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ANCIENT REMINISCENCES.

In King's Chapel, in Tremont-street, Boston, is a monument to the memory of Frances Shirley, wife of Governor Shirley. There are none of the contemporaries of this lady remaining. We know but little of her except from this monument, and the faint and visionary sketches that become more and more indistinct, as they pass through successive generations. After a panegyric on her virtues, this record follows:

"Near this excellent mother, lie the mortal remains of her second daughter, Frances Bullen, late wife of William Bullen, Esq., the King's Advocate in the Vice-Admiralty Court of the Province of Massachusetts, whose virtue and great beauty, prudence, piety, cultivated understanding, and gentle manners, were the delight of all while she lived.

"The too brief space of her life was passed ere she had attained her twenty-fourth year, and she died on the twelfth of March, 1744; deeply lamented by her husband, parents, and friends."

It is truly said we live a second time in our children. Of the daughter of this lady and grand-daughter of Governor Shirley, Frances Shirley Bullen, there is much known that is interesting. A friend of hers is still living at an advanced age.

Her mother died while she was very young, and her father, being appointed agent for Massachusetts to the court of St. James, went to England, and left her to be educated in this country. The property which she was to inherit made it proper to appoint guardians of distinguished respectability. These were Judge Trowbridge, Judge Russel, and her uncle, Mr. Temple.

With Judge Trowbridge, at Cambridge, she principally resided. Her wealth and beauty attracted admirers at an early age; but it was well understood, that her father was averse to her forming any matrimonial connexion in America, and that he looked forward to her making a splendid alliance in England.

The early part of her life was passed in innocent gaiety, unclouded by thought of the future. She formed those associations with friends of her own sex, to which the youthful mind so naturally turns, and felt as if her world of happiness existed on this side of the Atlantic. At the age of eighteen, she received a summons from her father to come to him; and, with deep sensibility, she parted with Mrs. Trowbridge, who had supplied to her the place of her own mother. There was no mother to welcome her to the strange land to which she was going; of her father she had but a slight remembrance; and, if friends were in store, they must be new ones. She made a thousand promises to write constantly; and said, "that to lay open her whole heart" to those she had left behind "would be her greatest solace."

Soon after her arrival in England, letters came; but they were not the transcripts of her warm and affectionate heart; it was evident to her friends, that they were written in a depressed and constrained manner. At length, all correspondence ceased, and they heard of her only by report. It was soon understood, that her father did not wish her to continue her intercourse with her American friends, and was continually haunted by fears that she might defeat his ambitious project by forming some alliance beneath her. This led him to keep a constant guard upon her movements, and to prohibit her from general society. One solace, however, he allowed her, and that was the privilege of passing a few days with Mrs. Western, a female friend of great respectability and influence. This lady became fondly attached to Frances, who acquired, from her elegant and cultivated manners, a polish that she could not have gained in her father's family.

Mrs. Western resided a few miles from the city, and it was happiness to her young friend to quit its noise and dust and enjoy those scenes in the country, that reminded her of her early walks in Cambridge, and the winding course of Charles river. Mrs. Western had sons, but they were absent from home, and the father's apprehensions, with regard to them, seem not to have been awakened. One of them returned home on a visit to his mother, while Frances was staying with her. Mrs. Western immediately made arrangements to restore the young lady to her father's residence the next day, knowing his extreme anxiety on the subject.

The breakfast hour, with her, was one of cheerful meeting. She took her seat as usual at the table, and, after waiting some time in pain for the appearance of her guest, sent a summons to her room. The messenger returned with the intelligence, that she was not there, and that the room did not appear to have been occupied during the night. She sent to her son's room; the young student was not to be found, the truth flashed upon her mind,—they had eloped together! Nothing remained but to send a despatch to the father, acquainting him with her suspicions.

He lost no time in repairing to her mansion, and loaded her with

reproaches. His accusations were violent and unfounded, and he more than hinted, that she was accessory to the elopement. Mrs. Western preserved a calm and dignified deportment, and replied, "that the measure was as unpleasant to herself as to him; that her son had not yet finished his education, and a matrimonial connexion might prove a blight to his future exertions." She also observed, "he was not of age, and could not, for some time, come into possession of his own property. That now as the thing was irremediable, they had better submit to it with magnanimity."

Necessity is a never-failing counsellor. The father contented himself with solemnly protesting he never would forgive, or see, his daughter. Mrs. Western, on the contrary, received the young couple with gentleness when they returned, which they did after a few days' absence, and endeavoured, by maternal counsel, to obviate the evils of this rash and disobedient step.

Years passed on; and they had several children. Though the father still adhered to his determination of not forgiving his daughter, in the tenderness of her husband and his mother, and surrounded by blooming and healthy children, her life was tranquil and happy.

Some months after the birth of the youngest child, Mr. and Mrs. Western set out on a journey, taking the infant with them. At an inn, where they stopped, Mr. Western got out of the phaeton. At that moment the horses, which were usually perfectly gentle, took fright, and ran with his wife and child, notwithstanding all his own and his servant's attempts to stop them.

The mother's first thought was for her infant, and seizing an opportunity when the speed of the horses was a little checked, by a hill, she threw it upon a hedge of foliage. A mother's ears are quick, she distinguished the cry of the child; it was not one of distress, and she felt new courage, and, springing herself from the carriage with but slight injury, was able to hasten immediately back to recover the child. She found it safe and unhurt, and it recognised its mother with the joyous welcome of infant affection. With a heart filled with gratitude for their preservation, she walked on to meet her husband, knowing he must be enduring dreadful anxiety.

The first person she met was her own servant, "We are safe and uninjured," she exclaimed, "hasten back and tell your master."

He neither moved nor spoke, and as she looked in his face she perceived signs of deep distress. "What has happened? what have you to tell?" she exclaimed. He was unable to evade her eager inquiries, and the information he gave her was abrupt and overwhelming. Mr. Western, in endeavouring to stop the horses, as they rushed furiously forward, received a violent blow on the breast, from the pole of the carriage, and fell dead on the spot. His wretched wife fainted at the intelligence, and so dreadful was the shock, that for many months her reason was partially estranged. Her father could not resist this accumulation of distress. He went immediately to see her, and continued the intercourse, soothing her grief by parental tenderness.

After these melancholy events took place, she resided wholly in the country, devoting herself to the education of her children. She died many years since; and only one of her American friends still survives her.—*New York Mirror.*

THE BARONESS DE DRACEK.

A CELEBRATED FRENCH SPORTSWOMAN.

Having heard of a lady of the name of Drack (for thus is her name pronounced) who was famed for her love of the chase, and the destruction of wolves and boars, as well as for hunting the wild stag and fox, in this department of France, I determined on visiting the place of her late residence, with a view of ascertaining some particulars of her history, which I could not otherwise have become acquainted with. It being only fourteen years since her death took place, I thought I might meet with some domestic about the chateau who could give me information respecting her, and in this I was not disappointed; the gardener, now in charge of it, having commenced his service in her establishment as whipper-in and feeder. What I saw and heard I will now proceed to detail.

The chateau at which Madame Drack (I will keep to that pronunciation of her name, as such she was generally known by,) resided, is situated about sixteen miles from Calais, about three to the left of the road between Ardres and St. Omer, and in a rich and well-timbered country, in which Henri Quatre, of France, once had a hunting-seat; but the approach to it is by a road by no means adapted to a top-heavy coach. Being in a carriage, how-

ever of a different sort, namely, a low one-horse phaeton, I arrived in safety at the gates, over which were displayed a considerable number of wolves' heads, one of which was of surprising dimensions. On ringing at the bell I was admitted, and I will commence by giving a description of the domain and the chateau, and a few relics of its late most extraordinary possessor.

Her maiden name was Marie Cecile Charlotte De Lauretan, and, I have reason to believe, an heiress to a considerable amount in her own right. Her husband was Baron De Drack, whom she survived thirty-six years; and never having been *enccinte*, she left no immediate heir. Their joint annual income when married, amounted to 60,000 francs (£2400 of our money), reduced to 40,000 at her death, the old lady having, I conclude, rounded the corners of her estates, as she advanced in life, to meet the expenses of her hospitality, and various other claims upon her purse; for, be it known, she was one of the kindest and best of her sex. Her old servant spoke of her in the highest terms of praise, not only as to her accomplishments of field and flood, but of her kindness to her servants, and great care of the poor. Of her person I am unable to say much. It had rather a masculine appearance; and her face was distinguished by a large wart.

The domain,—including the house, stables, and offices, a small flower-garden, a kitchen-garden of five acres, in which there were some peculiarly fine orange-trees, and a paddock in front of the house,—was enclosed by a high wall, and entered by a double set of large pannelled gates, the whole together not covering an extent beyond ten acres of ground. As for the house, it has no pretensions to architectural ornaments, but its means of affording accommodation may be imagined, from the fact of my having stepped thirty paces an end, a good yard to a step, through the rooms and passages of the first floor.

