

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

COLONIAL PEARL.

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

Published every Friday evening, at 17s. 6d. per Annum.

VOLUME THREE.

FRIDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 11, 1899.

NUMBER FORTY-ONE.

A WINTER SCENE ON A PRAIRIE.

Now sharp Boreas blows abroad, and brings
The dreary winter on his frozen wings;
Beneath the low hung clouds, the sheets of snow
Descend, and whiten all the fields below.

Such was the burden of my song when I awoke from a most refreshing slumber, and saw large white flakes descending, and the whole country covered with the snowy garb of winter. It is at times a very pleasant employment to watch the progress of a snow storm, but then one must be sheltered from its violence, for I assure you one cannot at all sentimentalize, when one is breasting its fury with a long and dreary journey in prospect. However, this morning I was in a peculiarly good humour, and disregarding the solicitations of my friends, who begged me to remain until the storm had abated, I determined to resume my journey. Soon the merry jingle of the sleigh-bell announced to me that my vehicle was at the door of my friend's hospitable mansion—into it I sprung with joyous gait, and away we flew over the broad and boundless prairie. My noble steed seemed to feel a new excitement, as we inhaled the fresh morning breeze, which lent life and vigour to every nerve.

A prairie is most beautiful in the spring time of the year, for then it is a garden formed and cultivated by nature's hand, where grow the clustering flowers which bloom in rich luxuriance, and "shed their fragrance on the desert air." But when stern Winter casts her mantle o'er the earth, and binds the streams in icy fetters, then a prairie is a grand spectacle and sublime, and will well repay for the hardships and privations of western travelling. I was compelled however, to ride against the wind, which whistled around and blew directly in my face. So violent was the storm that I was almost blinded by the thick flashes of snow that were dashed in my eyes. Had I acted with prudence I should have made myself comfortable at the log hut, where I had dined, for the remainder of the day; but I resolved, in spite of wind and weather, to reach Peroria by night. Whilst progressing quietly on my way, gray twilight extended her evening shades on earth. Still I drove on, anxious to arrive at my point of destination. Not a single star peeped out from the heavens to shed her light on a benighted traveller. The storm increased in violence and the cold winds whistled a wintery tune. I now found I had strayed from the road, and here I was on the broad prairie without any mark to guide, having lost the track, which had been covered with the falling snow. Unfortunately I had left my compass behind, and was without one stray light in the heavens whereby to direct my course. The weary traveller who has lost his way on a prairie, is, as it were, on a boundless sea; of-times he will travel hour after hour, and still find himself at nearly the same point from which he started. Everything in nature appeared to combine against me, and I assure you my feelings were by no means comfortable. Memory ran over the sad history of the numerous travellers who had been overtaken by night and buried in the fallen snow; many who had started in the morning full of gay hopes and buoyant anticipations, who, ere another sun had risen, had found a cold and solitary grave, arrested in their course by the chill and icy hand of death. Alas! I thought, how true—

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn—
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return—
Or climb his knee, the envied kiss to share.

Insensibly I felt a strong inclination to sleep,—I had heard that this was a dangerous symptom, and that if I yielded to its influence my life would certainly be lost. I endeavoured to shake off the drowsy feeling. Never before had I experienced such a strong inclination to sleep. Never before did I exert myself more to keep awake. I hallooed—I shouted—I beat my breast to preserve animation, and tried every method to prevent my yielding to the drowsy influence. My noble horse was almost exhausted, and I myself began to despair of reaching a place of safety,—when suddenly a ray of light beamed upon the snow, and shed a shadow around me. Encouraged by this favourable token I urged on. My jaded steed also seemed to know that he was approaching a place of shelter, for he quickened his pace, and shortly afterwards I discovered at a distance a small log hut, from the window of which beamed a broad blaze of light. I was soon at the door and warmly welcomed by the kind owner, who shook the snow from my garments, and gave me a seat beside a bright flaming fire.

Oh! how delightful was the sense of security as I sat sheltered from the wintry blasts, and listened to the tales of the inmates,

many of whom had, like me, been overtaken by the storm, and were now relating the events of their journey. I have passed many delightful evenings in the course of a short but eventful life,—I have been at the festive board, where the wine-cup was pushed merrily around, and song, and laughter, and merriment abounded,—I have mingled in the society of the gay,—I have been—

where youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet;

but never have I passed a more happy evening than in the small and narrow cabin of that Illinois farmer.—*Letters from a Traveller.*

A VILLAGE PARSONAGE.

It was a venerable old house with pointed gables, elaborate and pointed windows, with panes of glass of the size of the palm of the hand, low doors, narrow staircase, all sorts of unsuspected rooms, and creepers outside, trelliced and trained to every corner and angle. Then there was the modern wing with library and dining room, large windows, marble fire places, and French paper, and in going from your bedroom to breakfast, you might fancy yourself going from Queen Elizabeth's time to Queen Victoria's. A high hedge of holly divided the smoothly-shaven lawn from the churchyard, and in the midst of the moss-grown head stones stood a grey old church with four venerable towers, one of the most picturesque and beautiful specimens of the old English architecture that I have ever seen. The whole group, church, vicarage, and a small hamlet of vine covered and embowered stone cottages, lay in the lap of a gently rising sweep of hills, and all around were spread landscapes of the finished and serene character peculiar to England—rich fields framed in flowering hedges, clumps of forest trees, glimpses of distant parks, country seats and village spires, and on the horizon a line of mist-clad hills, scarce ever more distinct than the banks of low-lying clouds retiring after a thunder storm in America.

Early on Sunday morning we were awakened by the melody of the bells in the old towers, and with brief pause between the tunes, they were played upon most musically till the hour for the morning services. We have little idea in America of the perfection to which the chiming of bells is carried in England. In the towers of this small rural church are hung eight bells of different tone, and the tunes played on them by the more accomplished ringers of the neighbouring hamlet, are varied endlessly. I lay and listened to the simple airs as they died away over the valley with a pleasure I can scarcely express. The morning was serene and bright, the perfume of the clematis and jasmine flowers at the window, penetrated to the curtain of my bed, and Sunday seemed to have dawned with the audible worship and payable incense of Nature. We were told at breakfast that the chimes had been unusually merry, and were a compliment to ourselves, the villagers always expressing thus their congratulations on the arrival of guests at the vicarage. The compliment was repeated between churches, and a very long peal rang in the twilight—our near relationship to the Vicar's family authorising a very special rejoicing.

The interior of the church was very ancient looking and rough, the pews of unpainted oak, and the massive stone walls simply whitewashed. The congregation was small, perhaps fifty persons, and the men were (with two exceptions) dressed in russet carter's frocks, and most of them in leather leggings. The children sat on low benches placed in the centre of the aisle, and the boys, like their fathers, were in smock frocks of homespun, their heavy shoes shod with iron like horses' hoofs, and their little legs buttoned up in the impenetrable gaiters of coarse leather. They looked, men and boys, as if they were intended to wear but one suit in this world.

I was struck with the solemnity of the service, and the decorous attention of men, women, and children to the responses. It was a beautiful specimen of simple and pastoral worship. Each family had the name of their farm or place of residence painted on the back of the pew, with the number of seats to which they were entitled, probably in proportion to their tithes. The "living" is worth, if I remember right, not much over a hundred pounds—an insufficient sum to support so luxurious a vicarage as is appended to it, but the vicar chooses to be a man of fortune, and he unites in his character the exemplary pastor with the physician and lord of the manor. I left B— with the conviction that if peace, contentment and happiness, inhabit but one spot more than all others in a world, whose allotments are so difficult to estimate, it is the vicarage in the bosom of that rural upland.—*Willis.*

MY FISHING GROUND.

The author of "My Fishing Ground," in the Knickerbocker, has closely studied the book of nature. Witness the following, from his second article in the September number:

"Here I am, upon my old ground again. My companions, the trees and rocks, stand calm and eloquent around me. But methinks they look more sober now, than when in the full tide of spring glory. The summer deepens; the birds have put on a more matronly demeanour; their wild and extatic gushes of music are no longer heard, but a sweeter and more plaintive strain breaks forth in their stead.

"Hark! Cling-clang! cling-clang! On the hill above me, the sturdy yeoman pauses amid his labour to sharpen his scythe. There is music, and a nameless rural charm, in the beating of his weapon, which is only equalled by the tinkling of the shepherd's bell. How tranquil and soothing the sound! As he pauses, I hear but the solemn murmur of the crickets, and then the *rush* of his steel, as it sweeps through the grass, in one broad semi-circle. Is not this a life of poetry? Around him lie his 'swarths,' thick as the green waves of the sea. He is out in the great temple of nature; the heavens and the earth are an open book to him, written out by the finger of God himself; eloquent, melodious voices are around him.

"There! I have you! How he writhes upon my hook, scattering around him a few drops of water, like globules of silver, as like a malefactor, he hangs suspended between the heavens and the earth. Would you had the gift of speech, my fine fellow! You would plead as sincerely as many a wiser one has done before you, who had been as foolishly caught. You are not the only one who has felt the barbed steel, from being too greedy. The world is filled with 'fishers of men'; and their hooks are most ingeniously covered. The usurer sits all day with his long pole, and still longer line, filled with bait, and 'bobs' from morning until night. It is not for me to say how many have had their gills torn. Messieurs Quackery and Humbug are most indefatigable fishers, and the people bite now as well as they did twenty years ago. It would be a rare sight to see all the victims on one string! There would be no distinction of rank or condition. Ignorance and talent, wealth and poverty, would hang side by side. So much for moralizing upon you, my little prisoner!

"Hark to the low whistle of the quail over the hill! 'More wet, more wet!' There he sits, watching the wheat-field, which runs in waves of gold before him. He fares sumptuously every day, and appears satisfied and contented. He is a quaker in costume and demeanour, grave in his manner, and always appears in a suit of brown, rounded off in his rear. His is peculiarly the harvest song; soft and melodious; ringing in the silent noonday over hill and valley, when other birds are silent. He lingers around the husbandmen in their toil, from morning until evening. He is one of the loveliest features of the season, and the task would move heavily without his annual presence.

"The whole world is alive with squirrels. Black, and gray, and red, continually dart past me, and clatter for security. There is one now, perched on a long, projecting limb, chattering nonsense with inconceivable rapidity. He sits up with his tail curled over his back, and addresses all his conversation to me. He challenges me to reach him; boasts of his safety; calls me all kind of hard names, and flirts and rattles around, to attract my attention. He knows I cannot shoot him with my fishing-rod, and that he may take advantage of my situation to tantalize me. Oh that I understood the language of the animal creation! The squirrel talks French, as near as I can make out. His gestures and movements are all French; and Noah must have introduced this language into the ark, expressly for his convenience.

"Above me, on a blasted oak, sits a crow, peering curiously down at my pole, and setting up every moment his most dismal screech. He has been driven into the woods by some farmer's boy, who detected him plundering his corn-field. He is only waiting until the coast is clear to make a second descent. He is the most bold, saucy, and guilt-hardened of all the feathered tribe. Like Rob Roy, he takes his tax from all alike. He has a running acquaintance with men of straw, flying strips of cloth, long lines, and click-clack wind-mills; but he has such keen perception, he is such a physiognomist and phrenologist, that he can decide their character at a glance. He has a *flying* knowledge of all mankind, being a regular rover, a bird of the world. It is said that crows scent out gunpowder at once, and act accordingly. They are sextons by office, and have assisted in burying the dead, on many a battle-field. There he goes, glossy black, over the green-trees tops.

screaching out a farewell, his voice waxing fainter and fainter in the distance, until 'nothing lives 'twixt that and silence.'

"But the dusk draws on, since the sun has dropped low behind the hills. The dews have sucked the fragrance from the withered grass, the sweet scented clover, and the pea blossom, and they come down in the valley with mingled odors. The lowing of the cattle, as they gather and move from their pasturage, falls on the ear. There is a deeper and more hollow roar in the glen, as the brook dashes onward."

MUSIC.

