

The generic term of Dogs, which forms the subject of the present and following volumes, embraces wolves, jackalls, the *lycaei*, or wild dogs, foxes, and fox-dogs, with the countless variety of the domesticated animals, and some wild tribes, respecting which it is doubted whether they are a civilized race run wild, or the original stock of the domestic dogs of the country. The primitive parent, the canine Adam of the different varieties existing in Europe, has indeed been a theme of much dispute. Buffon held that all our dogs were derived from the shepherd's dog: Mr. Bell, in an argument of great force and fulness, in which the knowledge of a physiologist is mixed with the reason of a man of sense, rather inclines to the wolf, but leaves the question open. Looking at the great variety of the same species of animals found in different parts of the world, and the evidence furnished by geology of the constant extinction of some species and the production of others, it is as logical to consider with Colonel Smith, that the varieties found wild in different regions, or in a domesticated state, may possibly have been produced from various stocks. The theory of one primitive type for certain animals seems to be a mere assumption, unsupported by authority or evidence. The Scriptures assure us as to one man being the parent of the human race, but they are silent as to other creatures. Existing facts are equally inconclusive. The elephant, the lion, and other of the nobler animals found in different continents, differ so slightly as to warrant the inference that the variety has arisen from local circumstances; but many races, neither domesticated nor capable of domestication—deer and monkeys for example—have as many varieties as those brought under the dominion of man. At the same time, the subject is uncertain, and very curious. Passing by the anatomical facts of Mr.

Bell, the circumstance that the offspring of a wolf and a dog are prolific, is one of great weight; not less curious is the successive generations it requires to get rid of the symptoms of the wild blood—to civilize the savage; and the beneficial effects of what breeders call a cross, with its effects in changing the character, can be shown by a reference to human history. Look at a Southern Spaniard and an Englishman: the variety in feature and expression, and still more in disposition, is as strong as exists between many animals; and history enables us to trace the crosses which these respective people have undergone. In Spain, the Carthaginians first, then the Romans, then the Goths, and finally the Moors, mixed with the blood of the aboriginal inhabitants. In Britain, the Romans were followed by the Saxons, then by the Danes or Northmen, and they in turns by the Normans (Northmen with a cross of the Franks.) The origin of the indigenous races, and of the people who so invaded them, is indeed a matter of question; but the subject of original and migratory races, with the effects resulting, is too large a subject to embark in here. The true mode of investigating varieties, either in man or animals, is first to draw a distinct line between established facts and conjecture, and a line equally definite between the conclusions we may deduce from one and the speculations we may build upon the other.

Returning to Colonel Hamilton Smith, we have another illustration of the proverb, "nothing like leather." Mr. Mudie, in considering the effects which animals have produced on the civilization of mankind, noticed the dog, merely to dismiss him as useless for the purpose, with all his amiable qualities and the assistance he may render to the savage hunter. The Colonel, treating only of the dog, considers him the prime and primitive adjunct in the progressive advance of man.

"As the dog alone, of all the brute creation, voluntarily associates himself with the conditions of man's existence, it is fair to presume also that he was the first, and therefore the oldest of man's companions; that to his manifold good qualities the first hunters were indebted for their conquest and subjugation of other species. We do even now perceive, notwithstanding the advance of human reason and the progress of invention, that in a thousand instances we cannot dispense with his assistance.

"If we still feel the importance of his services in our state of society, what must have been the admiration of man, when, in the earliest period of patriarchal life, he was so much nearer to a state of nature!—when the wild hunter first beheld the joyous eyes of his voluntary associate, and heard his native howl modulated into barking; when he first perceived it assuming tones of domestication fit to express a master's purposes, and intonate the language which we still witness cattle, sheep, and even ducks and hawks learn to understand! What exultation must he have felt when, with the aid of his new friend, he was enabled to secure and domesticate the first kid, the first lamb of the mountain race!—when with greater combinations of force and skill between man and his dogs, the bull, the buffalo, the camel, the wild ass, and then the horse, were compelled to accept his yoke; and finally, when, with the same assistance, the wild boar was tamed, the lion repelled, and even attacked with success! Although the total development of canine education must have been the work of ages, yet that it was very early, however imperfect, of great acknowledged importance, is attested by the prominent station assigned to the dog in the earliest theologies of Paganism. We know that his name was given to one of the most beautiful stars among the oldest designated in the heavens, and that it served for the purpose of fixing an epoch in the solar year by its periodical appearance. Other constellations, nearly as old, were likewise noted by the name of dogs; and there are proofs, in typifying ideas by images representing physical objects, that the admiration of mankind degenerating into superstition, moral qualities of the highest order were figured with characteristics of the dog, till his name and his image became conspicuous in almost every Pagan system of theology."

As a specimen of the close descriptive style of the author as a natural historian, we will take this account of

## THE CHARACTERISTIC OF EUROPEAN WOLVES.

"Wolves howl more frequently when the weather is about to change to wet. They grovel with the nose in the earth, instead of digging with their paws, when they wish to conceal a part of their food or the droppings about their lairs. The parent wolves punish their whelps if they emit a scream of pain; they bite, maltreat, and drag them by the tail, till they have learned to bear pain in silence. Wolf-hunters commonly assert that the animal is weak in the loins, and when first put to speed that his hind-quarters seem to waver; but when warmed, that he will run without halting from the district where he has been hunted, taking a direct line for some favourite cover, perhaps forty miles or more in distance. On these occasions he will leap upon walls above eight feet high, cross rivers obliquely with the current, even if it be the Rhine, and never offer battle unless he be fairly turned; then he will endeavour to cripple the opponent by hasty snaps at the fore-legs, and resume his route. The track of a wolf is readily distinguished from that of a dog, by the middle claws being close together, while in the dog they are separated; the marks, however, when the wolf is at speed and the middle toes are separated, can be determined by the claws being deeper and the impression more hairy; the print is also longer and narrower, and the ball of the foot more prominent.

"Inferior in wily resources to the fox, the wolf is nevertheless endowed with great sagacity. His powers of scent are very deli-

cate, his hearing acute, and his habits always cautious. The European variety is naturally a beast of the woods; those of the arctic regions and of the steppes of Russia and Tartary have different manners, probably from necessity, and not choice.

## HABITS OF WOLVES.

"In well-inhabited countries, where wolves are an object of constant persecution, they never quit cover to windward; they trot along its edges until the wind of the open country comes toward them, and they can be assured by their scent that no suspicious object is in that quarter; then they advance, snuffing the coming vapours, and keep as much as possible along hedges and brushwood to avoid detection, pushing forward in a single foray to the distance of many miles. If there be several, they keep in file, and step so nearly in each other's track, that in soft ground it would seem that only one had passed. They bound across narrow roads without leaving a foot-print, or follow them on the outside. These movements are seldom begun before dusk, or protracted beyond daybreak. If single, the wolf will visit outhouses, enter the farm-yard, first stopping, listening, snuffing up the air, smelling the ground, and springing over the threshold without touching it. When he retreats, his head is low, turned obliquely with one ear forward, the other back, his eyes burning like flame. He trots crouching, his brush obliterating the track of his feet, till at a distance from the scene of depredation; when going more freely, he continues his route to cover, and as he enters it, first raises his tail and flings it up in triumph.

"It is said that a wolf, when pressed by hunger and roaming around farms, will utter a single howl to entice the watch-dogs in pursuit of him. If they come out, he will flee till one is sufficiently forward to be singled out, attacked, and devoured; but dogs in general are more cautious, and even hounds require to be encouraged, or they will not follow upon the scent."

