

## Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

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

Continuous pagination.

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

# THE COLONIAL PEARL.

## POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

FANCY AND FACTS—TO PLEASE AND TO IMPROVE.

VOLUME FOUR.

HALIFAX, N. S. SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 20, 1840.

NUMBER TWENTY-FIVE.

### THE THREE CAPITALS.

LONDON—PARIS—AND ST. PETERSBURG.

London—Paris—St. Petersburg, *par excellence* the three capitals of Europe! To St. Petersburg, as the capital of the North, let us commend ourselves. To the eye of the stranger sailing up the Neva, it rises like a scene of enchantment, as fresh, and artificial, and glittering, as though it had just risen from the hand of the architect. Every house appears to the uninitiated newly erected. St. Petersburg, in truth, must, from the very nature of the materials employed in its architecture, never remain a new city. An old building would be an anomaly. Formed of brick, and covered with stones, it is doomed to eternal reproduction. No weather-stains can ever soil the surface of its palaces. No crannies of "olden times" can break their shining corners. The wrongs of winter are repaired in each successive spring. As each tenement begins to show symptoms of decay, it is pulled down, but only to make room for another, as closely resembling its predecessor as "peas in a trencher." The same bricks (not that production of ancient times which in the walls and gardens of Babylon bade defiance to all assaults) rise a second time; the same plaster, like a meretricious cosmetic, imparts to them the same look of unfading youth; the same dwarfish pilasters of wood and stucco mount guard over the same floridly ornamented doorways; and the son, as he occupies the chamber of his father, sees no soberer tint in the interior or exterior of the edifice than that which it wore without change or intermission in his infancy. Wooden houses are now as great a rarity in Petersburg as in London, and are only to be found in the suburbs, where they remain unoccupied during the winter, and are re-opened when the cuckoo, in the woods of the Kamenny Ostroff or Krestosky, warn the Russian, who has been muffled in furs for six months, to retire for a season from the smoke and dust of the city; but the flimsy structures which we see on every side, promise to the future as little of a historical past, as though still more perishable materials had been used. Like the power of Russia herself, her capital is but the creation of yesterday. A hundred years ago the Neva glided on through a circle of uncultivated and almost uninhabited marshes—not a single street of the immense mass of architecture, which now catches the eye in every direction: on either side of that beautiful river, had arisen—not a single dome had sprung up among those numerous churches, within which the services of the Greek communion are now celebrated with a dignity which would do no dishonour to the august ceremonial of papal Rome. The spot on which St. Petersburg stands was but a barren waste, and the Gulf of Finland a long fiord, unconscious of the grand commercial purposes to which, within so brief a period, they were destined to become subservient. The original capital, during the lifetime of its founder, occupied an extremely limited space when compared with its present extent. From the period of his death, to the present hour, it has been growing rapidly on every side—nor is the work yet completed. The ground on which it stands is already so extensive, that it promises, within a century, to rival even the largest capitals of Europe, unless the destinies of the Muscovite race, pointing southwards to the seven hills of Constantinople, a fitter site for the metropolis of an advancing dominion, should be found on the shores of the Bosphorus than on the banks of the Neva, and the gardens of the Sultan should afford a more agreeable spot for the diplomatic conferences of Nicholas, than the palaces of Peterhoff or Zarskoe—and then, St. Petersburg, built in a day, will disappear before a returning sunset, and eyes that have been familiar with the glories of St. Sophia will turn willingly from the ephemeral majesty of the Cazan. How different from London and Paris is St. Petersburg, in every thing which can impart a national tone of feeling, and create a reciprocal action between the popular heart and the objects around it—the Notre Dames, and Westminster Abbeys, and St. Pauls, and Sorbonnes from the towers or in the aisles of which we look upon a tract of many centuries! The inhabitant of St. Petersburg is not possessed of any thing on this hand or on that, which can link his hopes and remembrances to his native city, on any higher grounds than those of convenience or necessity. In walking along its streets, but for the bearded Mujiks who occasionally cross our path, we might without difficulty imagine that we had not passed beyond the precincts of either of the great cities already mentioned. Here it is French—there German—in scarcely any thing exclusively Russian. French names mark the Confiseurs, where you may ruminate over chocolate that would do no dishonour to Very or Tortoni. In the hotels the attendants accost you in a dialect that carries you back to the Palais Royal—here an artiste, de modes offers you the fashions of the Rue Richelieu—and there a perruquier, on whose lips the honeyed diction of the Badauds still lingers uncontaminated

by a foreign idiom, calls your attention to the last importation from the Rue St. Honoré; while, in the salons of the theatres and places of public amusement, gurgling German alternates with vociferous Russ, both of which are broken at intervals by a stray Englishman or talkative Swede. St. Petersburg is, in truth, a raffaiemento of the representatives of different nations, and presents a cramb-naboli of all languages—a motley assemblage of every variety of manner—a smirking confederacy of Gallic politeness with German brusquerie and English reserve. It is rather a temporary encampment than a permanent capital of the mighty empire of which it is nominally the centre. A name—an arrangement for a commercial purpose—a court denationalized, and moving under an atmosphere of foreign tastes—do not constitute, beyond the surface of our conceptions, the metropolis of a country. To fulfil, in its catholic and comprehensive relations, this idea, the spot on which it stands must have been the scene of great events. The good cause and the bad must have had their rights proclaimed, and their struggle concluded within its walls. Its cathedrals must have beheld before their altars the fair and the noble of long past generations, and have sent forth through "dim centuries ago" their stern congratulations over victories achieved, and justice triumphant. The strongholds of other ages, only valued from the associations which they call forth, must be guardian and tutelary over the more recent erections clustered around their gates. On such conditions as these must the influence of a capital rest, if it is destined to attach its citizens to it by any stronger tie than the interests of an existence evolved amid the scenes of toil and traffic can institute. Under them, as he recalls the hour when within that porch, which is now surrounded by the palpable evidences of an ambitious commerce, "trumpets were blown for the right;" or on that parapet, now overlooking a market-place or manufactory, some apostle of human freedom, came forth to crown, by a last sacrifice, his attachment to the interests of his race; the creature of funds and falsehood becomes for an hour sublimed by the warmth of picturesque associations, and is compelled to feel that his native land has other claims on his affections than those which spring from its subservience to his purposes of successful accumulation. The past flushes with an unusual colour his habitual thoughts, and gladdens with its purple lights the sober and limiting horizon of his prospects.

Compare with the city of the North the capitals of France and England. In the former, walk from the antagonist and transversal points, from the Nevskoy Monastery to the Wassily Ostroff, and from the Smolnoy to the Calomnia, and you fail in calling up a single thought which points to a period anterior to your own. But approach the environs of London—sail up its majestic river—listen, while you are yet afar off from your place of debarkation, to the pulsing of the mighty heart—"the breathings not loud but deep,"—watch the dim intimations, which reach eye and ear, of the vicinity of the capital of a country whose rise has been the laborious efforts of many ages,

"Pillar on pillar raised, and arch on stately arch—"

contemplate that immortal dome swelling in the distance, which for centuries has been in its august and unapproachable grandeur, a fitting guardian of the vast metropolis, which seems to cling for watch and protection to its feet—observe on every side that forest of masts blackening with their long spars the orange light of the sunset, and an occasional leviathan—its thunders muffled, its purposes concealed—the instrument of war or commerce, dropping slowly down the stream on its mission of gain or vengeance—perambulate these streets (of ancient London) amid historic edifices, which, as you pass under their shadows, compel into submission to their own influences, all meaner or feeble associations, and say, if it ought to be an object of wonder that the popular heart of England should throb with so strong a pulse, and its triumphant memories be so often quickened into high and enduring exertion. The Englishman whose soul is engrossed by the occupations and ambition of the passing hour, who is "of imagination compact," lives at intervals almost as much with the past as with the present. No vulgar influences environ him on all hands—no common lessons are read to him on every side.

"Soundless mirth and dreamy cavalcade,"

according as the fancy marshals or arrays with her territory its shining and involved pictures; but then labouring with the birth of new periods, and glorified, by the light of advancing liberty and increasing knowledge, defile before him from arched doorways and sepulchral isles. Feudal power, chivalrous pomp, burgher triumph, like a hurried phantasy, move on and supplant each other by turns. The streets which he treads have not only been the witnesses of illustrious deeds, but have derived their very names from periods many centuries anterior to his own. The buildings

which encompass him were once tenanted by wits and courtiers, whose lips for hundreds of years have been silent in the grave. The palaces within which his monarchs are lodged, have scarcely allowed the merriment of the courts of James and Charles to die within their walls. At every step the lights on a noble incident or stately remembrance. The Strand, the Jewry, are passed, and lo! with its broad moat and drawbridge—the very cynosure of English history—intimately associated with its troubles for five hundred years—the Tower. In the compass of European history, no word occurs with a more thrilling effect in connexion with every vicissitude of fortune—with every triumph of good or evil—with the dethronement of monarchs—with the loyalty and sufferings of adherents—with the stormy cry of religious persecution. As a memento of despotic cruelty, the Bastille of Paris was, perhaps, calculated to excite as sombre reflections, and stifled in its stony recesses, groans as deep and imprecations as bitter as ever broke from the lips of indignant humanity, but it now stands, fortunately for France and our common nature, on the list of "the things that were," with the dungeons of Ferrara and the black canals of Venice. The Tower, however, is still before us, half a fortress, and half a prison, venerable, sullen, forbidding, as when Raleigh came forth from its cells to die. With its name the annals of England are as intimately linked as the history of Athens is with the Acropolis, or the Forum and Coliseum with the fortunes of republican and imperial Rome. We may still occupy the same courts on which the royal, and noble, and priestly, at intervals, during the last lustrum of centuries, have stood—with Charles, preparing, in the silence of his dungeon, to encounter his approaching doom—with Lady Jane Grey, the sweetest victim, to the ambition of others that ever died by violent hands, a young and beautiful offering to the Minotaur of an imperious mobility and a turbulent democracy—with Strafford, haughty and patrician in power, and casting no stigma on his name, by an unworthy depression in adversity—with Essex, the self-willed noble, the capricious favourite, the generous master, the friend and companion of Spenser—with Mary, when she closed on the scaffold a career that commenced under more than festal auspices (an eastern noon, with its soft lights and voluptuous odours, sinking in the clouds and storms of a tropical sunset)—with Sidney, and More, and Russell, the champions of a good cause in evil days, worthy disciples of the sages of old, who by solemn meditation or serene fortitude, endeavoured to advance the interest of their species, and, like them, under a colder sky than that of Attica, and amid a people of less sudden though deeper emotion than those who crowded the streets of Athens and overbore the decisions of her judges, experiencing an ungrateful return for their services, and falling at last before the effect of a more deadly and steadfast jealousy than that which dictated the ostracism of Aristides, and proffered the fatal cup to Socrates.

Such are the dramas of English history, revived by the objects around us—true altars—authentic temples to suffering innocence and avenged wrong. A story of grief or joy, of good men rewarded by a late success, or of guilt precipitated into a just catastrophe, is connected with every "buttress and coigne of vantage," a legend hangs on every half-defaced carving and quaint archway. As we gaze, "bold songs," which have travelled through four centuries, ring around us, "such as an outlaw might have given breath to in the greenwood" devoted to the commemoration and illustration of other times—household gods, best accomplishing their purpose of guarding the hearths and homes of England by perpetuating the sentiments that long ago, in the midst of peril and difficulty, contributed to shield from outward wrong the one, and to fill with manly thoughts and gentle "humanities" the other. With such associations continually moving above and around us, who can doubt that our countrymen, as an equipoise between past and present; should catch a devout thoughtfulness of purpose, not always manifesting itself on the surface of events, but seated deeply nevertheless in the national heart, darkened by the images of action established in past cycles, and an attachment to the soil from which they sprung—to the dwellings within which they have evoked the large charities of a mild and comprehensive faith—to the monuments which recall bygone times, and colour the influences of those in which they live—which no code of legislative enactment—no measurement of districts, or distribution of boundaries—no mere grandeur of commercial enterprise—no amount of immediate prosperity could create. Nothing of this kind do we find in St. Petersburg—this appeal from the eye to the imagination—from the palpable to the abstract—from the proximate to the remote. For the past of Russian history we must seek not on the shores of the Neva, but beside the mosque-like churches and barbaric Kremlin of Moscow. St. Petersburg is, in truth, destitute of every thing which might identify it as the capital of Russia.