On the left of the entrance-hall is the dinner-room, in which amongst others, is a picture of Madame with her hounds. She is mounted on a gray gelding, said to have been her favorite hunter, and is thus equipped:—A green coat with a gold band round the waist; hat, with a high crown and a small gold band; her hair appearing behind in rather large curls, leather breeches and boots, and seated, of course, *a la Nimrod*. In addition to all this, she has the *couteau de chasse* by her side, and the figure of the wolf on the buttons of her clothes denoting the *chef-d'œuvre* of her pursuits. Her best hunting-dress, richly ornamented, cost 1200 francs; but, with the exception of one button, there was not a remnant of it to be found. There were likewise in this room a portrait of Baron de Drack, mounted for the chase, in an olive-colored coat, faced with silver, and in a full cocked hat; and one of a priest, who had been preceptor to Madame in her youth.

But I cannot quit this room without the mention of a very melancholy occurrence that took place in it, one of a very opposite nature to those of which it had for so many years been the scene. I was shown the spot, in one corner of it, on which this extraordinary person fell, stricken with apoplexy, in her seventy-fifth year, and the next day she died. I also saw her tomb—or rather the grave in which her remains are laid—between two elm trees, in a small churchyard hard by, with nothing but a wooden cross at its head, on which the following inscription appears:— *Ici repose le corps de noble Dame Marie Cecile Charlotte de Lauretan, Baronne de Dracek. Decedee le 19 Jan. 1823, age 75.*

In the drawing-room are several pictures on various subjects; amongst them a very good one of an ancestral general officer, in armor, with a beautiful ruff round his neck; his hand resting on his helmet, and his coat of arms appearing on one corner of the canvass. There were others of hunting the wolf, the boar, the stag, and the fox, in all of which Madame is conspicuous; as well as one in which she is represented in the act of fishing, in which she was a great adept. My informant spoke in great praise of her favorite *pecheur*, and how much his loss was lamented by his mistress. Her huntsman also appears in one of those pictures, mounted, and blowing his horn, in a fine laced coat.

I now proceeded to the kitchen, which bore evident traces of the good cheer that for so many years existed in this hospitable chateau; forasmuch as, exclusive of a large fire-place, oven, etc., there were six hot hearths of more than usual dimensions. But when I state that, during the widowhood of Madame Drack—and no doubt such was the case in the Baron's day—she had three dinner parties every week, that is, after each day's hunting, these appendages to good cooking were not more than were requisite. There was in this kitchen the largest head of a stag I ever saw or heard of; the antlers were three and a half feet in height, and the length of his face and forehead measured sixteen inches. He

was nine years old when Madame shot him before her hounds.

I have forgotten to mention one picture, which is only worthy of notice from the extraordinary fact that it represents. As the hounds of this lady were pursuing a large and ferocious boar, a woodman chanced to be in his path, and, apprehensive that he might attack him, was about to aim a blow at him with his bill-hook as he passed. Whether from agitation at the moment, or from a wish that the blow should be effectual, it is not in my power to determine; but with such violence was the intended instrument of destruction raised previous to its being struck, that the point of the weapon entered the poor fellow's head as he reared it, and killed him on the spot. Madame is represented as riding up to him, in the hope of rendering him aid.

The up-stairs rooms having been entirely stripped of their furniture, present little that is worth remarking upon; but close to the chamber in which Madame slept and died, was something strongly indicative of her character: this was a row of saddles, seven in number, on which her own saddles were kept when not in use; from which trifling circumstance we may conceive the zeal and system with which she pursued everything relating to the chase. Also, in her bed-room were rests for six guns, over the fire-place, in the use of which she was most expert. In fact, almost the last act of her life was that of killing an owl, with a ball, as it sat on the top of her dove-cote. But there were, I understand, signs of the prevailing fashion in almost everything this lady said, did, or thought of. All her dinner-knives were mounted in the horn of stags slain by herself; and even the whistle with which she whistled in her pointers, was formed out of a tusk of a huge wild boar, also of her own killing; it measured six inches.

EXTRACTS FROM A PRIZE ESSAY ON EDUCATION, BY MR. LALOR.

WHAT EDUCATION IS.

Education does not mean merely reading and writing, nor any degree, however considerable, of mere intellectual instruction. It is, in its largest sense, a process which extends from the commencement to the termination of existence. A child comes into the world, and at once his education begins. Often at his birth the seeds of disease or deformity are sown in his constitution; and while he hangs at his mother's breast, he is imbibing impressions which will remain with him through life. During the first period of infancy, the physical frame expands and strengthens; but its delicate structure is influenced for good or evil by all surrounding circumstances,—cleanliness, light, air, food, warmth. By and by, the young being within shows itself more. The senses become quicker. The desires and affections assume a definite shape. Every object which gives a sensation, every desire gratified or denied, every act, word, or look of affection or of unkindness, has its effect, sometimes slight and imperceptible, sometimes obvious and permanent, in building up the human being; or rather, in determining the direction in which it will shoot up and unfold itself. Through the different states of the infant, the child, the boy, the youth, the man, the development of his physical, intellectual, and moral nature goes on, the various circumstances of his condition incessantly acting upon him—the healthfulness or unhealthfulness of the air he breathes; the kind, and the sufficiency of his food and clothing; the degree in which his physical powers are exerted; the freedom with which his senses are allowed or encouraged to exercise themselves upon external objects; the extent to which his faculties of remembering, comparing, reasoning, are tasked; the sounds and sights of home; the moral example of parents; the discipline of school; the nature and degree of his studies, rewards, and punishments; the personal qualities of his companions; the opinions and practices of the society, juvenile and advanced, in which he moves; and the character of the public institutions under which he lives. The successive operation of all these circumstances upon a human being from earliest childhood, constitutes his education; an education which does not terminate with the arrival of manhood, but continues through life—which is itself, upon the concurrent testimony of revelation and reason, a state of probation or education for a subsequent and more glorious existence.

IMPORTANCE OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

The influence of the physical frame upon the intellect, morals, and happiness of a human being, is now universally admitted. Perhaps the extent of this influence will be thought greater in proportion to the accuracy with which the subject is examined. The train of thought and feeling is perpetually affected by the occurrence of sensations arising from the state of our internal organs. The connexion of high mental excitement with the physical system is obvious enough, when the latter is under the influence of stimulants, as wine or opium; but other mental states—depression of spirits, irritability of temper, indolence, and the craving for sensual gratification, are, it is probable, no less intimately connected with the condition of the body. The selfish, exacting habits which so often attend ill health, and the mean artifices to which feebleness of body leads, are not, indeed, necessary results; but the physical weakness so often produces the moral evil, that no moral treatment can be successful which

overlooks physical causes. Without reference to its moral effects, bodily pain forms a large proportion of the amount of human misery. It is therefore of the highest importance that a child should grow up sound and healthful in body, and with the utmost degree of muscular strength that education can communicate.

BENEFITS OF A TASTE FOR POETRY.

There is one subject which requires a short consideration before passing to the third branch of education, or that which relates to the formation of moral character.

It may be thought extravagant to propose the cultivation of a taste for poetry as a regular part of education, especially for the poorer classes. Yet, education, which seeks to develop the faculties of a human being, must be very inadequate if it neglects the culture of the imagination. The power of poetic creation is, indeed, the rarest of endowments, but the power of enjoyment is general. The highest human mind differs not in kind, but in degree, from the humblest. The deepest principles of science discovered by the slow toil of the greatest men, the loftiest imaginings of the poet, having once been revealed in the form of human conceptions, and embodied in language, become the common property of the race, and all who go out of life without a share in these treasures, which no extent of participation diminishes, have lost the richest portion of their birthright. Man rarely feels the dignity of his nature in the small circle of his common cares. It is when brought into communion with the great spirits of the present and the past,—when he beholds the two worlds of imagination and reality, in the light of Shakspeare's genius, or is filled with the sacred sublimities of Milton, or from Wordsworth learns the beauty of common things, and catches a glimpse of those "clouds of glory" out of which his childhood came,—that he feels the elevating sense of what he is and may become. In this high atmosphere, so bracing to the moral nerves, no selfish or sordid thoughts can live.

But assuredly there is no class in society to whom the sustenance of such communion is more requisite than to the largest and poorest. The harshness of the realities about them requires its softening and soothing influence. It is a good which they may have with no evil attendant. Its purifying excitement may displace stimulants which brutalize and degrade them.

TEACH THE LAW OF CONSEQUENCES.

But it is necessary that the man should be able to control his appetites, and therefore the child must attempt it. The early strength of these impulses is probably not more necessary for the preservation of our physical frame than for our moral probation and advancement. We must begin with the slightest trials. If the child's attention has been awakened to the pleasure or pain of others, he will often be disposed to give up a pleasure in order to relieve pain, or to make another happy. All such impulses and acts should receive their due reward of affectionate encouragement. He should be made to feel that such things, above all others, win for him our esteem; and his own feeling will teach him that self-denial has its reward. His imagination should be excited by brief and vivid anecdotes of those who have given up their pleasure to benefit mankind; but particularly of Him, so humble and so gentle, the friend of little children, and so like one that little children would love, who gave up all for the good of men; and, rejecting the bright road of ambition and of royal power, took up the bitter and humiliating cross. But we must guard against any unnatural forcing. We must beware of exciting a false and calculating benevolence. Every act of kindness in the child should be followed by its precise natural consequences, both painful and pleasant. All education ought to lead the mind to a more perfect acquaintance with the realities of nature and society, the real properties of things, the real consequences of actions. If a child has willingly sacrificed his own enjoyment for another, he must suffer the loss, and find his reward in the pleasure of doing the kindness and of seeing the happiness he produces. But if we, as a reward for his benevolence, pamper the appetite which he has denied—if we restore the apple or orange which he has given up, that he might bestow a penny in charity, we do much to destroy the good of his action, and to teach him the trick of hypocrisy. On the next occasion, he will expect his loss to be made good, and he will readily please his teacher or his mamma, by benevolence which costs him nothing. If we would avoid this, we must be content to see the power of self-control at first very feeble. By apportioning its trials to its strength, it will grow until the enlightenment of the intellect and the increased appreciation of enjoyments other than sensual confirm it into a ruling principle of action.