"The volume contains a memoir of Pallas, with a portrait, and a vignette of the well-known dogs of St. Bernard rescuing a traveller. The most valuable, and we suspect the most popular illustrations, however, are the thirty life-like portraits of different animals of the dog tribe, from the pencil of Colonel Smith. The reader who has no other notion of dogs and wolves than what he gets from the streets, menageries, and common histories, will be astonished at the extraordinary variety of nature, although he only sees a part of it.

## THE AUTHOR OF ROBINSON CRUSOE.

De Foe's writings, we perceive by the last London papers, are to be revived. It is a little remarkable that it has been heretofore so difficult to get at them. Indeed, most of them, it must be admitted, are unknown. They are as if they had never been. It is said that they amount in number to no less than *two hundred and ten*, large and small, political and others; and, moreover, they were not works designed for the aristocracy, for learned men, or for transient occasions. They were and are essentially popular, and were meant to be so. The London Examiner, a very able print, itself conducted on De Foe's political system altogether, in hailing the first number of a new and cheap edition of his complete works, now for the first time issued, truly observes that he was one of the people. For the people's sake he suffered unflinchingly the worst indignities with which tyranny attempts to enslave the free. To the people, emphatically, he addressed his books. His life was altogether passed in the people's service, and when he died in a poor and painful old age, it was to the humbler classes of his fellow countrymen he preferred to leave the vindication of his sufferings, and the preservation of his fame. Their time, to do justice to De Foe, has now just come; and henceforth, and wherever, over the whole globe, and the people are to be found, the memory of De Foe will live, and the memory of his genius work, among the whole mass of men, for evermore.

The Examiner calls him the most voluminous as well as the most various writer in the language; an assertion which will surprise most of us. Some of these things, individually, were very elaborate; witness one, now scarcely known by name, which he began in prison, where the administration of Queen Ann confined him for his political writings. We refer to the "*Review*," which he continued for twelve months to publish from that place, two numbers weekly. It is described as written all with his own hand; it treated of all the various topics of foreign and domestic occurrence; became an authority in politics and trade; delighted thousands with the discussions of a "scandal club;" handled marriage, love, poetry, language, "and all the prevailing tastes and fashions of the time." On leaving Newgate he enlarged its plan, published it thrice a week, and continued this marvellous, unexampled, and unassisted labour for upwards of *nine years*.

We have alluded to De Foe's sufferings. His whole life was spent in trouble. At length even his last friends deserted him; he was too liberal, too courageous, too much in advance of his generation. We are informed, in this connection, that the "*Shortest Way with the Dissenters*," was ordered to be burnt in New Palace-yard by the common hangman. De Foe concealed himself, and the following proclamation, giving us a minute description of his person, was issued from St. James's, on the 10th of January, 1703. "Whereas Daniel de Foe, alias De Foe, is charged with writing a scandalous and seditious pamphlet, entitled, *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*; he is a middle sized spare man, about forty years

old, of a brown complexion and dark brown coloured hair, but wears a wig; a hooked nose, a sharp chin, grey eyes, and a large mole near his mouth; was born in London, and for many years was a hose factor," &c. &c.

"Robinson Crusoe" was De Foe's great work after all, as the "Pilgrim" was Bunyan's; and yet in neither case did it seem to be suspected that history and posterity would so pronounce. Crusoe was not undertaken till the author was about sixty years of age. It was written, not literally in jail, but in circumstances not much better, out of it. It appears that he had some difficulty in disposing of it, and took it to many booksellers. The lucky man who at length consented to publish it, very speedily made his fortune by it. De Foe's profits are said to have been "commensurate," but be that as it may, his strength rose with his success, and within a few years, he published a succession of books, of first rate power. Among these were the new Voyage Round the World, the Voyages and Piracies of Captain Singleton, the Memoirs of a Cavalier, the History of Duncan Campbell, the Life of Moll Flanders, the History of Colonel Jack, the History of Mr. Christian Davis, the account of Dickory Cronke, and the Life of Roxanna. The essential popularity, and splendid talent of these works, has never been disputed. And yet poor De Foe never could amass a fortune. He never could get comfortable even. He was not made for it. Part of the secret of this was constitutional. Part of it, moreover, was in the fact that he started amiss. His Biography shews that at the outside of life he had failed in commercial speculations and compromised his debts for £5000, a composition at once paid in the full, and in discharge of every claim. Better fortune shone upon him afterward, and he called on several old creditors, some of them having encountered distress in their turn, and paid with his own hand into theirs, the balance of their entire claim. He did this at intervals during his whole life. It is on record, that in 1705 he had paid, in this way, of his own accord and without obligation, upwards of £12,000; and much was paid even after that time. Such a man, in these days, would have a "service of plate," we suppose.—*Doston Magazine.*

MODERN TRAVELLERS AND TRAVELLING.

Before the establishment of steamboats between London and Hamburg, a journey from one city to the other was an undertaking to be reflected on for months before it was undertaken; and merchants, to avoid the uncertainty of a tedious voyage by sea, were fain to endure the fatigue of a land journey through Holland and Westphalia, over a series of the most execrable roads in Europe. The more daring traveller, who was willing to tempt the dangers of the deep, regardless of the shoals and sands of the Dutch coast and the boisterous currents of the North Sea, had a journey of certain peril and most uncertain duration before him. From London he had to travel down by land to Harwich, the packet station for Holland, Hamburg, and Sweden, the patronage of which was in those days deemed sufficient to secure, at all times, the return of two government members for that ancient and independent borough. At Harwich he embarked, and with a fair wind he might hope to reach the mouth of the Elbe in thirty or forty hours. Fair winds were not to be had for the mere asking; and sometimes whole weeks elapsed before the little post-office schooner could reach her destination. Day after day, the impatient traveller would watch for a breeze, while becalmed in Harwich harbour; or, perhaps, after beating to windward for eight or ten days, the wished for lighthouse of Heligoland or Cuxhaven would cheer his heart before he crept into his wearisome berth, as he fondly hoped for the last night. And in the morning, he would wake to learn that while he slept, it had "come on to blow from the land;" and the packet, with her anxious inmates, would be running briskly before the wind, with a fair prospect of getting a glimpse of old England or bonny Scotland, before another day was added to the history of time.

The longest journey, however, comes to an end some time or another, and it may be fairly inferred, that sooner or later, the packet seldom failed to reach Cuxhaven, where the mails and the passengers were safely landed, to be forwarded to Hamburg in open carts, and over roads of which the imagination of an untravelled Englishman would not be easily able to conjure up an image.

How changed are these matters now! A trip to Hamburg by one of the splendid steam-ships of the General Steam Navigation Company, which start from London twice a week, and sometimes oftener, is a luxury of which none who has once enjoyed it will not long for a repetition. Even those unhappy beings who, martyrs to sea-sickness, have never "danced in triumph o'er the waters wide," must still look back with satisfaction to the exactness with which they were enabled to anticipate the termination of their sufferings; but for him whose soul does not "sicken o'er the heaving wave," and whose heart can sympathise with the feelings of the gallant fabric that carries him to his journey's end in despite of opposing gales, there is a thrilling sense of enjoyment in being thus made the participator in the triumph of human science over three elements at once, which the uninitiated cannot conceive, the impression of which no lapse of time can ever efface.

Only fourteen years have yet elapsed since the idea of crossing the North Sea in steamboats was first projected. The undertaking electrified the whole mercantile world with astonishment, and few were those who believed in the practicability of the scheme.