We English, I suppose, neglect our own music more than any people upon the face of the earth, and with as little reason for so doing. We are the most loan-loving nation under the sun; we borrow pretty nearly every thing;—our dresses, our habits of life, and now, at last, our music. We are not an idle people, nor a foolish people; but somehow or other we have got hold of a notion that nothing of our own is worth a brass farthing, and that every thing belonging to every body else is worth its weight in gold. We go upon tick for taste, and we are put off with an inferior material into the bargain. I never yet heard an overture, or a fantasia, or a fugue, or an aria, that could stand any thing like a comparison with three-fourths of the old Irish and Scotch melodies, which one scarcely dares call for, for fear of being stared down by a parcel of people who never even heard of their existence. Those of Scotland, in particular, have to me, though I am no Scotchman, an inexpressible charm. I could listen to "Auld Robin Gray," and "Ye banks and braes," and "My love is like the red red rose," and fifty more that I could name, every night of my life, without being weary of them. These, after all, are the strains that come home to our hearts; these are the sounds at which the very falling of a pin is an interruption "grating harsh discord" to our ears—which float around us in our slumbers—which haunt us in our rambles, which are with us in the woods and by the streams, lapping in an elysium of harmony the discordant and jarring passions of our most unmusical "working day world." The concert-room with its "intricacies of laborious song," moves our wonder and charms our ear; but it stirs not our feelings; we are no more touched by "Vivit tu," much as we may applaud its execution, than we are by the street-minstrel, whom we bribe by a whole penny to bestow his oft-repeated "All round my hat," on the unsuspecting inhabitants of some more distant locality. I cannot enjoy music, any more than I can read poetry, in a crowd—except it be our own magnificent National Anthem, or some strain which stirring us with the sound of a trumpet, summons up at once in a thousand bosoms other and nobler associations than those which music more generally endeavours to awake; strains at which every heart beats more proudly—to which every tongue bursts forth in involuntary chorus—which kindle to a blaze in our bosoms all the pride, and the honor, and the love of our fatherland, which, though they may for a time burn dimly, may never, like the She-hir's fire, be wholly extinguished.

Our own Shakspeare, in one of the most exquisite productions of his genius, has drawn a lover of music after my own heart. I love that music-loving Duke of Illyria before he has spoken two lines:—

"Now, good Cæsario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night:
Methought it did relieve my passion much
More than light airs, and recollected terms,
Of these most brisk and giddy-pated times."

And again,

"Mark it, Cæsario—it is old and plain:—
The spinsters, and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their tread with bones,
Do want to sing it."

Yes! Shakspeare has sought for the standard of taste in music in a quarter which may perchance provoke the sneer of the professor; but he has sought it in the true one, for all that—he has sought for it in the people, in the class to whom music is the only one of the fine arts capable of being thoroughly enjoyed;—who turn confused from scientific and perplexed combinations of sound, to some more simple strain which they can feel, and understand, and remember—whose taste is the taste of nature, and therefore the true one.

Coleridge's "Lines composed in a Concert-Room" are a host in my favour. Truly, indeed, does he say of the crowds who ordinarily fill those receptacles, "these feel not music's genuine power;" and beautifully does he long to change the "long-breathed singer's uptrilled strain," for the melodies of the unnoticed minstrel, who

"Breathes on his flute sad airs, so wild and low
That his own cheek is wet with quiet tears."

Byron is on my side, notwithstanding he asserts himself to be "a liege and loyal admirer of Italian music." The clever stanza which dashes off the "long evenings of duets and trios," wants the feeling—marred as its effect is by the jingling rhyme—which characterises the following one, in which he speaks of

—"The home
Heart-ballads of Green Erin or Gray Highlands,
That bring Lochaber back to eyes that roau
O'er far Atlantic continents or islands;
The calentures of music, which o'ercome
All mountaineers with dreams that they are nigh lands
No more to be beheld but in such visions!"

Yes! it is not the grand crash of the orchestra, or the painful effort of the concert-room—it is not your "Babylon's bravuras" that stir the heart of the wanderer who roams "remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow," among strangers in a strange land; but the honest simple strains of the people—homely things which sink deep into the home-sick heart—strains which have cheered his evening hours among friends far away—remembrances of all that man holds dearest—of friends, of kindred, of love, of home. There is many a hardy Swiss heart that melts at the *Ranz des Vaches*, to which the overture to *Guillaume Tell* would be an unintelligible and powerless congregation of sounds.

"Music," says Addison, "is to deduce its laws and rules from the general sense and taste of mankind, and not from the principles of the art itself; or, in other words, the taste is not to conform to the art, but the art to the taste. Music is not designed to please only chromatic ears, but all that are capable of distinguishing harsh from agreeable notes. A man of an ordinary ear is a judge whether a passion is expressed in proper sounds, and whether the melody of those sounds be more or less pleasing."

To these "chromatic ears" it is the fashion now-a-days for John Bull to pretend—and he seems determined to wear them long enough in all conscience: but, though he has forsaken the national muse to attach himself with all the fervor of a renegade to her foreign sisters, I cannot help thinking, and hoping, that we shall yet see the day when he will be pleased to resume the more "ordinary" organs which naturally belong to him—when the strains "which pleased of yore the public ear" shall once more claim their ancient place in his estimation; and the manes of the exasperated mayoress be appeased by the restoration of the long-exiled "simple ballad."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

THE ADOPTED CHILD.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"Why would'st thou leave me, oh! gentle child!
Thy home on the mountain is bleak and wild,
A straw-roof'd cabin with lowly wall—
Mine is a fair and pillar'd hall,
Where many an image of marble gleams,
And the sunshine of picture forever streams."

"Oh! green is the turf where my brothers play,
Through the long bright hours of summer day,
They find the red cup-moss where they climb,
And they chase the bee o'er the scented thyme;
And the rocks where the heath flower blooms they know,
Lady, kind lady! oh! let me go."

"Content thee boy! in my bower to dwell,
Here are sweet sounds which thou lovest well;
Flutes in the air in the stilly noon,
Harps which the wandering breezes tune;
And the silvery wood-note of many a bird,
Whose voice was ne'er in thy mountains heard."

"My mother sings, at the twilight's fall,
A song of the hills, far more sweet than all;
She sings it under her own green tree,
To the babe half slumbering on her knee;
I dream'd last night of that music low—
Lady, kind lady! oh! let me go."

"Thy mother is gone from her cares to rest—
She has taken the babe on her quiet breast;
Thou would'st meet her footsteps, boy no more,
Nor hear her song at the cabin door.
Come thou with me to the vineyard nigh,
And we'll pluck the grapes of the richest dye."

"Is my mother gone from her home away?
But I know that my brothers are there at play;
I know they are gathering the fox-glove bell,
Or the long fern leaves by the sparkling well,
Or they launch their boats where the bright streams flow,
Lady, kind lady! oh! let me go."

"Fair child! thy brothers are wanderers now;
They sport no more on the mountain's brow;
They have left the fern by the spring's green side,
And the stream where the fairy barks were tied;
Be thou at peace in thy brighter lot,
For thy cabin home is a lonely spot."

"Are they gone, all gone from the sunny hill?
But the bird and the blue fly rove o'er it still,
And the red deer bound in their gladness free,
And the heath is bent by the singing bee,
And the waters leap, and the fresh winds blow—
Lady, kind lady! oh! let me go."

FINE ARTS,—EXHIBITION OF BEASTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Of *Van Amburgh and his Lions*, we shall not speak in terms of either negative praise, or equivocal censure; for we are bound to award it our most positive and undisguised condemnation. Without examining too closely the enthralling circumstances under which the artist is supposed to have painted this disagreeable picture, we may remark that the commands which he is asserted to have received could not have been very rigid; or, in his copy, he must have followed undeviatingly the original exhibition. If he had strictly pursued this course, everybody would have believed that he was prohibited from the exercise of his discretion; and have compassionated him for being compelled to devote his abilities to the delineation of a subject so unworthy of them. Such, however, is the extent of the variation which Mr. Landseer has introduced, that it unavoidably suggests the inference that a considerable latitude must have been permitted to him in the composition of the picture; and consequently, we fear, that the artist must be deemed chiefly responsible for the bad taste which it generally displays. Does Mr. Landseer suppose that by transporting the scene of the vulgar subject which he has delineated, from a theatre, to a fair, he has thereby imparted to it any dignity? Our critical duty does not necessitate us to suggest to a painter the course which he should have pursued; but, when we condemn, we consider ourselves bound to communicate our fullest reasons for our strictures. We shall therefore add that we think that Mr. Landseer ought either to have painted faithfully the incident as it was represented; or to have done his utmost to have disconnected it from all association with a merely mercenary exhibition. Instead of which obvious proceeding, however, Mr. Landseer has miraculously contrived to reduce his subject to a level, even lower than that at which he found it.

Nor with relation to the execution, in which respect this artist is generally most happy, can we, in the present instance, award him more than a very qualified praise. The lion is powerfully and effectively painted, but the other animals are so entirely wanting in the representation of substance, that they suggest the notion of being ingenious and elaborate copies of flat surfaces. They are very highly finished, and varnished; possess a singularly injudicious arrangement of sparkling lights, and vivid hues; and altogether look as if they were painted on tin, and japanned.

In bidding a final adieu to the subject of this artist's unhappy picture, we cannot refrain from expressing the wonder and curiosity which we have long experienced as to the nature of the feelings of a certain *Monsieur Martin*, in relation to Mr. Van Amburgh and his beasts. Not above eight or ten years ago, this Frenchman presented on the boards of Drury Lane Theatre, a spectacle of submissiveness in carnivorous quadrupeds which was really surprising. So completely had M. Martin dominated his naturally ferocious animals, that, instead of being confined in a cage, they were permitted the entire range of the stage, within a low, and very open railing, not breast high. In addition to this feature of superiority in his exhibition, the highly educated monsters which composed it were involved in the incidents of the drama in which they appeared; and were undoubtedly the best and most interesting performers in it. Yet Monsieur Martin utterly failed on the very boards, whence a charlatan in the vocation in which he was a proficient, is fated subsequently to pick up quarterly, more than the annual salary of a first Minister of State. We should like to know, we repeat, what must be the sentiments of Monsieur Martin, in relation to Mr. Van Amburgh, and to the consistency of the English public.

REPORTED ORIGIN OF MEAD'S RISE.

When Dr. Mead was young, and just beginning to be talked of, he was asked to Carshalton, (to a club of medical bon-vivants). The object was to make him drunk, and to see the man; this design he suspected, and carefully avoided to fill a bumper when the sign was given. And he so managed as to see all the company retire under the table, except Radcliffe and himself; and the former was so far gone as to talk fast, and to show himself affected by the potations. "Mead," said he, "will you succeed me?" "It is impossible," replied the polite Mead; "you are Alexander the Great, and no man can succeed Radcliffe; to succeed to one of his kingdoms, is the utmost of my ambition." Radcliffe, with all his bluntness, was susceptible of flattery when delicately dressed up, and this reply won his heart. "I will recommend you, Mead, to my patients," said he; and the next day he did Mead the honour to visit him in town, when he found him reading Hippocrates. Radcliffe with surprise asked, "Do you read Hippocrates in the original Greek?" "Yes," answered Mead, respectfully. "I never read it in my life," said the great Radcliffe. "No!" replied Mead, "you have no occasion, you are Hippocrates himself." This did the business for Mead, and it completely gained the blunt Radcliffe; and when he did not choose to attend patients, he recommended Mead, who from that moment rapidly rose in his profession. "This," says Dr. Lettsom, "I heard ten years ago from old Dr. Mounsey of Chelsea, who was one of the party."

THE TIGRESS.

SCENE I.

On the banks of the river Cauvery stands one of those mean-looking villages, which occur, at intervals of a few miles, throughout the greater part of the Mysore country, a small mud fort, long since dismantled, and now almost concealed by jungle, overlooked a sluggish stream, whose dark waters lazily licked the crumbling walls. The snow-white egret and the stately crane waded amongst the shallows, in attitudes of intense watchfulness. The scaly alligator lay basking on the half-covered sandbanks, and the Brahming kite hovered above the reeds, uttering its querulous note, as its bright chestnut wings quivered in the level beams of the setting sun. Herds of sluggish buffaloes, their bare black hides plastered with mud, were returning from their pasture, a sunburnt urchin perched upon the back of the most docile, shouted at the top of his voice a wild recitative, addressed to his charge, who replied by deep surly grunts. The shrill cry of the wild peacock, perched upon the ruined battlements of the fort, was answered by his mate from the rank thicket underneath. And the soft cooing of the turtle-dove whispered among the mango leaves. As evening advanced the huge vampire-bats, which hung in clusters suspended by their hinder claws from the drooping branches of the banyan-trees, dropped, one by one, and glided silently away in search of food. Laborers, with their black blankets hanging over their shoulders, came in straggling parties from the fields, driving their bullocks before them: and the women returned from the wells in picturesque groups, each supporting with one hand an earthen jar of antique form, gracefully balanced on her head; whilst the jingling sounds of the bangles which encircled their ankles, made music to their light elastic step. Such was the peaceful scene, as evening closed upon that lonely village.