PRIDE.—It has been well said, that the thing most likely to make the angels wonder, is to see a proud man. But pride of birth is the most ridiculous of all vanities—it is like the boasting of the root of the tree, instead of the fruit it bears.

In the early part of July, the Caspian Sea was violently agitated by storms. Eighteen Russian and Persian vessels, valued with their cargoes at three millions of roubles, were wrecked, and 95 lives were lost.

PARACHUTE DESCENTS.

The English aeronauts are determined to succeed in the use of parachutes to make descents from their airy vessels, notwithstanding the ill success of many previous attempts, and several fatal accidents. A Mr. Hampton has recently made a trial in London, attended by a less startling catastrophe than usual. The following is his account of the experiment which he made in London on the 12th of August last:

Early in the morning of Monday last I was on the grounds superintending the arrangement of the apparatus for my aerial exhibition, and every thing went on to my entire satisfaction—the weather seemed also more settled, thus giving me the greatest confidence that all my plans and efforts would terminate favourably.

Having arranged my ballast, cleared every line and halcyon, ascertained the full ascending power of the stupendous and impatient aerial machine, I stepped into the car with every feeling of the most perfect confidence in my success, which every one at that moment in their excited state around me for my safety can testify.

The signal to let go was given by me, and responded to by the deafening cheers and acclamations of those in the gardens, as well as from the immense mass of human beings which had thronged together in every direction as far as the eye could reach, and never did "the machine leave terra firma more proudly and majestically than on the present occasion."

Having surveyed the locality over which I was agreeably floating, I found that I should speedily be directly above Kensington Gardens, and deeming this to be a favourable spot for my descent, especially as I had announced it to be my intention to make it within sight of the grounds, I accordingly arranged for the separation from the balloon, and with a resolute heart, a firm and steady hand, instantly severed the only cord which united me with the rapidly soaring machine above me. At first I endured the usual dreadful sensations of being nearly suffocated, which lasted some few seconds; but having recovered, I cast my eye in the direction of the exact spot upon which I was likely to descend, and instantly discharged the ballast, at the same time waving my cap to the assembled multitude. Finding I was making towards a large tree, I crouched down in the basket and prepared for the concussion. Unfortunately, I caught one of the branches of the tree; consequently the proper action of the air on the parachute was lost, and the bough breaking with the weight, I came with much force to the ground; whereas, had I escaped the tree, or even fallen in a cluster of trees, my descent would have been unattended with the slightest ill effect.

The shock for a few minutes deprived me of speech, but I was perfectly sensible, and by the kind assistance of several persons who had surrounded me (and to whom I feel most thankful) I was enabled to return within a very short period of time to the grounds I had previously quitted, where I addressed the numerous company anxiously awaiting my arrival, in explanation of the feelings I entertained in having accomplished to their entire satisfaction the feat I had promised, though that feat was not perfected to my own satisfaction, inasmuch as my hitherto twice successful plan of bringing down the balloon to the earth, not only near the place of my own descent, but reaching it before me, failed; and this proved a serious event to myself in the loss of the machine.

A very slight line has hitherto been affixed to the top of one of the gores inside, and, terminating through a small incision near the neck of the balloon, is made fast to the bottom of the tube of the parachute. Thus, when I cut the connecting cord which held my whole weight, it rested only on the above named line; the sudden jerk instantaneously causes an incision through the entire gore of the balloon; the gas rushes out in one immense volume, and the weight of the balloon being in the head, it completely turns over, and reaches the earth in a few minutes. In this instance the packthread or line through the silk snapped asunder, instead of acting as before described.

Such is the confidence I have in my apparatus, that I should not hesitate making another descent in a proper locality, where clear and open space preclude the possibility of my coming in contact with any intermediate object than the earth, and which must be admitted is not the case in my making the descent near the metropolis.

In regard to my descent on Monday last, had I not found that I was likely to drift over the densely populated neighbourhood of Kensington and its immediate vicinity, I should not have descended so soon, it being my wish to have attained a greater altitude, as the grandeur of the sight would have been more enhanced, as likewise appertaining much more to the safety of the aeronaut, my opinion being that an altitude of at least one mile ought to be gained before cutting away, as at this height the parachute itself acts much better, and more ample time is afforded to the aeronaut to regain composure, and regulate the mode for a safe and steady descent.

ERROR.—A man should not be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is saying in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.—Pope.

BRIGHTON.

Brighton is like a great city, built entire, and at one job, to order. It is fresh and modern all over. It looks finished, too, for there is no sign of building, and in that it is unlike an American city. The cliffs are broad streets, beautifully macadamised, with rows of Palaces on one side, and the surf of the sea on the other. I think the two cliffs, which form a crescent with the Queen's Pavilion and the chain pier in the centre, are something more than three miles long. The most magnificent feature in this long terrace, is a succession of squares, receding from the beach, and with one side open to the sea—the houses are of a very highly ornamented style of building, and surmounted with balconies, low windows and belvideres, so as to command from every room and chamber a prospect of the sea. These three-sided squares are all large, with an enclosed park in the centre, and in such a windy place as Brighton, form very snug and sheltered promenades. Kemp Town, as it is called, forms the Eastern extremity of the horn, and the Square last built, though standing a hundred feet above the beach, has subterranean passages running under the street, and connecting every house with baths on the sea. This is the finest bit of Brighton in point of architecture, and in one of its plainest houses lives the Duke of Devonshire.

The other features of the cliffs are small phaetons to let for children, drawn each by a pair of goats, well groomed and appointed, hand carriages for invalids; all sorts of pony chaises spattering about with fat ladies, and furnished invariably with the smallest conceivable boy behind; any quantity of lumbering 'double frys' or two-horse coaches, drawn by one animal, and occupied usually by a fat cit and his numerous family; great numbers of remarkably single-looking ladies, hanging to their parasols with one hand and fighting the wind out of their petticoats with the other; yellow-visaged East Indians forgetting their livers while they watch the struggles of these unwilling aeronauts; here and there a dandy, looking blue and damp with the chill of the salt air; and all along the beach, half in the water and half in the sand, in singular contrast to all this townishness, groups of rough sailors cleaning their boats, drying their nets, and cooking their messes on cross sticks, apparently as unconscious of the luxury and magnificence on the other side of the street, as if it were a mirage on the horizon.

The Royal Pavilion is not on the sea, and all you can see of it from the street, is a great number of peaked balloons, some small and some large, which peer above the shrubbery and wall, like the tops of the castors beyond a dish of salad.

The seed of this great flower upon the sea-side was a whim of George the Fourth's, and to the excessive fright of the Brightonians, little Victoria, has taken a particular dislike to it, and makes her visits briefer and briefer.—*Willis.*

GENERAL PUTNAM.—During the war in Canada, between the French and English, when General Amherst was marching across the country to Canada, the army coming to one of the lakes which they were obliged to pass, found the French had an armed vessel of twelve guns upon it. The general was in great distress, his boats were no match for her, and she alone was capable of sinking his whole army, in the situation in which it was placed. While he was pondering on what should be done, General Putnam came to him, and said, "General, that ship must be taken." "Ay," says Amherst, "I would give the world she was taken." "I'll take her," says Putnam. Amherst smiled, and asked how. "Give me some wedges, a beetle (a large wooden hammer or mallet used for driving wedges,) and a few men of my own choice." Amherst could not conceive how an armed vessel was to be taken by four or five men, a beetle, and wedges. However, he granted Putnam's request. When night came, Putnam, with his materials and men stole quietly in a boat under the vessel's stern, and in an instant drove in the wedges behind the rudder, in the little cavity between the rudder and the ship, and left her. In the morning, the sails were seen fluttering about, she was adrift in the middle of the lake, and being presently blown ashore, was easily taken.

EVENING SCENES ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.—From the moment the sun is down, everything becomes silent on the shore, which our windows overlook, and the murmurs of the broad St. Lawrence, more than two miles immediately before us, and, a little way to the right, spreading to five or six miles in breadth, are sometimes for an hour the only sounds that arrest our attention. Every evening since we have been here, black clouds and splendid moonlight have hung over, and embellished this tranquil scene; and on two of these evenings we have been attracted to the window, by the plaintive Canadian boat-song. In one instance, it arose from a solitary voyager, floating in his light canoe, which occasionally appeared and disappeared, on the sparkling river, and in its distant course seemed no larger than some sportive insect. In another instance, a larger boat, with more numerous and less melodious voices, not indeed in perfect harmony, passed nearer to the shore, and gave additional life to the scene. A few minutes after, the moon broke out from a throne of dark clouds, and seemed to convert the whole expanse of water into one vast sheet

of glittering silver; and, in the very brightest spot, at the distance of more than a mile, again appeared a solitary boat, but too distant to admit of our hearing the song, with which the boatman was probably solacing his lonely course.