And now the Hamburg steamer starts from off the Tower of London as the clock strikes; and, provided the wind blow not an absolute gale in her teeth, and the atmosphere remain tolerably free from fog, her captain can generally tell within half an hour of the time when he shall be at his journey's end. In forty-eight or fifty hours, the traveller now effects, without fatigue, in the enjoyment of every comfort on the way, and at little more than half the cost, a trip which, before 1825, scarcely ever occupied less than eight or ten days—often more than three weeks, and which was always accompanied by great fatigue, and frequently by no little danger.—*Monthly Chronicle.*

From the Bombay Courier.

BATTLE WITH WILD ELEPHANTS.

On the 24th of September at midnight, I received information that two elephants of very uncommon size had made their appearance, within a few hundred yards of the cantonments, and close to a village, the inhabitants of which were in the greatest alarm. I lost no time in despatching to the place all the public and private elephants at the station, in pursuit of them, and at day break on the 25th was informed that their very superior size, and apparent fierceness, had rendered all attempts for their seizure unavailing, and that the most experienced driver I had was dangerously hurt; the elephant on which he rode having been struck to the ground by one of the wild ones, which, with its companion, had afterwards retreated to a large sugar cane adjoining the village —

I immediately ordered the guns to this place, but being desirous in the first instance to try every means of catching the elephants I assembled the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, with the assistance of Rajah Rungnath Sing, and caused two deep pits to be prepared at the edge of the sugar-cane, in which our elephants and people with the utmost dexterity, contrived to retain the elephants during the day. When the pits were reported ready, we repaired to the spot, and they were with the greatest dexterity driven into them; but unfortunately one of the two did not prove sufficiently deep, and the elephant which escaped from it, in the presence of many witnesses, assisted its companion out of the other pit with his trunk.

Both were, however, with much exertion, brought back into the sugar-cane, and, as no particular symptoms of vice or fierceness had appeared in the course of the day, I was yet anxious to make another trial to catch them.

The bildars, therefore, were set to work to deepen the hole, and prepare new pits against day break, when I proposed to make the final attempt.

At four o'clock in the morning of yesterday, however, they burst through all my guards, and making for a village, about three miles distant, entered it with so much rapidity, that the horsemen, who galloped in front of them, had not time to apprise every inhabitant of his danger, and I regret to say, that one poor man was torn limb from limb, a child trodden to death, and two other persons (females) wounded.

Their destruction now became absolutely necessary, and as they showed no inclination to quit the large village in which the mischief had been done, we gained time to bring up the four-pounders, from which they soon received several round-shot, and abundance of grape, each. The largest of the two was even brought to the ground by a round shot in the head, but after remaining there a quarter of an hour apparently lifeless, he got up again, as vigorous as ever, and the desperation of both at this period exceeds all description. They made repeated charges at the guns, and if it had not been for the uncommon steadiness and bravery of the artillery men, who more than once turned them off, by shots in the head and body, when within very few paces of them, many dreadful casualties must have occurred.

We were now obliged to desist for want of ammunition, and before a fresh supply could be obtained the elephants quitted the village, and though streaming with blood from an hundred wounds, proceeded at a rapidity of which I had no idea, towards Hazareebagh. They were at length brought up by the horseman and our elephants, when within a very short distance of a crowded bazaar, and ultimately after many renewals of the most formidable and ferocious attacks upon the guns, gave up the contest with their lives. Nineteen four-pound shots have already been taken out of their bodies, and I imagine eight or ten more will yet be found.

I have been thus particular, both because I think the transaction worthy of being recorded, as well as from a hope that you will concur with me in the propriety of application to the Government for a compensation for the damage suffered by the owners of the villages of — and Ooria, from the destruction of several huts, and much cultivation. I have taken the necessary steps to ascertain the extent of the injury they have sustained, and shall have the pleasure of communicating to you the result,

I enclose a correct measurement of the elephants, which will be read with surprise, I believe. I am of opinion that they must have escaped from Hyderabad, or some other part of the Deccan, for I have never heard of or seen animals of their size in this part of India.

(Signed)

E. ROUGHSEDE,  
Capt. Comd. Ramghur Batt.

MEASUREMENT OF THE ELEPHANTS.

No.	Measurement	Ft.	In.
No. 1.	Length from tip of trunk to tip of tail.....	26	9 1/2
	Height.....	11	0
	Round the body.....	17	8
	From crown of head to beneath the jaw.....	7	0
No. 2.	Length as above.....	24	0
	Height.....	10	0
	Round the body.....	17	4
	From crown of head to beneath the jaw.....	9	8

(True copy)

E. ROUGHSEDE, Capt. Comd.

The following sonnet of Wordsworth, written during a period of public alarm and distress in England, in 1803, is quoted as not only beautiful in itself, but quite appropriate to the present season of money troubles in our country.—*Am. paper.*

These times touch moneyed worldlings with dismay,  
Even rich men, brave by nature, taint the air  
With words of apprehension and despair;  
While tens of thousands, thinking on the affray,  
Men unto whom sufficient for the day,  
And minds not stunted or untilled, are given,  
Sound, healthy children of the God of Heaven,  
Are cheerful as the rising sun in May,  
And we do gather hence but firmer faith  
That every gift of nobler origin  
Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath:  
That virtue and the faculties within,  
Are vital—and that riches are akin  
To fear, to change, to cowardice and death!

EARNINGS OF THE BELGIAN ARTISANS.—The workmen employed in the iron works of the Hainaul, Leige, and the machine making factories, both of Seraing, Bruxelles, Ghent, &c. live on potatoes and vegetables, with a piece of meat among them, for dinner regularly; coffee on chicory, and on the Sundays spirits in moderate quantity. These are the best paid.

The workmen who come under the second class are masons, blacksmiths, carpenters, &c. of the towns, and the woolen factory and domestic weavers, who live nearly in the same manner, but consume a less portion of meat, or take it only three or four times a week.

The cotton weavers and factory workmen live less well. Potatoes and vegetable soup form their chief food, with bread, half rye and half wheat; coffee, and occasionally a glass of spirits, but commonly brown beer. The beer is particularly nasty.

The linen weavers and the common labourers are identified, and consume potatoes and rye bread, (which is a common article of consumption in Belgium, and indeed generally on the continent among the poorer classes) vegetable soup, rarely flavoured with meal, coffee, or chicory, beer, &c. However coarse the food may be on which the Belgian artisans subsist, the abundance of their food is most striking.

Agricultural labourers are well fed. They have bread and coffee in the morning, vegetable soup for dinner, and meat three times a week with beer. The poorest of all eat rye bread and potatoes, with coffee.

An able bodied man will support himself comfortably on 7 pence per day in Belgium, in the country. Bread, such as the labourers eat, is about a penny farthing a pound, and other food in proportion.

PARLEY'S FAREWELL.—We feel sincere regret in announcing to children that their good friend, Peter Parley has closed his labours in their behalf.

As a writer for children, he has been eminently successful. His farewell legacy relates to a subject of more essential importance than any of its predecessors. It is devoted to an exposition of natural and revealed religion by arguments adapted to the comprehension of youth, for whom they are expressly designed. The close of the volume is so touching and pertinent, that we will copy a single passage:

My dear young friends, you to whom I have been speaking in my little books—you who have so kindly listened to me, you deserve the last thoughts of poor old Peter Parley. Life has ceased to be a source of happiness to me, and I am willing to depart: but to say farewell to those I have loved—those who have treated me so kindly—and to know that I shall see their bright faces, and hear their glad voices no more, has indeed something in it hard to bear; and if my old eyes were not too dry for tears, I could weep to think of it. But it is idle to mourn for what cannot be avoided; so with a cheerful heart I have been preparing to take leave of my little friends. This book is my farewell. Take it with my best wishes for your happiness! Take it, with the last request of your old friend—which is, that you will read it, and that when the writer is quietly settled in his lowly home—that even then you will listen to his voice, speaking in these pages.—*Am. Traveller.*

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.—Wilkie, the celebrated artist, had his attention first taken by the coloured drawing of a soldier in the Highland uniform, with which he was so delighted that he was continually drawing copies of it till at last he became a painter.

