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# THE COLONIAL PEARL.

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## THE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. MARY H. PARSONS.

(Continued from p. 242.)

Everard heard her to the end silently. Ay, though the blood leaped in his veins, and his teeth ground together like iron, though the hue of the grave spread over features rendered harsh, to ferocity, by contending passions; but when she had done, he leaned down and spoke, in that low, fearfully calm voice, peculiar to him when strongly excited: "In years long gone, Leora, there was one as young and fair as thou art. She listened to the tempter, and fell! I cursed her memory and sex, I loathed and hated all that bore the name of woman. For thy sake, girl—for thy sake—I have trusted them once more. Do not you deceive me, too. You are my only child, the sole tie that binds me to a false and hollow world—you have been the solace of long years, left solitary by the guilt of another; all this you are to me, and more than this; yet, girl, I would wrap thee in a winding sheet, and see thee in the tomb, ere I would see thee wife to son of Morton Clare!" He started from his seat, his whole frame convulsed by the fierce struggle that racked him, and with rapid steps he paced to and fro the apartment. Leora rose up feebly, as one who had received some dreadful blow, yet scarce comprehended it.

"Father!" she said, in her sore anguish, "you did not say so! you did not mean so, father! What has Frederic Clare done, to merit such bitter anger?"

"Wilt marry him, girl?" he said in mockery, "wilt league with the son of my bitterest enemy, and prove, like your base mother, a curse to my existence? Ha! it were worthy of her daughter!" and again he paced the room with hurried and irregular strides.

"My mother!" cried Leora, in her agony, "would to heaven, I had died ere I heard her name! Turn to me, father, turn to me in your kindness. I will marry no man without your blessing—what is the world to me without it?" and she wept bitterly as she sank down among the cushions upon the sofa, helpless and despairing. Then Everard took her in his arms and blessed her, and although she was as a flower on which a blight had fallen, and her heart was sinking in dismay for the fearful future, that blessing came soothingly over her troubled feelings, and she felt strengthened for the trial before her.

"Forgive me, Leora, I have been very harsh," said her father, "but you know not my provocations from Morton Clare, you can never, with your gentleness of spirit, fully estimate them; but no more of them. Say you forgive, Leora, and will forget, my violence?"

She clasped her arms around his neck, and though her voice was choked with tears, she murmured, "I have nothing to forgive."

Everard smoothed back the long hair that had gathered over her temples, kissing her brow as he did so, and whispering words of approbation and love: but her face grew paler every moment, until even her lips took the same hue, the eyelids closed heavily over the dark orbs, and the breath came with an effort, and almost with pain. Everard started up in alarm, and when he looked again he saw she had fainted; for a brief moment, the father would have given her to Frederic Clare, to have restored her to happiness and life, so great was the shock that look of death gave him. Other thoughts came, (his life had been a long struggle with feeling, he had learned to conquer,) she was borne to her chamber, and such remedies applied as her case demanded. She recovered soon, answered feebly but affectionately his enquiries, but seemed indisposed to converse; and Everard saw she retained the hand of Mrs. Castlemore, and appeared unwilling her aunt should leave her; it was the first and only time Leora had ever manifested such feeling for Mrs. Castlemore in preference to himself; he had been hitherto the engrossing object of her love; and unconsciously Leora inflicted a bitter pang upon her erring yet fond father. That night Luis Everard laid his head upon a troubled pillow, he felt himself lowered in the estimation of his child, sunk in his own esteem, devoid of the magnanimity and generosity of character Leora believed him to have possessed.

The morning came, and Clare was informed of the determination of Leora's father, and her compliance with his wishes: Everard desired the truth might be told him, that he might feel the hand that dealt the blow, and he accompanied the letter she had written with one of his own, couched in cold, formal language, insisting that all farther communication between them might cease. Clare made great exertion to see Leora, if only for the last time; but she feared the struggle, and shrank with absolute agony of spi-

rit from witnessing his distress. Every effort failing, Frederic left Florence.

Leora Everard had made a great and fearful sacrifice, and she felt at times how bitterly it was made to the prejudices of her father. Still it had been made, and Leora struggled hard to bear cheerfully with her lot, but the shock had come suddenly, when she was wholly unprepared for it; even now she could scarce realize it was her father, who visited upon the head of the son the parent's offences. She changed, and none saw it with keener eyes than Everard; lassitude stole over her frame, she was unwilling to go forth into the open air, she no longer loved the sunshine nor the soft south wind that swept over her brow; hers "was a young spirit blighted, and she faded like a flower when the stalk is injured."

One morning Leora was reclining upon the sofa. She had not, as usual, forced her spirits in a vain effort to be cheerful, but she lay there motionless, yet apparently suffering, the colour rose high up in her cheek, and then would fade away into a deadly paleness. Everard watched her, and with pain; he moved his seat to the sofa, and gently said:

"Leora, there is something wrong; what is it, my child? You are ill, I fear," and he took her hand within his own, and looked tenderly upon her. The tears started to her eyes as she met that glance, and she said mournfully,

"I do not know, father, I am often thus; but I feel strangely oppressed to-day—hot and cold by turns: I fear I am going to be ill," and she trembled as she made an effort to rise. Everard assisted her, and conducted her to her own chamber; they placed her on a bed, and for long days and nights they never hoped to see her rise again. The news went abroad in the world around them, that the fair English girl was dying; people turned aside, for a brief moment, from their worldly pursuits—"so young too!" and the thoughtful and gentle added "so lovely too!" The voices of the poor went up in prayers, and blessings, for the safety of one who had administered to their wants, and bestowed many comforts. But, there was one mansion in Florence, where the news brought anguish almost too great for the sufferer to bear. It was a lofty and vast apartment; pillars of carved marble supported the ceiling; costly hangings of the richest and heaviest silk shaded the windows, and their golden fringe swept downward to the floor; elegance and taste marked the rare garniture of that room, and the thousand toys strewn around, were such as wealth alone can gather for the affluent. It was evening time, and the pale lamp-light fell over the face of a noble lady. Reader, that lady was Aline Delavel! Nineteen years of suffering had gone over that stately head and bowed it in the dust! through protracted grief and undying remorse. There was no sign of life upon the pale lips, and the face was colourless as the dead; the once rounded and beautiful form was attenuated and thin to emaciation. What a mockery was the splendour around her! All had been left to her by Delavel; but he died within the year after their marriage; for him she had forfeited the world's esteem, her own respect, and burdened her soul with a weight of guilt she could never atone for.

Through one of her servants, Aline received information of Leora's arrival at Florence. What a world of new feelings were stirred within the bosom of that guilty and humbled woman! She longed to gaze upon her child, of whom she had thought, until thought had become agony; but she could not, lest she should spurn her to the earth. For a time she strove against her wishes, but in vain! She went forth in secrecy and disguise, and there was no day she had not watched Leora, unseen herself. The maiden was much abroad; ah, how little did she dream how closely her steps were followed; like a shadow the mother watched her child, and moments of joy would steal into her aching heart, amply repaying the many penalties she was compelled to pay to continue undetected. After the return of Everard she never saw Leora again, night and day her vigil was unceasing, but the maiden came forth no more. Then came the tale of her sickness, again the news was worse, she was dying. Aline had heard all, and she sat alone in her lighted hall, without hope and despairing. Large tears gathered into her eyes, and rolled over the wasted face; no violent emotion was manifest, all sorrow came to that unhappy woman, in the form of retribution; she thought upon her daughter, in her youth and loveliness, and oh! how gladly she would have laid down her own weary life, to have redeemed her from the grave.

"If I could but see her, if I could but look upon her once more—my child, my child!" murmured the miserable mother, and she buried her face in her hands. Long she held communion with her own breaking heart, and at length her resolve was taken, to appeal to Everard that she might see Leora ere she died. She ordered her carriage, wrapped herself in a mantle, veiled herself closely,

and drove to the mansion of the Everards. Nothing but despair could have prompted such an act, and love, the strong love that even guilt cannot conquer, of a mother. On reaching the house, she had enquired for Mr. Everard, and was shown into the library, as she had expressed a desire to see him alone. Everard entered soon after, and closing the door, begged to know whom he had the honour of receiving. His cold, ungracious manner, for the first time opened the eyes of Aline to the task before her. Leora had filled her mind with one image, that of death, she had no thought for herself, but that stern voice brought the memory of other days, with a stunning and heavy weight upon her.

"I have no right to intrude," she said faintly, "but I seek an act of mercy at your hands."

"You deal in mysteries," he said coldly, "and I fear I have not the time to bestow upon them."

He turned as if to leave the room, but she started up, and in a hurried, desperate voice exclaimed,

"Look upon me, ere you go!" She threw back the veil, and dropped the mantle from her person. Everard turned as she spoke: one look was enough; he reeled backward from that sudden and overwhelming shock, in horror and dismay; her voice had no tone of her youth, but the blasted wreck of what had once been his wife was too surely before him. Then the humbled woman knelt before him, and prayed that she might look upon her dying child. But the mention of Leora's name roused all the fury of his unrelenting nature.

"Let you look upon Leora!" said he, fiercely; let you pollute with your unholy presence one so pure and innocent. Miserable outcast! the curse of guilt is heavier than you can bear, without costing its dark shadow upon my child!"

"You do not refuse!" cried Aline, as she sprang to her feet. "Mercy! have mercy! you must ask it too; this once, Luis Everard, only this once! let me see my daughter!"

"Woman," said he bitterly, "how dare you ask mercy from me, or raise your voice in supplication to one you have so deeply wronged? Away! Out of my sight, for ever, ay, for ever!" and he gnashed his teeth as the words came hissing from between them, "lest I forget I am a man."

Aline shrunk back as he approached her, and trembled from head to foot, as she answered in anguish, "Curse me if you will, Everard; my life has been a long and living curse! For nineteen years I have never known one happy moment, till I saw Leora; I have watched her in secret, in disguise, and I have felt not utterly shut out from mercy, because I was her mother. Oh, I ask but one boon—to look upon her face, to hear her blessing, and to die! Miserable and guilty as I am, you will not deny me, let me see my child!" and she clasped her hands, the tears rolling down her cheeks.

"Have you done? If you have I will have pleasure in showing you the door."

"My child! my child! I must see her," cried Aline in sore agony, "she is dying, and I dare not go near her. It will drive me mad, if I do not receive her pardon for the past. Oh, Luis, Luis, stern you ever were, now have mercy; once, only once, let me look upon her. I will not even ask her blessing, or approach her, if you command me not, but let me see her."