But at intervals, a wild startling shout would come booming on the breeze, and ere its falling notes had died away, the cry was taken up, and continued from an opposite quarter. This was the *shikar*-cry of the Mysore woodsman; and, to an Indian sportsman, told its tale. A jungle village on the banks of a river, is generally haunted by a tiger; if there be a ruined fort, overgrown with grass and brushwood, such probability is much increased—and whenever the woodcutter returns hurriedly at sunset, shouting that ominous *holla*, the chances are, that a tiger dogs his steps.

The sun had set, and the shades of night were fast approaching, as Rung Row, the venerated priest of the village, strode along the banks of the river to a convenient spot for making his evening ablutions. He returned with dignified condescension the salutations humbly offered by each *Ryat* whom he met, and proceeded on wrapped in his own meditations. Little thought the proud Brahmin, as he pondered over the probable success of his last project in priestly craft, that he was not doomed to reap its fruits.

At a winding of the river, less than a quarter of a mile from the village was a little bay, sheltered from observation by some aloe-bushes. The water was not too deep; and soft sand, pleasant for the foot to tread, shelved gradually into a clear pool.

"Here shall I enjoy a refreshing bath," thought the priest.

Having no clothes to encumber him, save a cotton wrapper round his loins, the devout worshipper of *Vishnoo* waded at once into the stream, muttering a prayer at every step, and commenced the important ceremony of ablution, by pouring water, from a small brass vessel, over his shaven crown and well-oiled skin.

What rustle was that!—The Brahmin's ears heard not, they were stunned by the cold stream which poured over them. His eyes, too, were closed, else would he have seen two bright green orbs, glaring fiercely upon him, through the branches of an aloe-bush at his side. His hour had come, for the famous Man-eater of Shikarpoor was upon his tail. Her grim head was cautiously thrust through the bushes, and the striped monster issued from her lair with stealthy tread. Dragging her belly along the sand, her tail switching impatiently, her ears laid flat upon her neck, and her whiskered lips drawn back, so as to expose her formidable array of tusks, she crept silently to the brink of the water, there, gathering herself together, she glared for one moment on the devoted wretch like a triumphant fiend, and bounding forward, threw herself upon him with a roar, which thrilled through his guilty soul, and drowned the death-shriek which he uttered in his agony—struggle there was none—the paw of the tigress fell like a bar of iron upon his skull, crushing it to the brain, and her powerful teeth met in his throat. Death was almost instantaneous—a senseless body hung quivering in her grasp, as she turned to the shore, but she still shook it with ferocious energy, and buried her tusks deeper still, as it throbbed at the last convulsive gasp.

† This fearful death had been the fate of many a poor *Ryat* and woodcutter belonging to the village, for the tigress had haunted it during several months. Their fate created little sensation—they were only *soodras*; but when a herdboys, who had witnessed this tragedy, ran to the village screaming, *Bhag! Bhag!* and announced that the Man-eater was supping on a Brahmin priest, the brotherhood were roused from their apathy into a state

of keen excitement. Women ran about beating their breasts, and howling their national lament, and the village resounded with the dismal cries of *Wha! Wha! Bhag! Bhag!*

SCENE II.

Before the elephant had time to rise, the buffaloes, which had been quietly grazing round the edge of the jungle, raised their heads, snorted, and rushed in a body towards one point, bellowing furiously.

"*Bhag! bhag!*" shrieked the terrified child, cowering down into the bottom of the *howdah*.

"It is!" cried Mansfield, springing to the ground. "She has taken the alarm already; the large rifle, quick!" Azapah thrust it into his hand. Setting the third sight, for a long shot, he stretched back one leg, and slowly raised the heavy weapon to his eye, his finger feeling the trigger, with a pressure so gradual, that the barrel seemed to pour forth its contents spontaneously at the instant it rested motionless.

"That hit her!" he calmly observed, as he dropped the discharged weapon into the hollow of his arm, and stood for a moment to watch the effect of the shot. The tigress, who was stealing along at a distance of full two hundred yards, uttered a short angry roar, and dropped on her knees. When she rose, one fore leg hung dangling from her shoulder, and in this crippled state she slunk into cover, pursued by the buffaloes, bellowing at her haunches. A murmur of admiration ran around the bystanders at this exhibition of skill, which so far exceeded what the majority thought possible, that it seemed more than possible, that it seemed more than human, and made them look upon the successful marksmen almost in the light of a demi-god. Even old Bhurmah could hardly believe his senses, when he heard the soft *thud* of the bullet, and saw the animal drop, at a distance so far beyond the range of his own trusty matchlock. And the poor little herdboys clasped his hands together, and his large eyes glistened with tears of gratitude when the joyful shout announced that his dreaded enemy was disabled from flight, and her death certain.

Without noticing the admiration which his skilful shot had occasioned, Mansfield re-loaded his rifle with scrupulous exactness, and took his seat in the *howdah* beside Charles, with the wondering herdboys between them. Old Bhurmah climbed up on the elephant's crupper, to ensure being in at the death, and the stately animal marched up to the final encounter.

Drops of blood guided them to the bush in which the wounded tigress lay. The heavy foot of the advancing elephant shook the ground. She raised her head, laid back her ears savagely, and cease licking the blood from her shattered shoulder. Mansfield cautioned Charles to be ready, but not to fire in a hurry, as he would wait for him to take the first shot. They were now near enough to observe the bush agitated, as if she was collecting herself for a rush, and a low growl gave forth its warning. Old Bhurmah danced about like a maniac, one hand grasping the back of the *howdah* to support himself, the other brandishing his sword, and his long white mustache, which curled up to his eyes, giving him a look of ferocity almost equal to that of the tigress. The sagacious elephant twisted his trunk up to be out of harm's way, and advanced cautiously another step. A louder growl increased to a short hoarse roar.

"Keep him steady now, my lad—she is coming," said Mansfield, addressing the Mahout with perfect coolness. Charles held his breath, and his eyes seemed as if starting from his head with excitement, as he cocked both barrels of his rifle, and half raised it to his shoulder.

"No hurry, boy; take her coolly," said Mansfield.

The branches crashed—a brindled mass gleamed through them, and the tigress sprang forth. Her flaming eye gazed wildly around, then settled on her foes. Every hair in her body stood erect—her tail lashed her painted sides, and her flanks heaved laboriously, as if almost suffocated with rage. Uttering a deep growl, she arched her back and lowered her head for a spring.

"Now!" Quick as lightning followed the flash of the rifle, both barrels being discharged, almost simultaneously, and the tigress staggered back with two balls in her chest. She recovered her footing, and was in the act of bounding forward to the charge, when a shot from Mansfield's anerring rifle entered her brain. She dropped from her proud attitude, and the famous Man-eater of Shikarpoor lay gasping in a pool of blood, which gushed from a ragged hole between her eyes.

Whilst Azapah busied himself in the important operation of singeing the whiskers of the dead tigress, the overjoyed natives crowded around, rending the air with shouts, and invoking blessings on the head of the Burrah Sahib, the invincible slayer of wild beasts, whose powerful hand had rid the country of this dreadful scourge.

THE COMMANCHES OF TEXAS.

The Commanches claim to be the lineal descendants of the empire of Montezuma, and the only legitimate owners of the whole Mexican country. The chief said, that when Cortez landed in Mexico, he found the country torn to pieces by internal factions, and was enabled, by employing the disaffected, to raise a force

to seize upon the capital. Those chiefs believed, if they could destroy the power of Montezuma, they could easily despatch the Spaniards, and have the control of the country in their own hands. But too late they ascertained that they had introduced a harder master, and that unconditional servitude was all they had to expect. They were required to change their ancient religion, and thousands of them were sent to work in the mines, from which they rarely ever made their escape. A great proportion of them bound their neck to the conqueror, and became serfs and slaves to the Spaniards; but a few, the best and the noblest part, preferred exile to servitude, and set out on a pilgrimage to the north, in hopes to find a land where they could enjoy their ancient institutions in peace.

They travelled for many weeks, and at last came to the great river of the north, the Rio Grande, where they encamped, and sent out twenty chosen men to examine the adjacent country. They crossed the great river and ascended one of the highest peaks of the mountain, which overlooked the adjoining plain. The prairie was covered with buffalo, deer, and antelopes, and they thought they had reached the happy hunting ground, and the word *Texas! Texas! Texas!* burst from every tongue. It was decided unanimously that it should be their future home, and the country should go by the name apparently furnished them by the Great Spirit.

Texas is the Commanche name for the residence of the happy spirits in the world where they shall enjoy an eternal felicity, and have plenty of deer and buffalo always at hand. By taking the sound as they pronounce it, and giving it the Spanish orthography, it gives us the word "*Texas*," which is the "*Happy Hunting Ground*," or the "*Elysium*" of the Commanches. This is a true history of the name, as derived from Isowacauy himself.

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

Madame Necker relates the following anecdote of M. Abauret, a philosopher of Geneva:—"It was said of him that he never had been out of temper: some persons, by means of his female servant, were determined to put this to the proof. The woman in question stated that she had been his servant for thirty years, and she protested that during that time she had never seen him in a passion. They promised a sum of money if she would endeavour to make him angry; she consented, and knowing he was particularly fond of having his bed well made, she on the day appointed neglected to make it. M. Abauret observed it, and the next morning made the observation to her, she answered that she had forgotten it; she said nothing more, but, on the same evening she again neglected to make the bed; the same observation was made on the morrow by the philosopher; and she again made some such excuse in a cooler manner than before. On the third day he said to her, 'you have not yet made my bed; you have apparently come to some resolution on the subject, as you probably found it fatigued you. But after all it is of no great consequence, as I begin to accustom myself to it as it is.' She threw herself at his feet and avowed all to him."

PROGRESS OF IMPROVEMENT.—A correspondent of the *New-York American*, writing from Utica, says:—"Fifty years ago, the spot where Utica now stands, was the end of the world in this direction. In those days, John Jacob Astor, and Peter Smith, (father of Gerrit,) travelled the ground from Schenectady to Utica on foot, purchasing furs at the Indian settlements on the route. The Indians aided them in carrying the furs back to Schenectady. Returned from their perilous adventure to "the far west," they opened a little shop in New-York city, and sold the skins at retail. When their stock was exhausted, they again penetrated the lonely forests of the frontier, and replenished their store. Astor continued the business many years, but Smith commenced the purchase of land. Summers went and came, and wave after wave of emigration rolled up the long defile of the Mohawk. Mark the change. Two years since, Smith died at Schenectady, leaving millions of acres to his heirs. Astor still lives, one of the wealthiest untitled commoners in the world. Judge Smith lived to travel the route from Schenectady to Utica, in four hours. And to-day when the sun's evening rays shall hide from the undimmed eyes of John Jacob Astor behind the blue hills of Jersey, its vertical beams will be falling on the fur traders of our now Ultima Thule, the mouth of the Oregon. Bishop Berkley never dreamed of such changes when he penned the line—

"Westward the star of empire takes its way."

"Why, Mr. B." said a tall youth to a little person who was in company with a half-dozen huge men, "I protest you are so small I did not see you before." "Very likely," replied the little gentleman, "I am like a silver sixpence among six pennies, not readily perceived but worth the whole of them."

A wag, after reading the statement that the State Prison in Connecticut produced a profit to the State of about \$5000 per annum, recommended that all the citizens of the State be imprisoned on speculation.

A DREADFUL NIGHT.