## BRITAIN'S CHURCH BELLS.

You hear, as I, the merry bells of England :  
 Can any country of the same extent  
 Boast of so many?—in their size and tone  
 Differing, yet all for harmonies combin'd.  
 Cluster'd in frequent bands, through towns and cities,  
 Lodgment they find in many a village tower,  
 And tapering spire, that crowns an upland lawn,  
 Or peeps from grove and dell; while now and then,  
 Modest and low, a steeple ivy-clad,  
 Behind a rock, reveals its whereabouts  
 To the lone traveller, only by their tongue.  
 Art's work they are, yet in their tendency,  
 Somewhat like Nature to the human soul.  
 Rais'd up 'twixt earth and heaven, they speak of both;  
 They speak to all of duty and of hope—  
 They speak of sorrow, and of sorrow's cure.

REV. R. KENNEDY.

**THUNDER AND ARTILLERY.**—The third division was quartered in the little town of Huarte, about a mile and a half from the walls of Pampeluna, which city was then garrisoned by the enemy, and, consequently, till reduced, a bar to the progress of the allied army within the French territory. The battle of the Pyrenees had not yet been fought, and our troops were continually on the alert, ready to repel at a moment the menaces of Scult, whose line was extended in position on the heights contiguous to ours. At the time I am speaking of we were roused almost daily to a state of stirring excitement by the frequent brisk skirmishes that took place among the light troops on the hills, close above the town, on which occasion the drums and bugles of the division immediately sounded to arms, the general was a field, all staff officers were mounted and ready, and the commissariat stores packed on the mules' back, waiting to depart. One summer's evening the clouds looked particularly dark and lowering on the hills, a deep stillness pervaded the air, the swallows swept the earth with their besoms in depressed flight, large spreading drops of rain began to fall, when during those few moments of dreary expectant repose that invariably precede an approaching thunder storm, the universal silence of nature was broken by a rattling fire of musketry, and almost at the same instant the sky was rent by a vivid streak of white lightning, and loud thunder, simultaneously cracked from end to end of the horizon. Officers started quickly on foot, and called aloud for their horses; drums, bugles, and trumpets, burst forth in unison, and the "boot and saddle," all adding to the din, soon set in motion the rumbling wheels of the artillery. The firing among the troops and the storm's fury both increased together; the former affording reasonable apprehension that the enemy, then within the distance of a mile, were about to make a desperate attempt to break through our line, while rain fell in torrents amid glaring flashes of lightning, and explosions of thunder shook the mountains to their very foundations.

Some experiments have been made in lighting the House of Commons, with what are called the Bude lights, on a plan invented by Mr. Gurney. The effect produced is thus described by the *Times*—

"The light is now made to descend from the roof through ground glass plates, over which the apparatus is so contrived, that the light can with ease be varied from the colour of a pale moonlight to a bright sunlight, or be mellowed down to a rich autumnal glow; still giving sufficient light, without any unpleasant glare, to every part of the House. The glass through which the light is sent down is fitted air-tight into the bottom of the chandelier; so that no heat can be generated by it in the house, save the slight radiation from the surface of the chandelier itself; but, compared with the heat and the consumption of atmospheric air by the combustion (or rather the very imperfect combustion) of 240 wax candles, the heat and atmospheric combustion of the new plan are not (as far as the body of the house is concerned) as 1 to 100. Whatever heat may be generated by the new process, will be carried off through the roof, and never affect the body of the house. The plan consists in a number of burners (in each chandelier) supplied with wick and oil, somewhat like the Argand lamp, with the improvement, that in this there is only one circle or cylinder, while in the common Argand lamp there are two. Lighted in this state, the lamp would send off a very large and offensive mass of unconsumed carbon; but to prevent this, a stream of oxygen gas is made to pass through the centre of each burner, by which the total combustion of the carbon of the oil and wick takes place; and the light is consequently raised to a beautifully brilliant flame, the intensity of which may be increased according to the volume of the stream of oxygen passed through it; and, as we have already said, the light may be mellowed, as taste, fancy or convenience may suggest."

**WORDSWORTH'S CHARACTER.**—Wordsworth's attachment to nature in her grandest forms grew out of solitude and the character of his own mind; but the mode of its growth was indirect and unconscious, and in the midst of other more boyish and more worldly pursuits. In moments of watching for the passage of woodcocks over the hills on moonlight nights, oftentimes the dull gaze of expectation, after it was becoming hopeless, left him liable to effects of mountain scenery under accents of nightly silence and solitude,

which impressed themselves with a depth for which a full tide of success would have allowed no opening. And, as he lived and grew among such scenes from childhood to manhood, many thousands of such opportunities had leisure to improve themselves into permanent effects of character, of feeling, and of taste. Like Michael he was in the heart of many thousand mists. Many a sight, moreover, such as meets the eye rarely of any, except those who haunt the hills and the farms at all hours, and all seasons of the year, and had been seen, and neglected perhaps at the time, but afterwards revisited the eye, and produced its appropriate effect in silent hours of meditation. In every thing, perhaps, except in the redundant graciousness of heart which formed so eminent a feature in the moral constitution of that true philosopher, the character, the sensibility, and the taste of Wordsworth, pursued the same course of development as in the education of the pedlar who gives so much of the movement to the progress of "The Excursion."

**PENNY POSTAGE.**—The Penny Postage is in full operation in England, and every one is pleased with it. So far as the present appearances show, the reduced rate of postage will cause a great loss to the revenue for a time. But the increased consumption of paper will contribute to the excise revenue, (as paper is a taxed article,) and in a few years, the revenue from letters will be as great as it was before the change. On the average, we dare say that every one will now write four letters for every one he has heretofore written. Franking is wholly abolished much to the grief of certain Peers and M. P.'s who thought that to scrawl their names on the cover of a letter, one of the chief ends of being legislators! The Prime Minister himself can neither send nor receive a free letter. There were about 1200 persons qualified to send and receive free letters. They could send ten and receive fifteen daily. The privilege was used in most cases to the utmost limit. About 200 of the 1200 could frank any number and weight of letters, so that on the whole the daily average of 26 may be taken for the whole. This gives 30,000 free letters per diem, (nine tenths of which were double and treble, as the frank covered an ounce,) and if we take the average postage at one shilling and sixpence, we have £2250 per diem, or £821,250 per annum—nearly three millions and a half of dollars. Now that franking is abolished this will be at an end, and the post office revenue will be advantaged thereby.—*N. Y. Star.*

**JUDGING FROM APPEARANCES.**—A good story is told by a Yankee editor, in illustration of the folly of judging from appearances. A person who wore a suit of homespun clothes, stepped into a house in Boston, on some business, where several ladies were assembled in an inner room. One of the company remarked (in a low voice, though sufficiently loud to be overheard by the stranger,) that a countryman was in waiting, and agreed to make some fun; the following dialogue ensued:

'You're from the country, I suppose?'  
 'Yes, I'm from the country.'  
 'Well, sir, what do you think of the city?'  
 'It's got a tarnal sight o' houses in it.'  
 'I expect there are a great many ladies where you came from?'  
 'O yes, a wondrous sight, jist for all the world like them there,' pointing to the ladies.  
 'And you are quite a beau among them, no doubt?'  
 'Yees, I beau's them to meetin and about.'  
 'May be the gentleman will take a glass of wine,' said one of the company.  
 'Thank'e, dont care if I do.'  
 'But you must drink a toast.'  
 'I eats toast, what aunt Debby makes, but as to drinkin, I never seed the like.'