"You count confidently on her pardon," said Everard, in scorn. "Come, she shall decide between us," and his thin lips curled in sneering mockery, as he thought of the bitter pang in store for the mother. He opened a door that led by a private staircase, through a long narrow passage directly to the chamber of Leora. Well did Everard know the effect of his early teaching upon the mind of his daughter, and in vengeance he took this method of silencing the importunity of Aline for ever. Leora, in reality, had been pronounced out of danger by the physician, but Everard gave no intimation of the truth to the mother. On reaching the door of Leora's chamber, Everard bade Aline remain without, and listen to the decision; she could not see, nor be seen, but the half-closed door enabled her to hear. Everard entered the room, the long dark hair had escaped from beneath the cap of the gentle girl, and a curl had strayed over her snowy cheek; it might have been the contrast, but Everard was struck with her exceeding paleness. "You are better, my dear Leora," and he spoke tenderly as ever he did, to this only earthly object of his love.

"Yes, I hope so," she answered sadly, "but I am very weak yet; slight things disturb me strangely; I thought as you entered some one was with you." Everard glanced uneasily at the door, his conscience smote him for the base selfishness he was guilty of. "It will not materially injure Leora," he thought, "and it will answer my purpose," and he resolved to go on.

"Your mind is weak, dearest, and is filled with strange fancies,



a relief from the gloomy solicitude in which she had lived, an escape from the heartless people by whom she had been surrounded in her late time of trial, the restoration of the old man's health and peace, and a life of tranquil happiness. Sun, and stream, and meadow, and summer days, shone brightly in her view, and there was no dark tint in all the sparkling picture.

The old man had slept for some hours soundly in his bed, and she was yet busily engaged in preparing for their flight. There were a few articles of clothing for herself to carry, and a few for him; old garments, such as became their fallen fortunes, laid out to wear; and a staff to support his feeble steps, put ready for his use. But this was not all her task, for now she must visit the old rooms for the last time.

And how different was the parting with them from any she had expected, and most of all from that which she had oftenest pictured to herself. How could she ever have thought of bidding them farewell in triumph, when the recollection of the many hours she had passed among them rose to her swelling heart, and made her feel the wish a cruelty, lonely and sad though many of those hours had been! She sat at the window where she had spent so many evenings—darker far than this—and every thought of hope and cheerfulness that had occurred to her in that place came vividly upon her mind and blotted out all its dull and mournful associations in an instant.

Her own little room too where she had so often knelt down and prayed at night—prayed for the time which she hoped was dawning now—the little room where she had slept so peacefully, and dreamed such pleasant dreams—it was hard not to be able to glance round it once more, and to be forced to leave it without one kind word or grateful tear. There were some trifles there—poor useless things—that she would have liked to take away; but that was impossible.

This brought to mind her bird, her poor bird, who hung there yet. She wept bitterly for the loss of this little creature—until the idea occurred to her—she did not know how or why it came into her head—that it might by some means fall into the hands of Kit, who would keep it for her sake, and think perhaps that she had left it behind in the hope that he might have it, and as an assurance that she was grateful to him. She was calmed and comforted by the thought, and went to rest with a lighter heart.

From many dreams of rambling through light and sunny places, but with some vain object unattained which ran distinctly through them all, she awoke to find that it was yet night, and that the stars were shining brightly in the sky. At length the day began to glimmer and the stars to grow pale and dim. As soon as she was sure of this, she arose, and dressed herself for the journey.

TASSO.

The Jerusalem, observes Mr. Hallam, is the great epic poem, in the strict sense, of modern times. It was justly observed by Voltaire, that in the choice of his subject Tasso is superior to Homer. Whatever interest tradition might have attached among the Greeks to the wrath of Achilles and the death of Hector, was slight to those genuine recollections which were associated with the first crusade. It was not the theme of a single people, but Europe; not a fluctuating tradition, but certain history; yet history so far remote from the poet's time, as to adapt itself to his purpose with almost the inflexibility of fable. Nor could the subject have been chosen so well in another age or country; it was still the holy war, and the sympathies of his readers were easily excited for religious chivalry; but, in Italy, this was no longer an absorbing sentiment, and the stern tone of bigotry, which perhaps might still have been required from a Castilian poet, would have been dissipated amidst the soft notes that charmed the court of Ferrara.

This great poem arose from the union of the dominant classical taste with the lingering love of romance or chivalry, blended, as it were, and harmonised by the strong religious feeling which had arisen out of the reviving Catholicism. Tasso himself is the irrefragable authority for his own design of harmonising in one poem the noble characteristics of the modern romance and the ancient epic; the richness and variety of the one, with the symmetry and unity of the other. The tender and sensitive temperament of Tasso, which turned away in unconquerable repugnance from the study of the law, applied itself with the severest study to the principles of poetical criticism. An epic poet at the age of eighteen; his Rinaldo had already something of the union of chivalrous interest and adventure with a simpler fable. But in his discourse on heroic poetry, which M. Ranke assigns to the twenty-first year of his age (A. D. 1564), Tasso developed the whole theory of his poetical design. After an eloquent description of the variety and unity of the world, he proceeds, 'So do I conceive that by an excellent poet, who is called divine for no reason but because he resembles in his work the Supreme Artificer, a poem might be formed, in which, as in a little world might be read, here the array of armies; here battles by land and sea, sieges, skirmishes, single combats, joustings; here descriptions of famine and of drought, tempests, conflagrations, prodigies; there might be found the councils of celestial and infernal beings, seditions, wanderings, chances, enchantments; there deeds of cruelty, of daring, of courtesy, of generosity; there love-adventures, happy or unhappy, joyous or melancholy; yet, nevertheless, the poem which comprehends this variety might be one, one in form and spirit; and that all these things

should be arranged in such a manner as to have a mutual relation and correspondence, a dependence either of necessity or of verisimilitude upon each other, so that one part either taken away, or changed in its position, would destroy the unity of the whole.'

The subject chosen by Tasso for his great poem, combined with singular felicity the truth of history with the richest fiction. It lay in a period in which history itself was romance; in which the wildest adventures of chivalry mingled with the vivid realities of life; its scene was placed in the marvellous East, independent of its sacred associations, so rich in wonder—in which the imagination of Europe had long wandered—among the courts of gorgeous satraps and sultans—in battle-fields where the turbaned and unbelieving hosts swarmed in myriads—the realms of boundless wealth, of pride, of magic, of seductive beauty, and of valour which made its chieftains worthy antagonists of the noblest chivalry: above all, it was a war of religion, it was Christendom against Mohammedanism, the cross against the crescent, the worshipper of Christ against the Saracen. It was in this severe and solemn spirit, which the revival of Roman Catholicism had spread almost throughout Italy, that Tasso conceived and accomplished his poem.

Tasso had been educated in a school of the Jesuits, that order which was now in the first outbreak of its fervent piety, and zealous intolerance. He had received the sacrament at nine years old, and though comprehending little of the mystic significance of that holy rite, his heart had been profoundly impressed by the majesty of the scene and of the place, the preparation, the visible emotion of the communicants, who stood around with deep suppressed murmurs, or beating their breasts with their hands. The hatred of unbelief and heresy, mingled up with all these deep religious sentiments, found its free vent in a holy war against the infidels: while the exquisite tenderness of Tasso's own disposition, his amorous sensibilities, which—however we dismiss the tale of his passionate and fatal attachment to the royal Leonora—breathe throughout his youthful sonnets and madrigals, constantly relieved the ferocity of barbarous war, and the terrors of diabolical enchantment, by gentle and pathetic touches. The Sophronia, the Raminia, the Gildippe, and even Clorinna in her last hours, are the creatures of a mind sensitively awake to all that is pure, gentle and exquisite in woman; even over Armida herself, before he parts with her, the tender spirit of Tasso cannot help throwing some pathetic interest. It is this earnest religious sentiment which appears to harmonise the wild and incongruous materials assembled by Tasso in his poem. No great poet, perhaps scarcely Virgil himself, has imitated so copiously as Tasso. The classical reader is perpetually awakened to reminiscences of the whole cycle of the Latin poets; but it is all blended and fused together; it is become completely his own; his sustained style, of which almost the sole variation is from stately dignity to, sometimes, perhaps, luscious, sweetness—in which the grandeur not seldom soars into pomp, the softness melts into conceit—nevertheless appropriates, as it were, and incorporates all these foreign thoughts, images, and sentiments.

That which was the inspiration of his poem, this high wrought feeling, was fatal to his peace. It is clear that it was no hopeless passion, but a morbid dread of religious error, which is the key to his domestic tragedy. He was haunted with the consciousness that his mind was constantly dallying with awful thoughts and prescribed opinions. His terror, as was the natural consequence, deepened his doubts—his doubts aggravated his terror. Self-convicted he offered himself in his agony to scrutiny; he subjected himself to inquiries, and solemn acquittal could alone give rest to his perturbed spirit. "First," as M. Ranke truly states, the distressing case, "he appeared voluntary before the inquisitor at Bologna, who dismissed him with good advice. Soon after he presented himself before the inquisitor at Ferrara; he too gave him absolution. Yet even this did not content him. It appeared to him that the investigation had not been sufficiently searching, and that the absolution was not sufficiently full and authoritative: he wrote letters to the tribunal of the Inquisition at Rome, to the great inquisitor himself, to obtain a more ample absolution." All this with the degrading sense of his servile and dependent state at the court of Ferrara, the consciousness of great powers and great poetic achievements, which seemed unrequited or unhonoured; the envy of his enemies, which appeared to justify his mistrust of all mankind; his ill-judged, if not ill-intentioned treatment by his royal patrons, who, while they were proud of the fame which he reflected on their court, at one moment seem to have pampered him with misdirected kindness, the next irritated him by contemptuous harshness—all this, embittering and exasperating the religious doubts which he would shake off, but which clung to him—overthrew at length the harmony of his soul; and seemed to call for that restraint which, if he was not already mad, must inevitably make him so.

His poetic mind never recovered this fearful trial. In his more sober mood, he laid desperate hands on his own immortal poem, which was happily already too deeply stamped on the hearts of the people: the music of its high-wrought stanzas was already on the lips of the peasant or the gondolier, where it is still heard; the poem had been far too widely disseminated to submit to the process of reformation, to which he dedicated some unprofitable years. It is curious to examine the cold and pedantic Giudizio, in which he establishes the principles on which he chilled down the bright and youthful Gerusalemme Liberata to the lifeless Gerusalemme Con-

quistata. All the romance has withered away; the youth, the grandeur, the tenderness, now find no responsive chord in the heart; the balance is destroyed; it drags down its heavy weight all on one side; the classical regularity and the historic truth of the fable or the religious orthodoxy of the sentiments, are the exclusive points on which he dwells. He boasts that every one of the characters in the *Iliad* finds a parallel in his poem, and that almost all the incidents are counterparts of his great model. In all that relates to the Deity or the preterhuman world, it is his sole study to prove his rigid orthodoxy; he quotes the authority of St. Jerome, St. Thomas, and that strange work which exercised such unbounded influence on the imagination of the dark ages, and attributed to St. Dionysius the Areopagite, became the indisputable authority with regard to the monarchy of heaven, the names, nature, and offices of all the hosts of the angels. If it could be read by any one familiar with the exquisite original, the *Conquistata* would be the most melancholy book in any language.