In the vicinity of the barracks assigned to the European soldiers in India, there are usually a number of little solitary buildings or cells, where the more disorderly members of the corps are confined for longer or shorter terms, by order of the commanding officer. In one of these, on a certain occasion, was locked up poor Jock Hall, a Scotsman belonging to Edinburgh or Leith. Jock had got intoxicated, and being found in that position at the hour of drill, was sentenced to eight days solitary imprisonment. Soldiers in India have their bedding partly furnished by the Hon. Company, and find the remainder for themselves. About this part of house furnishing, however, Jock Hall troubled himself very little, being one of those hardy, reckless beings on whom privation and suffering seem to make no impression. A hard floor was as good as a down bed to Jock; and therefore, as he never scrupled to sell what he got, it may be supposed that his sleeping furniture was none of the most abundant or select. Such as it was, he was stretched upon and under it one night in his cell, during his term of penance, and possibly was reflecting on the impropriety of his future putting "an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains," when, lo! he thought he heard a rustling in the cell, close by him. At this moment he recollected that he had not, as he ought to have done, stopped up an air hole, which entered the cell on a level with its floor, and also with the rock, externally, on which the building was planted. A strong suspicion of what had happened, or was about to happen, came over Hall's mind; but he knew it was probably too late to do any good, could he even find the hole in the darkness, and get it closed. He therefore lay still, and in a minute or two heard another rustle close to him, which was followed by the cold slimy touch of a snake upon his bare foot! Who in such a situation would not have started and bawled for help? Jock did neither; he lay stone still, and held his peace, knowing that his cries would most probably have been unheard by the distant guard. Had his bed-clothes been more plentiful, he might have endeavoured to protect himself by wrapping them closely around him, but this their scantiness forbade. Accordingly, being aware that, although a motion or touch will provoke snakes to bite, they will not generally do it without such incitement, Jock held himself as still as if he had been a log. Meanwhile, his horrible bedfellow which he at once felt to be of great size, crept over his feet, legs, and body, and, lastly, over his very face. Nothing but the most astonishing firmness of nerve, and the consciousness that the moving of muscle would have signed his death warrant, could have enabled the poor fellow to undergo this dreadful trial. For a whole hour did the reptile crawl backwards and forwards over Jock's body and face, as if satisfying itself, seemingly, that it had nothing to fear from the recumbent object on its own part. At length it took up a position somewhere about his head, and went to rest in apparent security. The poor soldier's trial, however, was not over. Till daylight he remained in the same posture, flat on his back, without daring to stir a limb, from the fear of disturbing his dangerous companion. Never, perhaps, was dawn so anxiously longed for by mortal man. When it did come, Jock cautiously looked about him, arose noiselessly, and moved over to the corner of his cell, where there lay a pretty large stone. This he seized, and looked about for the intruder. Not seeing the snake, he became assured that it was under his pillow. He raised the end of this just sufficiently to get a peep of the creature's crest. Jock then pressed his knee firmly on the pillow, but allowed the snake to wriggle out its head, which he battered to pieces with the stone. This done, the courageous fellow for the first time breathed freely. When the hour for breakfast came, Jock, who thought little about the matter after it was fairly over, took the opportunity of the opening of the door to throw the snake out. When the officer whose duty it was to visit the cells for the day, was going his rounds, he perceived a crowd round the cell door examining the reptile, which was described by the natives as of the most venomous character, its bite being invariably and rapidly mortal. The officer, on being told that it had been killed by a man in the adjoining cell, went in, and inquired into the matter. "When did you first know that there was a snake in the cell with you?" said he. "About nine o'clock last night," was Jock's reply. "Why didn't you call to the guard?" asked the officer. "I thought the guard wadna hear me, and I was feared I might tramp on't, so I just lay still." "But you might have been bit: did you know that you would have died instantly?" "I kent that very weel," said Jock, "but they say that snakes winna meddle with you, if you dinna meddle with them; sae I just let it crawl as it liket." "Well, my lad, I believe you did what was best, after all; but it was not what one man in a thousand could have done." When the story was told, and the snake shown to the commanding officer, he thought the same; and Jock, for his extraordinary nerve and courage, got a remission of his punishment. For some time, at least, he took care how he again got into such a situation as to expose him to the chance of passing another night with such a bedfellow.—*Chambers's Journal.*

A little girl having been told that the name of the first man was Adam, was asked what was the name of the first woman? She paused for a moment and then answered, "Why, Mrs. Adam, I suppose."

From the Albany Argus.

TRAVELLING.

Travellers there are who by their own fireside
Have lived devoted to the joys of home,
Nor over unknown regions waste and wide
Have ever roamed or ever wished to roam.
Such travellers are clad in 'complete steel,'
Arm'd against all misfortunes; they are those
Who, stretch'd upon their couches, while they feel
The traveller's joy, fear not the traveller's woes.
Such have I been, and though I seldom rove
Ten leagues from the dear spot that gave me birth,
Yet do I live in visions, and I love
To send my thoughts abroad o'er all the earth,
Brooding o'er them until sleep will renew
The fairy visions waking fancy drew.

Oft have I stood in thought beneath the dome
That the blue sky hangs over Italy,
Roved o'er the seven imperial hills of Rome,
Or sigh'd o'er her that sat "Queen of the Sea;"
—Oft wandered on my lone and desert way
Serenely sad, what time the setting sun
Ting'd with gay beam Palmyra's ruins gray,
Or sank behind the towers of Babylon.
—And crossing many a hill, and stream, and lake,
Have stood where Oronoco, king of floods,
In God's own presence, day and night doth make
His everlasting music to the woods—
—By Amazon reclined upon the sod,
Far in her forest walks where no man ever trod.
Sept. 13th, 1839.

TRAVELS.

From a Journal during an Excursion in Asia Minor.—By C. Fellows.

PLAINS OF TROY.

The poetical idea of the plains of Troy, the arena of Homer's battles, is frequently disturbed in passing the flat, sandy, and marshy ground, by seeing its present inhabitants,—the buffalo, with all but its head immersed in the swamps, the heron feeding in the shallow streams, and the frogs, whose voices certainly vary more than that of any other animal, sounding at different times like crying children, barking dogs, pigeons, and crows; and when in great numbers, producing a harmony almost as agreeable as the singing of birds. On the banks or sandy places the helpless tortoise is crawling sleepily along, and as we pass timidly draws in its head. They are so numerous that I often turned my horse out of the way to avoid them, although doubtless their hard shell would sufficiently protect them from injury. The dead ones lying about lose their outer shell, and become perfectly white, of a limy bone, with the horny scales scattered around.

Another extract will show still more, with what a pleasant variety of incident, observation, and adventure, this agreeable and scholarlike traveller relieves his most learned investigations. He thus closes an admirable account of the famous old city of Laodicea.

A VULTURE.

I have mentioned that we killed a vulture this morning at Laodicea. It was shot at about nine o'clock, and at the time was washing itself in a stream after its hearty meal upon the dead camel. It was wounded in the head and neck, and dropped immediately; but upon taking it up, its talons closed on the hand of my servant, making him cry out with pain. He placed it on the ground, and I stood with my whole weight upon its back, pressing the breast-bone against the rock, when its eye gradually closed, its hold relaxed, and to all appearance life became extinct. It was then packed up in my leather hood, and strapped behind the saddle. The day was oppressively hot, for we trod upon our shadows as we rode across the plain. Until this evening (at eleven o'clock) the vulture remained tightly bound behind the saddle. My servant, on unpacking, threw the bundle containing it into the tent, while he prepared boiling water for cleaning and skinning it. Intending to examine this noble bird more carefully, I untied the package, and what was my surprise to see it raise its head and fix its keen eye upon me! I immediately placed my feet upon its back, holding by the top of the tent, and leaning all my weight upon it; but with a desperate struggle it spread out its wings, which reached across the tent, and by beating them attempted to throw me off. My shouts soon brought Demetrius, who at length killed it by blows upon the head with the butt end of his gun. My ignorance of the extreme tenacity of life of this bird must exculpate me from the charge of cruelty.

MOUNTAINEERS OF CAIRI.

There was a mother with her child, perhaps five years old, dark as a negro, but of a far healthier and richer colour, almost veiled by its wild hair, which had never been cut, and perhaps never combed; its neck was hung with beads, coins, and various chains; its very few clothes hung loosely, leaving the arms and legs bare. The mother was young and of a peculiar beauty; with much elegance and softness, yet with the dignity of a Meg Merrilies; she had some-

what of the Græco-Egyptian style of face, the features being rather long. Her hair, which was formed into a band round her head and partly plaited, flowed with a long handkerchief down her back. Her clothes were loose and few; the breast was open, and the legs bare from the knee; the arms also were exposed. With this appearance even of poverty in the dress, there was at the same time a considerable display of wealth; on one of her wrists I saw three broad gold bracelets, or bands of plain gold, about three quarters of an inch wide, and on her neck other gold ornaments. A bunch of fresh flowers was stuck into the hair, a very common ornament among the people throughout Turkey; it is placed so carelessly, and still with so much taste both as to position and selection of colours, that a stranger cannot but be struck with it; and this is done without the aid of a glass, for there can scarcely be one in the whole country: I have seen none in the houses of either rich or poor, both Greeks and Turks having religious scruples against their use. I observe my guides frequently picking up flowers, and sticking them carelessly into the folds of the turban, generally with the blossoms hanging downwards.

TURKISH CHARACTER.

I certainly never met with more determined wits than among the lower classes of the people here, in whom the national character is most easily read. Through in perfect ignorance of their language, I have been so amused by their inimitable acting and buffoonery, and by their games and even childish tricks, that I have laughed until they fancied I understood them, and began to talk with me; my servant was interpreter on these occasions, and their observations and repartees were so pointed, that he hesitated in literally translating them to me. In the coffee-room last night game succeeded game, all ages joining: and one man, who was unwittingly made the laughing-stock of the party, having had his face blackened while sleeping, took the joke in excellent humour, and enjoyed it as much as any of the party. The games are generally very simple, perhaps almost childish: no species of gambling is known. Our postillion to day, the ugliest, and most unprepossessing fellow I ever saw, headed us for forty-eight miles on horseback, whistling and hooting after the baggage horses with as much animation and noise as a huntsman. On our halt for half an hour in the middle of the day, I counted a crowd of people around us, nearly thirty in number, who were all taking the most ridiculous interest in our party, and joking with my servant and guide. On seeing me look at my watch and map, and then at my compass, one of these bystanders said something in a very significant manner, which I learned was, 'Ah! you can tell anything that is, but you cannot, with all your things, say what weather we shall have to-morrow.' The remark was quick, and showed a readiness of thought; but what I would more particularly notice is their love of buffoonery and sprightliness of manners; the boys are constantly saying something smart, that makes my servant laugh, and he in his turn with his whip makes them scamper off.

From Sketches in Egypt and Mount Sinai.

ST. CATHERINE'S CONVENT.

They entered the basis of St. Catharine, which leads to the foot of Mount Sinai. There is considerable difficulty in approaching the convent, and, upon their arrival there, no great facility of access was offered them. Owing to the nature of the district which the monks inhabit, in order to avoid surprise or aggression, there are no gates to the convent; consequently, after the baggage of the party had been raised up by means of a rope, the travellers themselves were informed, that, if they purposed entering, they must do it in a similar manner. The convent itself is thus described:—

The convent, which is dedicated to St. Catherine, resembles a little fortified city of the middle ages; it contains about sixty monks and three hundred domestics, employed in all the labours of the house, and the far more considerable labours of the garden. Each has his fixed business in this little republic; so that a visitor traversing the streets of the convent, is immediately struck with the extreme order and neatness that reign there. Water, the great requisite of those who dwell in Arabia, springs up, pure and refreshing in every direction, and vines are trained over the white surfaces of the walls, which delight the eye by their verdant drapery.

The church is of a Roman construction; it dates at the epoch of transitions from Byzantium to Gothic. It is a basilica, terminated by a sanctuary of a more recent date than the rest of the edifice; the walls of which are covered by mosaics, in the taste of those adorning the cathedral of St. Sophia at Constantinople, and Mount Nea in Sicily. A double range of marble columns, heavy in their forms, and whimsical in their ornamentation, support semi-circular arches, above which small windows open a little below the roof; the ceiling is of carved cedar, enriched with gold mouldings. The ornaments of the altar, exceedingly rich and numerous, are nearly all of Russian origin and form. The lower walls are covered with marble, which the monks assured us came from St. Sophia. The lobby, which divides the church into two portions, is of red marble; its most remarkable feature is a Christ of colossal dimensions; and what is strange, this rage for ornament, which is the principal character of the Byzantium art, is extended even to the

cross on which our Saviour is nailed. The cross is richly gilt, and adorned with minute and capricious sculptures.

A STORM IN THE DESERT.

The desert was imposing and melancholy; it seemed to pant and heave beneath us, and to force up a burning breath from its inmost depths. The transition had been rapid and singular: it was no longer the oasis of the preceding evening, the repose at the foot of the palm-trees, the refreshing sleep, lulled by the murmuring sounds of the fountains; it was the burning sand, the terrible shock of the dromedary; the devouring thirst, fierce, terrible and maddening; the thirst which makes the blood boil, fascinates the eyes, and displays to the wretch that it scorches, lakes, islands, trees, fountains, shade, and water. I know not whether the rest felt like me, but I was really a prey to temporary insanity, to a reverie, to an endless delirium, which extended itself through all the vagaries of imagination. From time to time our dromedaries sank down, digging the scorching soil with their heads to find some semblance of coolness beneath the surface; they then rose feverish and panting like ourselves, and resumed their fantastic course. I do not know how often these falls were renewed; I cannot tell how we were so lucky as to escape from being crushed under our *haghins*, or buried beneath the sand; but I do remember, that scarcely had we fallen, when Taleb, Bechara, and Araballah were close to us, prompt and ready to give assistance, but mute as spectres; they raised up the men and camels, and then resumed their course, silent and folded in their mantles. An hour longer of this tempest, and I am convinced that it would have buried us all. Suddenly a blast of wind passed, illuminating the horizon, as when the curtain is raised at a theatre. "The Mokatteb!" cried Taleb. "The Mokatteb!" repeated all the Arabs. Then the sand rose again between us and the mountain; but Providence, as if to restore our strength, had shown us the desired haven. "The Mokatteb! the Mokatteb!" we repeated, without knowing what the Mokatteb was; but guessing that it was our haven, safety, and life. Five minutes after, we glided like serpents into a deep cavern: the narrow entrance of the cave allowed very little light to come in: our exhausted dromedaries knelt down with their heads extended to the rock, and remained so motionless, that their skins, covered with sand gave them the appearance of camels in stone. On our side, without thinking of tent, carpet, or food, we lay down as best we could, a prey at once to a numbness and a delirium which hold the midway between sleep and violent fever; then, without speaking, sleeping, or stirring, we remained there until the next morning, extended on our faces, like statues hurled from their base.