What was the surprise of the company to hear the stranger speak clearly as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen, permit me to wish you health and happiness, with every other blessing this earth can afford, and advise you to bear in mind that we are often deceived by appearances. You mistook me, by my dress, for a country booby, I, from the same cause, thought these men to be gentlemen; the deception is mutual—I wish you a good evening."

**FEMALE EDUCATION.**—Girls should be educated at home, with a constant recollection that their brothers, and the future companions of their lives, are at the same time at school, making certain acquisitions, indeed, dipping into the Greek drama, and the like, but receiving a very partial training of the mind in the best sense; or, perhaps, only such a training as chance may direct; and that they will return to their homes, wanting in genuine sentiment, and in the refinements of the heart. Girls well taught at home, may tacitly compel their brothers to feel, if not to confess, when they return from school, that, although they may have gone some way beyond their sisters in mere scholarship, or in mathematical proficiency, they are actually inferior to them in variety of information, in correctness of taste, and in general maturity of understanding, as well as in propriety of conduct, in self-government, in steadiness and elevation of principle, and in force and depth of feeling. With young men of ingenious tempers, this consciousness of their sisters' superiority in points which every day they will be more willing to deem important, may be turned to the best account under a discreet parental guidance, and may become the means of the most beneficial reaction in their moral sentiments. \* \* Whatever

certainty parents may have of securing future competence, or even affluence, for their children, there can be no doubt of the desirableness, in regard as well to physical health as to the moral sentiments, and even the finest intellectual tastes, of a practical concernment with domestic duties.—*J. Taylor.*

**WOMAN.**—"As the dove will clasp its wings to her side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals—so is the nature of woman, to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection. With her the desire of the heart has failed. The great charm of existence is at an end. She neglects all the cheerful exercise that gladdens the spirits, quickens the pulses with new existence, and sends the tide of life in healthful currents through the veins. Her rest is broken—the sweet refreshment of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams, 'dry sorrow drinks her blood,' until her feeble frame sinks under the last external assailment. Look for her after a little while, and find friendship weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one, who but lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty, should now be brought down to 'darkness and the worm.' You will be told of some wiry chill, some slight indisposition that laid her low—but no one knows the mental malady that previously sapped her strength, and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler."

**EQUESTRIAN HINTS.**—There is a race of young sportsmen who, though they mayn't shine in after years, can make horses go that nobody else will ride—butchers' hoeses. A horse that can't be kept upon his legs will carry them along as briskly as a five-year-old, and never make a false step; there must be something between them and the animal that nobody but a butcher's boy can understand. The reins hanging as loose as a halter, and, with their baskets across their arm, they sail on full gallop as easily as madam in a sedan chair. I always think when they are on the back of a horse that they are the most saucy, independent and happy rogues in the world. I remarked this the other day, when a spruce looking gentleman was riding along, and his horse shied at a coal-cart, and threw him over the pommel of his saddle. A butcher's boy riding after sings out—"I say, mister, the next time you goes by a hos, I'd recommend you to get inside and pull up the blinds;" with this he dashed past, and only laughed at the gentleman, who whipped and spurred to overtake and punish him for his impudence. There's nothing like a butcher's hos and a boy for a trotting match.

**OPTICAL PHENOMENON.**—When the fog which overspread the horizon at Dover recently had cleared away, the sky became so bright that one of the most imposing views of the opposite coast presented itself that ever was witnessed from our shores. It was dead low water, which favoured the view, and it seemed as if a curtain had been suddenly withdrawn, exhibiting the whole line of the French coast, as distinctly as if it had only been a few miles off. Calais was so plainly distinguishable that comparatively minute objects were plainly discernible. Boulogne piers were perfectly visible; the sails of the vessels in that harbour were observed outspread, and the whole of the villages along the coast seemed so close at hand that the spectator on Dover pier might fancy them as near as the martello towers immediately adjacent to Folkestone.

**EXTRACTS FROM BULWER.**—Secure the approbation of the aged, and you will enjoy the confidence, if not the love of the young.

Our affections and our pleasures resemble those fabulous trees described by St. Olerie—the fruits which they bring forth are no sooner ripened into maturity than they are transformed into birds and fly away.

A man of an open character naturally discovers his faults more than his virtues—the former are not easily forgiven, because the latter are not seen.

For the Pearl.

MR. EDITOR,

In answer to your request, respecting the crust of the earth not being destroyed by the internal heat, the existence of which was contended for in the lecture, delivered at the Institute on last Wednesday evening—as readily as a sheet of writing paper would be by a red hot cannon ball which it enveloped, the Lecturer replies—the answer is ready. 1st. Because the crust of the earth is not a sheet of writing paper. 2nd. Because the crust of the earth is incombustible. 3rd. Because the inner layer of the crust of the earth is granite rock.

You have requested that the answer should not be lengthy, and the lecturer's time would not admit of its being so. But for this he might enlarge to a considerable extent on the indestructibility of carbon, by heat, and say much about the probability that all that part of the primary formation that comes in contact with the central fire, is granite in a carbonated state, from which all the atmospheric properties that generate combustion are effectually excluded by the heavy and bulky layers above.

Would you now, Mr. Editor, or the gentleman who made the objection, answer the following questions:

Admitting that our globe was composed of the same materials to the centre that we find on the surface, and the objector could apply sufficient heat to it, to melt it to a liquid mass, if he withdrew the heat, would it not cool?

Again—If the earth or any smaller body of materials was so liquified, and then left to its own natural operation by withdrawing the heat that reduced it,—would it not cool on the outside first?

Again—If the outside cooled, and to such a depth as to shut out the possibility of any communication between the heated matter within and the opposite, properly "cold," without,—is it not possible, and indeed probable, that its own natural and inherent heat (particularly if the mass was brought into existence by infinite skill for that special purpose,) might keep it in its natural liquid state?

It was stated in the course of the lecture that when the doctrine contended for was taken up by those who could bring to bear on it a knowledge of Chemistry, &c. that it would be strengthened and beautified. The following valuable observations by a gentleman highly qualified for the task, may serve to manifest this anticipation:

There are many salts in the geological strata, as sulphates, formed of a metallic or earthy base, and a certain acid, as the sulphuric, generated of two or more elements, by means no doubt of heat, as in all artificial productions of these acids, heat, even in large proportions is required. Of this nature are all limestone and gypsum rocks, ponderous spar, alabaster, marble, and probably flint. Also metals, as gold, quicksilver, tin, &c. wherever found in the reguline state may very rationally be supposed to be brought into that state by means of a high heat; as without this it is inapparent how they should be freed from oxygen, sulphur, and other similar agents that possess such a powerful affinity for them. Subterranean fire, would best serve to account for all these and other chemical phenomena, on results to be met with every where in the geological superstratum.

## THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 2.

**CELEBRATION OF THE QUEEN'S MARRIAGE.**—In our last we gave some account of the celebration of this joyous event, by the Irish, Scotch, and English Charitable Societies; to-day we have the pleasure of continuing the subject.

The Nova-Scotia Philanthropic Society resolved on holding high holiday, in honour of the Queen's Marriage, on the 1st of May, yesterday. Thursday was very rainy, but the weather cleared up auspiciously, and a fine north west breeze, a clear sky, and a brilliant sun, were experienced on the appointed morning. Numerous flags were displayed from dwelling houses, stores, and public buildings; in some places they formed a most effective scene, and there is scarcely any thing so appropriate and gorgeous, in a populous town, as a good display of those beautiful and spirit-stirring standards, under which men rally in cases of peril and of rejoicing. Upper Water Street, near the Ordnance, was finely decorated; banners, decorated with flowers and ribbons, were hung from the windows, and stretched on lines across the street, forming triumphal gate-ways, as it were, of a most striking character. In many other parts of the town fine displays were also made, but space fails for enumeration.