CRITIQUE ON THE OLD POETS.

From an Introduction to the works of Beaumont and Fletcher.

There are few things more extraordinary in our Old Poets, than the violent contrast between what is good and what is bad in their verses: you perpetually find tulips growing out of sandbanks, lilies attached like lichens to the dry rocks; you not unfrequently catch the perfume of Sabæ amidst the pestilential rocks of Lethe's wharf, pluck Hesperian fruit from crabtrees, and, after being fed upon husks or wash-tubs, are furnished, fall at length upon a breakfast fit for the cherubim—three grains of ambrosia and a nut-shell crowned with nectar. The works of these poetic creators are like worlds produced by a sort of Manichean power, a double principle of Good and Evil, wherein the latter much predominates as to quantity, but the former is pre-eminent as to quality, and each counteracts the other without pause. Or they are the Deserts of Ammon, now presenting us immense reaches of dust, with here and there a stunted shrub or tuft of scutch-grass, now an oasis which raptures the eye of the mind with verdure the most luxuriant, the most refreshing. It may be hard to decide in some cases, whether this more provokes or pleases the student: certainly an English blonde looks fairer if we happen to see her among the brunettes of Caffraria, as all jewels are set off by foil. But, on the other hand, it is disagreeable to be prepared for a dose of wormwood by a spoonful of honey, to step from velvet turf upon sharp rubble. The flowers of this Antique Wilderness do indeed bloom aloft like red rose on triumphant briar,—which precious blossoms, should you attempt to gather, he generally has to wade through a mass of bramblewood, nettles, thistles, and robin-run-the-edge,—perhaps plunging ankle or chin deep into a hidden pool,—and comes out bearing his rose above his head like Cesar, saving his Commentaries, but unlike him pierced and beset with arrows as if he had been rolled down a hill in Regulus's barrel. Throughout Beaumont and Fletcher's poetic domain, the Enchantress who appears when half visible a Venus rising from the sea, is a Syren and ends in a fish's tail. We must confess that Shakespeare himself scrawls bytimes with a dead-struck hand, though the huge flaccid grasps betrays a Briareus in paralysis: most often his weakness becomes manifest by a wrong choice of subject; he writes with disproportionate lengthiness round some futile conceit, like a boa strangling a squirrel, or gambols unwieldy about a pun, like a whale playing with a cockleshell. Milton seems to have been our first bird of untireable pinion, who could sustain himself for a long flight through the loftiest empyrean without almost one descent from his sublime level—in truth a 'mighty Orb of Song,' which power so divine projected, that it could swerve but little out of its course till completed. But our earlier poets are heteroclitic beings, half giants, half dwarfs.

Perhaps the unsettled and unconventional state of our language at that period may have rendered all composition very difficult—private letters prove what extreme trouble the richest minds had to lay themselves out on paper, the best educated to use even comprehensible grammar—and this would go some length towards explaining both why our earlier poets produced so much that we consider worthless stuff, when to produce aught whatever like verse was such a miracle; and also, why they often produced poetry far beyond ours, as their prodigious efforts to write, concentrated and exalted all their powers, ensuring either signal success or failure. The great ease with which now-a-days language may be wielded, with which we can express ourselves in any form or tone without any particular effort, without summoning or summing up our total energies, or putting them to their utmost for the production of verse, is one reason why modern poetry, while it never sinks so far beneath the medium height as ancient, never rises so far above it. A cultivated language falls of itself into sweetesses, which satisfy the writer and the reader.

The first remarkable sweetening and softening, united with weakening of our poetic language into its present state, may, I think, be observed in Beaumont and Fletcher; for Spenser, if he did not strengthen it, can hardly be said to have enfeebled what was rather rough than firm before him. Shakespeare had bred up the English courser of the air to the highest wild condition, till his blood became fire and his sinews Nemean; Ben Jonson, put a curb in his mouth, subjected him to strict manege, and fed him on astringent food, that hardened his nerves to rigidity; but our two authors took the reins off, let him run loose over a rank soil, relaxing all his fibres again, again to be fortified by Milton, and again to be rendered over-flexible by subsequent pamperers; not judicious trainers or masters. Such undulations the stream of every language must exhibit.

ORIGINAL.

CRITIQUE ON SHAKSPEARE'S DRAMAS.

(Continued from page 228.)

VIII. LOVE'S LABOURS LOST.

The story, if not the characters, is quite of a chivalrous cast, and, we have little doubt, is borrowed either from the Spanish theatre or from some of the romances of chivalry which swarmed in his day. Oaths at least as singular were taken by the Knights. It is only under this view that we can reconcile ourselves to the action. The whole piece wears a youthful aspect, in its faults as in its beauties. We think the former are in a larger proportion than in any one of his pieces which we at present recollect. Without being hypercritical, we think that we may assert the story to be highly improbable, the action tedious, the dialogue often heavy, at times wanting in clearness, the wit of the most superficial character which is to be found in his writings. As the piece is suffused with this wit, such as it is, we would wish to determine in what it consists. It consists in endless word-play, quips, quirks, quibbles, and puns, of forced conceits, sophisms, stale jokes on his favourite subject of cuckoldry, allusions to the follies and sopperies of the day in dress and language, among which the Euphruites style comes in for a large share of the ridicule. The whole humour of *Armado's* character turning upon his constant employment of this dialect.

We do not contest the powers requisite to sustain throughout a long piece this volley of small musquetry, but so tiresome does it become that we would be refreshed by something of a tamer character.

We notice here, as elsewhere, a strong infusion of the scholastic logic, both seriously and ironically. He owes to it much of the precision and fine distinctions of his style; over and above this, he is constantly in the habit of introducing it under a ludicrous aspect. Don Armado here employs it at every instant—he is never tired of running through the predicables.

There is a stern *Anglicism* about Shakspeare's nature; and although a very severe critic of the vices of his own countrymen, he treats foreigners with still greater severity. The French especially are the constant butts for his satire, and that on account of their soppery and vanity. To vanity as to hypocrisy he is a constant enemy.

The severity with which the Spaniard is here handled no doubt arose out of the feelings which the English then bore to his nation. Otherwise the proud, high character of that nation might have claimed for it from Shakspeare a less partial representation.

Armado's style has many features in common with that of Ancient Pistol.

The two most interesting personages are, we think, the Schoolmaster and Parson. Pedantry, so frequent a theme of the dramatist's satire, was never better shown off than in the former. Shakspeare, like all great literary reformers, paid a minute and incessant attention to the progress of the language. He is ever on the watch for innovations, whether proceeding from affectation, or paltry imitation of foreign idioms. Holofernes, with all his absurdities, makes some very pertinent remarks on this subject,—and may here be considered as speaking the author's own sentiments.

Shakspeare was as learned a rhetorician as he was an acute logician. No one better understands how to vary his form with the personage and the sentiment, or displays a more intimate acquaintance with all the figures of speech.

Sir Nathaniel and Holofernes, amusing as they are, cannot be said to have a close connection with the main action. They are only brought into contact with the chief personages in the masque, which they play before them at the end.

The constable is a frequent and a favourite character with him. He never tires of ridiculing ignorance and absurdity, dressed out in the little brief authority of office.

The princess and her attendants very closely resemble his other lively females. They have the same rage of incessant wit as the other characters. The princess, when she assumes the hauteur which sits well upon her, reminds us of Elizabeth. The dialogue here often consists of a string of dry apothegms,—among them, however, are passages of deep import and broad extension. Very fond of the old English proverb. The lovers are full of extravagant conceits. Biron's censure of the courtier in general, in his attack upon Boyet, is very striking.

Rosaline's lesson to Biron at the end is in a higher tone than the generality of the piece.

Many allusions here, as elsewhere, to the old romances—generally, we think, in an ironical tone. He must have seen through their absurdities.

The scene where the lovers surprise each other, is one of the many glaring improbabilities.

The Courtiers who interrupt the masque and insult the actors, were probably sketched but too faithfully from nature.

The lyric passages at the end are in his freshest and most brilliant style.

Those *open-air* pieces, of which this is one, seem all to be a southern origin—they speak of the sky of Italy or Spain.

THE PUBLIC.—The public likes to be treated like ladies: we should say nothing to either but what they like to hear.

From Captain Marryatt's Poor Jack.  
ESCAPING IMPRESSMENT.

Well, then, before I passed for pilot, just after the breaking out of the war, I took it into my head to try my chance at privateering—there was plenty to pick up at that time, and some of the Deal men had been very fortunate—so I went on board of a 12-gun lugger, commanded by Captain Shark, fitted out in the river, with a crew of 60 men. The press was very hot at that time, and our men were kept at the crimps' houses until all was ready, when we started, and got off clear into the channel without being overhauled.

"We had been out a fortnight, keeping well on the French coast, and had picked up two good prizes, when one morning, as the fog was cleared up with a sharp northerly wind, we found ourselves right under the lee of an English frigate, not a mile from us. There was a bubble of a sea, for the wind had been against the tide previous to its changing, and we were then about six or seven miles from the French coast, just between Bolougne and Cape Grisnez, lying to for the fog to clear away. As soon as we saw the frigate, we knew that she would board us, and we were all in a terrible fright."

"The frigate hoisted her colours, and of course we did the same; she then fired a gun as a signal for us to remain, hove-to, and we perceived her boats lowering down. 'Now, my lads,' said our captain, 'if you don't mind a shot or two, I think I will save you from impressment this time.' We all declared that we would stand a hundred, rather than be taken on board a man-of-war. 'Very well,' says he—'starboard a little, and keep the fore sheet to windward, so that we may appear only to have fallen off.' By this plan we gradually increased our distance from the frigate, and got more on her bow. All this while the boat was pulling towards us, rising and tossing on the sea, but still nearing us fast. As she came nearer to us, we let the lugger come up in the wind again for a short time, that we might not appear to be dodging away; and then, when the howman was almost ready to lay in his oar, away we let her go through the water, so that she was left astern again. They could not well perceive this on board of the frigate, although the officer in the boat was very savage; for at one time he had his bow oar in, and his boat-hook out. At last the frigate, perceiving that we were apparently slipping away, put her helm up, and fired a shot across our bows. 'Now's your time, my boys,' said the captain; 'let draw the sheets, the breeze is strong; she must wait to pick up her boat, and that will give us a mile at least.' Up went the helm, and we made all sail right for the French coast.

"The frigate ran down to her boat, and then rounded to, to hoist it up; the sea was heavy, and she was delayed a minute or two, although, to do them justice, they were very smart on board of her. As soon as the boat was up, she made all sail, and came foaming after us, as if she were in as great a rage as the captain and those on board of her. Every now and then she yawed to throw a shot at us from her bowchasers; but that we didn't mind, as the yawing checked her way, and it's not very easy to hit a low vessel like a lugger in a toppling sea. Well, very soon we were not four miles from the French coast, so we hauled down our English colours and hoisted French. The frigate gained on us very fast; but we continued to steer on, and she in pursuit, until we were within gunshot of the batteries. What the Frenchmen thought, we did not know; at all events they did not fire; and we steered right on as if we were chased, and the frigate followed after us, until we were within a mile and a half of the batteries, when the frigate thought proper to haul her wind: then the battery opened upon her, and we could see that she was hulled more than once; and as she kept her wind along the shore, the other batteries opened upon her, and she got a good mauling. We saw her shift her foretopsail yard as soon as she went about again, and we afterwards heard that she had several men hurt, which was a pity."