INDIAN JUGGLERS.

In no part of India are the jugglers so expert as in the Madras presidency, particularly in the Mysore country and the Carnatic. The bodies of the Madras jugglers are so lithe and supple as to resemble those of serpents rather than men. An artist of this kind will place a ladder upright on the ground, and wind himself in and out through the rounds until he reaches the top, descending in the same manner, keeping the ladder, which has no support whatever, in a perpendicular position. Some of the most accomplished tumblers will spring over an enormous elephant, or five camels abreast; and in rope-dancing they are not to be outdone by any of the wonders of our minor theatres. Swallowing the sword is a common operation, even by those who are not considered to be the most expert; and they have various other exploits with naked weapons of a most frightful nature. A woman—for the females are quite equal to the men in these kinds of feats—will dip the point of a sword in some black pigment, the hilt is then firmly fixed in the ground, and after a few whirls in the air, the *artiste* takes off a portion of the pigment with her eyelid. A sword and four daggers are placed in the ground, with their edges and points upwards, at such a distance from each other as to admit of a man's head between them; the operator then plants a scimitar firmly in the ground, sits down behind it, and at a bound throws himself over the scimitar, pitching his head exactly in the centre between the daggers, and, turning over, clears them and the sword. Walking over the naked edges of sabres seems to be perfectly easy; and some of these people will stick a sword in the ground, and step upon the point in crossing over it. A more agreeable display of the lightness and activity, which would enable the performers to tread over flowers without bending them, is shown upon a piece of thin linen cloth stretched out slightly in the hands of four persons, which is traversed without ruffling it, or forcing it from the grasp of the holders. The lifting of heavy weights with the eyelids is another very disgusting exhibition. Some of the optical deceptions are exceedingly curious, and inquirers are to this day puzzled to guess how plants, flowers, and fruits, can be instantaneously produced from seeds. The Madras jugglers travel to all parts of India, but it is not often that the most celebrated are to be found at a distance from the theatre of their education. The serpent-charmers also make a great figure in all public festivals at Mysore; I have already described their performances, and need not add anything on a topic so repeatedly discussed. There is no doubt that they frequently practise ingenious deceptions, but I think there is just as little room to question their knowledge of a more efficacious

protection against snake-poison than any with which we are yet familiar.

WONDERFUL DEXTERITY OF INDIAN THIEVES.

Precautions are almost useless for the contrivances employed. Horses ever so securely picketed and guarded have been stolen from the midst of the camp; the whole property in a room or tent has been swept away without awakening the sleeping owner; nay, the very mattress has been removed by a skillful thief, without disturbing the slumbers of the officer by whom it was occupied. I witnessed the performance of this last-named feat when in the camp at Trichinopoly, by one of the *Colliries*, a class of persons noted for their expertness and adroitness as thieves. It was then performed for a wager, to convince an incredulous officer of the surprising dexterity of Indian thieves. When the officer's breathing gave proof of his being in a sound sleep, the *Colliry* entered the room stealthily as a cat, taking with him a small chafing-dish, on which he burned some intoxicating herbs, especially the seeds of the bang or hemp plant, which is nearly as powerful a soporific as opium. He allowed the officer to inhale some of those stupifying fumes, and then gently tickled him with a feather; as he mechanically shrunk from the tickling, the thief adroitly pulled away the mattress, until he succeeded in removing it altogether, when he went out of the room without being detected.—*Bevan's Thirty Years in India.*

A GOOD STORY.

"Once upon a time," an officer was travelling *dak* (post.) When the recumbent position became irksome to him, he alighted to walk; and on one of these occasions he was attacked by a bear at a little distance from his attendants. Being armed only according to nature's provision, he was obliged to wrestle with his assailant. During the struggle the bearers came up; but instead of tendering their assistance to the gentleman, they formed a circle round the contending parties, like bold Britons at a dog-fight, and expressed the interest they took in the contest by clapping of hands, and the following encouraging cheers—"Wah, wah, sahib!" or "Wah, wah, bhaloo!" as the chance of victory fluctuated from one side to the other. The officer was fortunately a strong man, and after a long struggle came off triumphant. At the end of the stage, in order to reward the tender interest the bearers had taken in the preservation of his honour, he delivered them over to the *Cutwal*, the chief civil authority, who awarded to each of them an external application of bamboo, instructing at the same time the *executor* to call out during the administration, "Wah, wah, bans!" "Wah, wah, peeth!"†

*"Wah, wah, sahib!" "Wah, wah, bhaloo!"—Well done gentleman! Bravo, bear! or, Now, gentleman—now bear!

†"Wah, wah, bans!" "Wah, wah, peeth!"—Bravo, bamboo! Bravo, back!

THE HAPPY DAY.

Oh! mem'ry brings us back again,
To many a green and lovely spot,
And echoes many a soothing strain,
Perchance by others long forgot;
Some gentle link enchains the heart,
Some thought reflects the pleasing ray;
And thus while meaner things depart,
We live again the happy day.

Oh! is there one who hath not felt,
That e'en amid a life of pain,
No scenes there were, where he hath dwelt,
He would not wish to know again?
Though dark adversity hath gloom'd
The flowers that seemed in youth so gay;
He never can forget they bloom'd
Once—once upon some happy day.

When first I met some valued friend,
When first I breathed love's fervid vow—
When first my spirit learn'd to blend
With one who loves me dearly now;
When first I saw my infant smile,
Though time speeds on his rapid way,
These memories shall my heart beguile,
And call back many a happy day.

FLUENCY OF SPEECH.—Dean Swift says the common fluency of speech, in most men and most women, is owing to a scarcity of matter and scarcity of words; for whoever is a master of language and hath a mind full of ideas, will be apt in speaking to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them in, and these are always ready at the mouth; so people come faster out of church when it is almost empty than when a crowd is at the doors.

FINE ARTS.

WATER COLOURS.

The charm of water-colour painting is its atmosphere: sunlight and storm, the shower and the breeze, the river and the clouds, are realized in the picture with a freshness that almost makes us sensible of the odour as well as the moisture of the dewy grass: the light which in oil painting is solid and opaque, in water-colours is represented by a transparent medium; hence the glow of sunset and the glare of noon partake of the airiness as well as the brilliancy natural to sunshine. But all does not rest with the material; for the limpid purity and brightness which we admire, may be attenuated into vacuum or converted into a chilling, glassy hardness: the medium is best suited, also, to that loose, sketchy, generalizing style of imitation—representing appearances and effects, not details of form—which is most suitable for delineating landscape (especially in a moist and variable climate like ours) and in-door scenes, where light is the leading feature, and in which our painters excel. A conjunction of favouring circumstances, therefore, renders the English school pre-eminent in this branch of art; and the pleasure which all successful imitations of nature give, particularly those of rural scenes, makes the water-colour Exhibition universally popular, at once delightful to the feelings and satisfactory to the judgment. The fascination thus accounted for, we no longer wonder that the same class of subjects, treated in the same manner by the same artists year after year, should never tire or grow uninteresting from monotony: it is Nature herself that we see through the bright lens of Art, and we should almost as soon grow weary of the fields and trees, and shifting clouds themselves. They are great mannerists, however, these water-colour men, and paint too much by recipe, doing all their lives one thing in one way; but they copy Nature's lineaments with living reality; and we excuse, nay, are even pleased with their manner, except when, as in the instance of John Varley, Hills, and W. Turner, it interferes with the truth. Copley Fielding paints the "green hill in its April shroud," the moor and mountain veiled in mist, the storm-black sea with its white crested billows; Dewint, the tedded grass with its gray green tints, the golden hue of the ripened harvest, the deep-toned verdure of the foliage, and the clear blue of the stream under the cloud-steeped radiance of noon, or the empurpled shades of evening; Cox, the dewy coolness of the grass on the lea, the purple heather on the mountain, and the weeds and rushes on the bank of the silver stream, the rain-clouds borne along upon the breeze, the glancing sunlight, and the falling shower; Barrett, the unclouded lustre of the sun at morn, at noon, and evening; and so with the rest, each painting his favourite effects pretty nearly the same as he did years ago. Nor do we wish them to change their manner if they could: long may they continue to repeat themselves after this delightful fashion.

But a new method is obtaining in this style of art—opaque water-colours are used in addition to transparent ones, and in some instances so freely, that instead of lustrous brilliancy, we have an adust heaviness resembling crayon-painting. It is a new thing, and like other novelties, pleases at first; consequently, we sometimes see it used where it should not be. We hear it much decried; but, so far from condemning it altogether, we think a judicious employment of opaque colours not only allowable, but advisable in figure subjects, interiors, and even in landscape, for the relief of solid objects in the foreground. No one in his senses would voluntarily substitute an opaque for a transparent medium in producing atmospheric appearances; and of course we should not prefer seeing a sun-burst represented by a red wafer stuck in the middle of a blaze of brick-dust, instead of a focal spot of white paper in a flood of gamboge; nor a cloudy sky by a wall of paper dryness, instead of the pearly gray tones washed in with a full pencil: neither do we desire to feel as well as see a tuft of weeds or the leaves of a bush in the foreground; though we have no horror of seeing the bark of a tree, or the surface of a rock or wall, or the lichens on a fence close to the eye, imitated by touches of solid colour. It is with reference to distance, and space, and the effects of light on objects seen through the medium of atmosphere, that the employment of opaque colours is injurious—it is their misuse, in short, not their use, that we oppose; and as yet we see few evidences of it. In transparent water-colour painting, the effects of solidity and relief is produced by opposition of tints rather than by texture of surface; and as in the generality of views the details are on so small a scale as almost to be merged in the masses and general effect, this is quite sufficient; but in painting objects on a larger scale and nearer the eye, the appearance of solidity is scarcely attainable without the aid of gum or opaque pigments; and as it is in representing atmospheric effects that transparent washes of colour are so peculiarly successful, wherever there is no depth of atmosphere (so to speak) between the eye and the object, the employment of opaque colours is advisable; and the opposition of them will tend to give a more aerial tone to the distance.

The Albany Microscope says that the "Wild Cat" money is so very bad in Michigan, that the military refused to take it for wadding on the Fourth, for fear their Muskets would not "go off."

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 11, 1839.

THE PACKET.

The September Packet, Griffin, 29 days from Falmouth, brings London dates to September 5th.

Chartist Trials were proceeding. Several convictions occurred, and punishment light, in comparison with what has been usual in such cases, followed. The Rev. Mr. Stephens had been found guilty of Sedition, and was sentenced to 18 months imprisonment. Riots had occurred at Bolton, Macclesfield and Stockdale, but had been suppressed by civil and military force. An attempt had been made to get up a Chartist meeting in Dublin, but it proved an entire failure.

H. M. S. the Queen, the largest Ship, it is said, in the world, has been ordered for commission. The destination appears to be the Mediterranean.

The progress of the Slave Trade Bill, had given much offence to Portuguese authorities. The departure of the Portuguese Minister from London was talked of. A Portuguese paper calls on the people to hunt down the English residents at Lisbon like wolves. They had better not.

The Pique was expected to sail on the 8th September, for Quebec, with the new Governor General.

Lieutenant General Sir R. D. Jackson, K. C. B. Colonel of the 8th foot, had been appointed to the command of the forces in Canada, instead of Sir John Colborne.

Lord Brougham made an extraordinary display of oratory, at the Wellington festival, lately celebrated at Dover. He exhausted his powers of speech in eulogizing the noble Duke, as a General and a Statesman, and spoke of him as if England possessed no other arm or mind, to which she could confidently look in a time of extremity.