Pass along the Boulevards of Paris, on a fine evening in June or August—give yourself up, a passive listener, a silent spectator, "all eye and ear," to the sights and sound—permit the loftiest and most familiar associations to confederate harmoniously in your mind, nor, after fixing your eyes on the sunset illuminations of the towers of Notre Dome, disdain to cast a furtive glance on the wooden pillars of the guingettes at your feet—surrender yourself wholly to the influence of the season, and say if you could have spent such an hour in any city of the world save Paris. It is not that the air is balmy and that the heavens are clear, for further south, on the beach of Palermo or on the mole of Naples you might breathe a still kindlier atmosphere, and move under the light of a still serener sky; yet, though nature is as prodigal of her gifts to Sicily as to France, and human mirth rises as readily at the tales of the improvisatore as at the contortions of the Scaramouch, in what other city, among what other people, could we hope to find this riotous exuberance of human enjoyment—this flushed and feverish excitement—this salient elasticity of spirit, so readily adapted to all tones, and breaking into a *chanson a boir*, a laugh at the drolleries of harlequin, or an *emue* at the Porte St. Martin, with the same Protean versatility?

Walk in any direction within or without the barriers—listen to the mirth around you, whether it proceeds from patrician or plebeian lips—stand in its shops or churches, and France, Paris—the gaiety, the frivolity, the sentiment wide but shallow of that city, colour every thing around you. These groups, promenading slowly along, pausing at intervals to bandy a joke or criticise a passer-by—that elderly gentleman seated in the chair before you, with the journal in his hand—these booths, encircled by so many rows of upturned fences—these venders of fruit and lemonade, the modest purveyors to the moderate enjoyments of the middle and lower classes—that thoughtful youth, with his shirt collar thrown open, and hat à la jeune France—these personages, one and all, are they not the very creatures of the soil—the indications, as well as the cause, of their half-artificial society—true autochthones with golden grasshoppers in their hair? That priest who officiates at the altar, who saunters past you with a more worldly eye and bettered appearance than usually squares with our notions of sacerdotal abstinence—that confiseur, who presents you with your bonbons with an air of confidential politeness which would have softened the roughness of Johnson and flattered the vanity of Chesterfield—that itinerant vender of toys and ribbons, who entreats your attention to his wares with a modest but insinuating earnestness, which at least extorts a gratified look from you if you are churlish enough to pass on without acknowledging his request in any more substantial form—that fair modiste, who to your wife or daughter (if you are favoured with such blessings by Heaven) unfolds the silken miracles of her cartons with a delicacy, an ease, a salient grace, a glibstretic fluency—that blooming grisette, who hands you an ice that would have gratified the palate of Lucullus or Apicius—these crowds in the cafes, in the theatres, in the Maisons de Jeu, in the Champ de Mars—the wit, the intellect, the genius, the pleasure of Paris—moving figures, transacting a part and fulfilling a period—waves of human existence, brightening and breaking under the same glimpse of light—dim processions of life on a more comprehensive arras than any that D'ypres' loom ever covered with its dumb mimicry of earthly joy or suffering—this great panorama, eternity in a state of transition—are they not indigenous, by the necessity of their nature, to the spot in which they are found? The air and heart of man here act and react with perfect harmony on each other. In St. Petersburg there is no adaptation of this kind; every thing is transferred or reproduced—every thing, save its government, is at second hand; its manners are a revival of the etiquette of the Bourbons—its literature is an imitation of foreign schools—its music (which, however, appears to us worthy of all commendation) is an importation from La Scala, or the Academie Royale de Musique—its architecture, with a few exceptions, designed by strangers, (and these in some instances are admirable,) is an admixture of styles without a sufficient reference to climate or purpose—the domes and cupolas of the Bosphorus ogling, like triumphant coquettes, the demure pretensions of stuccoed pilasters and plaster friezes.

The first point which strikes the stranger on his arrival at Petersburg, is the predominance of the military over the civic dress. So numerous are the uniforms, from the plain simple cloak of the subaltern in the line, to the showy coat or tinselled jacket of the Cossack or Hulan, that we could imagine that we were present in an extensive encampment rather than in the capital of a country, the emporium of its productions, and the seat of its government. In its streets you are constantly jostled by mustachoe heroes—not paragons of perfection so far as the external gifts of nature are concerned—whose swarthy complexions and stunted noses continually remind you of the Tartar hordes of the Steppes, save when a young Circassian, attired in the dress of his native country, gallops past, as elastic of movement and manly of demeanour as though, instead of gracing the cortege of the czar, he were prepared to do battle for the liberty of the Caucasus. Nothing can inspire a stronger wish that the good cause should prevail in the present struggle between these fearless tribes and the overwhelming power of the Russians, than the contrast between the tawny aspects of the latter and the chivalrous beauty and the graceful manhood of the former. Surely the same Power which, for so many ages, prevented the masses of Persia from occupying Sparta and Athens, will not permit

any permanent submission of these free mountaineers to the advancing power of Nicholas. It is only necessary to spend a few days in St. Petersburg to become convinced that Russia is essentially a military people, relying on her arms alone for her position in the scale of nations, and hurried forward by a necessity of progression to the establishment of a still increasing dominion. In the cafes every second person is an officer; and if, on an evening on which Taglioni performs in the Sylphide or the Nymph of the Danube, you should visit the Opera House, bravos which resound on every side come from bearded lips, and the hands which are used so unsparingly in summoning back the danseuse are evidently more familiar with the pommel of a sword than with the instrument of peace and widening civilization. On this point their enthusiasm is unbounded. Cheer succeeds cheer, encore follows encore, summons is repeated after summons, till the object of their congratulation, after innumerable acknowledgments of their favour, is at last permitted to rest from her labours.

The attention of the Russians to the services of religion, if one might form an opinion from the edifices dedicated to its uses, is not inferior to that of any other country on the continent. The Cazan Church is a noble building, inferior of course to St. Peter's or St. Paul's, but in many respects possessing merits of a high order. On our first visit to its interior we were deeply impressed by it. Every thing conspired to raise a solemn feeling—the open floors and sweeping colonnades, the imperfect light of the sacred candles, the elevated penetralia, the dim pictures, the sepulchral voices of the priests, the kneeling figures, the solitary tomb,\* and the stained and tattered pennons drooping mournfully from the majestic capitals of the granite pillars. What a painful impression do these last leave in the mind! the eagles of the empire, the triumphant emblems of dominion, which in their flight had described an arch from France to Egypt, and had ruled the current of victorious battles at Jena and Austerlitz, Lodi and Marengo, the thunder-bearing birds that swooped with imperial wing over the pyramids, sinking at last in the storms of a Borealic winter. If the contest had ennobled their loss, we could have forgotten their fate; but to know that the symbols of Napoleon's ambition and success did not yield to their destiny in a field of "locked lances;" the chivalry of the second Charlemagne arrayed against the tumultuous hordes of the north; but (a prey to the avenging elements) were wrung from the hands of their vexillarie, "faithful in death," by a barbarous and cruel foe, (the standard of the tenth legion gracing the ovation of the Hetman of the Cossacks,) is enough to recall in tenfold strength the bitter lessons of the instability of fortune, of which history is but an extensive chronicle.

\* The tomb of Kutuzoff is in this church.

#### From the British Magazine. HODNET CHURCH.

I sat down upon an old bench of heavy black oak in the rector's chancel of Hodnet Church. The day was very beautiful; it was one of those mild and sunny days that come, many of them together, before the blackthorn blossoms and the sharp east wind sets in, making a second, though a short-lived winter. Through the Gothic arch-way of the little chancel-door, all seemed bright and cheerful in the open air, the atmosphere full of golden light, the springing grass in the church-yard, the young fresh leaves just opening, the ceaseless cawing of the busy rooks in the high trees about Hodnet Hall, and the sweet songs of a hundred joyous birds.

The solemn quietness and mellowed light within the church were better suited to my mood. I was thinking of Reginald Heber. It was in that church that he had led the worship of the great congregation, during the period of his ministry in England, until he was made Bishop of Calcutta. How often had his untravelled heart turned to his beloved parishioners in dear Hodnet; and doubtless that country church and the old familiar faces there, had often and often risen up before him, and been welcomed with blessings from his kind and loving heart. I thought of his farewell sermon in the midst of his sorrowing flock, and of the affecting description given of his departure from Hodnet. "From a range of high grounds near Newport, he turned back to catch a last view of his beloved Hodnet; and here the feelings which he had hitherto suppressed in tenderness to others, burst forth unrestrained, and he uttered the words which have proved prophetic, that 'he should return to it no more!' As I thought of him I blessed that gracious Master, who in calling his servant from the charge of a few sheep in this quiet and remote spot, to make him the shepherd of the flocks upon a thousand pastures, had so graciously fitted him for his high calling, not only bestowing upon him many splendid gifts, but those meek and lowly graces without which no gifts of genius could have made him fit to be the minister of Him, who is at once meek and lowly in heart, and the Great Shepherd and Bishop of our souls. I thought of that which has always appeared to me the most blessed assurance of his growth in grace, and his ripeness for eternity, the prayer found after his departure in his book of private devotions. And as I thought upon this prayer of a contrite and believing heart, I felt how many of those who praise Reginald Heber for the natural sweetness of his disposition and his character, naturally lovely among men, how many think nothing of that disposition and that character which distinguished him as a renewed and spiritual

man before his God. Had he rested in his natural character, it might have been said of him, "And Jesus beholding him loved him, and said unto him, One thing thou lackest;" he did not, however, rest in that fair and amiable character, but was taught by the Gospel to form his opinion of himself, and on his tomb it might have been written, and written in sober truth, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

On the side wall of the southern chancel, just beyond and above the very spot where the good rector of Hodnet had so often stood, is a tablet of white marble, upon which the finely shaped head and intelligent features of Reginald Heber have been cut in bold relief by Chantrey. The tablet itself, and the folds of rich drapery partly veiling it, are extremely elegant. There is a long inscription—too long for the monument of Heber, and too commonplace. I was glad, however, to find an English epitaph over a minister of the Church of England, which the poor and unlearned of an English congregation can read for themselves.

I have had more facilities than a mere visitor would have had for learning something of the history of Hodnet Church, but very slender materials are to be found at the place itself. Leland's description of it in one word exactly suits it now: "Hodnet, a townlet." It is neither a village nor a town, but consists of little more than two streets of irregular buildings. At the upper end of the higher street stands the church. The whole church-yard and many parts of the "townlet" are bedded on a huge mass of rock, the old red sandstone which is often, I believe, a projecting stratum in this part of Shropshire. The church is built of the same kind of rock. There are two small chapels of ease to the church of Hodnet, for the parish itself is very extensive, and consists of thirteen townships; but the clergymen of the little churches of Mortonesea and of Weston do not officiate in Hodnet Church.

The work of spoliation seems to have been carried on at Hodnet with a bold and reckless hand during the rebellion. The rector, Dr. Sohn Arnway, Archdeacon of Lichfield, being devotedly attached to the royal cause, was driven from Hodnet by the garrison of Wenn. His rectory and his books were burnt, and not merely to the rector, and his own personal possessions, did this persecution extend,—the church was stripped of its ancient memorials, even the registers were destroyed. Dr. Arnway has related part of his sufferings in two little pieces called "The Tablet," and "An Alarm." He lost a large fortune, which he did not lament in his extreme penury, and never recovered either his books or papers, but after being imprisoned and very ill-used, he fled first to the Hague and then to Virginia, where he died in poverty before the Restoration.

The spacious church is divided into two broad aisles and chancels by a row of six pillars, five of them circular and one octangular, running lengthways the whole extent of the building, and supporting five circular and two pointed arches; the capitals of the pillars are without any ornament. The ceilings of the north and south chancels are panelled with dark oak, and small, but flowered, bosses.

There is little that is attractive either to the antiquary or the man of elegant taste in Hodnet Church. The font is very old and grotesque, but some village painter has exerted his barbarous skill to spoil its old rough carving of griffins and other monsters, by a smooth surface of white paint, smeared and striped with grey, intended to represent marble. In the broad and lofty mullioned window that fills up the whole eastern end of the northern chancel, there are one or two fragments of coloured glass, no more. Beneath this window stands a reading desk, of carved oak, to which some old books are fastened with chains. But Fox and Jewell and the other few ancient volumes are now seldom opened.