'And did not the batteries fire upon you?'  
'No, for we kept the French colours up, and hove to within a mile of the coast. It was a lee shore, and there was too much surf and sea for them to send off a boat and ascertain whether we were a French privateer or not; so there we lay till dusk, and then made sail again, and, being so close to the French shore, we picked up a good prize that very night.—When the cruise was over I was finished. I got my prize-money; and then, as I knew our own coast well, I passed for pilot, and have served as one ever since.

THE GODWIN SANDS.

One morning we were out on the beach—we had been in conversation with other pilots, and examining the vessels in the offing with my glass—when he pointed out to me, it being low neap tide, that the Godwin Sands were partially dry. "Tom," continued he, "of all the dangers, not only of the Channel, but in the wide ocean, there is none to be compared with those sands:—the lives that have been lost on them, the vessels that have been wrecked, and the property that has been sucked into them, would be a dozen kings' ransoms; for you see, Tom, they are quicksands, and the vessel which goes on shore does not remain to be broken up, but in two tides she disappears, sinking down into the sands, which never give her or her cargo up again. There must be a mighty deal of wealth buried there, that is certain. They say that once

they were a flourishing fertile island, belonging to an Earl Godwin, whose name they now bear; it may be so—the sea retreats from one place while it advances at another. Look at Romney marshes, where so many thousand of sheep are now fed; they run up many miles inland; and yet formerly those very marshes were an arm of the sea, where vessels rode in deep water, and sea-fights, I am told, took place. Howsoever, when the sea took the Godwin island to itself, it made the best trap for vessels that old Neptune now possesses, and he may consider it the most productive spot in his dominions. Lord help us! what a deal of gold and merchandise must there be buried below yon yellow patch!"

"Do you never save any thing when vessels are run on shore there?"

"When they only tail on, we occasionally get them off again; but when once fixed, there's an end of it. Yes, we save life occasionally, but at great risk of our own. I saved little Bessy from a vessel ashore on these sands."

"Indeed! pray tell me how it was."

"Why you see, Tom, it was just at the breaking out of the war. It was in the very month of October, '93, that I was out in a galley, with some others, looking for vessels. I had just then left off privateering, and got my warrant as pilot (for you know I did serve my prenticeship before I went a-privateering, as I told you the other night.) Well, it was a blowing night, and we were running in for the Downs, intending to beach the galley and sleep on shore, for we had been out five days, and only put a pilot on board of one vessel. We were just to windward of one of the Sands, out there, where I am now pointing: the sea was very rough, but the night was clear, and the moon shone bright, when we saw a brig running down before the wind, under foresail and close-reefed topsails. 'Why, Bill, as she steers she'll be right between the Callipers,' said I to the man sitting by me. 'There's no mistake about that,' replied he; 'let's haul the fore sheet to windward, and lay to, to hail him; he's coming right down upon us.' Well, we did so, and we hailed sometime without any answer. At last a man looked over the gunnel, just as she was flying past us, and told us in Dutch to go to the devil. 'I think you'll go there if you don't look sharp,' replied Bill. 'Come, my lads, we may as well follow her, and see if we cannot prevent mischief.' So we bore up after her, and hailed her several times, for we sailed very fast, and there was a scuffling on deck: I think that the captain was drunk. All this passed in less than five minutes; and then, as I knew would be the case, she struck on the sands, and with such force, that all her masts went over the side immediately. Now the sea rolls awfully over the shallow water of the sands, Tom. We had kept with her as far as we dared, and then hove to, about two cables' lengths to windward of her, when she struck, for the ebb was still running strong under our lee, which only made the sea more cross and heavy. The waves made a clean breach over her, and we knew that she would go to pieces in less than half an hour; but we did not like to leave so many to perish, without a trial to save them: so we kept away, so as to get abreast of them, and then lowered our sails and got out our oars. We pulled close to them, but it was impossible to board: we should have been stove to pieces, and swamped immediately. The moon still shone bright, and we saw them as plain as we could wish, and we made every attempt to save them, for they were all crowded together forward. Once the sea drove the boat so close that we touched her sides, and then a woman pressed before the men, and reached over the gunnel, extending her arms which held the child, while several others attempted to get in, but the return of the waves carried us back so quick from the vessel, that, as they attempted to jump in, they all went to the water, and never appeared again; but I had caught hold of the child, and laid it down in the stern sheets. We made a second and third attempt, but in vain. At last the vessel broke up, as it were, all at once:—there was one loud cry, and all was still, except the roaring and breaking of the waves which buried them. It wasn't a scene to make us very lively, Tom: we hoisted the sail, and ran on to the beach in silence. I took the child in my arms—it had been snatched out of its warm bed, poor thing, and nothing on but a calico nightgown. I took it up to the cottage, which was then Maddox's, and I gave it in charge to Mrs. Maddox. I did intend to have sent it to the workhouse, or something of that sort; but Mrs. Maddox took a fancy to it, and so did I. I thought I would take care of it, and I christened it by the name of Betsy Godwin."

CONTINENTAL TRAVELLING.

THE DILIGENCE. FRANCE. SWITZERLAND.

The *diligence* is a famous article. It has its record in almost every traveller's journal. Its interior is divided into three apartments, varying respectively in price. The coupet, or front apartment, has a glazed front and sides, so as to admit a convenient view of the country, and accommodates four persons. The interior admits eight persons, and is next in price. The last apartment is the cheapest; it is entered at the end, like our omnibus, and is generally crowded with the lowest class of people. The aristocracy of Europe is thus seen even in its public conveyances. The higher class of travellers occupy the coupet, the middle class the interior, and peasants and vagabonds the rear. Besides these divisions, there is a covered dickey above the seat of the driver, which accommodates the conductor and two passengers. This, I

believe, is the cheapest part of the vehicle. It is decidedly the best for any one who wishes to examine the country. The whole vehicle resembles much our omnibus, and is usually drawn by six horses, three abreast. The *conducteur* has the superintendence of the driver, the baggage, &c. and accompanies the carriage throughout its route.

We rode day and night, only stopping for our meals. There was nothing very interesting in the scenery until we arrived at the foot of the Jura mountains. The route was a new one, recently opened by an "opposition line" of *messageries* at Paris. The charming fancies which the traveller may have gathered from Sterne and other sentimental journalists, respecting the rural scenery and rural life of the French, become rather prosaic as he courses along the provincial highways. The natural features of the country are themselves, with few exceptions, uninteresting. The vineyards, instead of presenting the poetical scene of bowers, hung with fantastic garlands and purple festoons, are monotonous fields of stalks, varying from one to four feet in height, and about as poetical as one of our corn-fields. The villages and peasantry inspire one with any other than romantic sentiments. Many of the former are filthy collections of shanties or mud hovels, with the ground for a floor, and a hole in the side for a window. In the midst of these is frequently seen, however, a noble gothic pile, hoary with centuries, and lifting itself in guardian watchfulness above them. The villagers are generally poor, ignorant, but strongly attached to their religion. As we go southward, we find, as in Normandy, the barbarous wooden shoe. Indeed, one can hardly convince himself that any improvement has been made in the condition of many of the villages for the last six centuries.

After passing through such scenes for three days, we were waked early on the fourth morning by the stopping of the diligence to change horses. After rubbing our eyes a little, we peeped out, and found ourselves in a small village surrounded with mountainous scenery. The sun was just rising, and we had evidently reached an improved country: a cluster of little thatched cottages surrounded us, appearing beautifully rural in the morning light. The piles of hills swelling up in the distance gave us the prospect of still farther gratification; and we were not disappointed, for we were at the foot of the Jura. Prospect after prospect burst upon the view, full of blended beauty and sublimity. This is the charm of mountain scenery—the combination of the grand with the beautiful—smiles and terrors mingled—the "lifted up" summit spread over with verdure and flowers, and the melody of birds floating around it—the valley beneath covered with thatched cottages—smoke ascending in curling lines from their chimneys—the shepherd-boy winding his way among the vales and hills with his horn and dog. These images can never be erased from my imagination. How charming would be a life spent among the quietude and grandeur of these mountains!

Many of the little specks of villages, being like birds' nests among these summits, are exceedingly fine. Lakes and streams, green as emerald, are scattered over the boundless prospects which the eye commands. The roads are steep, but in good order. The peasants looked unhealthy and prematurely aged—the latter appearance produced, perhaps, by the contracted expression of the muscles about the eyes, caused by the intense reflection of the light from side to side of the mountains. Perhaps this is also the reason for diseases of the eye, which I observed to be common. We found among these vast elevations what the traveller finds every where in France, straggling musicians to cheer us while at our meals in the hotels.

By and by we met with peaks white with snow, and at last burst upon our sight, flashing in the sun, the snowy summits of the distant Alps! A rapturous huzza rung from our carriage as we first caught the sight. Soon the triple peaks of Mont Blanc were pointed out by our *conducteur*. Who can describe our emotions, when we realized that we were looking on these renowned monuments of Almighty God, planted by His own right hand as memorials of his power! And there was *Mont Blanc*! I could not but apostrophize it in the language of Coleridge:

"The Arve and the Arverion at thy base  
Wave ceaselessly, whilst thou, dread mountain form,  
Bidest from forth thy silent sea of pines,  
How silently! Around thee and above,  
Deep is the sky and black—translucent deep,  
An ebon mass! Methinks thou piercest it  
As with a wedge."

On descending the other side of the Jura, we had some sublime scenery. The windings about the boundary between France and Savoy, on the Rhone, are especially beautiful. The fortress built on the steep cliffs on the French side, is a terrific spectacle.

Our passports were examined some half dozen times in about an equal number of miles, and at last we passed into Geneva, crossing the bridge at the end of the Lake, and were set down at the *Dureau des Diligences*.—*Olive Leaf*.

**MONEY AND WATER.**—A gentleman praising the generosity of his friend, observed, that "He spent money like water." "Then of course he liquidated his debts," rejoined a wag.

**WORLDLY PURSUITS.**—The wishes and aspirations of our youth are like columns of smoke, which at first rise up towards the clouds, and then sink and sail along parallel to the earth.

SUMMER.

BY MARY HOWITT.

They may boast of the spring-time when flowers are the fairest,  
And birds sing by thousands on every green tree;  
They may call it the loveliest, the greenest, the rarest;  
But summer's the season that's dearest to me!

For the brightness of sunshine; the depth of the shadows;  
The crystal of waters; the fullness of green;  
And the rich flowery growth of the old pasture meadows,  
In the glory of summer can only be seen.