THE SABBATH BELL.

How sweetly, through the lengthened dell,
When wintry airs are mild and clear,
Floats chiming up the sabbath bell,
In softened echoes to the ear!
"Come, gentle neighbours, come away!"
So doth the welcome summons say;
"Come, friends and kindred, 'tis the time!"
So seems to peal the sabbath chime.

Done are the week's debasing cares,
And worldly ways and worldly will;
And earth itself an aspect wears
Like heaven, so bright, so pure, so still!
Hark, how by turns, each mellow-note,
Now low, now louder, seems to float,
And falling, with the wind's decay,
Like softest music dies away!

"And now," it says, "where heaven resorts,
Come with a meek and quiet mind;
Oh, worship in these earthly courts,
But leave your earth-born thoughts behind."
And, neighbours, while the sabbath bell
Peals slowly up the winding dell,
Come, friends and kindred, let us share
The sweet and holy rapture there.

G. LUNT.

THE SCEPTICISM OF IGNORANCE.—The history of James Bruce and his Travels in Abyssinia supplies a remarkable illustration of this kind of scepticism. When the book came out in 1790, it was admired by a judicious few—and it is so far honourable to the understanding of George III., that he was of this number; but from the great mass one loud cry of contemptuous incredulity burst forth. The author stated that in Abyssinia fossil salt was used as money, a thing which had never before been heard of, and which therefore could not be true. He related how he had seen three soldiers, travelling with a cow, throw the animal down, and cut two slices of meat from her body, which they ate raw, closing up the wound at the same time with skewers—a statement in which there was too strong a combination of the ludicrous and horrible to allow of its being any thing but a fiction. He gave drawings of many plants of extraordinary appearance and properties, previously unknown in Britain—one, for instance, giving out milk when cut; likewise of many singular animals, particularly of a fly named *Zimb*, which had been known to destroy whole armies. These were evidently gross falsehoods. Accordingly, the book was scouted; the author even met with personal insult; and the last years of a life which had been devoted to the public service, were spent in morose solitude, instead of the enjoyment of those honours which his magnanimous hardihood and great sufferings, his industry, learning, and talent, had deserved. How has the question ultimately turned out? Several years after the grave had closed over the ill-used Bruce, Dr. Clarke met at Cairo an Abyssinian clergyman, who, on being interrogated as to the above and many other points in the work, confirmed every thing which the author had stated, excepting a few trivial matters in which Bruce had evidently been mistaken, and which only served to show how entirely he had written in good faith.

ON THE STUDY OF LANGUAGES.—Though a linguist should pride himself to have all the tongues that Babel cleft the world into, yet if he had not studied the solid things in them as well as the words and lexicons, he were nothing so much to be esteemed a learned man, as any yeoman or tradesman competently wise in his mother dialect only. Hence, appear the many mistakes which have made learning generally so unpleasing and so unsuccessful; and we do amiss to spend seven or eight years merely in scraping together so much miserable Latin and Greek as might be learned otherwise easily and delightfully in one year.

NON-ARRIVAL OF A STEAM SHIP.—The Steam ship "British Queen" has been hourly looked for during the past three days, and accordingly a goodly space in this page was reserved for recording the news brought by her. But, alas! she is still only looked for. These steam-ships play the mischief with the poor New York editors; they are so punctual in their arrival, considering the immense distance they traverse, that when one of them chances to be a few days behind her time, everything is thrown into confusion. Speculation is immediately rife as to the probable cause of her detention—the betting improves as the various chances of accident or foul weather, westerly winds, or the "southern passage," seem to multiply as you reflect upon them. If she is out quite too long the Insurance officers begin to get nervous—the "Humane Societies" look to their life boats, and talk of immortality, and then the Collector despatches a fast-sailing

Revenue-cutter to cruise off the Hook, and try to learn if there is any distress on board.

But these are public and general considerations; in a newspaper office it is the deuce itself. A new sub is to be retained to sit up o' nights to clip items from the files she is expected to bring—the editor himself sleeps less soundly than is his wont, dreaming now of a "horrid steam-boat explosion," and then of what is worse, the loss of all his magazines—the boys in the printing-office get nervous and restless, and you are anxious lest any of them should run off and be found wanting when the crisis *does* arrive—extra hands are engaged to drive on the work with rapidity; and you feel a little qualmish yourself about this extra expense—then a great blank has to be left in your paper, to be filled, if the ship comes not, with cheese-parings and clippings from a thousand mouldy sheets, all being stuff that you would never have touched or thought of, had you gone about your work in your usual mode—these are a tithe of the disagreeable attendants upon the non-arrival of one of the great steam-ships. Nor is this the worst of the business, for just as you get an article written announcing their non-arrival, lo! in they come, as in the present instance.—*N. Y. Spirit of the Times.*

THE EGLINTON TILTING MATCH.—A London paper says:—"The most splendid and magnificent specimen of ancient armour, to be worn on this interesting occasion is generally considered to be that recently brought from the armoury of the baronial hall of Hylton Castle, near Sunderland, Durham. This princely and gorgeous suit is made of pure-Milan steel, burnished blue, decorated with gold studs or rivets, curiously inlaid with the same costly metal, and elaborately wrought in arabesque. The casque or helmet alone weighs nearly forty pounds, and the bars of the vizor are of solid gold. This warlike specimen of the olden time is in beautiful preservation, and is said to have cost one thousand guineas nearly five hundred years ago, when it was worn by the then Baron of Hylton at the victorious battle of Cressy.

Lord Eglinton is descended in a direct line from Roger de Mundergumerie, since changed to Montgomery, who followed William of Normandy at the time of the conquest. One of the family afterwards settled in France, early in the reign of Francis the First, and his son John de Montgomery, better known by the title of Captain of Lorraine, was renowned for his address in all kinds of warlike exercises, which, however, did not prevent his wounding with a burning brand, Francis the First, in the forehead, during a mock siege, given for the entertainment of the court at the Hotel Saint-Pol.

This gentleman's son, Salme de Montgomery, was also a great admirer of tournaments, and had the misfortune in one given in the Rue St. Antoine, to wound mortally King Henry the Second, who was his adversary. After a life of great vicissitude, caused by his involuntary regicide, he was taken prisoner in 1574, shut up in one of the towers of the Conciergerie, and had his head cut off by order of Catherine de Medicis, who thus avenged her husband's death twenty-four years after. It is singular enough that two ages and a half after, his descendant should again exhibit marks of the same inclination for tournaments.

THE GOODWOOD CUP (OR PLATE) VALUE THREE HUNDRED GUINEAS.—The manufacturers are Messrs. Garrard, London, whose works of the same character we have, of late, had so many opportunities of noticing with deserved recommendation. The design and modelling are by Cotterell, a gentleman whose talent in this branch of the art has been long acknowledged; and his object has been, while aiming at novelty, to embody in his subject something in which "the horse" should form a prominent feature—the merits of that noble animal constituting the title to so splendid a prize. In carrying out his views he has been most successful; two Arabian chargers, in their native desert, constitute the principal figures in the group; and in the execution in silver from the original model, the manufacturers have sustained their high reputation, preserving, with extraordinary fidelity, the beautiful symmetry of the animals, and, with an anatomical accuracy perfectly faultless, portraying their most minute developments of grace and muscle. The group, it will be seen, is assembled at the base of an obelisk, covered with hieroglyphic characters denoting the proximity of water to the travellers in the desert. Two Bedouin Arabs and their coursers have just reached this locality. One has dismounted, and, after having examined the impression of footsteps, visible in the sands, points to the direction in which the wayfarers have gone. And here it is meant to illustrate the sagacity with which these wanderers of the desert can discover, from the marks which are thus implanted, not only the course taken, but the character and numbers of those of whom they are in pursuit. The natural expression of inquiry and communication preserved in these figures is admirable, while their costume and general appointments are most accurate, well justifying the high encomiums which the whole work received, not only from the brilliant circle assembled at the mansion of the Duke of Richmond, but from the assembled multitude in the Grand Stand, where it was displayed for public observation. To the whole of the artists whose skill has been devoted to perfecting the work, the highest meed of praise is due.—*Spirit of the Times, N. Y.*

JACKSON THE JOCKEY.

(An account of this individual's death came in recent arrivals from Great Britain. The subjoined sketch is interesting, as exhibiting the habits of life etc. of persons out of the common course, and the skill which sometimes attaches to employments in which many would expect but little of science.)

In his palmy days, he was inferior to none, and the skill and courage which he displayed procured him the jockeyship of the first horses of the day, from the best of the breed of the celebrated John Hutchinson, down to those of Mr. Watt, and Mr. Petro. He possessed great nerve, although rather timorous at the first onset. He had a good seat and a good head: looked well upon the saddle; was strong in the arms, and possessed the skill of reserving the powers of his horse until the very moment they were most required, when he brought them into successful operation. Resolute and untiring, he possessed correct judgement and discrimination; and, increasing in courage as the race became more desperate, he was yet averse to pushing his horse beyond the reach of his physical powers, and invariably acted with feelings of humanity when he saw that the chance of winning was lost.