The Society mustered in the Hall of the Province Building, and the Addresses to her Majesty and Prince Albert were submitted, and passed, with cheers which resounded through the fine edifice. While arranging preliminaries, the band of the 23rd Regt. formed on the green of the area, and discoursed most exquisite music,—thus delightfully welcoming in the festivities of May day, and of the Queen of all the months.

The procession formed in the southern area of the building,—and proceeded in the following order, along part of Hollis Street, and up George's Street, to St. Paul's Church:

Officers and wardens of the Society, with badges and wands, profusely decorated with blue and white ribbons, and May flowers; (so great was the quantity of this elegant emblem of the Province, in bosoms, of the fair as well as the brave, in wreaths, and bouquets, and garlands, that the air at times seemed impregnated with its delicious odours.) Indians, with badges, ribbons, flowers, and "Indian ornaments,"—Indian boys, with bows and arrows, and badges,—Squaws (female Indians) with their picturesque costume, of high peaked caps, and many coloured spencers, overlaid with beads, bugles, and various ornaments; nearly every Squaw carrying or leading a "papoose;" the band of the 23rd.; an Indian Chief, a venerable looking patriarch, aged 78 years,—in a carriage, the horse decorated with blue and white ribbons; the banner of the Society (light blue silk, with appropriate devices, and wreaths of May flowers) carried by two Indians; the officers and wardens and members of the Society, two and two, with badges, wedding favours, flowers, &c. and a series of flags and banners, which had a very beautiful effect; the band of the 8th; the Carpenters' Society, with badges, banners, &c.; the Free-masons Society, with insignia and banners; a line of boys, with badges, flowers, garlands and flags. A multitude attended the procession; it halted at the north entrance of the Church, when the Philanthropic Society forming a double line, the other Societies marched through, and were followed by the Philanthropic into the Church.

The large banner of the Society was placed above the altar, and the others along the aisle. The Rev. Archdeacon Willis read prayers, and the Rev. Mr. Cogswell preached (to a crowded audience) from the words, "The lines have fallen to us in pleasant places, we have a goodly heritage." He dwelt on the natural, political and religious privileges, of the inhabitants of the Province,

with much force, and beauty of diction. (We understand that the discourse is to be published.) The quire sang the psalms, responses, and anthems, in their usual effective manner, the services closing with the national anthem.

The procession formed again, with slight variation from the original order,—the artillery militia corps joined in the line, walking, with their field pieces, immediately after the Indians, who, with their chief at the head, lead the procession.

The aborigines formed an interesting part of the line, some of them exhibiting the bold and dignified expression which has been acknowledged as the characteristic of the "stoic of the woods," in his palmy days. A shade of melancholy mixed with the pleasure of the occasion, in some minds. The chief and his poor followers, a remnant of his tribe, reminded of the captives which the Romans led in their triumphs, and which told the conquests of the masters of the soil. The father of that chief might recollect, when a few log huts only, marked the sites of the flourishing towns and villages of the present day,—when the wigwam was pitched where now Commerce has a thoroughfare,—and when the pale faces acknowledged the power of the native hunters of the wilds. And now what a contrast,—arts and arms of the pale faces, omnipotent every where, and the red men strangers in the land which so lately knew no other lords!

The procession moved along Hollis street, past Hon. M. Tobin's and to Government House. Here the Addresses were presented, —and after enthusiastic cheers, and a salute from the artillery,—the line proceeded along Barrington, Granville, Water, Gerish, Brunswick Streets, and back to the Parade. (The squaws fell out of march soon after leaving Government House.) At the extremity of Water Street the procession entered the Dock Yard;—it made the circuit of the yard, the artillery fired a salute, three cheers were given, and the march was re-commenced.

On the Parade, tables were spread,—the Societies formed at each side, and their Indian guests sat down to a repast. This consisted in an abundance of fish, fish pies, bread, butter, cheese, cake, and porter. (The day being Friday, and the Indians of the R. Catholic persuasion, meat was not provided.) A large multitude witnessed this part of the proceedings,—people filled the windows, covered House tops, lined the upper side of the Parade, and crowded its area. Mr. Forrester read the answer of his Excellency, which was received with loud cheers. The Indians did justice to the catering of their friends, and after dinner, an Indian dance concluded the proceedings. The concourse separated, highly pleased with the day's festivities, and without being pained by any outrage on good manners.

The day's proceedings were very creditable to the public spirit of the town,—and, taking into account the previous demonstrations of other Societies, were much more effective than might be thought possible. All ranks and parties co-operated, with much kindness,—only bent on making an expression of affectionate loyalty to a beloved Sovereign.

That the marriage of our young Queen, to the Prince who was the choice of her heart,—should thus meet such enthusiastic echoes, so far from the seat of Empire, is an interesting and delightful feature of the times. The days of chivalry, in the best sense of the term, are not yet past,—for as fine and disinterested and manly a spirit, would rally the masses of Victoria's empire, for her safety or her honour, as ever warmed the mailed knights of a more romantic period.

"In the account of the procession of the St. George's Society, in the Halifax papers, some unintentional mistakes have been made, which are of little consequence except to Members of the Society, who wish a correct description to go abroad. The flags were not "military flags" but the property of the Society, and made expressly for its use—the union jack, and the cross of St. George. The banner represents in front, St. George vanquishing the Dragon, and on the obverse is the badge of the Society, a miniature resemblance of which was worn by each Member, and in addition a rosette of white ribbon and a rose. The badge is a cross gules, in a shield of silver, border d'or, surmounted by the royal crown wreathed with oak, the whole reposing on a wreath of red and white roses, finished on each side with a branch of laurel; pendant to this St. George and Dragon, d'or, and underneath the motto, "Sub hoc Signo vinces"—The band of the 37th (not the 8th) led the procession."—*Times*.

**SUPREME COURT.**—There was but one petty Jury case tried this Term! That was the Queen against a private of the 37th for burglary. Mr. Hugh Campbell, hearing some noise in his dwelling house, at about 3 o'clock in the morning of the 13th inst., and supposing it to be caused by the curtain of a window that had been left partially open, in the second floor,—arose from bed, went along the passage, and shut the window. In returning, as he was about to pass into his room, he saw, standing at the door of a room, immediately along side his own, and where his children slept, a man, with a bayonet in his hand. With much presence of mind, Mr. C. grasped the man by the breast, and the bayonet by the handle. The intruder endeavoured to get down stairs, and Mr. Campbell struggled to detain him prisoner. They both, grasped, got to the bottom of the stairs, where a window was open. Mr. Campbell succeeded in wrenching the bayonet from his opponent, and threw it from him. Mr. C. was drawn out of his window on to a shed,

and there struck his antagonist, and threw him off; he fell heavily about 12 feet. Mr. C. hurried round to the yard, but the man had escaped over the fence.—An endeavour was made to identify the individual, by means of a cap, gloves, pocket handkerchief, and bayonet, left behind; but doubts existed, and the prisoner was acquitted. The night was dark.

The Court and Jury spoke highly of Mr. Campbell's bravery, and magnanimity.

It was intimated, that a visit to an acquaintance in the house, and not robbery, was probably the object of the party. For the prosecution, the Crown officers,—for the defence, Mr. Murdoch.