Oh, the joy of the green-wood! I love to be in it,  
And list to the hum of the never-still bees,  
And to hear the sweet voice of the old mother linnet,  
Calling unto her young 'mong the leaves of the trees!

To see the red squirrel frisk hither and thither,  
And the water-rat plunging about in his mirth;  
And the thousand small lives that warm summer weather  
Calls forth to rejoice on the bountiful earth!

Then the mountains, how fair! to the blue vault of heaven  
Towering up in the sunshine, and drinking the light,  
While adown their deep chasms, all splintered and riven,  
Fall the far-gleaming cataracts silvery white!

And where are the flowers that in beauty are glowing,  
In the gardens and fields of the young, merry spring,  
Like the mountain-side wilds of the yellow broom blowing,  
And the old forest-pride, the red wastes of the ling?

Then the garden, no longer 'tis leafless and chilly,  
But warm with the sunshine, and bright with the sheen  
Of rich flowers, the moss-rose and the bright tiger-lily,  
Barbaric in pomp as an Ethiop Queen.

Oh, the beautiful flowers, all colours combining,  
The larkspur, the pink, and the sweet mignonette,  
And the blue fleur-de-lis, in the warm sunlight shining,  
As if grains of gold in its petals were set!

Yes, the summer,—the radiant summer's the fairest,  
For green woods and mountains, for meadows and bowers,  
For waters, and fruits, and for flowers the rarest,  
And for bright shining butterflies, lovely as flowers!

**THE HORRORS OF CIVIL WAR.**—In the province of New-York, hundreds were, from time to time, suddenly and secretly torn from among their friends, and carried away to captivity or death. Nor was there any feature of the civil war, during that painful seven years' struggle, more appalling than this. The boldness of the act—for it was frequently practised in the most populous districts, in an armed neighbourhood, in the very capital of the province itself—struck dismay into the families of those who were thus abducted, and the cruel doubt and mystery which shrouded their fate was not less frightful; for while some, with shattered constitutions and spirits broken by confinement, returned from the prisons of Canada, after the war was over, yet many were never heard of by their friends from the moment of their disappearance, and their destiny is enigmatical to this day. Nor was it only the influential partisan or his active adherent that was thus subjected to this hideous, because secret, danger. The hostages, as they were called,—the victims, as they were in reality—were taken, like those of the secret tribunal in Germany, from either sex and from any class of society. The homes of the aged and infirm—of the young and the lovely, were alike subject to the terrible visitation. The gay guest, who waved a blithe adieu to the friends, who were but now planning some merry-meeting for the morrow, was seen to mount his horse and turn some angle of the road in safety, but the steed and his rider were never traced afterward. The hospitable, festive host, who left the revel for a moment to cool his temples in the evening air, and whose careless jest, as he passed to the porch without, still rung in the ears of his impatient friends, never again touched with his lips the glass that had been filled for him in his absence. The waking infant cried vainly for the nursing mother, who had left it to be watched by another for a moment. The distracted bridegroom and fierce brother sought vainly for the maid, whose bridal toilet seemed just to have been completed, when, by invisible hands, she was spirited away from her father's halls.—*From the new Novel of 'Greyslaer,' by C. F. Hoffman.*

**THE SACHEM THAYENDANAGEA ON CIVILIZED WAR.**—"War is an honourable game, at which the noble and the far-descended should play with the lavished lives of their inferiors, the wail of whose desolated kindred can never reach the ears of the upper classes, to whom alone the prize of glory in any event may fall; pardon my interruption, but that, Major MacDonald, is the real purport of what you would say. You would shudder at the bare thought of one of England's high-born dames being torn from her luxurious home to a prisoner's dungeon; and the horror of her being tortured at the stake would darken the recollection of the most brilliant successes in war. But the wretched children, whom

you doom to grow up in poverty and contempt by making them fatherless; the lacerated hearts of thousands of widows, whose existence you protract by your reluctant bounty, after rendering that existence miserable; these are never remembered to cast a shade over the tale of a victory. Call you this humanity, which embraces but the welfare of a class within its mercies? Call you this consideration for woman, which regards the rank rather than the sex of the sufferers? The sex? Great Spirit of the universe! have I not read of your gallantry, your tender mercies toward them in the storming of towns and castles? I, an Indian, a savage, have seen your own records, the white man's printed testimony of these abominations of his race; but the breath of life is not in the nostrils of him who has seen a female insulted by her Iroquois captor."—*Ibid.*

**VIEW FROM THE TOWER OF THE SERASKIER.**—On one side, the city of Constantinople is spread out beneath you like a map: and you look down upon its thousand domes, and its five thousand minarets—upon its khans and its charrshees, its palaces and its prisons. Move a few paces forward, only to the next window, and the Sea of Marmora, with its peopled coasts, its rocky islets, and its glittering waves, carries your thoughts homeward to the "golden west." From one point you look on Mount Olympus, with its crown of snow; from another, on the sunny Bosphorus, laden with life, and laughing in the day-beam. Turn to the left, and the Golden Horn, from whence the riches of the world are poured forth over the East, lies at your feet. On—on—ere your eyes ache with gazing, and your mind with wonder, and repose your vision on the dark and arid rocks which enclose "The Valley of the Sweet Waters," the most fairy-like glen that ever was hemmed in by a belt of mountains. And when you at length descend the three hundred and thirty steps of the dizzy Tower of the Seraskier, inscribe upon your tablets the faint record of an hour, during which, if you have sensibility or imagination, love of the beautiful, or an appreciation of the sublime, you must have lived through an age of feeling and fancy; with the busy, breathing city at your feet—the sweet, still valley beside you—and the wide sea, the unfathomable, the mysterious sea, bounding your vision. What a pigmy is man amid such a scene as this!

**SHOOTING AT THE BOBALINK.**—The *Picayune* has a pleasant article on this rare bird, which we appropriate:

"The rascals have an instinctive horror for cold lead, and a faculty of dodging out of its way, which no other birds, so far as our ornithological knowledge extends, are possessed of. Frequently have we crept directly under a low ash or alder, upon the top of which one of the chattering was perched, taken deliberate aim, our musket charged with about six inches of powder, and blazen away. Down the bird would come all but to the ground, and when we thought we had him secure, off he would fly. After performing divers fantastic gyrations, and fluttering and flapping his wings to convince us we had not wounded or hurt him, he would suddenly stop still in the air, pere knowingly and wickedly in our face, and in the joyousness of its exuberant fancy, would open with a song of his composition, the burthen of which sounded to us something like the following:

"Ha, ha, ha—don't you wish you could? Click! bang! Wasn't I off in season? Hiti ka-dink. Put in more powder. Chicadee, de, de. You had better shoot with a shovel. Ha, ha, ha. You can't come it. Did'n't you think you had me? but you did'n't, though. Call again to-morrow—always find me at home. Chickadee—tip, wheet. Never felt so well in my life. Don't you feel cheap? Ha, ha, ha. Ripsidady. Catch a bobalink asleep. Zitika-wheet. You're the greatest fool I ever saw. Licka-tesplit. Give my respects to your aunt. How's your ma? Takes me. Hip! zip! rattleband. Ha, ha, ha. Go to the deuce. Skeet!

"After indulging in this bit of extemporaneous revelry, and laughing all the while—we could fairly see him laugh—the bobalink would turn and fly off to the next bush, leaving us to load, creep up and bang away again or not, to suit our fancy. Pert, saucy, noisy, witty fellows are these bobalinks—the *Mercurius* and *Gossamers* of the feathered tribe—but they never meddle with politics.

**NAPOLEON'S RUSSIAN EXPEDITION.**—"All the heroism of Alexander, and all the devotion of the Russians, great and memorable as they were, would have failed in producing the extraordinary revolution which was effected in this champaign, if they had not been aided by the moral laws of nature, which impel guilty ambition into a boundless career of aggression, and provide a condign punishment in the vehement and universal indignation which its violence occasions. Madame de Stael has said that Providence never appeared so near human affairs as in this memorable year; and the catafalk throughout Europe, struck with the awful nature of the catastrophe, repeated with feelings of awe the words of the Psalm, 'Etlavit Deus et dissipantur.' Yet, while no reasonable mind will doubt the agency of Supreme Power in this awful event, it is perhaps more consonant to our ideas of the Divine administration, and more descriptive of the established order of the universe, to behold in it the consequence of the fixed moral laws of our being, rather than any special outpouring of celestial wrath. It was the necessity of conquest to existence, which Napoleon throughout his whole career so strongly felt and so often expressed,

which was the real cause which precipitated him upon the snows of Russia; and we are not to regard the calamitous issue of the expedition as the punishment merely of his individual ambition, but as the inevitable result and just retribution of the innumerable crimes of the Revolution. The steps which brought about this consummation now stand revealed in imperishable light; the unbounded passions let loose during the first fervour of that convulsion, impelled the nation, when the French throne was overturned, into the career of foreign conquest; the armed multitude would not submit to the cost which their armies required; the maxim that war must maintain war, flowed from the impatience of taxation in the Parisian, as it had done in the Roman people; and the system was of necessity adopted of precipitating armies, without magazines or any other resources except warlike equipment, to seek for subsistence and victory in the heart of the enemy's territory. Thence the forced requisition, the scourging contributions, the wasting of nations, and the universal exasperation of mankind. Nothing was wanting in the end, but the constancy to resist the vehemence of the onset; for the spirit of universal hostility was roused."—*Allison's Europe*.