"All needless now their weight of massy chain,  
Safe in themselves the once loved works remain;  
No readers now invade their still retreat,  
None try to steal them from their parent seat;  
Like ancient beauties they may now discard  
Chains, bolts, and locks, and lie without a guard."

On the south wall, but on the chancel wall higher up, are two other monuments, the most simply elegant of any in the church, both possessing a melancholy interest; for they are memorials of the graves of two young clergymen, Thomas Cutlbert Heber, and Charles Cowley Cholmondeley, the first the younger brother, the latter the husband of Reginald Heber's only sister.

Hodnet is worthy of notice as being the native parish of the family of the Hills, of Hawkstone. The family vault, bearing the date of a. d. 1500, is beneath the pavement of the north chancel. Sir Rowland Hill, an ancestor of the present family, was born at Hawkstone, in the parish of Hodnet, in the reign of Henry the Seventh. He was one of the most opulent merchants of his time, and possessed immense wealth. Fuller has given this fine testimony to his character,—"Being sensible that his great estate was given him of God, it was his desire to devote it to his glory;" and he seems to have acted according to this desire, for he was not only prayerful, conscientious, and watchful, but distinguished for his good deeds and his munificent spirit.

There are several monuments in Hodnet Church sacred to the memory of members of this family.

In a corner, where it cannot be generally seen, is the monumental tablet of Sir Richard Hill, the elder brother of that generation of which the late Rev. Rowland Hill was then the only survivor.

Another curious circumstance is worthy of note, as connected with Hodnet Church. The sum of £2, 15s. 2d. is paid yearly, according to some old agreement, by the Rector of Hodnet, to the Pendrills of Boscobel, the family in whose house Charles the Second was concealed. Perhaps the patron in those days, as well as the rector, Dr. Arway, was devotedly attached to the Royal Fugitive, and consented to pay off part of the King's debt of gratitude by allowing such a tax to be laid on the income of the living of Hodnet.

#### THE LONDON PAWNBROKER.

Men are prone to vaunt the rectitude, the talents of their tradesmen. "My wine-merchant," "My bootmaker," even "My attorney," but whoever yet startled the delicacy of a company, with "My pawnbroker?"

To the pawnbroker the civility almost essential to the other tradesmen is wholly superfluous. He places no quick-eyed shopman at the door, no tenacious solicitor of the lingering customer to enter and trade. Not he: he stands in his shop, the deputy of Mammon; his customers are not to be wheedled, coaxed, grinned at, protested to; he need not bow his back, or crush his face up into smiling wrinkles, at the hesitating purchaser. No; his customers—the people who contribute to him thirty per cent.—for the most part address him with a respectful weakness; many with a shame-faced hesitation, as though they begged his aid; the free offering of his money, no pledge, no profitable hostage left. Other tradesmen make it a part of their craft to presume the possession of wealth in their customers; to the pawnbroker, they come, the best of them, for the time, branded with the mark of necessity. How different that face—there, that one in the third box from the door—how different that sweet, meek countenance, from the face of five years since! It is a lady, a young creature, with cankerous sorrow at her heart; a fair thing, with that suffering, yet resigned look of grief, more profoundly touching than the wildest anguish. With the gentle, yet hesitating grace of the lady, and a faint smile at her lip, she presents a small trinket to the pawnbroker: how different the money-lender's manner from the oppressive obsequiousness of the jeweller, who, five years since, sold the locket to her! The tradesman, with a cold eye, turns over the trinket; whilst the woman—it is almost the last of her ornaments, and there is poverty, and hungry babes at home—finds herself waiting, with stunted breath, the sentence of the pawnbroker. At length he condescends to ask, "What do you want on this?" and—heaven help her!—her heart is eased at the condescension.

The pawnbroker may, from the independence of his calling, by his exemption from the idle courtesies assiduously cultivated by other tradesmen, be as jocular as his native wit will allow him with many of his well-known customers. Again and again he may crack his joke upon the coat withdrawn on the Saturday, for the Sabbath wear, and duly returned to his safe guardianship on the Monday. Coats will wear out, the nap will lose its gloss, and the pawnbroker will have his joke upon the frailty of broadcloth, and joking, offer less and less upon the fading raiment. As for the wife, who for the twentieth time hath left the coat in pledge, she must good-humouredly fence with the wit of the pawnbroker, who carries the pleasantry just as far as suits his humour, ending the parley with an emphatic avowal, not to lend a farthing more, gruffly bidding the woman "take the rag away." He knows she cannot take it away; and, therefore, she resignedly receives both the impertinence of the shopkeeper and the money he vouchsafes her. Strange, that tradesmen should so differ in manners! How very civil was Lubin Goslin, the tailor who made that coat!

The pawnbroker is a sort of King Midas in a squalid neighbourhood; he is a potentate sought by the poor, who bear with his jests, his insolence, his brutality: who, in tatters bow down to him: and with want in their limbs, with empty stomachs and despairing hearts, make court to him that he will be pleased to let them eat. What offerings are made to him! How he is prayed, implored, to see some value in that which he inexorably deems worthless; to coin, for a time, a shilling out of some miserable vestment—its owner stands shivering in the box for the want of it; to advance sixpence on some household necessary. How can the pawnbroker deal in the courtesies of trade? His daily petitioner is want, with tiger appetite,—reckless, abandoned, self-doomed vice, and moody despair. Life to him is so often "turned the seamy side without," that he must needs be made callous by the hard nature of his calling. How is it possible to deal, to chaffer with hungry misery, beseeching for bread as though it were immortal manna, yet keep alive the natural sensibilities of the human heart? How can we drive a bargain with despair, turning the penny with the complacency of a stockbroker? How bate down wretchedness, how huckster with famine?—yet this is the daily business of the pawnbroker!

**NEW VEGETABLE.**—Amongst the numerous newly-introduced vegetables, none has been found so highly and generally useful for almost every culinary purpose where fruit is required, as the Toboisk rhubarb. The cultivation and general management is the most simple; the most inexperienced may obtain a supply of early stalks without possessing an inch of land; every family, from the nobleman to the cottager, would do well to possess it, the quality and flavour being superior to all other varieties.

#### A SUMMER SKETCH.

'Tis June, 'tis merry smiling June,  
'Tis blushing summer now;  
The rose is red—the blossom fled—  
The fruit is on the bough.

Flora, with Ceres, hand in hand,  
Bring all their smiling train:  
The yellow corn is waving high,  
To gild the earth again.

The bird-cage hangs upon the wall,  
Amid the clustering vine;  
The rustic seat is in the porch,  
Where honeysuckles twine.

The rosy ragged urchins play  
Beneath the glowing sky;  
They scoop the sand, or gaily chase  
The bee that buzzes by.

The household spaniel flings his length  
Along the stone-paved hall;  
The panting sheep-dog seeks the spot  
Where leafy shadows fall.

The petted kitten frisks among  
The bean-flowers' fragrant maze;  
Or, basking, throws her dappled form  
To court the warmest rays.

The open'd casement, flinging wide,  
Geraniums give to view;  
With choicest posies rang'd between,  
Still wet with morning dew.

'Tis June, 'tis merry laughing June,  
There's not a cloud above;  
The air is still, o'er heath and hill,  
The bulrush does not move.

The pensive willow bends to kiss  
The stream so deep and clear;  
While dabbling ripples gliding on,  
Bring music to mine ear.

The mower whistles o'er his toil,  
The emerald grass must yield;  
The scythe is cut, the swarth is down,  
There's incense in the field.

Oh! how I love to calmly muse  
In such an hour as this;  
To nurse the joy creation gives,  
In purity and bliss.

There is devotion in my soul  
My lip can ne'er impart;  
But thou, oh God! will deign to read  
The tablet of my heart.

#### A FETE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

Under Louis XIV. the wealth and magnificence of the farmers-general went almost beyond belief. One of them, happily named Bullion, used to have deep bowls of bright pistoles brought in every night, for the card-players. Fouquet invited Louis to a hunt by torch-light, and had every tree in the forest lighted up with coloured lamps. Under Louis XV. Beaujon was famous for his beds of rose-leaves; but all were outshone by Bourett. His income, in 1760, was twelve hundred thousand livres—a sum which, when we take into account the worth of money at that time, goes far beyond the fortunes of the Rothschilds. Louis had heard so much of the splendour of his entertainments, that he hinted his desire to be present at one. The wish of the monarch was of course law, and Bourett asked a delay of only fifteen days. When the appointed time had come, the king arrived at Bourett's country-seat at night-fall. The spectacle before him struck him with astonishment—a marshy lake, shaded by dark cypresses, and an old sailor, with the face and garb of Charon, whose skiff seemed to be waiting for the monarch and his train. When all were on board, the skiff put off, and the company soon reached the landing-place—a naked beach, surrounded by frowning rocks. Groans and shrieks, the crack of whips, and the rattling of chains are heard on every side, and the courtiers began to feel something like fear. Louis alone preserved his courage, and as he moves forward with a firm and stately mien, the dragons, chimeras, serpents, and monsters of every kind, which threatened to bar the passage, disappear as if by enchantment; it grows lighter, and rocks and woods give place by degrees to a rich and pleasing prospect. From the obstacles he had encountered, and from the profusion of tropical fruits, flowers, and sweet odours that intoxicate him, the king almost fancied himself in the garden of Armida; and he can doubt no longer when he

sees advancing towards him Armida herself, attended by her nymphs. To please his majesty, she has put on the features of Madame de Pompadour; and this was by no means the least welcome of the many pleasant surprises of the evening. Soon commences the very festival given by Armida to Rinaldo: it is Tasso's poem in action. For two hours the king moved about in the midst of this brilliant entertainment; when Armida rose, and touched with her wand the front of her palace, which opened, and displayed the pavilion destined for the feast, in the middle of a lake blazing with light. Bourett appeared to do the honours, and this pageant proved by no means unsubstantial: the choicest fruits of Asia and Africa, luxuries brought from both poles, tempted the appetite; and youthful Hebes flit across the lake in shells of pearl, to pour out hippocras and nectar. Who could count the hours passed in such delights! Daylight shone upon the guests, and gave the signal for departure. Madame de Pompadour laid aside Armida's wand with regret, for she felt that she had acted the enchantress to perfection. "My dear Bourett," said she, as she took her leave, "I always had a great deal of curiosity: pray, tell me, in confidence, how much this magnificent entertainment cost you?"—"Three millions, (francs) madam," replied the delighted financier; "a small price to pay for the honour of entertaining you."

#### A TRAGIC STORY.

A correspondent of the Baltimore Patriot, writing from Mississippi, details a tragic story as recently having occurred in that State.

Happening some two weeks ago to be in the town of Canton, and sitting with a gentleman in his office, I heard the report of a gun, and simultaneously a yell of savage delight. I rushed to the spot, (some hundred yards off,) and there I beheld a well made young man stretched in the open street, with his face turned towards heaven, groaning and writhing in the agonies of death. The slugs with which the gun was loaded had penetrated his side between the ribs and the hip. Oh! it was a shocking sight to see. I saw him take his last gasp, and make his last struggle. For a short time after the young man fell, near his victim and gazing upon him, stood his murderer, boasting of the horrid deed. He was large, reddish haired, red-faced man—the impersonation of strength and brutality. And as if man had suited the word to the action of nature, his name was Pigg—James Pigg. As far as I could learn the circumstances, they were as follows:—Norment (the name of the murdered, was a deputy marshal. Cook, another deputy marshal, had levied two days before on Pigg's last property of every description, and had taken off all the negroes and such other property as he could remove. Pigg was absent from home; he returned at night, and found his wife and some six or eight children in tears. His fencing, as he says, was thrown down, and cattle were eating up his corn. The contemplation of this scene of wretchedness and ruin wrought him to madness. He was an old frontiersman, and entirely uneducated. He had been engaged in many a deadly strife with the Indians. He found his home as he had found it in days of yore, desolate. He thought not of the law—he reflected not that he was living with civilized men, and that he who had taken from him his all was a sworn officer, and acting in the discharge of his duty. He thought only of his desolate condition, and determined to take vengeance on him who had made it so. He loaded his gun and went in pursuit of Cook—he could not find him—on the second day, still on the pursuit of Cook, he met with Norment, who expostulated with him, and justified Cook as acting in the discharge of his duty. Maddened by arguments he could not answer, and goaded by fury at not finding Cook, he wreaked his vengeance on Norment, against whom he had no cause of quarrel whatever, and who was in fact (I have heard) one of the most amiable young men in the country. Had not the more discreet citizens restrained the mob, Pigg would have been hung instantly: Discretion and law prevailed, and Pigg was ironed and lodged in jail to await his trial.