A Jury was impanelled in another case which was of some interest, and called forth the humorous talents of the legal gentlemen engaged. This was Doctor John George Von der Landendorff, against a Justice of the Peace at Shoal-bay, for assault and trespass. Mr. Murdoch and Mr. McGrigor, for the plaintiff,—Mr. Uniacke and Mr. Ritchie for the defendant. A question of law arose, and the illness of a Juror occasioned the postponement of any decision in the case.

**NEWS OF THE WEEK.**—London dates have been brought to April 3,—by the arrival of H. M. Packet, Skylark.—The Canada Bills had been before Parliament. These are for the union of the two Provinces, and the arrangement of several questions respecting their government. A spirit of liberality, we believe, marks the bills, and the debates on the subject.

The war with China is occasioning some trouble to Ministers,—several petitions had been presented, against hostilities,—and notice of a motion on the subject, by one of the opposition, had been given in the House of Commons.—We trust that it will be ascertained that the quarrel is based on the principles of eternal justice, or that the supporters of it will be driven from any unholy position they may occupy, by the good sense, and honour of the nation. We may beat the Chinese, in any cause, with cannon balls,—but let us not, for shame sake, be beaten on argument founded on Christian principles. Let us not, for any trade, much less the abominable opium trade, trample on the independence of an independent people,—if we wish to retain the blessing which has so long attended the national banners.

Appearances of war exist, between Persia and Turkey,—and also between the French force in Africa and some of the native powers.

The war departments, naval and military, of England, exhibited much activity.

**FIRES.**—An alarm of fire was made at about 2 o'clock on Thursday last. It proceeded from the dwelling of Andrew Uniacke, Esq. corner of Argyle and Sackville streets. The smoke was pouring from the chimney, and windows, and flames were soon visible. The military and towns-people mustered promptly, the engines were well supplied, and in about an hour the danger was over. Some of the rooms, and part of the furniture, were injured.

There have been several alarms of fire recently, but the consequences have been trifling.

**MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.**—Doctor Grigor delivered a lecture on the Fine Arts, last Wednesday evening. Mr. A. McKinlay, President of the Institute, closed the session with a brief address respecting the course just ended, and what might be expected for the next. Next Wednesday evening the annual meeting, for election of officers, will take place. Members only are privileged to attend,—Tickets will be exhibited on entrance.

We are happy to find that Mr. Alexander Reid, A. M. the gentleman appointed by the Normal School Society of Glasgow, to the superintendance of the Acadian Institution, arrived here last week, in the Acadian from Greenock. Mr. Reid has attended the University of Edinburgh, for a number of years, and has made himself familiarly acquainted with the Training System, as practised in the Normal Seminary of Glasgow. From the favourable recommendations he has brought along with him, and from his own literary attainments, we are inclined to believe that he will approve himself as an able and efficient teacher of youth, and will give the fullest satisfaction both to the Committee of the Royal Acadian School, and to those parents who may be pleased to place their children under his care.—*Guardian*.

**PASSENGERS.**—In the Portree from Boston, Mrs. Griper, Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Cullerton, Miss Cullerton, Miss Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Buckle, and Child, Messrs. McKenzie, O'Brien, McLean, Mason, Harrington, and 5 in the steerage.—In the Stephen Binney from Havana, Mr. J. Yeomans.—In the Packet from Falmouth, Mrs. Hill, Messrs. Hawthorn, Jenkins and Bamer.—In the Pandora from Liverpool, G. Messrs. Muncy, Mignowitz, Robson, O'Neil, Silver, Kerr, Campbell, Power and Bell.

### MARRIED.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Scott, Mr. William G. Verge, to Eunice Whitcomb, youngest daughter of Mr. Levi Houghton, of Liverpool.

### DIED.

On Saturday evening last, of Hooping Cough, Mary Cogswell, the infant daughter of M. B. Almon, Esq.

On Saturday evening, after a short and painful illness, which she bore with christian fortitude, Harriet G. Hatchard, aged 34, of St. John's, N.F. leaving an affectionate husband, sister and two children, to deplore her loss.

### ROHAN AND LONG RED.

**FARMERS** disposed to cultivate those Potatoes, will be supplied with small quantities of them, on application at the Gazette office. April 25.



## THE JEWS.

A writer in Blackwood, in the course of an eloquent article on the Jews and Jerusalem, states that the population of Judea, in its most palmy days, did not exceed 4,000,000. The numbers who entered Palestine from the wilderness were evidently not much more than three; and their census, according to the German statisticians, who are generally considered to be correct, is now nearly the same as that of the people under Moses—about three millions. They are thus distributed:

In Europe, 1,916,000, of which about 658,000 are in Poland and Russia, and 453,000 are in Austria.

In Asia, 739,000 of which 300,000 are in Asiatic Turkey.

In Africa, 504,000, of which 300,000 are in Morocco.

In America, North and South, 7,500.

If we add to these about 15,000 Samaritans, the calculation in round numbers will be about 3,180,000.

This was the report in 1625—the numbers probably remain the same.

The writer remarks:

“This extraordinary fixedness in the midst of almost universal increase, is doubtless not without a reason—if we are even to look for it among the mysterious operations which have preserved Israel a separate race through eighteen hundred years. May we not naturally conceive, that a people thus preserved without advance or retrocession; dispersed, yet combined; broken, yet firm; without a country, yet dwellers in all; every where insulted, yet every where influential; without a nation, yet united as no nation was before or since—has not been appointed to offer this extraordinary contradiction to the common laws of society, and even the common progress of nature, without a cause, and that cause one of filial benevolence, universal good and divine grandeur?”

He observes further:

“The remarkable determination of European policy towards Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt, within these few years; the not less unexpected change of manners and customs, which seemed to defy all change; and the new life infused into the stagnant governments of Asia, even by their being flung into the whirlpool of European interests, look not unlike signs of times. It may be no dream, to imagine in these phenomena the proofs of some memorable change in the interior of things—some preparatives for that great providential restoration, of which Jerusalem will yet be the scene, if not the centre; and the Israelite himself the especial agent of those high transactions, which shall make Christianity the religion of all lands, restore the dismantled beauty of the earth, and make man what he was created to be, “only a little lower than the angels.”

A correspondent of the same number of Blackwood, thus paraphrases some of the predictions of Malachi:

A sound on the rampart,  
A sound at the gate,  
I hear the roused lioness  
Howl to her mate.  
In the thicket at midnight,  
They rose for the prey  
That shall glut their red jaws  
At the rising of day.  
For wrath is descending  
On Zion's proud tower:  
It shall come like a cloud,  
It shall wrap like a shroud.  
Till, like Sodom, she sleeps  
In a sulphurous shower.

For behold! the day cometh,  
When all shall be flame;  
When, Zion! the sackcloth  
Shall cover thy name;  
When thy bark o'er the billows  
Of Death shall be driven;  
When thy tree, by the lightnings,  
From earth shall be riven;  
When the oven, unkindled  
By mortals, shall burn;  
And like chaff thou shalt glow  
In that furnace of war;  
And, dust as thou wert,  
Thou to dust shalt return.

'Tis the darkness of darkness,  
The midnight of soul!  
No moon on the depths  
Of that midnight shall roll.  
No starlight shall pierce  
Through that life-chilling haze;  
No torch from the roof  
Of the temple shall blaze.  
But, when Israel is buried  
In final despair,  
From a height o'er all height,  
God of God, Light of Light,  
Her sun shall arise—  
Her great Sovereign be there!

Then the sparkles of flame,  
From his chariot-wheels hurl'd,  
Shall smite the crown'd brow  
Of the god of this world!  
Then, captive of ages!  
The trumpet shall thrill  
From the lips of the seraph  
On Zion's sweet hill.  
For, vested in glory,  
Thy monarch shall come,—  
And from dungeon and cave  
Shall ascend the pale slave;

Lost Judah shall rise,  
Like the soul from the tomb!