TRANQUILLITY.—One day brings on another day; one year follows another: let us take the time as it comes. The sources of all pleasure are in our heart; he who seeks them elsewhere outrages the Divinity. My projects, my desires, and my hopes, never go beyond my own bosom. Rivers roll rapidly to the sea, and enter therein without troubling it; my heart is the same; all the events of the great world not cost me a single care. Truth is my compass, and moderation my helm. The clouds arise and the clouds descend in rain without causing me any inquietude. When they conceal the sun from me by day, I try to look at the stars by night. My clothes are made of common cloth, my food is coarse, and the thatch that covers my roof decays every year. But what would it have been to me to have been dressed in silk to-day, and to have digested costly dishes? Golden roofs do not keep out sleeplessness and care; and were the country shaken by an earthquake, how easily I can gain my humble door! my patrimony is at the end of two arms, and every day gives me its harvest. When it is very hot, I cool myself in the shade of a tree, and when it is very cold I warm myself by working. Old age is coming upon me, but my children are young, and will repay me for what I have done for them. If they always observe truth and moderation, a hundred years will not cost them a sigh. Whatever tempests may arise, tranquillity is a port always open to the innocent heart. Hail, tranquillity of the soul! Sweet charm of life, kings would sell their crowns to buy thee, if they knew thy value. Complete thy benefits; thou hast helped me to live well—help me to die well.—*Translation of a Chinese poem, attributed to a celebrated doctor, named Tien.*

THE FALLS OF RIUKAN-YOS, NORWAY.—Above the Fall, the river is seen slanting through a naked ravine in a long inclined bed, where it flows smoothly and swiftly, without a pool to rest in, or a rock to break on, till in one moment, from clear and foamless water, it vanishes in white clouds of spray; with a single plunge it has fallen four hundred and fifty feet into a vast gulph scooped from the solid marble! So tremendous is the shock, that even at this distance the mountain trembles. From the immense height of the Fall, the body of the water is lost sight of long before it reaches the bottom; instantly it recovers itself, however, and rises back to the very summit in light vapory clouds, bounding and curling upward, till the whole basin and the retreating hollows are full of wreaths upon wreaths of fantastic beauty. A matchless sight! The floating masses are ever varying their forms; now they are like the rich foliage of lofty trees, waving in the summer gale, now like the gilded clouds at even. Their beauty is singularly heightened by the blackness of the surrounding rocks, and the deep green of the sward above. Lofty as the Fall itself is, there are yet loftier mountains round it, whose imposing masses greatly increase the effect of the impressive scene. The sound of the cataract is at times louder than the loudest thunder, filling the air for miles, with peals of terrible distinctness. On listening to it for a while, the head begins to turn. Altogether, the height—the mass of water—the ebon darkness of the surrounding rocks—the silence of the green spot we cling to in viewing it, backed by a huge triangle of swarthy basalt—the streaks of snow on the heights—the small hut creeping near the brink—the river rushing triumphantly out of the chaldron it has escaped from in despite of so fierce a trial—every adjunct required by taste unite to make this scene one of the most magnificent that nature presents.—*Bremner's Excursions in Norway.*

APPROACH TO CONSTANTINOPLE.—We then continued our course down the Bosphorus, and entered another silvery lake embosomed in hills of all forms—but all graceful—covered with fairy-looking villages, among which Kandilly, scene of Anastasius's exploits, sits pleasantly in the midst of gardens, whilst arabasqued latticed palaces, retreats of the wealthy and beautiful of Constantinople, and cemeteries rich with gilding and marble, fringe the water's edge. Presently the towers, which had seemed to stop egress at the further end, opened apart, and gave us a glimpse of further glories beyond the castles of Anadolu Hissar and Roumely Hissar, built by Mahomet II. to command the strait during his siege of

the city. Borne on the rapid current, which is here dignified by the Devil's name, we shot through like an arrow. Royal palaces, stately mosques, hanging gardens and queenly villages, rapidly succeeded on either hand, each surpassing the other in claims to admiration. A confused assemblage of trees, towers, mosques, and houses, calmly reposing amidst azure liquid and ether, filled up the space in the distance: they gradually disentangled themselves, and grew out distinctly: cities rose, blending one with the other, and rolling as it were over endless hills, their outlines traced in the blue sky, and between two of them our eyes followed a bright silver stripe, indicating the Bosphorus, into the soft, sunny, island-gemmed Propontis. By the time that we reached the palace of Beshiktash, where we stopped for a few minutes to salute the Sultan, who was either there or at his palace opposite, of Begler Bey, the morning mists had cleared away, and we gazed on Constantinople in all her beauty and loveliness—would I could say her might! We saw the realization of man's brightest dreams: we felt why the Greeks almost prefer degradation there to freedom elsewhere: we understood the anguish of the Ottoman when exiled from his *ghuzel* Stamboul.—*From Slade's Travels.*

THE CHESHIRE MAN AND THE SPANIARD.—"The Cheshire Man and the Spaniard" was formerly a well known and popular song in Macclesfield, being sung every year at the mayor's feast by the senior Alderman—the father of the Corporation, and always with the desired effect. (Since the death of the worthy and much respected Alderman, the song has become entirely obsolete.

A Cheshire man set sail for Spain  
To deal in merchandise;  
No sooner he arrived than  
A Spaniard he espies,  
Who cried—'You English boor look here,  
What fruits and spices fine  
Our land produces twice a-year,  
There's no such fruits in thine.'  
The Cheshire Man ran to the hold,  
And brought a Cheshire cheese,  
Exclaiming—'Braggart! not so bold,  
You have no such fruits as these.  
'Your land produces twice a year  
Rich fruits and spice, you say;  
But such as now my hands do bear  
Our land gives twice a day.'

THE MARCH OF MAGNITUOUS.—Is "onward" like the prosperity of your two-and-sixpenny republic in Central America. We are becoming so great in this country, that it is very much to be feared we shall lose all our standards of commerce. Having nothing little, we don't see how the deuce we shall be able to express a diminutive. "I does business in this store," was the remark made the other day by a dealer in crab-apples, as he crawled out of a refuse molasses-hogshead with his peck basket of merchandise. The skippers of the Long Island clambots ail call each other *captains*; and we lately heard a city scavenger complaining to another gentleman in the same line of business, that his *toen house* had been endangered during a recent conflagration; a mischievous cracker-boy had thrown one of his flaming missiles into the segment of a cellar occupied by the complainant and his family. Mr. Mark Antony Poits told us the other day that he had made arrangements for extending his *business*. He has taken the superintendence of two coal carts—having heretofore shovelled but for one. Nobody thinks now-adays of calling the conductor of a mud-cart on the rail-road, by any less dignified title than an *agent*. The vendor of apple-jack on a dilapidated cellar-door upon the North river, is a *merchant*; and the fourth-rate victualler along the wharves, who manages to rent half of a broken-down stall—*keeps a public house!*—*N. Y. Mirror.*

THE GREAT BURMAN BELL.—Next to the great bell of Moscow, which weighs four hundred and forty four thousand pounds, is the bell of Mengoon, mentioned by Mr. Malcom, who describes the Burmese as particularly famous for casting bells. Their bells are, however, disproportionably thick, but of delightful tone. The raised inscriptions and figures are as beautiful as on any bells in the world. They do not flare open at the mouth like a trumpet, but are precisely the shape of old-fashioned globular wine glasses, or spheroidal. There are several in the empire of enormous size. That at Mengoon near Ava, weighs, as the prime minister informed me, eighty-eight thousand viss—more than three hundred and thirty thousand pounds! The bell by actual measurement was twenty inches thick, twenty feet high, including the ear, and thirteen feet six inches in diameter. A friend, distinguished as a civil engineer, computed the weight, from this measurement, to exceed five hundred thousand pounds, supposing the bell metal to consist of three parts copper and one part tin. The weight was ascertained by the Burmans before casting, and its bulk in cubic inches proves them to be correct. It is suspended a few inches from the ground, and like their other great bells, is without a tongue; that at Rangoon is not much smaller. The largest bell in the United States does not much exceed five thousand pounds.

ELEVATION OF THE MIND.—Lofty elevation of mind does not

make one indifferent to the wants and sufferings of those who are below him: on the contrary, as the rarified air of mountains make distant objects seem nearer, so are all his fellow-beings brought nearer to the heart of him who looks upon them from the height of his wisdom.

SNEEZING.—In writing about Poland, if an author is at a loss for surnames, all he has to do is, to sneeze, and add the syllable *ski* afterwards. For instance, in the various strange sounds of a sneeze—Athishah-ski, araposh-ski, sbidspsh-ski, stchar-ski, tishoo-ski—all excellent Polish names.

#### DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

There is nothing which goes so far towards placing people beyond the reach of poverty, as economy in the management of their domestic affairs. It is as much impossible to get across the Atlantic with half a dozen butts started, or as many bolt holes in the bottom, as to conduct the concerns of a family without economy. It matters not whether a man furnish little or much for his family; if there is a continual leakage in the parour, it runs away, he knows not how, and that demor, waste, cries-a-rore, until he that provides has no more to give. It is the husband's duty to bring into the house, and it is the duty of the wife to see that nothing goes wrongly out of it; not the least article, however unimportant in itself; for it establishes a precedent; nor under any pretence, for it opens the door for ruin to stalk in. A man gets a wife to look after his affairs, and assist him in his journey through life. The husband's interest should be the wife's care. This should be her sole aim, and the theatre of her exploits the bosom of her family, where she may do as much towards making a fortune as he possibly can do in the counting-room or work-shop. It is not money earned that makes a man wealthy; it is what is saved from his earnings. A good and prudent husband makes a deposit of the fruits of his labours with his best friend—and if that friend be not true to him, what has he to hope? If he does not place confidence in the friend of his bosom, where is he to place it? A wife acts not for herself only, but she is the agent of many she loves, and she is bound to act for their good, and not for her own gratification. Her husband's good is the end at which she should aim—his approbation is her reward.

THE IMPORTANCE OF A PURE AIR.—It is too well known to need remark that those to which, in densely crowded cities, and indeed in all cities and towns, however airy, elevated, and well ventilated, we are all necessarily exposed, curtail to a great extent the period of life as compared with that in the country, (excepting always, the vegetable malaria in the latter.)

The following is an extract from the report of the medical commissioners appointed to investigate the causes of the epidemic fever: "In the fields behind Easton-square, towards Somers-town, now occupied by the commencement of the Birmingham Railway, there was until lately near some extensive cowsheds, the meeting of several public drains or sewers in an open ditch, which often overflowed, and covered a considerable space with a lake of the most odious filth. In the neighbourhood of this field typhoid fevers were frequent, and in a school of 150 female children in Clarendon-square, Somers-town, every year while the nuisance was at its height, the malaria caused some remarkable form of disease. In one year it was an extraordinary nervous affection, exhibiting rigid spasms, and then convulsions of the limbs, such as occur on taking various poisons into the stomach; more than 30 of the girls were so affected. In another year it was typhoid fever, affecting an equal number of the children; in another, ophthalmia; in another, extraordinary constipation of the bowels, and so forth. Since the covering of the drains all these diseases have disappeared."

WHOOPIING COUGH.—The following is said to be an infallible cure for the whooping cough:—A tea-spoonful of castor oil to a tea-spoonful of molasses; a tea-spoonful of the mixture to be given whenever the cough is troublesome. It will afford relief at once, and in a few days it effects a cure. The same remedy relieves the croup, however violent the attack.

RATS IN GRAIN.—When the grain is to be packed away, I scatter a few of the young elder branches over every layer of bundles, being mindful to have them in greatest abundance on the edges of the pile. The drying of the twigs will give the grain an odour not relished by the vermin—which scent in no wise detracts from quality of the straw for horses, as it makes no sort of difference with them. I have tried it successfully, a number of years, in wheat, oats and corn.—*Huntington Gaz.*

ADVICE TO SHIP-MASTERS.—In order to have good clear water at sea, it is only necessary to put into each cask about a spoonful of quick lime, to stir it well, and the next day to add about a tea-spoonful of pulverized alum. By this operation, the very worst water is sweet and clear in a few days.

TO MAKE RANCID BUTTER SWEET.—Let the butter be melted and skimmed, and put into it a piece of bread well toasted on every side; in a minute or two the butter will lose its offensive taste and smell, but the bread will become fetid.