Fox used to try to goad Lord North unmercifully. But North was impenetrable, and never lost his temper. Fox once stigmatized him as "that thing, called a minister." North, with great good humour, replied:—

"The honourable gentleman calls me a thing, and (patting his ample stomach) an unshapely thing I am; but when he adds that thing termed a minister, he calls me that which he himself is anxious to become, and therefore I take it is a compliment."

When Marshal Villers was past fourscore, he gave a signal instance of courage and vivacity, in attacking some squadrons of imperial horse with the king of Sardinia's troop. That monarch telling him that he lost the experienced general in the ardour of a young officer, the marshal answered, "Lamps are apt to sparkle when they are expiring."

**COMPLIMENT.**—A lovely girl was bending her head over a rose-bush which a lady was purchasing from an Irish basket woman, in Covent Garden market, when the woman, looking kindly at the young beauty, said—"I axes yer pardon, young lady, but if it's pleasing to ye, I'd thank ye to keep yer cheek away from that rose—ye'll put the lady out of consate with the color of the flower."

**GOOD AND ILL FORTUNE.**—Good fortune is the ordeal by fire, misfortune the ordeal by water.

For the Pearl.  
STANZAS.

1  
When fades the glorious light of day,  
And twilight's gentle shades descend,  
From human haunts I love to stray,  
Alope the tranquil hour to spend.  
O'er hill and dale, by grove and stream,  
Or near the sea-beat shore I go—  
And, gazing on the parting gleam,  
Recall my hours of joy and woe.

2  
As that last look of daylight dies,  
So passed the light of youth away,—  
And like the gloom that round me lies  
Is that which clouds my later day.  
My earth-born hopes have all been vain,  
Though long their trembling light was dear;  
My joys have always closed in pain,  
And love has left me darkling here.

3  
Yet come there in this holy hour,  
Deep spells that bid my sorrows cease—  
Pure thoughts that heavenly comfort pour,  
And yield the soothing balm of peace.  
The few I loved I see no more—  
Yet comes there to my soul a voice,  
Which says, when this dim life is o'er,  
We all shall mingle and rejoice.

ANON.

## LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

This is the first volume of a work which promises to be one of no ordinary interest. History rarely condescends to notice the peculiarities of the consorts of kings, unless these be of a kind to excite the horror or the wonder of mankind. Semiramis—if she be not, indeed, a fabulous person—is better known to us by her vices than by her warlike virtues, even after the lapse of nearly four thousand years. The brick walls (*muri coctiles*) with which she girt Babylon, and her exploits as a warrior Queen, are forgotten in the recollection of those savage debaucheries with which her name is associated. Catherine de Medicis we remember simply as the perpetrator of the most remorseless act of cruelty with which the modern annals of the world are disfigured; and the celebrated Czarina, Catherine, is as conspicuous for her frailty and cruelty, as for her prowess and wisdom, neither of which have been called in question. The gentler properties of the sex are overlooked, while the weakness or atrocities of the monarch are proclaimed to the whole earth; though but little reflection is required to show that an amiable woman in an exalted sphere performs a far more important part in the economy of human life by the force of example and precept, than has been performed by the most illustrious Amazon that ever drew a bow, or pinched the ear of a refractory prime minister. For these reasons we rejoice that Miss Strickland has chosen a new field of literature, and has resolved to rescue from total oblivion the memories of the Queens of her native land.

The present volume contains the lives of Matilda, of Flanders, wife of William the Conqueror—Matilda of Scotland, daughter of Malcolm Canmore, and wife of Henry I. of England—Adelicia, or Adelaide, of Louvaine, "the fair maid of Brabant," and the second wife of Boulogne, the daughter of Count Eustace, and the niece of the celebrated Godfrey, the wife of Stephen—and Eleanor of Aquitaine, Countess of Provence in her own right, and first the wife of Louis VII. of France, and after her divorce from that monarch, of Henry II. of England. She was the mother of Cœur de Lion, John, and the other undutiful sons of the English sovereign. Such an outline is enough to show that the volume is incapable of analysis. Each biography is complete in itself, and has its own points of interest and sources of attraction; and all that our space permits us to do is, to offer a few general remarks on the manner in which the author has performed her task.

We know of no female writer who has so completely triumphed over the difficulties of historical composition as Mrs. Jamieson. In her own department she is unapproached by man or woman, but her self-imposed duties are light compared with those of Miss Strickland; who, though manifestly her inferior in comprehensiveness of thought, and beauty of style, greatly surpasses her in learning, diligence, and patient research. It is only those who have dipped into studies of the kind who can form an adequate conception of the difficulties which such an undertaking as the history of the private lives of women who flourished eight hundred years ago present; and who, by consequence, can appreciate at its full value the labour Miss Strickland must have undergone in the compilation of this volume. There is not a probable source of information, domestic or foreign, which she has not consulted; and the result is, a book which combines the best properties of a history, with the more attractive attributes of a romance. Monastic chronicles, manuscripts, family records, contemporary annals, poems, legends, tapestry painting, sculpture, architecture, are all laid under contribution; and are so skilfully managed as to enable the accomplished

writer to put together a series of narratives which, for dramatic interest, are unexcelled by any similar work in the English language. The style is somewhat loose and incompact. It undoubtedly wants that idiomatic energy which a thorough command over the language, and much practice in writing, can alone communicate; on the other hand, there is no affectation, no tawdry sentiment, none of that ludicrous intensesness of expression which mars its own object by its very vehemence, and a scrupulous avoidance of those false arts by which inferior writers seek to throw a false glory around an unprofitable or a repulsive subject. There is not only the greatness of a woman's nature about Miss Strickland's reflections, but much of that fine tact in the discussion of subjects of admitted delicacy, which is one of the most conspicuous faculties of the female intellect, and by which it is, in all circumstances, contradistinguished from the grosser mind of man. It is only when a woman permits herself to forget this, and when she becomes ambitious of that kind of distinction which is not enviable, that she acquires the reputation of a forcible writer with a certain order of readers; but it is a reputation bought at the expense of almost everything that is valuable in the female character. The discipline of the understanding is relaxed—the finely constituted sympathies of the heart are disordered—an extatic phrenzy, sometimes misnamed poetry, and sometimes miscalled philosophy, take the place of those emotions which are the origin of whatever is pure and beautiful in the moral organization of the sex; and there is left behind nothing but an unharmonious patchwork, in which we clearly trace the gradual decay of correct feeling, sound taste and sound judgment, in the midst of an untiring effort to set at nought the arrangements of nature, and the obligations both of truth and decency. We could illustrate this position had we time, and possibly much to the dismay of those who have been accustomed to attach undue weight to a name; but the task is ungracious, and we must conclude these hasty observations by cordially recommending the "Lives of the Queens of England" to the patronage of the public, as a work of great merit, creditable learning, and uncommon modesty.—*Glasgow Courier*.

From the Dublin Weekly Chronicle.

## FATHER MATHEW, THE IRISH TEMPERANCE APOSTLE.

The following facts, which we have been enabled to lay before our readers, respecting this extraordinary and exemplary man, may be relied on as authentic, as they have been for the most part derived from himself. His great anxiety to draw a veil over the good things he has done is the only reason that they are not more numerous.

Mr. Mathew was born in the year 1789, at Thomastown House, the seat of the Earl of Llandoff, in the County of Cork. When about 20 years of age he entered Kilkenny College, where, having completed the usual course of studies, he took orders as a Franciscan Friar. On leaving College he fixed his residence at Cork, where in a short time he earned a high reputation by the zeal with which he discharged the duties of his sacred office, and particularly by his powers as a pulpit orator. To enumerate the services which he rendered to his fellow citizens, particularly the humbler classes of them, is a task agreeable in itself, but one which would require more time and space than we can afford to bestow. Let it be sufficient to say, that he has spent the last twenty-five years in continued exertions to mitigate the sufferings of the poor of his neighbourhood, and to raise them from the state of moral and physical degradation to which they had been reduced. Never, during that time, was an attempt made to effect any of the great ends of charity—to instruct the ignorant, to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked—that did not either originate with him, or at least receive his most ardent support. He never stopped to enquire whether such an attempt originated with a Protestant or Catholic; he required but to be told that its object was to confer a benefit on his fellow-man. We need hardly say he is a true and consistent Catholic; but at the same time he believes there is room in heaven for every good man to whatsoever sect he may belong. He never hesitates to say that he believes benevolence to be the great end of Christianity. His every word and action points him out as one of those (alas! how few,) who understand that the motive which called God from on high to dwell amongst us was, that we should love one another.

By such a course of life Mr. Mathew gained, in a short time, an unbounded influence over the minds of the surrounding poor. About two years ago it was suggested to him by a few benevolent individuals who had attempted to establish a total abstinence society in Cork, that he could not better employ his talents and influence than in reclaiming the humbler classes of his fellow citizens from the vice of drunkenness, which prevailed at the time to a frightful extent among them. He embraced the proposal without hesitation. About the commencement of the year 1838, he formed the first total abstinence society. The temperance movement, like all great revolutions, has grown from small beginnings. For several months after the first society was established, the number of its members scarcely exceeded five hundred: it is now more than a million.

There is not a single member of his family, who are mostly distillers, on whom he has not inflicted a serious injury by his advocacy of Temperance; nor were his friends the only persons who suffered by his benevolence. For several months after he established his society in Cork he defrayed the expenses of it from his own pocket.

He hired, at considerable cost, a riding school in Cove street, as a place of meeting. He supported a number of poor persons who came from the neighbouring county into Cork for the purpose of joining his society. He gave sixty thousand medals for nothing; and, in addition to all this, there was no degree of exertion which he thought too much for the furtherance of the great work in which he was engaged. Day after day he was at his post, encouraging and exhorting; his toil was unremitting, and his only reward was, that which heaven never fails to bestow on a good man. Mr. Mathew is somewhat under the middle size—we should say about five feet eight—somewhat corpulent, but not so as to render him in any degree inactive. In his countenance there is a peculiar expression of benevolence.

It is rather fashionable with some people, who think they can see farther into futurity than their neighbours, to talk of Mr. Mathew's labours as transitory in their effect, and of the happy change effected in the habits of the people, as one that is not likely to outlast the enthusiasm that has given it birth. We entertain a different opinion, and we are convinced a little reflection will lead every thinking man to agree with us. What is it that forms the drunkard's charm! Assuredly nothing but habit. Nature has not implanted in our hearts a desire for wine or whiskey. The propensity is born with no man. It takes its rise from small beginnings, and grows by degrees upon mankind. May we not, then, fairly expect that time, which has given it its strength, may also take its strength away? It is a great thing to interrupt a habit. Suppose the great mass of the people should continue temperate for one year—and this supposition has been already realized with regard to a great portion of them—it is not too much to say that nine out of ten will persevere. New habits will be created, new enjoyments will be felt—and what is, perhaps, as powerful a motive as either—a new fashion will be formed. It will no longer be considered one of the necessary accomplishments of a gentleman to be able to drink a certain quantity of whiskey punch. Excess will be looked upon in its proper light as a thing rather to be ashamed of than to be proud of. Taking all these things into consideration, there is not the slightest ground for apprehension as to the ultimate result of temperance in Ireland. As to the effects of temperance on the condition of the people, they are too evident to require any lengthened remarks. The amount of money saved to the country, and to that portion of the community, too, who stand most in need of it, is perhaps the least important of the happy results that are likely to flow from it. Yet even this is by no means inconsiderable. The value of the spirits annually consumed in Ireland could not have been under three millions. The duty amounted to about half that sum, and in this a very sensible diminution has been already felt; and it is remarkable that a corresponding increase has taken place on the duties of tea and other excisable luxuries.

## WELLINGTON AND NAPOLEON.

The Duke of Wellington's campaigns furnish lessons for Generals of all nations, but they must always be peculiarly models for British Commanders in future continental wars, because he modified and reconciled the great principles of art with the peculiar difficulties which attended generals controlled by politicians, who, depending upon private intrigue, prefer parliamentary to national interests. An English Commander must not trust his fortune. He dare not risk much, however conscious he may be of good resources, where one disaster will be his ruin at home. His measures must therefore be subordinate to this primary consideration. Lord Wellington's caution, springing from that source, has led friends and foes alike into wrong conclusions as to his system of war. The French call it want of enterprise, timidity; the English have denominated it the Fabian system. These are mere phrases. His system was the same as that of all great Generals. He held his army in hand, keeping it with unmitigated labour always in a fit state to march or to fight; and thus prepared, he acted indifferently as occasion offered, on the offensive or defensive, displaying in both a complete mastery of his art. Sometimes he was indebted to fortune, sometimes to his natural genius, but always to his untiring industry, for he was emphatically a pains-taking man.