REWARD OF CRIME.—Late English papers gave detailed accounts of the elopement of Mrs. Bishop, a celebrated vocalist, from her husband, with Bochsa the harpist. The guilty woman's letter to her husband on the occasion, denied any criminal intent, and avowed that she took the step on account of Bochsa's influence in the musical world, and as a means of her securing larger rewards, for her family, than if she remained with her husband. This subterfuge did not deceive the members of her family, and great distress was the consequence. The wretched woman has met her fate however, as regards her profession,—the criminal pair have been denied a hearing in any way, in Hamburg, they are forbidden to enter Russia,—Bochsa dare not enter France,—and there seems scarcely any refuge for them. In the mean time sympathy has been aroused in favour of the deserted husband, in England, and a grand concert was to be got up to testify public respect for him, and abhorrence of the fugitive. Thus has she destroyed the honour, prosperity, admiration, and domestic respect, which she enjoyed in a peculiar degree, and plunged into an abyss of misery and horror from which there is no return.

FOREIGN.—The difficulties with Turkey are said to increase. France appears strongly inclined to espouse the cause of Egypt, while she is at the same time anxious to keep the Russians from too far influencing the Turkish Government.

Military Movements were making in Russia. Infantry, Artillery and a Naval force were moving southward.

Mehemet Ali, it is said, refused to restore the Turkish fleet; this appears doubtful. The Russian government had offered the owners of the Great Western and British Queen, 50 per cent profit on the prime cost of those vessels, on their delivery at Constadt. The offer was not accepted. It is supposed the object was to make provision for hostile contingencies.

A military conspiracy had been discovered at St. Petersburg. The French Government was very active in equipping a naval force.

Dou Carlos, it is affirmed, had retired to France,—and the civil war in Spain had terminated. The meditation of England gets credit for this consumation.

UNITED STATES.

During the late visit of the British Queen to New York, Lieut. Roberts, her commander, and the agents, gave a dinner to a large party. The entertainment was on a splendid scale. The toasts were as follows: The Queen;—The President;—The Mayor and corporation of N. York;—England,—Mother and Nurse of Empires,—may there be no bickerings between her and her fairest daughter;—The empire state,—all nations are proud to do her homage;—The British Queen and Brother Jonathan.—May they remember the relationship which exists between them;—The Union of the two nations—one and inseparable—United we stand, divided we fall;—Religion, the grand light of the world—May all nations reflect its glory and its blessings by the power of steam;—The first regular Communication between Great Britain and the United States, the glorious packet system organized by a Thompson and others, they have done nobly and still deserve well of their country;—The Navy of the United

States and Great Britain, may they teach the world the true power and use of steam until the sons of both beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks;—The Press, powerful and mighty, may it ever be an auxiliary of liberty and a terror to tyranny;—The Armies of Great Britain and the United States, may they never come into furious collision and deadly strife;—The Judiciary of Great Britain and the United States: the daughter deriving her Common Law from the mother as a proof that the one honors the other in the maintenance of just and equal rights;—The Fair Daughters of Eve, without them the world would be a wilderness.

Audubon's magnificent Drawings are to be exhibited in N. York. The N. Y. Gazette says that to see the gallery will be worth a journey from the most distant part of the Union.

The Mechanic's Fair at Boston had been opened and exhibited an unusual quantity of ingenious, useful, and elegant articles.

ST. JOHN N. B.—The relief committee appointed in aid of the sufferers by the late fire, acknowledge the receipt of a donation of £400 from Halifax: forwarded by the Hon. M. Tobin.

NOVA SCOTIA.

YARMOUTH.—A fine new brig of 201 tons, built for John Duffus, Esq. of Halifax, was launched on Saturday last, from the ship yard of Mr. Daniel Gardner.

The Lantern and apparatus for the Light House arrived on Wednesday.

The schr *Dolphin*, Murphy, for Barbadoes, returned on Wednesday last. On the 13th ult. in lat 37, she was struck by lightning, which shivered her main topmast and fore yards, shattered mainmast, etc. The electric fluid entered the sleeve of Mr. Murphy, and injured him so badly that his life was nearly despaired of. On the following morning the *Dolphin* spoke the brig *Lady Young*, and managed to get some medicine, with directions, by the use of which, Mr. Murphy gradually recovered.

HALIFAX.—A Series of letters on Responsible Government, addressed to Lord J. Russell, and signed Joseph Howe, has been published in a pamphlet form during the week. It was circulated yesterday with the Nova Scotian,

Miss Maria Morris proposes to publish the "Wild Flowers of Nova Scotia" under the patronage of His Excellency,—in Numbers, each number to contain three coloured plates, price 5s.

WESLEYAN SUNDAY SCHOOL.—Sermons will be preached by the Rev. C. Churchill and collections taken, in aid of the above institution, on Sunday evening next, 13th inst. in the Old Chapel Argyle street; and in the New Chapel, Brunswick street on the Sunday evening following.

Notices to Mariners state, that light houses have been erected on Scattarie and St. Pauls, that the Lunenburg light will be in operation in December next,—and also gives some bearing, of rocks, &c. in approaching the former lights.

FINE ARTS.—Among the extracts in the present number will be found some articles on two of the fine arts,—Music and Painting. The short article on the former subject, points out briefly but eloquently, we think, the difference between that kind of music which affects the passions by its soothing or plaintive melody, and by its connection with sweet poetry,—and that which is intended to amuse the critical ear by its complexity, intricacy, and mere harmony,—careless whether any or what words are joined to it, and much more fitted to show off the dexterity of a performer than to "wrap the listening soul in Elysium." A vast deal of musical power seems lost in this way,—and not only lost, but employed to a bad purpose,—making music unpopular, and exhibiting to the multitude, who have as good ears for nature's melody as any clarionet in the corps, what a great expenditure may be made in producing little or nothing. How is it that a military band, each member of which is almost perfect at his profession, supplied with first-rate instruments, having nothing to do but to practice,—thus possessing education, means, and time,—will please less in their overtures, and arias, and grand marches, than a solitary who makes his flute discourse simple and natural strains, appealing to the musical sense with which nature has endowed almost every mind? Attend a modern Soiree,—the singer has made her bow, and has retired, and the band strikes up: Each one may be excellent, and the whole may observe perfect union of parts,—yet except to some little snatches of the flute or clarionet, some solo or duet, how many of the crowd pay any attention? What is the real effect of the noise, except to form a kind of key-note for the conversation, which invariably proceeds at such times, and which would have too vulgar and coarse an effect, in its medley, only for such an accompaniment? Let the trombones, dulcimers, bassoons, etc. indeed—once in a while—be found engaged on a melody, the air of some rural or love ditty, and, if the fashionable difficulties have not spoiled the corps for such efforts,—the conversation ceases, ears are attracted, and bravoes attest how pleasing was the unexpected treat.—Does not common consent prove incontestibly how erroneous common practice is in this respect? Instead of holding a continued and vain struggle with nature, in which fine powers

and fine opportunities are thrown away,—why does not the leader bow to nature, and apply himself to the charming and delighting of his auditors, instead of the puzzling of them? He might as well submit to follow nature, and to labour in her paths, for she will outlive his efforts,—and unless he can deprave the ear of infancy, and destroy the recollections of old age,—unless he can obliterate all that nature's loving ministers have accomplished, and can silence her tones of grove and wave and wind, by which she goes on educating her children's ears,—he need not expect the mastery.—Sometimes one is struck with the vast effects which comparatively small efforts produce,—a sweet and judicious singer, or two,—or a couple of instrumental performers, of good taste, will make the thoughts too big for the breast, and will govern the feelings with an absolute sway,—but too frequently the reverse is the case, and an individual or a band, exhibits great manual dexterity, and accuracy gained by toilsome practice, while the ear is unmoved or even tired with the exhibition.

Respecting the sister art of Painting,—a critique on the School of Water Colours, on Landseer's picture of Van Amburgh and his beasts, and on the new method of Sun Painting, are worthy of some attention. The peculiarities of water colours seem well pointed out in the first of these articles,—as is the bad taste of Landseer's subject, and his mode of treating it, in the second. The wonderful discovery respecting Sun Painting has attracted much attention recently; the explanation contained in the article was consequent on a grant, by the French Government, of a handsome pension to the fortunate artist. By this mode a drawing is obtained, accurate and full of details as the object itself, and by an every day process of nature, without human labour or skill. The arts are making such advances, in many departments, that scarcely any thing surprises as it would some time ago,—and perhaps the apparently miraculous feats of Indian jugglers—alluded to in another paragraph of our selections—may yet be accounted for on natural principles. It is scarcely more wonderful, that a plant should grow up in an hour before the eyes of a spectator, than that a piece of paper or of copper, should be put into a box, a complete blank, and be taken out in the course of a few minutes, containing an elaborate drawing, to rival which would defy the efforts of the most skilful artist.

Note. The article on Sun Painting, alluded to above, has been omitted by mistake,—our readers, however, are familiar with the nature of the discovery,—and the description shall appear in our next.

ATHLETIC GAMES.—The late very splendid attempt to revive the pageants of former days, in which men and women amused themselves with mimic combats, has passed away dolorously enough. The weather frowned down the endeavour to conduct a childish game in a serious and gorgeous manner,—and threw a literal damper on the whole concern. It was feared that some of the knights might be wounded or killed in the sports.—instead of which, all came off safe in life and limb, and the Tournament itself only was murdered. The expenditure of about £20,000, and the collection of 80,000 persons, for such a purpose, seems an extreme, which was well and appropriately foiled by—a shower of rain! It needed not the trumpet and the war horse, to discomfit the summer-day host,—wet banners, dripping armour, the queen of beauty in a close carriage, and spectators knee-deep in mud, was enough for that, which, having neither high intellect nor dexterity, nor daring, nor physical prowess, for its basis—was still made a matter of such moment. A Glasgow paper says, that a greater piece of humbug was never practised in the open air of Scotland. Many who were there to see may form a very different estimate,—but a failure in mere pageantry makes but a sorry figure at a distance. Success, in such, as in greater, affairs, is no doubt of vast consequence as regards opinion;—if all went "merry as a marriage bell," perhaps the philosophic croakers would be very few;—as it is, however, one feels inclined to join in the smile against the would-be knights, who became, in spite of themselves, of the order "of the woful countenance."

No doubt the splendid suits of armour, the elegant antique and national costumes, the rivalry in point of taste and costliness and grandeur, the beauty and bravery of the personages who figured in the pageant, and the mass of private worth and public strength which made up the bulk of the spectators, was imposing,—could only be produced in a great country, without the aid of royalty,—and would be grand under almost any circumstances,—but the cause of the whole, the pole-poking,—the make believe fighting of a few brace of respectable citizens, and the general much ado-about-so little,—was excellent stuff for to be transformed, by a shower, from the sublime to the ridiculous.

Games of a much plainer, but more manly character than those of the Eglington tournament, took place recently, near Toronto, Upper Canada. Instead of a match of poking with rotten poles, on "soft saw-dust," at the cost of a score of thousands of pounds sterling,—some prizes, not amounting to £100 in value, were offered for successful, real competitors, at wrestling, running, leaping, and other athletic games, which required good thews and sinews, and habits of activity and vigour: the result appears to have been a fine exhibition of manly feats, much to the delight of many.

His Excellency the Lieut. Governor of Upper Canada patronised the Toronto games,—the Umpire was Col. Mackenzie Fraser, K. C. H. and in his absence, Capt. Markham, 34th; the Stewards, were the Mayor of Toronto, and twenty six other gentlemen, chiefly civil and military officers. The games commenced on Sep. 11. The pipers of the 93rd attending, and, with their very picturesque garb, and thrilling national music, adding greatly to the attractions of the day. The bands of the 93rd and 32d also attended.

The first day's games consisted of quoiting,—running and standing hop, step and leap,—running and standing high leap,—throwing the light hammer,—putting the light ball,—sack races,—and foot race.

On the second day, the games were,—putting heavy ball,—throwing heavy hammer,—hurdle race,—wrestling,—and foot races.

Third day,—hurdle races,—foot races,—bell races,—rifle shooting,—and bowling.

Fourth day,—rifle shooting,—beside archery, cricket, bowling, rackets, &c. All appears to have gone off very satisfactorily to those engaged. The competitors, it is said, number six hundred, and were from the five divisions of the earth. There were 31 prizes—varying in value from £5 to a blue bonnet,—besides Sweepstakes.

We subjoin some of the winning feats, as a means of judging of what others can do, who wish to try: hop, step and leap, running, 40 ft. 2 i. do standing 28 f. 7 i.—high leap, running, 5 f. 6 i.—do standing 4 f. 3 i.—throwing hammer wt. 10 lbs. 119 feet.—do wt. 16 lbs. 80 f. 8 i.—putting ball, 18 lbs. 35 f. 9 i. do 24 lbs, 28 f. 3 i.

TEMPERANCE.—We have been favoured with a neat pamphlet entitled a "Prize Essay on Ardent Spirits and its substitutes as a means of invigorating health." It is by R. D. Mussey M. D. New Hampshire U.S., and recently obtained a premium of 300 dollars. It is occupied with a discussion of the three following questions.