Who rushes from Heaven?  
The angel of wrath;  
The whirlwind his wing,  
And the lightning his path.  
His hand is uplifted,  
It carries a sword:  
'Tis ELLIJAH! he heralds  
The march of his Lord!  
Sun, sink in eclipse!  
Earth, earth, shalt thou stand,  
When the cherubim wings  
Bear the King of thy kings?  
Wo, wo to the ocean,  
Wo, wo to the land!

'Tis the day long foretold,  
'Tis the judgment begun;  
Gird thy sword, Thou most Mighty!  
Thy triumph is won.  
The idol shall burn  
In his own gory shrine;  
Then, daughter of anguish,  
Thy dayspring shall shine!  
Proud Zion, thy vale  
With the olive shall bloom,  
And the musk-rose distil  
Its sweet dew on the hill;  
For earth is restored,  
The great kingdom is come!

There was once assembled in Michael Scuppach's laboratory a great many distinguished persons from all parts of the world, partly to consult him and partly out of curiosity: and among them many French ladies and gentlemen, and a Russian Prince, with his daughter, whose singular beauty attracted general attention. A young French marquis attempted, for the amusement of the ladies, to display his wit on the miraculous Doctor; but the latter, though not much acquainted with the French language, answered so pertinently that the Marquis had not the laugh on his side. During this conversation, an old peasant entered, meanly dressed, with a snow-white beard, a neighbour of Scuppach's. Scuppach directly turned away from his great company to his old neighbour, and hearing that his wife was ill, set about preparing the necessary medicine for her, without paying much attention to his more exalted guests, whose business he did not think so pressing. The Marquis was now deprived of one subject of his wit, and therefore chose for his butt the old man, who was waiting while his neighbour Michael was preparing something for his old Mary. After many silly jokes on his long white beard, he offered a wager of twelve louisdors, that none of the ladies would kiss the dirty-looking fellow. The Russian princess, hearing these words, made a sign to her attendants, who brought her a plate. The princess put twelve louisdors on it and had it carried to the Marquis, who could not decline adding twelve other. Then the fair Russian went up to the old peasant with the long beard, and said, “Permit me, venerable father, to salute you after the fashion of my country.” Saying this she embraced him and gave him a kiss. She then presented him the gold which was on the plate with these words—“Take this as a remembrance of me, and as a sign that the Russian girls think it their duty to honour old age.”

SIGNS OF THE WEATHER.—Red clouds in the west, at sunset, especially when they have a tint of purple, portend fine weather. The reason is, that the air, when dry, refracts more red, or heat-making rays, and, as dry air is not perfectly transparent, they are again reflected in the horizon. A copper or yellow sunset generally foretells rain: but as indications of wet weather approaching, nothing is more certain than the halo around the moon, which is produced by the precipitated water; and the larger the circle the nearer the clouds, and consequently more ready to fall. When the swallows fly high fine weather is to be expected or continued; but when they fly low or close to the ground, rain is almost surely approaching. This is explained as follows: Swallows pursue the flies and gnats, and they delight in warm strata of air; and, as warm air is lighter, and usually there is less chance of moisture than cold air, when the warm strata of one air is high, there is less chance of moisture being thrown down from them by the mixture of cold air; but when the warm and moist air close to the ground, it is almost certain that as the cold air flows down into it a deposit of water will take place.

After the passage of the law requiring every man who owned a taxed cart to have his name and place of abode inscribed thereon in full, very general exception was taken to the act, and various devices were resorted to, to puzzle the informers. Sometimes the letters would be put on in colour within a shade of the cart; others would paint it upon the axle-tree, and so forth; but the best of all was practised by a Mr. Amos Todd, of Aeton in Kent, who not only bothered the officers of the law, but complied with its demands and expressed his opinion of it at the same time, in the following line, printed in bold characters upon his vehicle:—A MOST ODD ACT ON A TAXED CART, which can be read, Amos Todd, Aeton;—a Taxed Cart.—*Baltimore Post*.

DEAR BOUGHT TREASURE.—In the memoirs of General Miller's services in Peru, there is a calculation that the lives of no less than eight millions two hundred and eighty-five thousand Indians

were sacrificed in that province alone, in searching for gold and silver to enrich their tyrannic masters the Spaniards. The persons thus employed used to be drawn by ballot, and so severe was their labour, that they were generally killed off in the course of twelve months.

SPRING.

O linger not, thou bright and sunny Spring,  
Fair nature's child! companion of glad hours!  
But o'er the earth thy gorgeous mantle fling,  
And hasten onward with thy buds and flowers.

Let thy sweet form be seen...thy thrilling voice  
Peal gently on the ear from bough and brake;  
Bid nature in her loveliness rejoice,  
And all her slumbering energies awake!

EATING APPLES.—I have noticed, that the way in which a person pares an apple is indicative of character, so far as economy or extravagance is concerned. When the fruit is brought on, after dinner, observe who it is that hastily cuts off a very thick paring, leaving less than half the apple. Such a person is liberal, if not extravagant, and probably runs in debt to the extent of his credit. One who pares the fruit carefully, taking off the whole of the skin, but cutting no deeper than is necessary, is prudent, economical, orderly, probably not in debt, and gradually improving his fortune. One who cuts it very thin, leaving part of the skin unremoved, is probably penurious, selfish, and illiberal. These signs may not always be certain, but will, I think, very often be found indicative of character.

THE PASHA OF EGYPT AND THE ROYAL SOCIETY.—The Pasha has been doing a very generous act for the promotion of philosophical inquiry. The Royal Society made an application, through the British government, some time ago, to be allowed to construct an observatory in Egypt for magnetic and meteorological observations. On the communication of this wish through our Consul-General, Colonel Campbell, (who never asked a favour in vain from the Viceroy,) his Highness answered that he would build the observatory at his own expense, and has already given instructions for its erection on an island opposite Boulag, where it will be protected from the dust and sand of the climate, and has appointed an intelligent Frenchman, M. Lambert, to superintend it. The Viceroy has done more; he remarked that the Royal Society would be the best judges of the necessary instruments, &c. for forwarding their object, and has desired they will do him the favour of selecting whatever may be necessary for the observatory, and he will direct the cost to be instantly paid.—*United Service Gazette*.

THE ABUSE OF TIME.—The following beautiful extract is from a lecture delivered before the New York Mercantile Library Association, by the Rev. G. W. Bethune:

“During a recent visit to the United States Mint, I observed in the gold room, a rack was placed over the floor for us to tread upon; and on enquiring its purpose, I was answered, it was to prevent the visitor from carrying away with the dust of his feet the minutest particle of the precious metal, which, despite of the utmost care, would fall upon the floor when the rougher edge of the bar was filed; and that the sweepings of the building saved thousands of dollars in the year. How much more precious the most minute fragments of time! and yet how often are they trodden upon like dust, by thoughtlessness and folly!

DANCING.—“I am an old fellow,” says Cowper, in one of his letters to Hurd, “but I had once my dancing days, as you have now, yet I could never find that I could learn half so much of woman's character by dancing with her, as by conversing with her at home, where I observe her behaviour unobserved at the table, at the fireside, and in all the trying circumstances of life. We are all good when we are pleased; but she is the good woman who wants no fiddle to sweeten her.”

She who makes her husband and her children happy, who reclaims the one from vice, and trains up the other to virtue, is a much greater character than ladies described in romances, whose whole occupation is to murder mankind, with shafts from their quiver or their eyes!—*Goldsmith*.

## THE COLONIAL PEARL.

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

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