Jackson was the most successful rider in the St. Leger race; and won that great event no less than eight times. To his other winnings of the St. Leger would have been added Mr. Watt's Blacklock, had he not incautiously pulled him up, opposite the Grand Stand, being confident all his competitors were defeated, and not seeing the approach of Mr. Pierce's horse, Ebor, until it was too late to get Blacklock into his full stride again in sufficient time, although he had shot past Ebor as soon as he had got beyond the post. Jackson was much blamed for this; but the fact was, that he did not see Mr. Pierce's horse, and was, if anything, too confident of the race, and checked his own horse when he ought not, in that race at least, to have been checked at all. But perhaps the most successful feat of Jackson was, when he was appointed to ride Mr. Petre's Theodore for the St. Leger, in 1822. Theodore, who had run successfully at two years old, was defeated a few weeks previously to the decision of the St. Leger; and from being high in the betting scale, he was knocked down to the lowest point. In proof of how much he had sunk in public estimation, it need only be mentioned, that, on the morning of the race, a hundred guineas to a walking stick of the value of a shilling was laid against him, and taken. Jackson was sadly mortified at his chance for the race, and was very desirous of riding one of Mr. Gascoigne's horses, either the colt or the filly, and declared that he could win upon either one or the other. But his chance was unalterably fixed upon Theodore. The extraordinary success which ensued will be seen. He was extremely low spirited during the whole of the forenoon, especially when he knew the state of the odds: and at length grew rather ill tempered. As the time drew near, he walked to the ground with the saddle at his back, in no very enviable frame of mind, and was weighed in due course.—On enquiring afterwards if any one had seen Mr. Petre—or his groom, or his horse—he was answered in the negative. He then proceeded to the field and repeated his inquiries there with the like success. At length he discovered a horse at the far side of the field, led by a little stable boy. He thought that it must be his horse, Theodore. He trudged across the lands, and approaching the boy said—

"Is that Mr. Petre's horse my boy?"

"Yes, Sir," was the answer.

"Bring him here," said the veteran, "and pull off his clothes directly;" and proceeded to adjust his saddle, to strip himself to his riding dress, etc. The little boy assisted him to mount, and he recrossed the field in the direction of the course. When he was passing the rubbing-house, a gentleman asked

"What horse is that?"

"Mr. Petre's Theodore," said another.

"What will you lay against him?"

"A hundred guineas to one."

"Done,"—"Done," and the bet was booked.

Jackson heard this, and looked not very pleasant—in fact he was mortified, and ill-tempered; and had, even previous to that, let Theodore feel that he had spurs on. But Theodore was all alive, remarkably fresh, and ready for the struggle. In fact, he had done little in the way of exercise since his previous defeat, and was almost wholly disregarded. Whilst parading in front of the grand stand, the objects of universal notice were the first favourites, Mr. Watt's Muta and Marion, Mr. Gascoigne's colt and filly, Mr. Powlett's Swap, Mr. Riddle's The Whig, etc. whilst Theodore was little noticed by any one.—They approached the post in a body; and Jackson, who was noted for obtaining a good place, got in front. The word "Go," was given by Mr. Lockwood, and away they rushed, Theodore taking the lead almost immediately. The pace was very fast, Jackson was surprised at his own position; and afterwards observed, in allusion to this extraordinary race, that "when we got to the first cross road, I had lost all my ill temper and mortification—I turned my head for a moment—a crowd of horses (twenty two) were close at my heels—the sight was terrific—the speed was tremendous. Theodore pulled hard, and I held him pretty tight—'now, my little fellow,' said I to myself, 'keep up this speed to the top of the hill, and I don't care a straw for the whole lot.' I felt as strong as a giant,

and the blood rushed merrily through my veins—away we went—I was first over the hill, and never headed in any part of the race." Immediately after descending the hill, however, he eased his horse a little; and was instantly on the look out for some of the favourites. He could see that Swap, a grey horse, was defeated. Not so the others. They challenged him in turns, first Marion, then Gascoigne's colt and filly, right, and left—then Muta, then Gascoigne's again; and here the skill and judgment of Jackson were powerfully evinced.—Theodore, perhaps, partly frightened by the tremendous thunder at his heels, still wanted to go further a-head, but his rider so continued to use his powers as not to waste them. Challenge after challenge was given, and as often defeated. Jackson never suffered his horse to go much in advance of the rest. Holding him with a firm hand, but still going very fast, he only slackened the reins when he was attempted to be coupled. "I could," said the veteran jockey, "see head by head advance as far as my boots on each side, and when I encouraged Theodore forwards I could see head by head glide backwards out of my sight, observing," to myself (said he,) "Now, I think you are all done. I felt then that the race was my own, as I heard the exhilarating sounds, from the Grand Stand as I approached, 'Theodore—Theodore—Mr. Petre—Jackson—Theodore wins,'" which he did in the most gallant and skillful manner by nearly a length, to the perfect astonishment of all the betting men and of the immense crowd of spectators who honoured Jackson with three loud and hearty cheers as he approached the scales to be weighed. Jackson was highly praised by all parties for his superior jockeyship—his caution, skill, resolution, and correct judgment,—which he evinced in this extraordinary struggle; and as it was his last successful effort in this far-famed and matchless race, it may be considered as crowning all his exertions during a long, an interesting, and eventful, period of horse racing. He rode several times afterwards; but age was stealing silently upon him. At that time he cultivated the farm at Bloomfield, near Northallerton, and had a numerous family. He afterwards occupied the Black Swan and St. Leger Hotel, in the same town; and expired on the 5th instant in the 71st year of his age; and has left behind him a name, as a skillful and resolute jockey, which will be long associated with the brightest events recorded in the annals of the old English custom of horse racing.—*York Courant.*

AN INCIDENT IN THE CAREER OF NAPOLEON.

The question has often been asked, why did Napoleon abandon his design of invading England! In a late work by M. Ainault, entitled "*Souvenirs de la vie privée de Napoleon*," the author says—Would it be thought to refine too much on the involuntary emotions of Napoleon, if in them we were to seek the solution of this question? I was an eye-witness to the following adventure, in which I believe I have traced the primary cause of his change of plan. Several of us were sitting with him one evening at Boulogne, when an aid de-camp suddenly entered, saying that a storm was raging, and that a gun-vessel had just been carried away. Napoleon snatched up his hat, and, without speaking a word to us, hurried out of the room, uttering to himself, "another storm!" We followed, and were soon on the shore with him. The night was dark, the wind roared, the sailors shouted, and every now and then we heard signals of distress from the vessel. "Let us go to the rescue of our comrades," cried the emperor. No one replied, and at that moment the moon burst from behind the clouds; and, seeing that scarcely any succour had been attempted, he became irritated and vexed at the indecision of those around him. He loudly and haughtily exclaimed: "Ah! the sailors are afraid of the sea! I shall send for my grenadiers!"

At these words all were in motion; the emperor urged the departure of the boats with voice and gesture, and followed them with his eyes, till they disappeared in the darkness and swell of the sea. The shore was soon covered with spectators, but the alarm-gun was the only sound which could be heard above that of the waves. Each time it fired the emperor looked uneasily at the water, and then turned to those near him, in order to collect their opinions.

Among these he several times heard, "What folly! it is impossible to live on such a sea—all must perish! It would be better to abandon the gun-vessel. This comes of meddling with what we do not understand." Again the gun was fired, and again. "They have drifted more than a league," said Napoleon; "they will perish on the rocks. Where are the boats! Do you not see anything of them?" "Nothing, sire," I replied. "We must go," cried the emperor. "A boat! quick! a boat!" A naval officer ventured to remark on the state of the sea. Napoleon looked at him, and sternly answered: "Have you no ears, then? Do you not hear the vessel at her last gasp?" A fresh shot was fired—"That is perhaps her last sigh," he continued. A boat was made ready, the emperor stepped into it, I followed him with four rowers and the above-mentioned naval officer. The men vigorously struggled with the waves: the emperor stood upright at the prow, one foot resting on the gunwale, so that the waves which sometimes inundated us broke over his knee; looking fixedly before him, he several times said

in a low voice—"Do we advance?" "Scarcely, sire," answered the naval officer. "Your men have neither strength nor courage," he returned. "Sire," said the officer, "we cannot expect them to do more, the sea runs so high." "The sea! the sea!" muttered Napoleon: "it rebels; but we can conquer it."

At this moment we were driven back by a huge wave, which caused us to lose the way we had made, and seemed like an answer from the ocean. The emperor stamped; the rowers began again; when another gleam from the moon showed us the other boats. "Stupid fellows!" said the emperor, "they are wrong! The vessel is to the left; they will throw themselves into the English guard. We must warn them. Order some one to go and tell." He turned round, and then first seemed sensible that his habits of command had betrayed him into an absurdity: there were neither staff nor aid-de-camps near him; his will and his orders could not extend beyond the boat, and were imprisoned by the water. His snuff-box was in his hand, and he tossed it into the wave, which was rising against us. It seemed as though he were trying to exorcise the sea, but the boat was nearly swamped, and our danger became imminent. Again the officer ventured to speak: "The sea is dreadful, sire,—we shall soon be unable to steer the boat." "Shall we then suffer these unfortunate persons to perish?" said Napoleon. "Sire! our loss will not save them."