That he was less vast in his designs, less daring in execution, neither so rapid nor so original a Commander as Napoleon, must be admitted; and being later in the field of glory, it is to be presumed that he learned something of the art from that greatest of all masters: yet something besides the difference of genius must be allowed for the difference of situation; Napoleon was never, even in his first campaign of Italy, so harassed by the French, as Wellington was by the English, Spanish, and Portuguese Governments. Their systems of war were, however, alike in principle, their operations being necessarily modified by their different political positions. Great bodily exertion, unceasing watchfulness, exact combinations to protect their flanks and communications without scattering their forces,—these were common to both. In defence firm, cool, enduring; in attack fierce and obstinate; daring when daring was politic, but always operating by the flanks in preference to the front: in these things they were alike; but in the following up a victory the English General fell short of the French Emperor. The battle of Wellington was the stroke of a battering ram, down went the wall in ruins. The battle of Napoleon was the swell and dash of a mighty wave, before which the barrier yielded, and the roaring flood poured onwards covering all.

Yet there was nothing of timidity or natural want of enterprise to be discerned in the English General's campaigns. Neither was he of the Fabian school. He recommended that Commander's system to the Spaniards, but he did not follow it himself. His military policy more resembled that of Scipio Africanus. Fabius, dreading Hannibal's veterans, red with the blood of four consular armies, hovered on the mountains, refused battle, and to the unmatched skill and valour of the great Carthagenian opposed the almost inexhaustible resources of Rome. Lord Wellington was never loath to fight when there was any equality of numbers. He landed in Portugal with only nine thousand men, with intent to attack Junot, who had twenty-four thousand. At Roliça he was the assailant, at Vimiera he was assailed, but he would have changed to the offensive during the battle if others had not interfered. At Oporto he was again the daring and successful assailant. In the Talavera campaign he took the instigatory movements, although in the battle itself he sustained the shock. His campaign of 1810 in Portugal was entirely defensive, because the Portuguese army was young and untried, but his pursuit of Massena in 1811 was entirely aggressive, although cautiously so, well knowing that in mountain warfare those who attack labour at a disadvantage. The operations of the following campaign, including the battles of Fuentes Onoro and Albuera, the first siege of Badajoz, and the combat of Guinaldo, were of a mixed character; so was the campaign of Salamanca; but the campaign of Vittoria, and that in the South of France, were entirely and eminently offensive.

Slight therefore is the resemblance to the Fabian warfare. And for the Englishman's hardness and enterprise bear witness the passage of the Douro at Oporto, the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo, the storming of Badajoz, the surprise of the forts at Mirabete, the march to Vittoria, the passage of the Bidassoa, the victory of the Nivelle, the passage of the Adour below Bayonne, the fight of Orthes, the crowning battle of Toulouse! To say that he committed faults is only to say that he made war; but to deny him the qualities of a great Commander is to rail against the clear mid-day sun for want of light. How few of his combinations failed! How many battles he fought, victorious in all! Iron hardihood of body, a quick and sure vision, a grasping mind, untiring power of thought, and the habit of laborious minute investigation and arrangement; all these qualities he possessed, and with them that most rare faculty of coming to prompt and sure conclusions on sudden emergencies.

Fortune, however, always asserts her supremacy in war, and often from a slight mistake such disastrous consequences flow that in every age and every nation the uncertainty of arms has been proverbial. Napoleon's march upon Madrid in 1808, before he knew the exact situation of the British army, is an example. By that march he lent his flank to his enemy. Sir John Moore seized the advantage, and though the French Emperor repaired the error for the moment by his astonishing march from Madrid to Astorga, the fate of the Peninsula was then decided. If he had not been forced to turn against Moore, Lisbon would have fallen, Portugal could not have been organised for resistance, and the jealousy of the Spaniards would never have suffered Wellington to establish a solid basis at Cadiz; that General's after success would then have been with the things that are unborn. It was not so ordained. Wellington was victorious—the great conqueror was overthrown. England stood the most triumphant nation of the world. But with an enormous debt, a dissatisfied people, gaining peace without tranquillity, greatness without intrinsic strength, the present time uneasy, the future dark and threatening. Yet she rejoices in the glory of her arms! It is yet no security for power. Napoleon, the greatest man of whom history makes mention—Napoleon, the most wonderful commander, the most sagacious politician, the most profound statesman,—lost by arms, Poland, Germany, Italy, Portugal, Spain, and France. Fortune, that name for the unknown combinations of infinite power, was wanting to him, and without her aid the designs of men are as bubbles on a troubled ocean.—From the concluding volume of Napier's "History of the War in the Peninsula."

## ROCKY MOUNTAIN SKETCHES.

### THE FAIRY LAKE.

On the second day of our journey over that spur of the mountains which encircles the valley of Toas and stretches away to Santa Fe, after ascending a dry water course so precipitous as to render our progress extremely slow and dangerous, we reached at last the summit of the gigantic hill we were climbing.—Here we rested an hour by the side of a spring, the water of which was so intensely cold, that to decide a wager previously made with one of the Spanish smugglers, we attempted in vain to swallow three draughts of it successively. Tall, white, cotton wood trees grew here, straight and arrow like, piercing into the sky; the aspen with its delicate leaves fluttering eternally, when not even a zephyr sighed around the mountain top; and low thickets of pine and scrubby oak formed a singularly pleasing contrast to the lofty and majestic trees which soared above them. From this place we pursued our way, now winding around the side of some towering peak, now descending, and again ascending, now in the full light of glorious day upon the summit and again plunged in the deep shadow of the ravine, until in the very heart of the mountain a scene opened before us as beautiful as the brightest dream of fancy ever framed.

The rough Spaniards who were our companions had eyes for beauty; and though they could not understand our exclamations of surprise and pleasure, yet they had looked in our faces for tokens of admiration, and they now told us that we were actually treading *la tierra de los duendes*, or fairy land. Well did it deserve the name and had we been asked to christen it, we would never have thought of giving it any other. A circular hollow of some three or four miles in circumference, lay like a shallow cup in the breast of the mountain, and in the centre slept a lake without a solitary ripple on its glassy surface. Swans, white as the snow flakes on the distant crags, were floating on the silent water, and a dreamy repose hung over the scene, which, like the influence of a spell, subdued our voices into whispers, as in rapt admiration we gazed upon the fairy lake.

The Fairy Lake! Strange how vividly that beautiful sheet of water rises before the writer's vision at this moment! From the summit, as we descended, it was a sheet of burnished gold; nearer, it was an unruffled surface reflecting back the heavens. All around the lake, and down to the water's edge, and beneath the water, grew a carpet of grass, silken, soft, close, and green as the sea. It was about a foot and a half high when lifted to its length, but as it fell gracefully over, its height from the ground did not exceed ten or twelve inches. Here our path was completely lost, but the Spaniards knew well how to regain it at another point. Two parallel horse tracks, worn by hunters from the valley who were in the habit of crossing to the plains beyond in pursuit of buffalo, formed the guide by which our steps were directed, and here in fairy land, as if forbidding the approach of mortal foot, the tracks were hidden by the gorgeous green carpet of the fairies' dancing ground, and indeed it seemed to us as savouring of sacrilege to disturb the beautiful grass with the rude hoofs of our horses and mules.

We rode in silence to the edge of the lake, and there paused in mute admiration of the sun-lit sky we saw beneath us. The white swans sat motionless upon the water with their graceful forms shadowed in the glassy mirror below, until a bird screamed from a blasted pine whose twisted root clung to an overhanging rock upon the opposite side of the lake, when they hastily moved away, yet so gently that scarcely a ripple was seen upon the water as they swam. When the bird screamed, a deer, that would otherwise have remained unobserved by us, sprang from the water's brink with hasty bounds across the velvet grass and up the cliff behind us. Two rifles were instantly discharged at the poor "native burgher of this desert city," and instantly like the shifting of a kaleidoscope, the scene changed. From behind every rock and cliff an echo sprang, and hundreds of creatures that were before unseen, now started from the emerald couch where they had been basking in the noon-tide; and sped with startled haste up the surrounding ascents. The scene which a moment before seemed void of life and spell-bound in silence, now for a moment exhibited the reverse, and again in the next moment sound and life were absent, and lonely silence had again usurped her reign.

Like a plate of gold upon a circumference of emerald, lay the Fairy Lake—a lake formed from the melting snow of the mountain peaks, and existing thousands of feet above the level of the sea.

This lake, which the coarse smugglers designated as the "fairy waters," lies high among the summits of the mountains, between the great plains and the Toas valley, and doubtless when swelled by the melting of snow in the spring time, it helps to form those mountain torrents which leap the rocky cliffs and traverse the wilderness to mingle with the Missouri and the Mississippi.—N. O. Picayune.

From a Narrative of a Journey in Guatemala.—By Mr. Montgomery.

### THE IZABAL RIVER AND LAKE—S. AMERICA.

It was late in the evening before our vessel gained the mouth of the Izabal. This river takes its rise in a great fresh water lake called the Golfo Dulce, and pursues a meandering course for some fifty miles before falling into the sea. At the head of that lake is situated the town of Izabal, the port of our destination. The entrance to this river is scarcely discernible, even in the day-time, to an unpractised eye, till within about a hundred yards of it, when an opening is perceived in the mountains like the mouth of an immense cavern. The effect, as we approached it in the night, is still more striking; a starry light affording just light enough to guide us on our path, but not sufficient to make objects distinctly visible. On entering the opening just mentioned, we seemed penetrating into the bowels of the earth. On each side of us towered the lofty and precipitous mountains that form the banks of the river; and immediately in front rose a high land, dark and frowning, as if to debar completely our further progress. Towards this land, which appeared to recede as we advanced, the boat kept her way steadily and at a good rate for a full half hour, with her bows apparently not more than half a cable's length distant from it. There were moments when I trembled lest she should run against it and be dashed to pieces. But this interposition of land was only an illusion, caused by the windings of the river, and heightened by the confused appearance of objects in the night.

About midnight the moon rose, and the effect of her pale silvery light on the trees and the water was beautiful beyond description. I could now see objects more distinctly; and felt satisfied that if there is any thing picturesque, beautiful, and sublime in nature, it

must be the entrance to this river. The banks rise to a height of from two to three hundred feet, and are clothed with a rich and impenetrable foliage. The branches of the trees spreading several yards over the water, in some places this foliage suddenly disappears, and a vast naked rock, smooth and flat and perfectly perpendicular, rises like a stupendous wall, at the foot of which the depth of water admits of a vessel brushing the very surface of the precipice without danger. Here and there may be seen a rill of water, as clear as crystal, coursing from top to bottom of this natural wall, or gushing out from a fissure in its side. At other places, a group of rocks assumes the appearance of an old castle or ruinous fortification. The stream varies in width from one hundred and fifty to three hundred feet, and is in many places thirty fathoms deep. It is dotted at intervals with little islands covered with reeds; and the sharp turnings it makes gives continual interest and variety to the scenery.

As we proceeded, the noise of the water thrown up by the paddles started the tenants of this beautiful wilderness; and every now and then we heard a plunge, like that of an alligator or an otter seeking the deepest recesses of the river, or the scream of an aquatic bird flying across the stream—the only sounds that disturbed the silence of this solitary scene.

At the fort of San Felipe, which is a ruinous and almost useless fortification, a soldier was put on board our vessel. This was done agreeably to the regulations of the Customs, in order to prevent smuggling. After leaving this place and proceeding about twelve miles, we reached the point where the river spreads and forms a lake of some twenty miles in circumference, called *lagunilla*; or little lake, to distinguish it from the *laguna*, or great lake of Izabal. Here we saw a number of little islands of from five to ten acres in extent, covered with a species of cane or reed peculiar to the country, the resemblance of which to Indian corn gave them the appearance of being cultivated. But, in reality, there were no signs of cultivation around us; nor could any human habitation be seen, either on the banks of the river or on the islands just mentioned. Birds and fish and reptiles seem to be sole lords of this wild domain.

After crossing the little lake we came to the lake proper, where an immense sheet of water, extending to a circumference of not less than ninety miles, assumes the appearance of a little sea; the distant mountains being only dimly visible in some places, while in others a perfect horizon is formed.