Hartshorne will restore colours taken out by acid. It may be dropped on any garment without doing harm. Spirit of turpentine is good to take grease spots out of woollen clothes, or from mahogany furniture.

Mr. Editor, As yours is a literary paper, professing to have for its object the diffusion of knowledge and the cultivation of the mind, I beg the liberty of being allowed through your columns, to call the attention of the public of Halifax, to an establishment which has the same objects in view. I allude to the Library and Literary Rooms of Mr. Barratt, which, I fear, considering the capabilities of Halifax, do not obtain any thing like respectable support. Now, Sir, I venture to suggest that, if the young men of the town would spend a little more of their time in reading, instead of gossiping, and would devote some part of the means which they annually waste in smoking, or other follies, to the support of Mr. Barratt's Library, they would amply repay themselves, improve and benefit the community at large, and reward a deserving and enterprising young man.

A FRIEND TO IMPROVEMENT.

(We have suppressed a passage in our Correspondent's letter, which contains rather harsh reflections.)

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 8.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.—The Britannia arrived on Tuesday, having been detained several hours by a heavy fog. She brought 93 passengers from Boston,—52 for Halifax, and 41 for Europe,—an addition of 33 was made to the European passengers in Halifax. Total for Europe 74. This is very encouraging as a commencement of the line. One of the toasts given at the Cunard dinner in Boston, intimated, that the steamers were as the pendulum of a large clock, to which the British Government had given, as one weight, fifty thousand pounds,—while the public were expected to supply the other. The 52 passengers for Halifax,—and 74 for Liverpool, is somewhat of a promise that a very adequate second weight will be supplied.

Nothing new has come to hand from Europe. The Britannia brought dates from the U. States to August 1. These contain little of consequence to persons at a distance.

Serious rioting had occurred on the Philadelphia and Trenton Rail road; the populace, from what cause does not appear, opposed the progress of the workmen on the road,—the police mustered, to the number of 116,—some sharp conflicts ensued, several were severely wounded, many arrests were made, and eventually, order was restored. Much promptness was displayed in the treatment of the prisoners: some of the persons arrested on one evening of the riot, were sentenced the next day to several years imprisonment,—and other arrests and trials were proceeding without delay.

The accidents which continually remind man, how prone he is to danger and death during every moment of his existence, form a very prominent part of almost every file of newspapers. A few Journals furnished by the Britannia, give the following melancholy list.

The sloop of-war Erie entered Boston Harbour on the 31st of July. As she reached the inner harbour, the difficulties of her voyage over, and rest and recreation filling the visions of her crew, one of the best-hands fell from the foremast, and was not seen after striking the water.

The steamboat Dudley and N. Carolina came in collision, between Wilmington and Norfolk. The N. Carolina sunk in a few minutes. The lives of all on-board were saved, but a great amount of baggage and money was lost. One passenger lost 15000 dollars, several were left destitute by the accident.

A widow lady and two of her daughters who resided near Bangor, Me. left home to bathe in the river. A remaining daughter, alarmed at their delay, went in search, and found that they were all drowned. What a dreadful and sudden change in a family!

These, as well as many other similar occurrences, strongly enforce the doctrine, that worldly prosperity may make itself wings and fly away,—that while man proposes, Providence disposes,—and that the highest wisdom is to make a friend of that Being in whose hands are the issues of life and death, and who can cause either to be great gain to him who measures his days aright.

The progress of Commerce and the arts of peace, is always gratifying to our feelings of the importance of human intellect and industry;—they show what man may accomplish by individual vigour, and by co-operation.

As an instance of the greatly increasing trade of North America, with the Pacific, it is stated that a vessel recently left Philadelphia, for California, built for the business, with a cargo valued at 150,000 dollars.

A new steamer has been launched on the Hudson for the trade of that river,—length on deck, 294 feet,—extreme width, 61 feet. This must be a giant river-craft indeed.

The American exploring expedition has discovered an extensive tract of land in the Southern Seas. It is named the Antarctic continent. The name is not very euphonious, but the inhabi-

ants of the new regions are not likely to take much offence. seals and whales appear to form the aristocracy.

An engineer of Philadelphia has constructed a miniature locomotive, of the most elegant kind, as a present for the Emperor of Russia. It measures 22 inches by 7. The Russian Minister at Washington recently inspected the performance of this beautiful model. It worked admirably, and drew a load of 450 lbs. with much celerity.

Numerous notices, connected with the fine and useful arts, and the literature of the U. States, prove indisputably the advance of the republic in these departments,—and that politics,—although they form too prominent a feature, all the year round,—do not absorb all the faculties, as some suppose; but that a great under current exists in society, diffusing wholesome energy, intelligence and general improvement.

To deny this advance, of our neighbours, is to be obscured by prejudice; a thousand indications repudiate the idea that the Union is not, generally speaking, increasing in greatness and prosperity.

The wisdom of those who look on, is to give credit where it is due,—to emulate the assiduity, unanimity, and ingenuity which are exhibited,—while the many blemishes are guarded against and avoided. Peace is friendly, in an eminent degree, to the growth of all those things which tend to improve the world,—while war, although it has its pictures of sublimity, individual and in the aggregate,—is like the thunder storm,—purifying at times, but blasting and seething,—terrifying and overwhelming with irrepressible energy. May the nations long be saved from the scourge.

MISTAKES.—The Boston Evening Gazette contains some remarks on a visit to St. John and Halifax, into which a few rather odd errors have crept. In a description of the route to Halifax from Windsor, Bedford Basin is said to be the N. W. Arm of the Harbour,—its waters are said to be so deep that a frigate may be safely moored in it, and a French frigate is described as having been chased into the Basin, and having been blown up there with every soul on board, by her commander. Again, among the prominent buildings on the route are enumerated, the residences of Judge Haliburton, and Joseph Howe, Esquire. The number of men on the exercising ground during the review by the Governor General, is stated to be from ten to twelve hundred. On those points it may be no harm to remark, that the Basin is not the North West Arm; an inlet which opens to the N. West, about a mile above the town, goes by that name. Instead of it being worthy of note that a frigate could anchor in the Basin, it has been affirmed, that all the British Navy could safely ride there. We have no tradition that a Frenchman blew up his ship and all on board in the Basin,—it is asserted, however, that after landing his men, who then attempted to join the French in Canada,—he sank his vessel: a very different affair. The residence of Judge Haliburton is within the precincts of Windsor, not on the road, and Mr. Howe does not profess to have more than apartments, at Sherwood. The number of men at the review, must, we should think, have been between 2000 and 3000. These are small matters, but they tend to show that travellers are not always precisely accurate. We the more readily notice these, as they introduce a paragraph in which there is "no mistake," and which describes the ladies of Halifax as uniting beauty, accomplishments, grace, and high gentility of deportment. We subjoin a passage which concludes some remarks of the E. Gazette on the Britannia, and which contains sentiments to which we give a ready assent:

"On the whole, when we return from the trip, with a high opinion of our Provincial neighbours; and with the fullest and most confident anticipations that the opening of the intercourse between the old and new world, which will be increased and fostered by this line, is the very best means of negotiating for the settlement of the Boundary question. The production of reciprocal good feeling, is the best antidote for sectional jealousies."

The weather continues very favourable,—fervid sun-beams, followed by refreshing rains, make the season one of unusual promise. If disaster respecting the crops cause very extensive gloom and fearful forebodings,—how should the reverse lead to hallowed joy and gratitude. Too often, however, while we magnify evils, and murmur to an extreme,—we do not see or appreciate blessings as we should.

The Steamer from Boston has brought many visitors to Halifax. Among others, Mr. White, lecturer and vocalist, appears, and proposes to give entertainments. Mr. White has been much praised in the U. States and Canada papers.

MADAME ELSSLER.—The closing of this celebrated dancer's engagement at New York, is represented as most enthusiastic. After the fall of the curtain she was called for and appeared,—and was received with showers of boquets, wreaths, poetical souvenirs, and immense applause. If the lady had served her race, by great and gratuitous acts,—some would praise, while others would insinuate and sneer;—but she has pleased fashion, by gracefully voluptuous dancing, for large pecuniary considerations, and invention is tortured for means to do her honour. It is well that "virtue is its own reward,"—for folly often bears away the prize which the crowd has to bestow.

The Regatta is announced to take place on the 15th. This is a favourite amusement, and causes a holiday enjoyed by all classes.

A Temperance Meeting is to be held at the old Baptist Chapel on Monday evening. The Temperance Reformation appears to be making great progress in many parts of the world;—Nova Scotia, we are proud to see, is moving, although slowly, in the same road. By and bye, no doubt, the waste of treasure, and fame, and loss of every comfort consequent on intemperance, will be saved,—and the giant evils of times gone by, will be looked back at, with wonder that they were borne, and delight that they exist no longer.

On the 18th October, 1838, Mr. John Waddell, of Truro, Nova Scotia, after undergoing an examination, and taking the usual oath, received the diploma, and was admitted a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London.

MARRIED.

On Sunday, 26th ult. by the Rev. R. Breary, Mr. Chas. Kelly, to Miss Elizabeth Meeks.

On the 26th July, by the Rev. Mr. Barrows, Rev. A. V. Dimock of Yarmouth N. S., to Susan, daughter of Jonathan Weston, Esq. of Wilkington Ct.

DIED.

At Dartmouth, on Friday morning, Mrs. Elizabeth Woods, a native of Durham, England.

At Sydney, Cape Breton, at the advanced age of 89 years, Mr. Philip Elly, an old and respectable inhabitant of that Town.

At Matanzas, on the 11th July, of yellow fever, after an illness of three days, John William Lawson, in the 20th year of his age,—eldest son of Mr. George P. Lawson, of this town, a highly promising young man.

At St. Mark's, Florida; in June last, of the fever, Andrew Rose, a native of Nova Scotia.

BRITISH AND NORTH AMERICAN ROYAL MAIL

STEAM SHIPS OF 1200 TONS AND 440 HORSE POWER.

Under Contract with the "Lords of the Admiralty."

- BRITANNIA, Captain HENRY WOODRUFF,
ACADIA, Do. ROBERT MILLER,
CALEDONIA, Do. RICHARD CLELAND,
COLUMBIA, Do.

For Liverpool, G. B.

THE BRITANNIA, will leave Halifax for Liverpool, G. B. on Monday the 3rd August. For passage apply at the office of S. CUNARD & CO.

The ACADIA will be despatched from Liverpool, G. B. for Halifax and Boston, on the 4th August.

The Halifax, St. John, P. E. Island, Pietou and Miramichi papers, will discontinue the former advertisement, and insert the above. Halifax, July 25.

SAINT MARY'S SEMINARY.

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

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

PROFESSORS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Terms for Boarders—£33 per annum.

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

None but Catholic Pupils are required to be present at the religious exercises or religious instructions of the Seminary. June 20.

ST. MARY'S SEMINARY.