What is the history of the origin of ardent spirit, and its introduction into medical practise?

What are its effects upon the animal economy?

Is there any condition of the system of health or disease in which its use is indispensable, and for which there is not an adequate substitute?

This little work contains much interesting matter, and as the subject is one of great importance, we will lay extracts before our readers in future numbers of the Pearl.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE. The session of the Halifax Mechanics' Institute, will open on the first Wednesday in November.

Tickets for the Course can be had, in a few days, at Messrs. McKinlay's stationary store, at the following rates: Members, 7s. 6d., Ladies, 5s., Youths, 5s.

The following is a list of Lecturers, as arranged by the Committee.

Nov. 6.	Joseph Howe, Esq.	Introductory Address
13.	Dr. Grigor.	Phrenology.
20.	Do.	Do.
27.	Dr. Teulon,	Saline Substances.
Dec. 3.	Do.	General Knowledge.
10.	P. Lynch, junr, Esq.	Ancient Art.
17.	Jas. Forman, junr. Esq.	Magnetism.
24.	Do.	Do.
31.	Dr. Creed.	Light.
Jan. 7.	Do.	Do.
14.	G. R. Young, Esq.	Steam Navigation
21.	Mr. Geo. Smithers.	Drawing.
28.	Mr. A. McKenzie.	Hydraulics.

The following gentlemen are also expected to lecture during the session: Messrs. McKinlay, W. Gossip, senr, Rev. J. McIntosh, Dr. Sawers, Dr. McCulloch, &c.

Vacancies will be made for occasional lecturers, in any part of the course where they may offer.

J. S. THOMPSON, Sec'y.

Editors of papers would oblige by noticing the above.

LADY OF LYONS.—Bulwer's beautiful Play of "the Lady of Lyons" was performed last evening, for the benefit of Mrs. Preston. This accomplished and chaste actress sustained the character of Pauline with her usual ability,—as did Mr. Freer that of Claude. Generally speaking the piece was well played, and afforded one of those treats, intellectual and moral, which with many persons form a sufficient excuse for theatrical exhibitions. But, unfortunately, it was preceded and followed (the latter particularly) by a couple of farcical scraps, improbable, stupid, and of a vicious tendency,—too well supporting the objections now so generally made to the stage.—A larger petticoat, for decency's sake, to the Dancer: as it was last evening, that part of the performance really was an exhibition.—Before the company, respectable in point of talent as it is, can justly complain of the want of respectable audiences, they should choose pieces and scenes not calculated to keep away, or to drive away, those who desire to maintain that moral deportment the loss of which blights private or public character. Mr. Hall, who is a favorite, in comedy, makes his benefit to-morrow night.—Communicated.

THE SEASON.—The weather continues extremely favorable, after some chilly days, which threatened a very early frost, we have those balmy airs, and beams, which particularly invite the stroller into the more quiet haunts of nature. The damps and squalls of spring are unpropitious, generally, to the pedestrian,—the fervor of summer almost prohibits his enjoyments,—but on a fine October day, he steps elastic among the sequestered bye paths and glades, inhaling cheerfulness and vigour from the transparent atmosphere,—and gazing, as "Monarch of all he surveys" on the tranquil, and well defined, and strongly tinted near scenes, or on the distant landscape, where streaks of elegant colours lie in charming perspective. Nature has performed her yearly office,—harvest has succeeded seed time,—and she seems to rest as after a day well spent, rich in the recollections of the past, and the possessions of the present.

The late season has been one of many blessings to the farmer, and the joy which full garners, and a prospect of good markets, produce, should diffuse itself over the whole man. Gratitude to the Author of good, and benevolence to fellow men, are the reasonable results of a happy harvest home.

MARRIED.

Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. C. Churchill, Mr. W. J. Morris, to Miss Francis Ann Crosskill, both of this town.

Last evening, by the Rev. Mr. Laughlin, Mr. Joseph Smith, to Miss Ann Walsh, both of this place.

At Cornwallis, on the 13th ult. by the Rev. George Struthers, the Rev. William T. Wishart, Minister of the Presbyterian Church, Shelburne, to Isabella, eldest daughter of John Norton, Esq.

At same time, Mr. Edward L. Lydiard, of Halifax, to Lydia, second daughter of John Norton, Esq. of Cornwallis.

On the 6th instant by the Rev. Archdeacon Willis, Mr. John Baston, to Miss Harriet Pickle, of this place.

DIED.

On Monday, in the 56th year of his age, deeply regretted, the Hon. Joseph Allison.

On Tuesday evening, Rachel Bonnett, eldest daughter of the late Isaac Bonnett, Esq. of Annapolis.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED.

Saturday Oct. 5th—Mailboat Velocity, Barss, Bermuda, 8 days—with the captain and crew of the brig Scott, of Yarmouth, abandoned at sea, and taken into Bermuda by a French barque; brig. Harriet, Carrell, Hamburg, via Jersey, 78 days—general cargo to W. Pryor & Sons; Hazard and Hope, St. John, NB.—salt to J. Fairbanks; Spanish brig Amelia, Zorordo, New York, 10 days—ballast to Creighton & Grassie; Govt. schr. Victory, Darby, Sable Island, with the Captain, crew, and residue of passengers, of the French barque Marie, wrecked on that Island; Vernon, Cunningham, Falmouth, Jam. 25 days—rum to J. Strachan.

Sunday, 6th—Brigt. Persa, Pengilly, Malaga, 33 days—wine, fruit and oil to T. C. Kinnear and S. Binney; H. M. packet brig Star, Lieut. Griffin, Falmouth, 29 days—schr. Mariner, Gerrard, Newfoundland, 15 days—dry fish to Hunter & Chambers; Hope, Marmaud, St. John's, 29 days—dry fish, to P. Furlong; brig. Planet, Duncan, Baltimore, 12 days—wheat to W. A. Black & Son; Bermudianna, Newhold, Trinidad, 22 days—molasses to J. & M. Tobin; schr. Feronia, Ryan, St. John's, 7 days—wine, oil, cordage etc. to D. & E. Starr & Co. and others; Seaflower, Martel, do. 6 days—dry fish to Creighton & Grassie.

Monday, 7th—Brigt. Otter, Lawrence, Demerara, 23 days—rum to H. Lyle; H. M. brig Ringdove, Bay Fundy; schr. Maria, Gerroir, St. John's, 7 days—dry fish to S. Binney; Orion, Murphy, St. John's, 11 days—dry fish to J. & T. Williamson; Joseph Howe, Fraser, Burin, 6 days—dry fish to J. Allison & Co.; Ion, Hammond, St. John's, 7 days—do. to S. Binney; Isabella, St. Annas—dry fish; Ranger, Pitts, Newfoundland—do; Lord Davis, Michon, Quebec, 17 days—pork, to J. Allison & Co; Am. brig Joshua Sears, Ryder, Philadelphia, 8 days—wheat and rye flour, to D. & E. Starr & Co. and S. Binney.

Tuesday, 8th—Brigt. Anastasia, Power, Bahamas, 30 days—salt; H. M. schr. of War Pickle, Lieut. Holland, Bermuda.

Wednesday, 9th—Schr. Breeze, Stewart, Gaspe, 10 days—dry fish to Creighton & Grassie; President. Odell, Burin, 3 days—do. to Creighton & Grassie; Mahone Bay Packet, Cronan, Burin, 3 days—do. to D. Cronan; brig Planet, Crockett, Gibraltar, 33 days—wine etc. to Creighton & Grassie.

Thursday, 10th—Schr. Victoria, Swaine, Boston, 6 days; brig Venus, Bollong, Labrador—salmon, etc. to S. Binney; Barbet, Richards, Newfoundland, 9 days—fish, etc.—J. Brookman, passenger; Speculator, St. John's, N.F. 9 days—dry fish to J. Allison & Co.

Friday, 10th—Margaret, Jones, St. John's, N. F. 5 days, dry fish, to T. C. Kinnear; schr. Nancy, Breare, St. John's, N. F. 10 days, dry fish to S. Binney.

CLEARED.

10th—schr. Shannon, Boudroit, Quebec, sugar, oil, etc. to T. C. Kinnear; Albion, Belfountain, Montreal, do. tea, by J. & M. Tobin.

W. L. WHITE,

Hair Dresser, and Manufacturer of every description of ORNAMENTAL HAIR WORK.

RESPECTFULLY announces to the Ladies and Gentlemen of Halifax and its vicinity, that he has commenced business in the house lately occupied by Mr. McKenzie, Confectioner, adjoining the Apothecary's Hall, Bedford Row, where he hopes by application and industry to merit a portion of their patronage. Oct. 11.

AUCTION.

PLANET'S Cargo from the Mediterranean.

For Sale at Messrs. Creighton & Grassie's Wharf, on Tuesday next, at 12 o'clock,

BY DEBLOIS & MERKEL,

Muscatel Raisins, best bunch,

in boxes, half boxes and quarter boxes,

Christiano Raisins, Florence OIL in boxes, Olive Oil in quarter casks and jars, Capers, Macaroni, FIGS, Spanish Olives in jars, Jordan ALMONDS,

A few jars Superior GRAPES,

200 bbls. Malaga Sherry Wine,

25 barrels MOUNTAIN WINE,

20 barrels Laguna Wine,

WHITE WINE VINEGAR,

Bags Corks.

Oct. 11.

Stoves! Stoves!

CANADIAN heavy cast STOVES for Churches, Kitchens, and Halls—For sale by the Subscriber at his Auction Store, near the Ordnance, viz.

Largest size double close Canada Stoves,

for Kitchens, Single Close ditto, 4x2, 3x2 and 2x1 1/2 feet. ALSO, on hand, from New York and Boston, an assortment of Franklin and Cooking Stoves; a further supply daily expected.

Oct. 11.—2m.

J. M. CHAMBERLAIN.

THEATRE.

By Permission of His Excellency the Governor.

MR. HALL'S BENEFIT.

MR. HALL, Respectfully announces his BENEFIT for TO-MORROW EVENING, (Saturday) October 12, when will be presented, the interesting Domestic Melo Drama called the

Golden Farmer,

Or the Last Crime.

JEREMY TWITCHER, - - - MR. HALL.

Also, a new Farce called

Does your Mother know You're Out.

MIZZLE, - - - Mr. HALL.

With a variety of SONGS, Dances and other Entertainments, which he hopes, will receive a Share of public patronage.

PUBLIC NOTICE.—In consequence of an erroneous and unfounded report having got into circulation to the effect, that the above building is not safe for the purposes of Dramatic representation, which report may materially injure the Manager Mr. Preston, in his anxious endeavours to cater for the public amusement, WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, having been professionally called in for the purpose of examination, did proceed to inspect the building, and from our advice having been instantly and promptly acted upon by Mr. Preston, and his machinists, and good strong supports also added, We unhesitatingly pronounce the above Theatre, capable of containing an overflowing audience, without the slightest fear being entertained as to its perfect stability.

Signed, HENRY SPIKE, THOMAS MCKIE, JOHN MCKAY.

CARD.

THE SHIP MARIA, Burn, sailed from Harbor De Grace, on the 1st of July, bound to New York, seventy passengers and some merchandize. After having experienced many calms and contrary winds, was stranded on the 14th September, on Sable Island, in a very heavy gale of wind,—all the passengers and crew saved, by the great exertion of Capt. Darby and his men, one of whom had his leg broken in the act of saving the crew. The ship is a total wreck,—a few of the materials and some of the goods saved. The Capt. has abandoned her and the goods on account of the underwriters.

Capt. Burn takes this opportunity of returning thanks to Capt. Darby and crew, for their exertions in saving the crew and passengers of the ship, and for the kind hospitality received from him while on the Island. Capt. B. will not be answerable for any debts contracted by either of the crew or passengers of the Maria. Oct. 11.

Wanted Immediately,

A JOURNEYMAN SADDLER, to whom liberal wages will be given. Apply at this Office. Oct. 11.

WINES, TEAS, SUGARS, &c.

THE SUBSCRIBER offers for sale at his Store in Market square, nearly opposite Messrs. W. A. Black & Son's Hardware Store, a general assortment of Wines and Groceries suitable for the Town and Country, which he will dispose of by wholesale or retail. Goods sent to any part of the Town free of expense. August 60. 3m R. TREMAIN, Junr.

Keefler's Reading Room,

ESTABLISHED OCTOBER, 1836.

THE SUBSCRIBERS to the above are respectfully notified, that their SUBSCRIPTIONS for the next year (1840) are now due. Gentlemen wishing to subscribe, will please hand in their Names to the Proprietor. October 4. CHARLES KEEFER.