## HOW TO HAVE GOOD CHILDREN.

I am not intending to write a book just at this time, Messrs. Editors, which I should have to do, if I said all that might be said under the head I have chosen. I will only ask a few moments' attention to one particular point, that of *keeping children at home*.

But why keep them at home? Because home is the best place for them; the best place to instruct them, to form their manners, mould their morals, cultivate tenderness and domestic affections. Because if they are much abroad, they will hear and see a thousand things they ought not; they will fall into bad company, their morals will be corrupted, and they will contract idle and vicious habits. They will gradually escape from parental influence and control; and from bad company abroad they will learn to practice insubordination at home.

But would you prison up a child always at home? Not exactly so; for instead of making a home a prison, I would make it as nearly as possible a paradise. I would make the word home the sweetest in the ear of the child of any in the language. At home he should see smiling countenances, hear sweet sounds, and find instruction mingled with delight. He should have his black board and chalk, his slate and pencil, his little waggon, his nursery balls, his little books; and if somebody would only make them, a set or a number of sets of alphabetical letters, neatly cut of ivory or bone, with which he could learn to make monosyllables and words.

This, of course, refers to the small child: when he grew larger, he should have books adapted to his age and capacity; he should draw maps, he should if possible have a little garden to cultivate—at all events some boxes filled with pretty flowers. He should have tools, and be taught to exercise himself in carpentry.

I would converse with my child, walk with him, spell, read, write, recite, and parse with him. I would enter into a correspondence with him; I would sing with him, and pray with him. Thus I would endeavour to make him feel that there was no place like home. You may indulge children and spoil them; you may be unduly severe and spoil them; you may be sour and spoil them; or you may neglect them, and others will spoil them. But you will yourself be what a parent should be, and study to gain and retain the ascendancy which properly belongs to a parent, if you will be fruitful in expedients, and persevering in effort, you may succeed in training up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.—*Christian Advocate and Journal*.

Sorrow.—A time will come when we shall see everything with clear eyes; but, at present, we think a few clouds are greater than the sun, only because that they are nearer to us.

The contention of criticism is to find the faults of the moderns, and the beauties of the ancients.

## SCRAPS FROM THE GERMAN OF JEAN PAUL.

**PATRICIANS AND PEASANTS.**—I compare the mass of the people to the walls of a building, the shape and polish of which is of little consequence, so long as they are solid and substantial; while the upper classes are the columns that adorn the edifice, which, as they support nothing, and are only for ornament, must be highly finished and elegant.

**GOVERNMENT.**—How little has all the outward display of a government to do with its secret movements? These are like the two chains of a watch—in open view hangs one of gold, rich and massive and loaded with ornaments, but within the machine, unseen and seldom spoken of, is the steel chain which gives it its motion and its value.

**SILENT NATIONS.**—Those nations which are more remarkable for silence and slowness of speech, as the Arabs, English, and Germans, possess fiery, eloquent poetry, while that of more loquacious people, as of the French and Italians, is tamer and colder.

**OSCUITY.**—The greatest men sometimes flourish at a distance from colleges and cities, as, in astronomy, the largest planets are those which are farthest from the sun.

**THOUGHT AND ACTION.**—Many flowers open to the sun, but only one follows him constantly. Heart, be thou the sunflower, not only open to receive God's blessing, but constant in looking to him.

**CHILDHOOD.**—It is an error to suppose that childhood is the happiest part of life. A child's pleasures are like early spring flowers, pretty but pale, scentless and fleeting. The rich and fragrant treasures of the heart are not developed so early.

**PROVIDENCE.**—We can only judge of the design of Providence in the mass, and not apply them to every narrow individual instance. The sky, we see, is blue; but when it is confined in a room, we cannot see its colour.

**SORROW.**—A time will come when we shall see everything with clear eyes; but, at present, we think a few clouds are greater than the sun, only because that they are nearer to us.

**UNIVERSE.**—When we consider the universe, it gives us pleasure to think that we belong, even though but as a little spark, to such a blaze of light.

**PROVIDENCE.**—To judge of the designs of Providence, is like pronouncing the sun variable, when we see its reflection trembling in the water.

In the anatomy of the hand, we find that the muscle by which we shut it, is much stronger than the one by which we open it, and this holds true as to giving and receiving.

## NATURE'S TEACHINGS.

The Swan teaches that every thing is beautiful in its proper element. On land the swan is the most awkward, in water the most graceful of all birds.

Illustration.—A ploughman would not be more awkward at court, than a peer at the plough or in the smithy. What would a countess do in the kitchen or the mill?

The Stork teaches that many virtuous people are taciturn. The stork neither sings, talks, nor hoots; but it carries its worn-out parents on its wings!

Illus.—Persons who say the least are often both wise and devout. Two of our most popular authors, one male and the other female, who recently died, were taciturn.

The Swallow teaches there is a very great art in knowing one's time, and a great virtue in being punctual to it. The swallow never omits to come at the approaching summer.

Illus.—

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

We may be very diligent and clever, but if at the wrong time, it will be of little use.

The Linnet teaches that we are not to judge of abilities from mere external appearance. Who would think that such a plain bird as the linnet could sing so well?

Illus.—If judgment had gone by appearance, nearly the whole race of genius would have been proscribed.

The Goose teaches that there is a great difference between our real and our imaginary height. The goose stoops in a passage under an archway six feet high, lest its head should strike against the top.

Illus.—Our imaginary height is fixed by ourselves. Our real state is the average between the opinions of our friends and enemies.

The Lark teaches the nearer we rise to heaven, the more sweetly we would sing; as the lark sings the best when it ascends towards the skies.

Illus.—An advance in religious character should be marked by an increased sweetness and harmony of disposition, which are the music of the mind.

The Redbreast teaches that we should be cheerful in the worst times; as there is no winter, however severe, in which the Redbreast does not sing.

Illus.—Cheerfulness in adversity 'breaks the fall of sorrow's wave.' Monsieur Ducrow escaped unhurt from the Bastille, after a confinement of fourteen years, because he endured it cheerfully.

## HOME PLEASURES.

I crown thee king of intimate delights,  
Fire-side enjoyments, home-born happiness,  
And all the comforts that the lowly roof  
Of undisturbed retirement, and the hours  
Of long uninterrupted evening know.

There is more value than all believe in the simple maxim, Let family enjoyments be common to all. If there are few who deny this, there are still fewer who act upon it in its fullest extent. Something of it there must be to make a family at all. We occupy the same house, sit around the same fire, and eat at the same table. It would seem churling and almost inhuman to do otherwise. But I am for carrying the matter much further, and for knitting more closely together those who cluster around the same hearth; believing that every influence is evil which severs father from child, and brother from brother. The morsel that is eaten alone, becomes sooner or later a bitter morsel.

Members of the same household should feel that they are dependent on one another, and should be as free to ask, as ready to give assistance. Each should rise in the morning with the impression that no duty of the day is more urgent than to make every individual happy, with whom he is brought into contact. And this contact should be sought, not shunned. It is a bad sign when members of the same household are shy of one another. I do not, of course, allude here to those horrid instances of unnatural, brutal temper, where persons of the same blood, daily gathered around the same board, refuse to speak to one another; malice and envy must runle deeply where this can be the case. I refer to a more common fault, which sometimes exists where there is a degree of real affection, but where the members of the family have separate pursuits and separate pleasures. The evenings of the industrious family may be, and ought to be, delightful seasons of joint satisfaction. If we must have evening parties of friends, let there be a proper mingling of sexes and ages. The presence of the old may to a degree moderate the mirth of the young, but in the same proportion the aged will be enlivened. This parceling and assorting of society, like labelled packages in a shop, is becoming too common, and in my judgment injurious.—The young folks must be all together; and if matters go thus we may live to see parties of grey-beards and parties of sucklings. Not wherever it is possible, let the family chain be kept bright and whole. In the houses of the industrious, it is surely broken often enough by separation at work during the day.

Instead of thus living apart, which engenders selfishness and moroseness, I love to see the members of families flowing together like congenial drops. Show me the father often walking with his sons, and these sons often one with another, not in business merely, but in sports, and I shall think I see a virtuous and happy household.

**THE BATTERY.**—Those who look upon our Battery as a merely local beauty spot—one of those oases whose mid-urban rurality relieves the traveller through this wilderness of brick—do little justice to the beauty of its sylvan shades and verdant bordered walks. That there is a lovelier promenade to be found on earth, we do not believe; but, there is a romance about it, that far excels even its own unrivalled charms of land and water prospect. It is very delightful to the general pedestrian to walk over these grounds; it is not very often that a man may enjoy at one and the same time so rare a treat as a stroll through paths that exhibit city and country blended into their own peculiar beauty at every step he takes. Nowhere else can he look on landscape embracing such a stretch of city, of country, and of sea! On our Battery, almost every possible variety of scenery is exhibited, with even more than theatrical suddenness of change; for it is not necessary to push or lift aside the mimic efforts of the painter. We have only to turn the eye, and the change is accomplished. Have you been gazing upon the blue hills of New Jersey, lit into golden tinges by the sunset? Look along the line of the glorious Hudson, and you have before you the loveliest river that ever laved the sylvan scenery of a mountain valley. Has your eye rested upon the green lawns and wooded slopes of Long Island? It has not done so without at the same glance embracing an ocean bay, studded with islands of surpassing beauty, and whitened by the sails of a thousand vessels of as many forms and of almost as many flags. Commerce congregates in this beautiful expanse of water, and here are seen the "Argosies" of all nations that hold maritime intercourse with each other; from the red cross of St. George to the scarlet flag of Muscat—from the tricoloured banner of freedom, to the Greek cross of the Muscovite—our own glorious "haldric of the skies" predominant among them—the flags of war and of commerce float upon the breeze. This is the Battery, as it appears in its external characteristics; but there is a deeper interest in its less obvious and less known features. The Battery is as much the "Exchange" as will be the noble building in Wall-street. It is the domestic Bourse of New York—the place where the most important of all the civic transactions take place! On these green grounds are settled half the love affairs of three hundred thousand men, women, and children.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

**PLEASURE.**—A young and unperturbed mind sets out in early youth with fair prospects, with a happy disposition, with indulgent parents, and wealth at command, and for many a bright year all is smiles and gaiety. Pleasure leads on to pleasure, till comes satie-

ty: disappointments begin to appear, the trusted friends prove false, the hopes break like bubbles that a child would grasp; prosperity passes away, impatience, anxiety, intemperance succeed; the spoiled child of fortune bears ill the check of adversity, and new difficulties and reverses rush up to swell the amount. Violent passions, anger, wrath, strife come on; and life either ends in turbulence and crime, or else, improved though saddened, elevated tho' melancholy, the rest of existence is spent calmly, cheered by the hopes of another and a better world. How like is this history to the passing of many a summer day! It rises bright and beautiful with all the promises of splendour, of sunshine, and of light; the birds sing about the cradle of the infant morning, the painted insects hum around and flutter as it rises; cloudless in its golden prosperity it advances through the sky, till towards the heat of noon a cloud or two here or there comes with its shadow over the heavens. Ardent and more ardent the noonday sun shines strong, as if to overwhelm such intruders in its tide of glory; but the very heat seems to call up fresh masses of dull vapour: they rise, they increase, they grow upon the sky, the warm summer light but makes them look more dark and threatening, till at length the sun itself is covered, and the storms begin. Then comes the lightning, and the thunder, and the hail; the brightness and the beauty are all passed away; the calm light of the dawn, the golden warmth of the morning, the resplendent beaming of high noon, are all gone; and the day either comes to an end in clouds, and storms, and weeping darkness, or else, after many an hour, the blue sky appears again, the vapours are partially swept away, and with tearful eyes and aspect cool though clear, the day goes down into night, leaving the hope of a brighter morrow.