No answer was made to this. I gave a sign to the officer to return, when Napoleon seated himself on the prow, and remained buried in thought. At length we reached the shore; when, jumping out, he took hold of my arm, and said, "*The land! the land; do you comprehend? it never fails the foot of a soldier; it never swells nor opens; it is obedient; it has always a field of battle ready for victory. Oh the land! the land!*" and, as he uttered these words, he stamped with enthusiasm. The first boats saved the vessel; the emperor returned home, wrote a letter the next morning, and gave it to me to deliver to Josephine, whom I was about to join. I fancied that he had there given vent to feelings, at which I could only guess from the few words he had uttered.

I started, and presented the letter to the empress. She read it in my presence, and then said, "You have passed a terrible night." "The emperor has perhaps described it to you?" I observed, feeling anxious to know what he had written under the influence of that moment, when he had been so completely baffled. "A storm delineated by him must indeed be a picture." "Nearly so," returned Josephine; "he is even poetical, see." Saying these words, she handed the letter to me, and I read as follows:

"MADAME AND DEAR WIFE.—During the four days that I have been absent from you, I have been incessantly on horse-back, and in motion, without any injury to my health. M. Moret has informed me of your plan of starting on Monday, and if you travel by easy journeys you will reach the waters without fatigue. The wind having freshened much during the night, one of our gun-vessels in the roads was driven out to sea, and became entangled among the rocks, a league from Boulogne. I thought all were lost, but we succeeded in saving every thing. It was a grand sight; the firing of the alarm-guns, the shore covered with lights, the sea roaring with fury; the whole night passed in anxious efforts to save, or the expectation of seeing the unhappy crew perish; the mind divided between the night, the ocean, and eternity. At five in the morning all brightened again, all were saved, and I lay down as if in a romantic or epic dream; a feeling which would have made me aware that I was alone, if fatigue and drenched limbs had left me any other power than that of sleeping."

From the London Examiner.

REVIEW OF THE WORKS OF MRS. HEMANS;
WITH A MEMOIR OF HER LIFE, BY HER SISTER.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

This book will be heartily welcomed by that large class of persons, with whom the elegant and earnest writings of Mrs. Hemans were so deservedly popular. Without troubling ourselves to inquire how long such writings are likely to stand the severer tests of poetry, we may at least be sure that the immediate success of the publication will justify the confidence and affection which prompted it. It is certain that no writer, so devoid of claims to a powerful or passionate originality, won greater popularity in her lifetime, or left more enthusiastic admirers afterward. Her reputation was not only general throughout England, but planted itself still more firmly in America—where a positive "school" of versifiers appear to have grown up under it. All the specimens we have yet seen of what is called American poetry—are mere offshoots from the pleasing and pensive muse of Mrs. Hemans. The circumstance has nothing surprising in it. Her position obviously tended to such a result. Standing between a great and most original poet, and a public who were and still are reluctant to recognise his powers, she availed herself to the full of advantages so suggested. She presented in a series of tender, harmonious, and winning verses, all his more obvious characteristics—she commonplace his style of thinking—like him she aimed to treat ordinary

subjects, things of universal familiarity and too often of mere selfish solicitude, in a tone that should link them by all their most graceful affinities to enduring truths of moral and physical beauty—she did not seek to agitate or allure; passed altogether by such terror-giving figures as “busy passion draws in the brains of men;” and seated her readers, above those troubled regions of violence and suffering, in a calm sphere of delicate, womanly, and high-raised sentiment. She was a Wordsworth made easy, playing upon the soothing silver surface of metaphysics, but avoiding its deeper waters—with a flowing and abundant wealth of harmonious words, and a versification of sweetness and facility—always intelligible and always interesting—with a deep religious feeling, sensitive affections, and personal sorrows very touching because always most subdued—she had drawn out of the poetry of that great master thoughts and habits of thinking which attracted to herself no small share of the applause which public taste is even yet not ripe enough to pay to Wordsworth. When it has become so, Mrs. Hemans will no longer be able to claim a separate station or repute in poetical literature. She will have admirers still, because still there will be delicate appetites unequal to the stronger and more simple fare; and still her writings embody pretty stories and pretty sentiments; teach the uses of a tender love of nature, and set forth the beauty of a harmonious disposition of words. We should be sorry to think such claims at any time in danger of utter disregard. If not poetry, they are closely allied to it—if not the rose, they have dwelt beside it. We can in this spirit welcome the publication before us as cordially as the most enthusiastic of Mrs. Hemans’ admirers.

The memoir “by her sister” is written in a high becoming manner. It had been her own desire, it seems, that no formal memoir should ever be written of her life. She knew it presented nothing that the world need trouble itself about, except in the indulgence of a poor and pitiful spirit of curiosity. With a sensitive and true woman’s spirit she shrunk from any intrusion on her domestic scenes or sorrows, and it was one of the injunctions of her death-bed that none of her letters should be published. The step taken by her friend Mr. Chorley, however, some short time after her death, seems in the opinion of her more immediate relatives and connections, to have rendered necessary some such memoir as this before us, in order to set right an “inadequate estimate of her character.” Conceding this, we can only heartily approve the spirit in which it has been done. It is as delicate as it is affectionate and earnest. Nothing is set forward intrusively or impertinently, no undue claims are insisted on, no privacies needlessly invaded, nothing said that the amiable spirit of the deceased could itself have disapproved. It is a gentle and interesting record of many virtues and many accomplishments, of thoughts very gracefully expressed, and much sorrow uncomplainingly endured. A few brief extracts will at once show this sufficiently.

The most painful passage in the private history of Mrs. Hemans is adverted to in these terms—her marriage having been slightly and significantly described as one of an unhappy inequality in habits, manners, tastes, and pursuits.

“In the year 1818, Captain Hemans, whose health had been long impaired by the previous vicissitudes of a military life, determined upon trying the effects of a southern climate; and, with this view, repaired to Rome, which he was afterwards induced to fix upon as his place of residence. It has been alledged, and with perfect truth, that the literary pursuits of Mrs. Hemans, and the education of her children, made it more eligible for her to remain under the maternal roof, than to accompany her husband to Italy. It is however, unfortunately but too well known, that such were not the only reasons which led to this divided course. To dwell on this subject would be unnecessarily painful, yet it must be stated, that nothing like a permanent separation was contemplated at the time, nor did it ever amount to more than a tacit conventional arrangement, which offered no obstacle to the frequent interchange of correspondence, nor to a constant reference to their father in all things relating to the disposal of her boys. But years rolled on—seventeen years of absence, and consequently alienation—and from this time to the hour of her death, Mrs. Hemans and her husband never met again.”

Our next extract—detailing the failure of a tragedy on the subject of the Sicilian vespers—will exhibit one of the lesser miseries of Mrs. Hemans’ public career. We shall only remark upon it that this grief was borne with great spirit, with a cheerfulness of resignation worthy of all praise.

“The piece was produced at Covent Garden on the night of December 12, 1823, the principal characters being taken by Mr. Young, Mr. C. Kemble, Mr. Yates, Mrs. Bartley, and Miss F. H. Kelly. Two days had to elapse before the news of its reception could reach St. Asaph. Not only Mrs. Hemans’s own family, but all her more immediate friends and neighbours were wrought up to a pitch of intense expectation. Various newspapers were ordered expressly for the occasion; and the post-office was besieged at twelve o’clock at night, by some of the more zealous of her friends, eager to be the first heralds of the triumph so undoubtingly anticipated. The boys had worked themselves up into an uncontrollable state of excitement, and were all lying awake ‘to hear about mamma’s play;’ and perhaps her bitterest moment of mortification was when she went up to their bedsides,

which she nerved herself to do almost immediately, to announce that all their bright visions were dashed to the ground, and that the performance had ended in all but a failure. The reports in the newspapers were strangely contradictory, and, in some instances, exceedingly illiberal; but all which were written in any thing like an unbiassed tone, concurred entirely with the private accounts, not merely of partial friends, but of perfectly unprejudiced observers, in attributing this most unexpected result to the inefficiency of the actress who personated *Constance*, and who absolutely seemed to be under the influence of some infatuating spell, calling down hisses, and even laughter, on scenes the most pathetic and affecting. It was admitted, that at the fall of the curtain, applause decidedly predominated: still the marks of disapprobation were too strong to be disregarded by the managers, who immediately decided upon withdrawing the piece, till another actress should have fitted herself to undertake the part of *Constance*, when they fully resolved to reproduce it.”

The closing scenes of Mrs. Hemans’ life are touchingly given—as a sister only could have felt them.

“She would converse with much of her own kindly cheerfulness, sending affectionate messages to her various friends, and recalling old remembrances with vivid and endearing minuteness. Her thoughts reverted frequently to the days of childhood—to the old house by the sea-shore—the mountain rambles—the haunts and the books which had formed the delight of her girlish years. One evening, whilst her sister was sitting by her bed-side, a yellow gleam from the setting sun, which streamed through the half-closed shutters, produced a peculiar effect upon the wall, exactly similar to what used to be observed at sun-set in their old school-room at Gwrych. They both remarked the circumstance, and what a gush of recollections was thus called forth! The association was like that so often produced by a peculiar scent, or a remembered strain of music. Yet in all, save that streak of light, how different were the two scenes!—The one, a chamber of sickness in a busy city—its windows—(for a back-room had been chosen, for the sake of quietness,) looking down into a dull court; the other, a cheerful apartment in an old country house, everything about it bespeaking the presence of happy childhood, and the wide, pleasant window opening out upon fresh green fields; beyond them the silver sea; and far in the west, the sun sinking behind the dark, bold promontary of the Orme’s Head. And in the inmates of those two rooms, the contrast was no less striking. Of the two joyous children, one, ‘the favourite and the flower,’ now a worn and faded form, lay on her dying bed; the other, on the eve of partings worse than death, destined to feel the sad force of the affecting old epitaph:—

‘Why doe I live, in life a thralle,
Of joy and alle berefte?
Their wings were growne, to heaven they’re flowne—
‘Cause I had none, I’m lefte.’”