A Young Man wants a Situation as CLERK in a Counting House. Good reference as to character, etc. can be given. Enquire for Z. at this office. Oct. 11.

Nets, Nets, Nets.

MACKEREL NETS—30 Rals. HERRING NETS—30 do Received per the Alonzo, from the manufactory at Bridport, and offered for sale at low rates by ROBERT NOBLE. September 20. 3w

THE POOR MAN'S SONG.

FROM ULAND.

A poor man, poorer none, am I,
And walk the world alone,
Yet do I call a spirit free,
And cheerful heart my own.

A gleesome child I play'd about
My dear, dear parents' hearth,
But grief has fallen upon my path,
Since they are laid in earth.

I see rich gardens round me bloom,
I see the golden grain,
My path is bare and barren all,
And trod with toil and pain.

And yet, though sick at heart, I'll stand
Where happy faces throng,
And wish good-morrow heartily
To all that pass along.

And bounteous God! Thou leav'st me not
To comfortless despair;
There comes a gentle balm from heaven
For every child of care.

Still in each dell thy sacred house
Points mutely to the sky,
The organ and the choral song
Arrest each passer by.

Still shine the sun, the moon, the stars,
With blessing even on me,
And when the evening bell rings out,
Then, Lord, I speak with thee.

One day shall to the good disclose
Thy halls of joy and rest,
Then in my wedding robes even I
Shall seat me as thy guest.

MAJESTY AT A BULL FIGHT.

The Queen and her husband, together with all his royal relatives, went yesterday to the bull fight at the Campo Santa Anna, being the first day of the season. These amusements, which were put down some time back, are now revived, and continue every Sunday during the summer. The Infanta Donna Anna, with many of the nobles, and at least 500 other persons, were present. The Queen appeared to enjoy herself amazingly (I believe it is the first time she has witnessed a bull-fight here,) and the King, who also appeared much diverted, threw handfuls of silver repeatedly down to the combatants when any feat of superior dexterity or greater daring than usual was performed. Five of the men who attacked the bull were carried out more or less injured, by being tossed or trampled on; but as the bulls' horns are always covered here, there is no danger of either men or horses being gored, and the bulls, 13 of which were successively brought on, were first duly baited, and then marched off. The combatants, whether on foot or horseback, are provided merely with short barbed darts, which they manage to thrust into the neck of the bull, waiting his rush at them, which they evade, and throw themselves over the balustrade. When an unlucky combatant is a little too late, the bull occasionally saves him the trouble of jumping over, as happened yesterday, to the great amusement of the spectators. A great feat, and which is frequently practised, is for six or eight men to come forward together, take the bull by the horns, and march him off. The combatants who first put themselves in his way are often tossed or trampled on in his struggles when seized by the rest, and one bull yesterday was so strong that, after having him safe, as they supposed, and whilst leading him out, he suddenly shook them off, and sent them in all directions. Another feat is performed by blacks, four of whom are furnished with stuffed figures, which surrounded their body, and which are intended to give each the appearance of man on horseback. These blacks being protected by their masks, place themselves directly in the bull's way, threatening him with their darts, and mimicking the action of a mounted combatant. The bull, of course, tosses them and tumbles them over at a great rate, to the great satisfaction of the lookers-on. If apparently in a dangerous position, the bull's attention is drawn off by other of their companions, a number of whom are always near. The whole performance lasts from half-past four near till seven.—*Correspondence of the Morning Chronicle, under date of Lisbon, July 8.*

DEFINITION OF LOVE.—A little sighing, a little crying, a little dying, and a great deal of lying.

LORD BROUGHAM.

In the following passage Brougham, in one of his mad fits in the House of Lords, is painted from head to foot.

Make way, good people, the bull is coming; chained or loose, right or wrong, he can stand it no longer: with one lashing bound he clears every obstacle, and there he is, with tall erect and head depressed, snorting in the middle of the arena. Now you see Brougham himself: his eyes appear to flash—the gathering of his brows is like the gathering of thunder-clouds—his dark-grey hair appears rigid with the compressed energy of his fury—his arm is raised—his voice is high. There is the commencement of the storm—the first sentence pushes into the middle of the subject. Hark at that coarse and stunning piece of contemptuous mockery with which he begins. See how the whipster peer, who was lately so flippant, shrinks within himself—how horrified he looks, while his pretty little bit of rhetoric rattles in bits about his ears—with what dreadful interest he appears to hang upon the lips of his castigator, in an agony of expectation as to what the next moment may bring forth. And look at the other peers who sit around: whether Brougham speaks of them as “his noble friends,” or as “the noble lords,” they appear marvellously uncomfortable if they find their names in his mouth; for Brougham is in full tilt—he has sarcasm on his tongue and bile in his heart—he is *talking Greek fire*, and wherever it falls, whether upon friend or foe, it sinks deep and leaves its scar; he is like an elephant in Indian battle, trampling down every enemy in its path, while the arrows that are winged from its back scatter wounds among the distant crowds.

Yes—this is indeed, Henry Brougham. It is his cue to strike, and his scathing bolts fall like the arrows of Apollo among the Grecian host. How he multiplies scorn upon the head of the victim he now has in his grasp. Now he paints him, with dashing skill and strange felicity, lineament after lineament, till it becomes a caricature, half man, half reptile, yet perfect in its exaggeration, unmistakable in its resemblance; and now, when the image is stamped upon the minds of his auditors, behold the concentration of scorn depicted in his visage as he turns and points his thin, bony finger to the spot where the original covers. I have witnessed a scene like this often, but I can convey no description of the sensation which it creates. It must be witnessed to be felt; for, to those who are not under its influence, all description must appear exaggerated. It is not admiration, or sympathy, or indignation, but it is *awe*.—*From Sketches by Mark.*

SHAM DEAFNESS—MISERABLE DISAPPOINTMENT.

A marine, while serving on board a ship of war, complained from time to time to the surgeon, that he was gradually losing the sense of hearing; and at the end of several months asserted that he was completely deaf. It being, however, presumed that the alleged infirmity was feigned, and as he could not be made to perform his duty, he was brought to the gangway and flogged; but previously to his being paraded for punishment, and during its infliction, he was informed that he should be pardoned if he would admit the fraud, and return to his duty. Every means that promised to be successful in surprising him into showing that he possessed the sense of hearing was resorted to, but without success: firing a pistol close to his ear, suddenly rousing him during sleep, and endeavouring to alarm him, elicited nothing satisfactory. The officers at Haslar Hospital, to which he had been sent, resolved to punish him a second time. Dr. Lind, who was then Physician to the Hospital, begged that punishment might be deferred, with the view of gaining time to try by another experiment whether the man was an impostor or not. His request was granted. The doctor chose a favourable opportunity, and coming unperceived behind him one day, he puts his hand on the man's shoulder, and said in an ordinary tone of voice, “I am happy to tell you, that you are invalidated at last. ‘Am I?’” replied the overjoyed marine. The imposture being thus rendered evident, he was forthwith punished, and sent on board ship.

CULTIVATION OF VOCAL MUSIC.—Whatever tends to refine to civilize, to exalt the intellectual faculties of man, is not merely ornamental, but useful. This is the character and purpose of all arts, whether painting, sculpture, poetry or music. Rising above and beyond the limits of the sensible and material, they delight in the contemplation of the infinite and the spiritual, and know no bound or limit for the sphere of their exertions. Every power and every faculty with which man is endued was given to be improved and enjoyed. There is the same mutual adaption between knowledge and human mind as there is between light and the eye, sound and the ear, seed and the earth. When the Almighty on the one hand so constituted the seed that when deposited in the earth it germinates and grows and produces fruit, and when on the other he so constituted the human body that the fruit nourishes and sustains it, he in the most emphatic manner commanded man to cultivate the earth and to reap its fruits. In like manner, when he endued the human voice with sweetness, compass, flexibility, and power, and made it capable of giving expression to every emotion of the heart—when he bestowed on the ear the power of the nicest discrimination, and rendered it one of

the channels through which pleasure is conveyed to the mind; when he also established those laws which control and regulate the production, diffusion, and combination of sound, rendering each beneficent provision tributary to and dependent upon the other, and uniting all in beautiful harmony; can we doubt that these gifts were dispensed with a view to their enjoyment, or that, by cultivating the powers thus bestowed, we are not only best consulting our own happiness, but rendering to their giver the acceptable tribute of obedience?—*Taylor's Gresham Lectures.*

LANGUAGES OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.—It is worthy of remark, that there is no civilized country in Europe, in which not only so many different dialects prevail, but so many different languages, as in Great Britain. Yorkshire has its peculiar dialect, Lancashire, Northumberland, Cumberland, theirs. The peasant of Worcestershire understands not him of Westmoreland; and still less can he of the latter county hold any intelligible communication with the cockney. In the vicinity of Cambridge, if you talk good English to a labouring man or small farmer, they touch their hats, beg your pardon, and avow themselves “no scholars.” In Scotland, the dialects, and especially the twangs, are as various as in England. Your native of Aberdeen understands not him of Glasgow; and your Paisley “buddy,” learned in politics and cunning at the loom, gapes, stares, and looks with unutterable astonishment when he is addressed by a man of Tweeddale. The Irish are more uniform in their dialect when they do speak English; the thing chiefly remarkable in them being the accent. All this is anomalous, but not so much so as the fact that we have in the two islands denominated Great Britain and Ireland, five distinct languages cut up into so many dialects that it would be useless to enumerate them. There is the English language, properly so called—the Scotch language—and there are the Gaelic, the Welch, and the Irish languages.

MARKS OF AN OLD SOLDIER.—Discharged men who reinlist, and deserters, who wish to re-enter the service, frequently omit to state that they have been soldiers, and consequently it is of importance to distinguish a man who has been in the army from the ordinary class of recruits. A well drilled soldier is in general easily recognized: his posture is generally upright, both when he is in motion and at rest; his chest is full, partly from an elevation of the sternum, and also from a greater development of the pectoral muscles; the shoulders are drawn back, and the scapulae nearly approach each other. When, however, he wishes to conceal that he has been in the service, he sometimes assumes a slouching manner, which commonly disappears when he is desired to march smartly backwards and forwards in the inspection-room, and, if the word “halt” be given, the influence of discipline becomes instantly evident.

Real greatness has nothing to do with a man's sphere. It does not lie to the magnitude of his outward agency, in the extent of the effects which it produces. The greatest men may do comparatively little abroad. Perhaps the greatest in our city at this moment are buried in obscurity. Grandeur of character lies wholly in force of soul, that is, in the force of thought, moral principle and love; and this may be found in the humblest condition of life. The greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptations from within and without, who bears the heaviest burthens cheerfully; who is calmest in storms, and most fearless under menace and frowns; whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God is most unflinching. Among common people will be found more of hardship borne manfully, more of unvarnished truth, more of religious trust, more of generosity which gives what the giver needs himself, and more of a wise estimate of life and death, than among the more prosperous.

THE COLONIAL PEARL.

Is published every Friday Evening, 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 letters and communications post paid, addressed to John S. Thompson, Pearl Office, Halifax, N. S.

AGENTS.

Halifax, A. & W. McKinlay.	River John, William Blair, Esq.
Windsor, James L. Dewolf, Esq.	Charlotte Town, T. Desbrisay, Esq.
Lower Horton, Chs. Brown, Esq.	St. John, N.B., G. A. Lockhart, Esq.
Wolfville, Hon. T. A. S. DeWolfe,	Sussex Vale, J. A. Reeve, Esq.
Kentville, J. F. Hutchinson, Esq.	Dorchester, C. Milner, Esq.
Bridgetown, Thomas Spurr, Esq.	Sackville, { Joseph Allison, and
Annapolis, Samuel Cowling, Esq.	{ J. C. Black, Esqrs.
Digby, Henry Stewart, Esq.	Frederickton, Wm. Grigor, Esq.
Yarmouth, H. G. Parish, Esq.	Woodstock, John Bedell, jr. Esq.
Amherst, John Smith, Esq.	New Castle, Henry Allison, Esq.
Richibucto, Thomas Caie, Esq.	Chatham, James Caie, Esq.
Fort Lawrence, M. Gordon, Esq.	Carleton, &c., Jos. Mengher, Esq.
Economy, Silas H. Crane, Esq.	Bathurst, William End, Esq.
Pictou, Dr. W. J. Anderson.	St. Andrews, R. M. Andrews, Esq.
Truro, John Ross, Esq.	St. Stephens, Messrs. Pengree &
Antigonish R. N. Henry, Esq.	Chipman.

HALIFAX: Printed by W. Cunnabell, at his Office, near head of Marchington's wharf.