Miss Lasher, of Ohio, recently recovered a verdict of 130 dollars from a Mr. Smith (rather an odd name) for a breach of the marriage promise. Friend Smith offered in extenuation of his false vows, that the lady wore false teeth. No excuse at all. He should have discovered the defect by asking the lady to bite his little finger; and if there was a rattling among the ivory he would have known his cue. Such are not legal excuses at all, because, if the lover was so delighted with the graces of the mind as to overlook the defects of the person, that is his loss. Nevertheless, where there is a uniform system of deception practised with skill to entrap the unwary, it may be offered in mitigation of damages. I knew a dashing fellow in London by the name of Jack Franco, the most gay and fashionable person on the pave. He used to dress in buckskin breeches, top boots, blue coat, white vest, silk gloves, and a tippy cane in hand, and was really a fine, florid, fresh looking man of taste and fashion. Calling at his lodgings one day, to take him out to dine, I found him preparing his toilet; but what was my horror at seeing Jack take off his wig, take out his false teeth and place them in a tumbler of fresh water, and deposit a glass eye carefully on his table. He stood before me a man of 60, entirely made up. After dinner and a bottle of Port, we went to Drury Lane, and Jack fell asleep in the boxes, closing his natural eye, while his glass peeper remained open, giving him a most awful appearance. Now such a man, well made up, and with a charming address, might have captivated any lady; and if, discovering the deception in time, she should refuse to marry him, what jury would have given damages for the breach? He was an artificial man altogether.—*N. Y. Star.*

**ENGLAND.**—If an Asiatic or a Roman of the conquering ages of Asia and Rome, could start from his grave; with what astonishment would he see an island, once almost too trivial for his ambition, and too distant for his knowledge, lording it over a dominion wider than all ancient empire, touching with her sceptre the eastern and western extremities of the earth, impressing her will on the councils of every kingdom, filling every corner of the earth with her arts, her benevolence and her learning, gathering into her bosom the opulent products of every region, pushing her brilliant adventure to every spot where man can master the wild powers of nature, controlling an empire in the heart of Asia; not less proudly conquering another empire from the swamps and forest, and savage solitude of the western world; founding another empire in the new-born continent of the south; and in all, leaving vestiges of herself that no time will ever wear away; erecting altars that shall last when sword and sceptre are dust; founding institutes, not of harsh and sanguinary power, but like the pillars in the journeyings of Israel, sacred evidences that there God had been their guide, and renewed his covenant with his people; planting her noble language, the old wisdom of her laws, the matchless security of her freedom, the incalculable knowledge of her religion! England, the mighty mother of empires; the great dispenser of good; the intellectual sovereign of the globe.—*Rev. Dr. Croly.*

**IMPARTIALITY.**—An indolent youth being asked why he was so shamefully fond of his pillow, to the manifest injury of his reputation, replied, "I am engaged every morning in hearing counsel:—Industry and Health advise me to rise—Sloth and Idleness, to lie still, and they give their reasons at length, pro and con. It is my part to be strictly impartial, and to hear with patience what is said on both sides; and by the time the cause is fairly argued, dinner is generally on the table."

**THE CRUSADERS.**—We purchased from the natives and Armenian merchants at Bombora a number of splendid sabres and poyards of the very first workmanship, and evidently of great antiquity, but so well preserved, that they appeared as if they had only yesterday left the hands of the armourer; several of the blades were engraved or inlaid with gold characters. There were also full length inscriptions on some of them, surmounted with the head of the Saviour, or a saint, which generally ran thus: *Tar mi Dey e par my Rey. Ne me tire pas sans raison, et ne me remets pas sans honneur.*—From the number of weapons found among this people of European fabrication, and said to have belonged to the crusaders, it is highly probable that the natives of the Caucasus were engaged in war against the Christians; or perhaps the soldiers of the cross, having been captured by the Turks, escaped from them, to the mountains of Caucasus; but being considerably the minority in the population, adopted in process of time, the manners, customs, and religion of the natives, and finally became amalgamated with them.

This opinion is corroborated by a fact, which I give you on the united testimony of several Armenian merchants who had visited that country. It appears that at the base of the Caucasus, a tribe still exists, called Khervisour, who have preserved among them Christianity to the present day, and in manners and customs differ entirely from every other, and are not exceeded by any in bravery, or in their love of independence. They are still habited in ancient armour; the figure of the cross distinguishing their bucklers, and one of red cloth is constantly worn on their breasts. It is generally supposed, from the similarity of their weapons with those of the Normans and French of the middle ages, they are descended from Gallic ancestors.—*Spenser's Travels.*

**CEYLON—Fire Flies.**—At Hongwella, I was delighted with the softness of the scene, and the wondrous blaze of the fire-flies; as the breeze shook them from the dark foliage, and they again strove to gain the shelter of the surrounding trees. Nothing can be imagined more enchanting than the refreshing coolness and beauty of the nights as you approach the mountains in the interior of Ceylon; for even if the surpassing lustre of the moon and stars be obscured by clouds, the innumerable fire-flies with brilliancy only inferior to the light of heaven, serve to realize all those ideas which fancy forms of fairy land. The brilliancy of the fire-fly was on one occasion the cause of an accident to a gentleman who, on emerging from the heat of a mess-room, imagined a fire-fly, which started before him, to be a lantern borne by a servant; the eccentric motions of the insect were set down by the master as the vagaries of the domestic, until a volley of abuse and a rush at the refractory bearer, were cut short by a headlong plunge into the cold lake of Kandy.

**THE WATER WORKS.**—It is rather doubtful whether the public is very well aware of the magnitude of the great work now going on for the supply of this city with pure and wholesome water. Few, very few, even of our own citizens have much idea of it. It may be questionable whether either 'Greek or Roman fame' can equal it in every aspect of the undertaking. No matter, however; to bring a river of pure mountain water into the city from a distance of forty odd miles, and to transport it over and under a country of variegated surface, upon erections of colossal dimensions here, and subterranean excavations of wonderful length and profundity there, is quite as much, we believe, as ancient or modern enterprise has ever undertaken and completed. Let those who have merely read of this great public work in the newspapers or in the report of the "water commissioners," go to Murry's Hill, and look at the delivering reservoir. It is but a miniature representation of the great receiving reservoir a little higher up the island, and both of them are trifling in comparison with the bridge to be built over Harlem river; but let the public look at this, and he will go home proud of his city, and proud of this greatest and noblest of American undertakings.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

A teamster lately lost from his wagon a keg of butter, which was found by a man who carried it half a mile on foot, to the tavern of Mr. H., where he found the owner, who thanked him for his trouble. Mr. H. (the landlord) observed to him that he was well paid—that *thank you* was worth twenty-five cents, and *thank you kindly* was worth thirty-seven and a half cents. He (the footman) soon called for a dinner, which was forthwith provided. After finishing his meal he enquired the price—the answer was twenty-five cents. He then said, *I thank you kindly*, and moved off. The landlord immediately called to him, *Here, stop my friend, and take your change; there is twelve and a half cents your due—your bill was only twenty-five cents.*

**STATESMEN.**—Statesmen do not understand the difference between mechanical and organic action in governments. In the midst of the soft tender peach is formed the hard kernel, and this is cloven not by force from without, but by the gentle growth of the young shoot within; and in like manner does public opinion gently harden into a mass, which preserves the shoots of the future, and which cannot be broken.

**IMAGINATION.**—Men of lively imagination reverse the old proverb; and to them two birds in the bush are worth a great deal

more than one in the hand. And, after all, what are the few square yards of the present, compared to the boundless extent of the future, over which the imagination is sole ruler?

"Do you publish matrimonial notices for the subscribers to your paper?" said a gentlemanly looking youth, stepping into our office the other morning. "Certainly, sir." "Well, then, I'll go and get married, for I don't see any other way of getting my name in your paper—since you have rejected all my poetical effusions."

**A TOAST.**—Toast given at a public dinner in Connecticut—*"The NUTMEG State—Where shall we find a grater?"*

## THE PEARL

HALIFAX, SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 20.

**ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.**—Thursday being the anniversary of the great event, which gave England the supremacy on land as well as ocean, and crushed Napoleon's empire into atoms, a Grand Review took place of all the available military in garrison. His Excellency reviewed the troops, and gave a ball and supper in the evening.

**THE WEATHER.**—How true it is that man is, generally, the creature of circumstances; that which he most desires at one time, becomes distasteful at another, and he sighs for the reverse. For the last week or ten days, clear skies, balmy winds, and genial sunbeams, which are almost always welcome visitors, were found to have staid beyond their time, their departure was earnestly desired, and we longed for the dark, chilly, scowling east wind, with its drenching glooms. Thursday the wind veered round to the south east, and on Friday the longed-for aspect was enjoyed. A canopy leaden and lowering, was spread all overhead, giving much pleasure, because it was rich in the refreshing showers, so much required by the parched earth. The dweller in town was more than satisfied with the gloom, for he sympathised with the farmer, and considered how the pastures and furrows would drink in the life-giving moisture.

**ORCHARDS.**—Those of the rural population who have these delightful appendages to their farms—and what farm should be without an orchard?—have abundant promise of reward this season. It is said that within several years past there has not been such a prospect as the present, of abundance of fruit. This, however, to those who live in town is but of small consequence;—the supply is always so scant, from the interior, that it is scarcely reckoned on, and if there is to be the great luxury of plenty of fruit, distant lands are looked to for the blessing. This should not be so,—but it will be,—until more taste, and attention to comparatively small matters and notions of elegance in their avocation, mark the habits of our agriculturists. Barries are the fruit-staple of Halifax: the delicious fruit that boon nature plants and tends. Give us a good strawberry season, and we have little cause to care for the scanty fruit trees of the farmer, or to sympathise with those who, inheriting the grounds of the orchard-loving Acadians, have by no means worthily followed out one beautiful part of the economy of the exiles.

**TREES.**—An article in last Pearl mentioned the formation of a *Tree Society* in the Town of Gardiner, U. States. A late paper informs us that in that town there is not an unoccupied house. Such signs of activity and prosperity were to be expected, of a place which evinced its public spirit in so unusual and elegant a manner, as that described.

**NEWS OF THE WEEK.**—Happily nothing very agitating marks the intelligence of the past week. Peace seems still to hover on downy wing over the human family, while the croaking ravens of war, if above the horizon at all, are so distant that they are scarcely noticed.

The arrival of the Unicorn, the first of the Cunard line of Steamers, at Boston, was celebrated by a procession of the authorities and others of the city and State, and by a public dinner. Mr. E. Cunard, junr. and Capt. Douglas of the Unicorn, were guests. Much enthusiasm and excellent feeling marked the proceedings.

A freshet had done much damage in the Southern States. Indian outrages were continued. The British Queen left New York with 172 passengers. The proceeds of her trip are stated at 27,000 dollars. Emigrants were arriving in numbers at Quebec. Commercial embarrassment was experienced in St. John, N. B.

### MARRIED.

On Friday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Laughlan, Mr. William Barron, to Alice, daughter of Mr. Peter Morrissey. At Wolfville, on the 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Owen, Mr. J. C. Tobias, of Annapolis, to Mrs. Cecilia Augusta Emmons, eldest daughter of Stephen B. Dewolf, Esq. of Wolfville.

### DIED.

In the Poores' Asylum, Peter Reed, aged 38 years, a native of Leith. Robert Fraser, aged 48 years, a native of Scotland. At Antigonish, on the 9th Inst. Deacon George F. Irish, of the Baptist Church, aged 35 years—leaving a widow and four small

children to lament the loss of a truly kind husband and affectionate father.

On Wednesday, 10th, Caroline, eldest daughter of Mr. T. Cook aged 21. At Truro, after a short and severe illness, Jane Walker, wife of John A. Dickson, and third daughter of the Rev. John Waddle, aged 20 years. On Monday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, Mr. David McTier, a native of Wigtonshire, Scotland, aged 38 years. At Chester, on the 1st of June, Major John Evans, aged 71—after a long and distressing illness from Palsy, which he bore with great resignation. At Chester, on the 27th May, Mrs. Peck. At Hammond's Plains, on the 3d inst. James Boyes, the master of the African School at that place, leaving a wife and five children to mourn the loss of a kind husband, and an affectionate parent.

### SAINT MARY'S SEMINARY

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

#### PROFESSORS.

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

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

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.

NO. 88 & 89, GRANVILLE STREET.

CALL AND SEE.

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

#### JUVENILE WORKS

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

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

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

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

May 9. ARTHUR W. GODFREY.

### MR. W. F. TEULON,

ACCOCUCHEUR, &c.

**DESIROUS** that Professional aid at the Confinements of Mothers (considering themselves at present unable to afford it), might be generally rendered as in Great Britain, and other countries, offers himself to attend such, in any part of the town, at the same rate which obtains there: namely, £1 10 Sterling, visits during the recovery of the patient included.

Upper Water Street, Halifax, opposite Mr. Wm. Roche's Store. May 16, 1840.