BOARDERS will furnish themselves with a Mattress, 2 pair of Sheets, Blankets, a Counterpane, one dozen shirts, half dozen towels, a knife, fork, and spoon. Uniform for Summer: Blue Jacket, Cap, &c. light Trowsers. June 20.



Selected for the Pearl:

THE KING'S OLD HALL.\*

Few ages since, and wild echoes awoke  
In thy sweeping dome and panneling oak:  
Thy seats were filled with a princely band—  
Rulers of men and lords of the land.  
Loudly they raved, and gaily they laughed,  
O'er the golden chalice and sparkling draught;  
And the glittering board and gem-studded plume  
Proclaimed thee a Monarch's revelling room.

But now the spider is weaving his woof,  
Making his loom of thy sculptured roof:  
The slug is leaving his slimy stain,  
Trailing his way o'er thy Gothic pane.  
Weeds have gathered and moss has grown  
On thy topmost ridge, and lowest stone:  
And the wheeling bat comes flapping his wing  
On the walls that circled a banquetting King.

The idle stare and vulgar tread  
May fall where the regal train was spread:  
The gloomy owl may hide its nest,  
And the speckled lizards safely rest.  
Who were the revellers? where are their forms?  
Go to the charnel, and ask of the worms,  
They are low in the dust, forgotten and past,  
And the pile they raised is following fast.

Oh man! vain man! how futile your aim  
When building your temples to pleasure and fame!  
Go—work for heaven with faith and care—  
Let good works secure thee a mansion there.  
For the palace of pageantry crumbles away,  
Its beauty and strength are mock'd by decay,  
And a voice from the desolate halls of Kings,  
Cries—"Put not your strength in corruptible things!"

ELIZA COOK.

THE MARTYRS.

Among all the early Christian martyrs, there is probably none which is more calculated to awaken the most tender emotions, than that of Blandina, who suffered A. D. 177, at Lyons, under the second persecution, in the time of Trajan. A youth named Ponticus, aged fifteen, represented by ecclesiastical historians as her younger brother, was her constant associate and her fellow sufferer. Together they were repeatedly led forth to behold their brethren cruelly tormented or devoured by wild beasts in the amphitheatre, amidst the derision of infuriated thousands. They were subjected to the severest and most ignominious tortures, in order to induce them to recant.

One remarkable trait was seen in their deportment, viz. unaffected humility. The extravagant admiration of martyrs was then a growing fault in the church; and when, as they came out of one scene of anguish after another, they maintained their unwavering fidelity, this admiration was expressed by their fellow Christians in a reprehensible manner.

The noble youths, as if this was not the least of their trials, begged them to desist; declared themselves unworthy to receive such praise; and gently, but firmly, rebuked those that offered it. "We do not deserve the name of martyrs," said they, "we are only humble confessors of the gospel."

It was the lot of Ponticus to be the first called to death. Of feeble frame, and gentle disposition, his sister had always watched over him with a kind of maternal fondness. Her anxiety for him was now inexpressible. She feared, not so much for the pain he was called to undergo, as that in consequence of his constitutional feebleness, some act or expression might give their malicious foes an occasion to triumph.

The interesting and affectionate victim kept his eye upon her to the last. Animated by her stirring exhortations, cheered by her radiant smiles, and imitating her great example, he continually strove to honour that Saviour whom his sister had taught him to love, and into whose presence, with her, he was speedily to be ushered. It was a thrilling sight to witness the sincere steadfastness of the lad; the intense but sublimated affection of Blandina; her incessant watchfulness that he might not falter; and especially that transcendent fortitude by which, still shedding vigour into his heart, through many an expressive sign, she witnessed his appalling sufferings.

The scene, however, attained its utmost sublimity, when, having assured herself of his triumphant exit, all these radiations of her lofty faith were gathered back into her own most glorious testimony. The hour at length arrived, which was to crown her last example, to all after ages as a burning and a shining light. She looked around upon her persecutors without one feeling of revenge. She exhorted her fellow Christians to remain immovable in their holy profession; she wept over some who had denied their Lord, and calling them about her, melted them to repentance, and consoled them with the promises of forgiveness, and then breathing

\* Etham Palace, Kent.

out for her infatuated enemies the most ardent supplications, she was thrown alive, enclosed in a net, into the amphitheatre, and there mangled and devoured by furious wild beasts, in the sight of assembled thousands.

In contemplating these instances of moral grandeur, it is natural to inquire, What are all the hardships which we are called to endure, compared with these? What evidence have we ever given, in all our lives, that if called into such scenes of trial, we should endure, and shine, and triumph, like Blandina, the Maid of Lyons.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

HIGH PULPITS AND THE BRONCHITIS.

It is well known that a number of ministers have been arrested in their labours by a disease of the throat called the Bronchitis. Some have supposed that this disease is contracted by the practice of taking cold water when engaged in public speaking—that the cold water, taken into the throat, heated and irritated by action, causes inflammation.

I am not about to controvert this opinion, which, I believe, has the authority of some respectable physicians, as it appears likely the practice may have such a tendency. But, as this complaint, as far as I know, is almost exclusively confined to ministers, and scarcely, if at all, known among other public speakers, I have had a query whether there were not other causes. Lawyers, and parliamentary orators, are in the habit of addressing large assemblies, in large houses, with great vehemence, and often at great length, and frequently amid considerable noise and interruption. And many of them are in the habit of taking cold water at very frequent intervals while speaking. The Representatives' Hall in Congress, is, at least, 90 feet in diameter, and requires great effort of a speaker with an ordinary voice, to be distinctly heard; and yet I recollect of but one or two members, for a third of a century, who have suffered any essential inconvenience from speaking in it, and these were cases unlike the Bronchitis.

I have therefore been led to believe that this disease is occasioned principally by the construction of our meeting houses. Until recently they were built with high pulpits and side galleries, and, notwithstanding modern improvements, many of these old-fashioned houses remain.

Now, as sound naturally ascends, the speaker, from the high pulpit, is under the strong temptation, if not absolute necessity, of leaning forward to send the sound downwards, that the people may hear upon the floor; and in thus leaning over the pulpit, he bends his neck, compresses the lungs, and places himself in the worst possible position for easy, natural elocution. For every orator knows, that to speak easily, naturally, forcibly and safely, the body must be so erect, and the shoulders so far thrown back, as to give the lungs, the throat, and all the organs of speech, their natural, unembarrassed position; and that consequently, this bending and curving position of the neck, while expelling vehement sounds, must have a powerful tendency to irritate the throat.

This, though one, may not be the sole cause of this complaint. Speaking to large assemblies, in large houses, without proper care to exclude the cold, especially the evening air, from the throat and lungs after speaking, may be one cause.

And the reason why lawyers and statesmen suffer less in their profession, probably is, they are not placed in such an unfavourable position. Such is the construction of our halls of legislation and courts of justice, that every speaker may not only follow nature in this respect, but seems compelled to do it. Lawyers, in addressing the court, stand erect and look up to the bench. In addressing the jury, they necessarily assume the most favourable position for elocution. And the Court, when addressing both the jury and the bar, are so slightly elevated as to experience no inconvenience. Much the same may be said of deliberative assemblies.

I have only to add what, probably, few have not observed, that a great part of the natural effect of good speaking is lost when the speaker occupies a high pulpit. No lawyer on earth would argue an important case from such a place—he would be sure to lose it if he did. No intelligent layman will deliver an address from a high pulpit if he can well avoid it. If he does, he always seems conscious of the disadvantage of his position. I have lately seen a test. One addressed an assembly from a high pulpit, and the other took the platform before it. The former, much the best speaker, fell short in effect—for he was so high up, and so far off, that the soul of his eloquence seemed not to reach his hearers, and the effect seemed much the same as coolly reading the facts he uttered. The latter, being near his audience, came directly home to their "business and bosoms."

A benevolent and discriminate public need only to appreciate these facts, it is believed, to relieve their ministers and benefit themselves, by substituting low pulpits for high ones, in churches where they exist.—*Boston Recorder.*

MILK AND HONEY.

COLLECTED BY RALPH VENNING, 1653.

He never was so good as he should be, that doth not strive to be better than he is.

Though God suffers his people not to sin in revenging their adversaries, yet he suffers not their adversaries to sin unrevenge.

He that is little in his own eyes, will not be troubled to be little in the eyes of others.

What we are afraid to do before men, we should be afraid to think before God.

As there is a vanity lies hid in the best worldly good; so there is a blessing lies hid in the worst of worldly evils.

There will be no end of desiring, till we desire that which hath no end.

Earthly things are such as the worst of men may have, and the best of men may be without, yet he that hath them not may be bappy without them; and he that hath them may be miserable with them.

Natural men are earthly in the use of heavenly things; but spiritual men are heavenly in the use of earthly things.

The law of nature is contained in the gospel, but the gospel is not contained in the law of nature.

Saints desire so to meet with God as that they may part no more, and so to part with sin as that they may meet no more.

We are so far Christians as we can rule ourselves according to the rule of God; the rest is form and speculation.

It is better to carry ourselves so that God may smile and the world frown upon us, than to carry ourselves so, that the world may smile and God frown upon us.

In the worship of God, while the body is upon the knee, the soul ought to be upon the wing.

The tongue blessing God without the heart, is but a tinkling cymbal: the heart blessing God without the tongue, is sweet but still music; both in concert make the harmony which fills and delights heaven and earth.

One may be an honest man, and yet not be a Christian; but one cannot be a Christian and not be an honest man.

A saint has sometimes enough in this life to say, 'tis good to be here; but never enough to say, 'tis best to be here.

The following has been placarded on the walls in the west end of London:—"For want of a knowledge of the noble art of swimming, thousands are annually sacrificed, and every fresh victim calls more strongly upon the best feelings of those who have the power to draw the attention of such persons as may be likely to require this art, to the simple fact, that there is no difficulty in floating or swimming, provided the persons keep their bodies in a horizontal position, which is done with the greatest ease, by endeavouring to force the chin down upon the surface of the water, instead of forcing the head as high above the water as possible, which brings the body perpendicular, instead of horizontal, as required. Let every body, particularly editors, annually, if possible, help to diffuse this most useful and important knowledge."

EXPENSE OF WAR.—War has been called a destroyer—it reveals upon blood and treasure. The mighty inroads which it makes upon the finances of a nation, may be seen by the following table of the expenditures of the British Government for six successive years, ending with the battle of Waterloo, which gave peace to Europe.

1810.....	£ 89,110,154
1811.....	92,196,699
1812.....	103,421,538
1813.....	120,952,657
1814.....	116,843,889
1815.....	116,491,051
	£639,016,988

It is a fact worthy of notice, that the gentlemen now employed in taking the census of this city, have not yet met with an unmarried lady whose age comes up to, or exceeds thirty, taking their words for it.—*N. O. Pic.*

It is said that the intoxicating preparation of hemp, so much employed in Egypt and other Oriental countries, is coming rapidly into use among the Chinese, as a substitute for opium.

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