The passage which follows may serve, while it illustrates the gentle virtues of her heart, to exhibit also the character of her mind, and the source of the inspiration of her verses, as we have already endeavoured to describe them.

“The powers of memory for which Mrs. Hemans had always been so remarkable, shone forth with increased brightness whilst her outward frame was so visibly decaying. She would lie for hours without speaking or moving, repeating to herself whole chapters of the Bible, and page after page of Milton and Wordsworth. The volume of *Yarrow Revisited*, which was published at this time, and sent to her by her revered friend, with an autograph inscription, afforded her great delight. Amongst the many messages of cordial remembrance which she sent to her personal friends, as well as to some of those with whose minds alone she had held communion, was one to Miss Mitford, desiring she might be told how often some of her sweet woodland scenes rose up before her, as in a camera obscura, filling the dark room with pleasant rural sights; with the scent of the new-mown hay or the fresh fern, and the soothing sound of waters. Her ‘Remembrances of Nature,’ described with so deep a feeling in one of her sonnets, continued equally intense and affectionate to the last. A passage from a work which had long been high in her favour, was now brought home to her thoughts with a truth equal to its eloquence. ‘O unseen Spirit of Creation! that watchest over all things—the desert and the rock, no less than the fresh water, bounding on like a hunter on his path, when his heart is in his step—or the valley girded by the glad woods, and living with the yellow corn—to me, thus sad and baffled, thou hast ministered as to the happiest of thy children!—thou hast whispered tidings of unutterable comfort to a heart which the world sated while it deceived. Thou gavest me a music, sweeter than that of palaces, in the mountain wind—thou badest the flowers and the common grass smile up to me as children to the face of their father.’”

We close with the lines she dictated on her death-bed, and which seem to us to have in them the entire sustaining and pervading spirit of her mind and heart. In feeling and construction they may indeed express the whole history of both.

“After the exhausting vicissitudes of days when it seemed that the night of death was indeed at hand—of nights when it was

thought that she could never see the light of morning; wonderful even to those who had witnessed, throughout her illness, the clearness and brightness of the never-dying principle, amidst the desolation and decay of its earthly companion, was the concentrated power and facility with which, on Sunday, the 26th of April, she dictated to her brother the ‘Sabbath Sonnet,’ the last strain of the ‘sweet singer,’ whose harp was henceforth to be hung upon the willows.

‘How many blessed groups this hour are bending
Through England’s primrose meadow-paths, their way
Toward spire and tower, ‘midst shadowy elms ascending,
Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallow’d day!
The halls, from old heroic ages grey,
Pour their fair children forth; and hamlets low,
With whose thick orchard blooms the soft winds play,
Send out their inmates in a happy flow,
Like a freed vernal stream; I may not tread
With them those pathways—to the feverish bed
Of sickness bound; yet, O my God! I bless
Thy mercy, that with Sabbath peace hath fill’d
My chasten’d heart, and all its throbbings still’d
To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness.’”

These were the last. Mrs. Hemans died at the early age of forty-one, on Saturday the 16th of May 1835. She was most regretted by those who had known her best, and her memory is still as much cherished by her more intimate friends, as by her deeply attached relatives. To one of the latter this memoir is thus dedicated: “To Colonel Sir Henry Browne, these pages, written under his roof, which has always been a refuge for the sorrowful, are dedicated by his surviving sister, in remembrance of her, who, during many years of trial, found her best earthly solace in his care and affection.”

EXTRACTS.

From A Pamphlet, dedicated to the Noblemen, Gentlemen, and Sportsmen of England, Ireland, and Scotland, by the Hon. Granley Fitzhardinge Berkeley, M. P., in Reply to a Prize Essay by the Rev. John Styles, D. D., on the Claims of the Animal Creation to the Humanity of Man.

HOUNDS, FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

The charge of cruelty in the training of hounds is thus met and disposed of:

So far from the whip being indiscriminately used in well regulated kennels, the wanton or severe stripes of it are forbidden on pain of instant dismissal to the offender.

Hounds will neither feed nor hunt if flogged at the moment they are called upon to do either one or the other. You may force a dog to crouch at your foot—you may compel him to dance on his hinder legs, or to sit up and beg, or teach him any servile or slave-like trick, but you can no more induce him, by brutal treatment, to put forth the more noble and mysterious powers of his gifted nature, than you can force him to eat the food from the trough. Were such a system of flagellation to be attempted, where one fault would be whipped out of a hound twenty would be flogged in, and the man who turns his mind to the amusement and success of his field sports is a fool, if he takes any other guide in his arrangements than that of nature. The dog may beg from fear—but the hound works alone for pleasure, and if entered by a good huntsman should be full of confidence, exultation, and delight,—and regard the men assisting in the sport rather as merry allies than as creatures tyrannising over him. There is no animal subject to the dominion of man, that takes its character from its master so much as the hound does from the huntsman. The whip will neither make him steady from hare—stead in his demeanour when approaching woods, where his powers are about to be called into activity,—or careful when at fault on a line of scent; it will not induce him to open on the truth, or seal his tongue from the proclamation of a lie. Example—manner—kindness, and attention to the development of the most generous portions of his nature, are the things most likely to make an useful hound, and the man who neglects any one of these inducements, and who resorts to any species of oppression or cruelty cannot be held up as a criterion by which to judge of the generality of sportsmen, or even bear their manly appellation.

ERRORS AND FAULTS, ETC.

When, out of the number of puppies brought into the kennel, the huntsman has selected those he intends to enter for his own use, the rest over and above the number should be drafted into other kennels, and the manners of the young hounds retained, mildly attended to. They should be exercised in couples, first with old hounds, who, knowing their duty, would lead them where to go, and as they became more handy and obedient, the young hounds should then be coupled together; then, as their sedateness and knowledge increased, while at exercise, they should be loosed one by one, according to their docile proficiency. If fox-hounds, they should never be flogged for being inclined to hunt hare, because as it is their nature, and having indulged in it at their walks, they do not know that it is a fault, and a fault should never be reprehended till the hound himself is aware of

the difference between vice and virtue. At the close of summer, and at the commencement of the hunting season, a few of these young hounds only should be taken out with the pack at a time, not more than five or six couples, and let them do what they will, they should never be struck with the whip, or in any way harshly treated. When they have, by constant use, learned the difference between fox, and deer, or hare, and that their proper place, when they have nothing to do, is by the side of their huntsman, then if caught red-handed in a fault, the rate of the voice or the lash may be usefully bestowed, but when once they have fled from the commission of the offence and gained the vicinity of the huntsman, let them on no account be captured for further punishment, as in one or two instances I have known to be the case, but suffer them to find that there is one person in the field to whom they can assuredly look in the hour of difficulty or danger, for assistance and protection. This confidence between hound and man, once thoroughly established, it is to be attributed to the slow thought and tardy heel of the huntsman if there is a want of celerity in the action of the day.

NATURAL HISTORY.

There is no doubt but that the study and pursuit of natural history is one of the most beautiful which the pages of the vast universe offer to the reason-gifted mind of man. I have studied it; from a boy it has been one of my favourite occupations, and the more I have looked into the mysteries and curiously minute mechanism of the moveable creation, the more exalted has become my sense of the wonderful superiority of the hand which arranged its symmetrical perfections. I can stand in the wilderness, and recognize by its peculiar note the position of every sort of bird, though screened by the foliage; and when passing at distance through the air, when their plumage, size, and shape are undistinguishable, I know by their method of flight to what class they belong. There is scarcely a bird or beast naturalized to our climate that I have not tamed, and observed the degrees of attachment of which each was capable, and the study of the canine race has been my peculiar pleasure. Men who have not studied the noble nature of the dog, remarked upon his reasoning, felt and returned that extraordinary affection of which his unflinching fidelity offers so superior an example, are no more capable of estimating the degrees of regard in which the sportsman holds the animal, than they are to judge of effects—of the natural causes of which they are utterly ignorant.

PARK SCENE.