### SEEDS—FRESH SEEDS:

**BY** the Royal Tar, from the Thames, the Subscriber has completed his supply of Seeds, comprising

RED AND WHITE DUTCH CLOVER,

Swedish Turnip, Mangel Wurtzel, and a general assortment for the kitchen garden. Also, a few choice Flower Seeds: catalogues of which may be had at his store, Hollis street.

G. E. MORTON.  
May 9. Pearl and Novascotian.

NO. 88 & 89, GRANVILLE STREET.

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

Greenock, Doway Bibles and Testaments for the use of the Laity, The Path to Paradise, Key to Heaven, Poor Man's Manual, Missal, Butler's first, second, and general Catechisms. May 9. ARTHUR W. GODFREY.

## NAPOLEON OFF USHANT.

BY B. SIMONS.

"I shall never forget that morning we made Ushant. I had come on deck at four o'clock to take the morning watch, when, to my astonishment, I saw the Emperor come out of the cabin at that early hour, and make for the poop ladder. Having gained the deck, pointing to the land, he said, 'Ushant!—Cape Ushant?' I replied, 'Yes, Sire,' and withdrew. He then took out a pocket-glass and applied it to his eyes, looking eagerly at the land. In this position he remained from five in the morning to nearly mid-day, without paying any attention to what was passing around him, or speaking to any of his suit, which had been standing behind him for several hours. No wonder he thus gazed: it was the last look of the land of his glory; and I am convinced he felt it as such. What must have been his feelings in these few hours!"—*Memoirs of an Aristocrat, by a Midshipman of the Bellerophon.*

What of the night?—ho! watcher there  
Upon the armed deck,  
That holds within its thund'rous lair  
The last of empire's wreck—  
E'en him whose capture now the chain  
From captive earth shall smite—  
Ho! rocked upon the moaning main,  
Watcher what of the night?

"The stars are waning fast; the owl  
Of morning's coming breeze  
Far in the north begins to furl  
Night's vapour from the seas.  
Her every shred of canvass spread,  
The proud ship plunges free,  
While bears afar, with stormy head,  
Cape Ushant on our lee."

At that last word, as trumpet-stirred,  
Forth in the dawning gray  
A silent man made to the deck  
His solitary way.  
And leaning o'er the poop, he gazed,  
'Till on his straining view  
That cloud-like speck of land, upraised,  
Distinct, but slowly, grew.

Well may he look until his frame  
Maddens to marble there;  
He risked Renown's all grasping game—  
Dominion or despair;  
And lost; and lol in vapour furl'd,  
The last of that loved France,  
For which his prowess cursed the world,  
Is dwindling from his glance.

Rave on, thou far-resounding deep,  
Whose billows round him roll!  
Thou'rt calmness to the storms that sweep  
'This moment o'er his soul.  
Black chaos swims before him spread  
With trophy-shaping bones—  
The council-stride—the battle-dead;  
Rent charters—cloven thrones.

Yet, proud one! could the loftiest day  
Of thy transcendent power  
Match with the soul-compelling sway  
Which, in this dreadful hour,  
Aids thee to hide beneath the show  
Of calmest lip and eye,  
The hell that wars and works below;  
The quenchless thirst to die?

The white dawn crimsoned into morn;  
The morning flashed to day,  
And the sun followed, glory-born,  
Rejoicing in his way;  
And still o'er ocean's kindling flood  
That muses cast his view,  
While round him, awed and silent, stood  
His fate's devoted few.

He lives, perchance, the past again,  
From the fierce hour when first  
On the astounded hearts of men  
His meteor presence burst;  
When blood-besotted anarchy  
Sank quelled amid the roar  
Of thy far sweeping musketry,  
Eventful Thermidor!

Again he grasps the victor crown  
Marengo's carnage yields,  
Or bursts o'er Lodi, beating down  
Bavaria's thousand shields;  
Then, turning from the battle-sod,  
Assumes the Consul's palm,  
Or seizes giant empire's rod  
In solemn Notre Dame.

And darker thoughts oppress him now:  
Her ill-requited love,  
Whose faith, as beautiful as her brow,  
Brought blessings from above;  
Her trampled heart—his darkening star—  
The cry of outraged man,  
And white-lipped Rout, and wolfish War,  
Loud thund'ring on his van.

Oh, for the sulph'rous eve of June,  
When down that Belgian hill  
His bristling Guards' superb platoon  
He led unbroken still!  
Now would he pause, and quit their side  
Upon destruction's marge,  
Nor king-like share, with desperate pride,  
Their vainly-glorious charge?

No!—gladly forward he would dash  
Amid that onset on,  
Where blazing shot and sabre crash  
Peal'd o'er his empire gone;  
There, 'neath his vanquished eagles tost,  
Should close his grand career,  
Girt by his heaped and slaughtered host!  
He lived—for fetters here!

Enough!—in noontide's yellow light  
Cape Ushant melts away—  
Even as his kingdom's shattered might  
Shall utterly decay;  
Save when his sprit-shaking story,  
In years remotely dim,  
Warns some pale minstrel with its glory  
To raise the song to him.

Blackwood's Magazine.

## GARDENS.

This is the season of the year when almost every man, and we might with propriety add, woman also, who have attended at all to the cultivation of taste, in horticultural and floricultural pursuits, have a wish to gratify that taste. We are often amused, frequently interested, and sometimes delighted, in witnessing the various displays of taste which we witness in the gardens and other inclosures about the dwellings in this city. We have, as yet, hardly progressed far enough to have any general well-defined and established principles or specimens of good taste, and every one feels perfect freedom in "following his idea."

In a matter of this kind we feel great delicacy in suggesting even general rules, and yet there are so many popular faults in the matter, that a few hints seem to be necessary. We are led, therefore, to make a few remarks:

It always seems to us to be in bad taste to have boards at the edge of the beds either in the kitchen or flower garden. They give the idea of weakness and decay. They always appear insufficient for the duty required of them to sustain the embankment. Their perpendicular position and sharp edges appear stiff and unnatural. These objections weigh with a thousand fold more force when the bed inclosed is greensward, or grass covered, transcendantly so, when it is elevated or mound-like. The grass, in such a case, should reach the level of the walk.

It is a prevalent custom, and one too long sanctioned, to plant currant, gooseberry, raspberry, and such fruit-bearing shrubs near garden fences. One objection to this is that it is inconvenient to pick the fruit. It is, also, almost impossible to keep them properly pruned, and the earth about their roots, clean and in order. A better way is, to have the walk next to the fence and the shrubs in a border, having a walk to permit an approach to each side.

It is in bad taste to plant fir, spruce, pine, and other evergreen trees in cultivated land. The pale brown of the open earth appears in sad contrast with the perpetual green of the foliage. It were better to have green sward around such trees: a circular plat a little larger than the spread of the branches, at least. In all small enclosures about a dwelling the land had better be well sodded than to undertake to cultivate it, unless it is done with surpassing neatness.

If a person is desirous of a green lawn in which to place evergreen and other shrubs the lawn should be but a little removed from the dwelling, with the cultivated land beyond it.

In situations where the kitchen and flower garden are identical, the flower garden should be arranged so as to form a border to the kitchen garden, each preserving its distinctive character, and yet so arranged as to harmonize as a whole. In the arrangement of ornamental trees and shrubbery, near a dwelling, the shrubbery should be placed nearest the dwelling. Fruit-bearing trees, however, may be placed near the end, or in rear of the house, without any violation of good taste.

With respect to the isles or walks, in a garden they should always be much wider than is usual, their width to depend upon the size of the garden, but always sufficiently wide to admit of easy and natural walking. Whatever may be the other arrangements, if the walks be narrow and confined, the whole will be in bad taste and appear offensive.—*Am. paper.*

## GRIMALDI.

During the month of May, 1811, he had to play Clown at both theatres, the pantomime being acted as the first piece at Sadlers-Wells, and as the last piece at Covent Garden. Not having time to change his dress, and, indeed, having no reason for doing so, if he had, in consequence of his playing the same character at both houses, he was accustomed to have a coach in waiting, into which he threw himself the moment he had finished at Sadlers-Wells, and was straightway carried to Covent Garden to begin again.

One night it so happened that, by some forgetfulness or mistake on the part of the driver, the coach which usually came for him failed to make its appearance. It was a very wet night, and not having a moment to lose, he sent for another. After a considerable interval, during which he was in an agony of fear lest the Covent Garden stage should be kept waiting, the messenger returned in a breathless state with the information that there was not a coach to be got. There was only one desperate alternative, and that was to run through the street. Knowing that his appearance at Covent Garden must by this time be necessary, he made up his mind to do it, and started off at once.

The night being very dark, he got on pretty well at first; but when he came into the streets of Clerkenwell, where the lights in the shops showed him in his Clown's dress, running along at full speed, people began to grow rather astonished. First, a few people turned round to look after him, and then a few more, and so on, until there were a great many, and at last, one man who met him at a street corner, recognizing the favourite, gave a loud shout of "Here's Joe Grimaldi!"

This was enough. Off set Grimaldi faster than ever, and on came the mob, shouting, huzzing, screaming out his name, throwing up their caps and hats, and exhibiting every manifestation of delight. He ran into Holborn with several hundred people at his heels, and being lucky enough to find a coach there, jumped in. But this only increased the pressure of the crowd, who followed the vehicle with great speed and perseverance; when, suddenly poking his head out of the window, he gave one of his famous and well-known laughs. Upon this the crowd raised many roars of laughter and applause, and hastily agreed, as with one accord, that they should see him safe and sound to Covent Garden. So the coach went on, surrounded by the dirtiest body-guard that was ever beheld, not one of whom deserted his post, until Grimaldi had been safely deposited at the stage door; when, after raising a vociferous cheer, such of them as had money rushed round to the gallery-doors, and making their appearance in the front just as he came on the stage, set up a boisterous shout of "Here he is again!" and cheered him enthusiastically, to the infinite amusement of every person in the theatre who had got wind of the story.

MALIBRAN AND SONTAGE.—Madame Malbran's popularity daily increased, and the appearance of Madame Sontage, now countess Rossini, at the Theatre Italien, was a new stimulus, which contributed, if possible, to improve her talents. Whenever Sontage obtained a brilliant triumph, Malbran would weep, and exclaim, "Why does she sing so divinely?" The tears excited by these feelings of emulation were the harbingers of renewed exertions and increased improvement. One evening they met at my house. A little plot was formed against them, about the middle of the concert it was proposed that they should sing the duo from "Trancredi." For some moments they evidently betrayed fear and hesitation; but at length they consented, and advanced to the piano amidst the plaudits of the company. They stood gazing at each other with a look of distrust and confusion; but at length the closing chord of the introduction roused their attention, and the duo commenced. The applause was rapturous, and was equally divided between the charming singers. They themselves seemed delighted at the effect they had produced, and astonished to discover how groundless had been their mutual fear. They joined hands, and inclining affectionately towards each other, they interchanged the kiss of friendship with all the ardor and sensibility of youth.—*Memoirs of Madame Malbran.*

## THE COLONIAL PEARL,

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

## AGENTS.

Arthur W. Godfrey, General Agent, Halifax, who will correspond with the local Agents—receive monies, and transact the business generally.

James L. Dowell, Esq. Windsor	Charles Morse, Esq. Liverpool
W. H. Chipman, } Lower Horton,	R. N. Henry, Esq. Antigonish.
} Wolfville,	Mr. Henry Stamper, Charlotte Town
} Kentville,	G. A. Lockhart, Esq. St. John, N. B.
Thomas Spur, Esq. Bridgetown.	G. A. Reeve, Esq. Sussex Vale
Peter Bonnett, Esq. Annapolis,	C. Milner, Esq. Sackville & Dorchester
J. H. Fitzrandolf, Digby.	J. Taylor, Esq. Fredericton,
H. G. Farish, Esq. Yarmouth.	J. Caie, Newcastle, Chatham & Nelson
J. W. Smith, Esq. } Amherst.	Jos. Meagher, Esq. Carleton, &c.
} Fort Lawrence.	Wm. End, Esq. Bathurst.
Thomas Caie, Esq. } Richibucto.	Jas. Boyd, Esq. St. Andrews.
Silas H. Crane, Esq. } Economy.	Messrs. Pengree & Chipman, St. Ste-
D. Matheson, Esq. } Picou,	John Bourinot, Esq. Sydney. (pens.
} Ricer John,	P. Caughlan, Esq. Restigouche.

HALIFAX, N. S.: Printed at The Novascotian office.