Now, as in this review I am determined to state nothing that I do not know, I will take the reader to one of the hills in the park of Berkeley, the scene of all those amusements for the pursuit of which we, as well as all other sportsmen, are so sweepingly condemned by Doctor Styles; the time of year shall be the spring, and the day beautiful. Around us are idly grazing the sleek and fatting herds of red and fallow deer, whose dappled skins and twinkling ears, as they shake them at the flies, give a quiet life to the otherwise dreamy calm which surrounds us, while the hare and rabbit, and the gorgeous pheasant, gambol or strut beneath the hawthorns, the bloom of which is loud with the harmony of nature. On yonder drain or earth there sits an old vixen fox, while on the short green sward beneath her are her litter of cubs, either basking in the sun, or climbing sportively on little hillocks, whence to spring on the backs of their fellows, and roll them over in mimic battle; occasionally she raises her sharp eyes on the flap of the wood-pigeon's wing, who is cooing to her mate in peaceful security in the venerable oak, from beneath which an old hunter, loosed in the park for life, gazes wistfully into the grassy vale, seemingly uncertain whether a low from the distant dairy cow might not be the horn of the chase in which he used so joyously to share. Yonder, too, is a huge deer greyhound idling around the park lodge, taking no more notice of the deer than if they were so many sheep. All—all is wrapped in security and rest. Now, I confess that in such scenes as these, when passive nature spreads her loveliest lap, like a garden of Eden, to disclose the living creatures of God's creation in their most peaceful and mirthful occupations, when a thousand flowers scent the air, and the lark wings her tremulous way to the skies, as if to seek a blessing or sing her thanks to that Being whose sun calls forth the hues of summer, my heart and soul are too full of admiration, are too fraught with the genuine thankfulness of nature, to blaspheme the visible perfections of the universe and the multitude of blessings it contains, or to let me think of 'pandemonium,' or dream that 'a breath of air from the devil is passing over and poisoning' such scenes of carthly happiness.

VILLAGER'S WINTER EVENING SONG.

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

Not a leaf on the tree—not a bud in the hollow,
Where late swung the blue-bell and blossom'd the rose;
And hush'd is the cry of the chirping young swallow
That perch'd on the hazel in twilight's dim close.

Gone, gone are the cowslips and sweet-scented brier
That bloom'd o'er the hillock, and gladden'd the vale;

And the vine that uplifted its green-pointed spire,
Hangs drooping and sere on the frost-covered pale.

And hark to the gush of the deep-welling fountain
That prattled and shone in the light of the moon;
Soon, soon shall its rushing be still on the mountain,
And lock'd up in silence its merrisome tune.

Then heap up the hearth-stone with dry forest branches,
And gather about me, my children, in glee;
For cold on the upland the stormy wind launches,
And dear is the home of my loved ones to me!

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 4, 1839.

MILITIA TRAINING.—Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, this week, were observed as days of Militia training, for the 1st and 2nd Halifax Regiments. The men turned out in good numbers; the two dress companies spent their first day of service, in competing for a gold medal, by Target shooting. It was taken by Mr. Tupper, of the 'Queen's Own' volunteer corps.

On Wednesday His Excellency and a numerous suite, went to the exercising ground to review the Militia. Several towns-people attended, the day was fine, and a very pleasing scene was presented. The militia formed in line, with the dress companies, one on each flank, and the Artillery to the right; the Artillery fired a salute as His Excellency and suite appeared on the ground. The line then presented arms. Having formed into companies, they walked past his Excellency's stand, in slow and quick time, the band of the 23rd playing favourite marches.—They again formed, advanced in a line,—threw out skirmishers,—separated into regiments, and performed several evolutions, with extraordinary steadiness, considering the time of training, three days in about as many years.

His Excellency rode up to the Colonel of each Regiment, and passed high encomiums on the appearance and behaviour of the men,—His Excellency said their conduct far exceeded all his expectations.

The good behaviour of the Militia was the subject of general remark, and many said that they never before saw so respectable a display of the kind in Halifax. This is well,—whatever men have to do, whether it be very pleasing or not, and whether it be deemed necessary or not, should be done well; this ensures respectability and pleasure, while the reverse makes the matter a disgrace and a burthen to all concerned: they are but poor philosophers, who keep fighting with unavoidable circumstances, instead of making them occasions of usefulness or amusement.

The marching of some of the companies, in which of course the flank companies were conspicuous, elicited much praise,—as did most of the movements. The whole marched home in excellent order. One remark frequently made, should not be forgotten,—that not a single instance of intoxication was visible during the review: This is highly creditable, and extremely gratifying to those who desire the general good, and who rejoice as evidences are afforded of public improvement.

CONCERT.—The lovers of sweet sounds had a treat on Monday evening. Mrs. Gibbs, assisted by the excellent band of the 23rd., gave a concert of vocal and instrumental music. This lady has a voice of great power, and of much sweetness in its lower tones. All her performances were rapturously applauded.—The Archer boy, and the McGregor's gathering, were eacored,—their repetition, which was modified with much taste, gained, as it deserved, hearty acknowledgment.—Several other of the pieces, if not all, were worthy of the same honour—which, by the bye, must be very trying on a vocalist. The ballad, "In the days when we went Gipsying," was given with peculiar sweetness and effect,—and no doubt, strongly recalled "long time ago" to many who paid such deep attention to its melody. His Excellency and Miss Campbell and a large suite honoured the occasion by their presence. A large audience of the Towns-people attended,—and all seemed highly gratified. [Mrs. Gibbs gives another Concert, on Monday evening,—see Advertisement.]

ITEMS—FOREIGN, DOMESTIC, &c.

In our last we gave the chief items brought by the British Queen. The Royal Speech at the prorogation of Parliament has since come to hand, but it does not contain anything of sufficient interest to call for republication in our Summary. Its substance is as follows:

A definitive treaty, mediated by the five powers, had been concluded between Holland and Belgium,—the same powers had provided for the peace of Eastern Europe, and had determined to uphold the independence of the Ottoman Empire. Great Britain had succeeded in causing a reconciliation between France and Mexico. A convention had been concluded with France, for arranging difficulties regarding the fisheries. The Queen expressed her determination to persist in endeavours for the extinc-

tion of the slave trade. The differences with Persia had not yet been satisfactorily adjusted. Prospects were in favour of late British movements in India. Her Majesty cheerfully concurred in measures calculated to preserve internal tranquillity in England, and in the reduction of Postage bill. The conversion of unfunded debt into stock, afforded evidence of the confidence placed in the credit and resources of the country. It was with pain that her Majesty was compelled to enforce the laws against those who resisted, by force, the lawful authorities, but Her Majesty relied upon the good sense of her people for the maintenance of that order which was necessary for the prosperity of all classes.

The Dublin Precursor Society has been dissolved,—Mr. O'Connell announced his determination to advocate Repeal,—a new Society, called the New Registry Association, has been formed, and is intended to take the place of the Precursor Society.

Some Russian losses on the coast of Circassia are recorded. The Russians had been victorious in a battle, but had suffered severely.

It was confidently reported that Don Carlos was a prisoner, and that the civil war in Spain had been, consequently, concluded.

STEAM.—An American paper gives a list of Steamers expected to navigate the ocean in 1841. These amount to, 32 British Steamers,—and 10 French,—their burthen equal to 53,260 tons, and their power, 18,048 horses. The European ports of these are, Bristol, Liverpool, London, Portsmouth, Glasgow, Falmouth, Havre, Brest, Bordeaux,—and their American, and other places of call,—New York, Boston, Halifax, West Indies, Brazils, Havana, U. S. Southern ports, Egypt, and Vera Cruz.

UNITED STATES.

MAINE.—Governor Fairfield has been re-elected, by a majority over his opponent, of 8000 votes.

THE AMISTAD.—Much interest continues in this case. Arguments regarding jurisdiction have been heard before the courts. It appears to have been decided, that the district court has jurisdiction.

Melancholy accounts are furnished of the prevalence of yellow fever, to the southward. Some unfortunate emigrants, French and Germans, seeking refuge in the new world, and tempted by high wages, dared the pestilential cities, and were swept off with awful celerity.

CONFLAGRATION.—Another destructive fire occurred in New York on the afternoon of Sept. 23. The New York Gazette gives the following account of this disaster:

"At about five o'clock yesterday afternoon the interior of the National Theatre, in Church street, was found to be on fire, and in a very short time the whole of that fine edifice was so completely enveloped in flames as to render it quite impossible to extinguish them, and the entire building has, at this moment, nothing left but the walls. So rapid was the conflagration, that we believe the whole mass of magnificent and costly scenery, as well as the immense properties of every description belonging to this great establishment, shared the fate of the building. By this disaster, Wallack has lost, at one fell swoop, the fruits of years of indefatigable enterprise, and unremitting industry. The intrinsic loss to Mr. Wallack is enormous, to say nothing of his misfortune in other and extraneous aspects of the case. He had just fitted up this large, and by far the most magnificent of our theatres, at a very great expense, and has recently brought across the Atlantic a company of performers of the first class—some of them at the very head of their profession in both hemispheres, and now he and themselves in one sad hour of disaster, find all lost! By this calamity one hundred and fifty individuals are directly deprived of their only means of support—many of them in utter destitution, and more than one thousand more or less dependent on the establishment for their daily bread, are thrown resourceless upon the world! Speedy means we trust will be provided for them.

"The fire is understood to have originated from the bursting of a gas pipe, and communicated so rapidly with combustible materials at the interior of the Theatre as to defy all efforts to arrest its progress. The flames of course communicated at once with the splendid French Protestant Church, adjoining the Theatre, and situated on the corner of Church and Franklin streets. This church is built of marble with a splendid dome and portico in the chastest style of Grecian architecture. When we left the scene the copper covering of the entablature was melting and falling in, and nothing but the walls and the noble marble pillars were left. The large and handsome Dutch Reformed Church, a few doors off in Franklin street, also took fire, and was in a short time a mass of smouldering ruins. This building had recently undergone expensive repairs. A small dwelling house between the two churches in Franklin street was also destroyed, though an intervening brick dwelling house was saved, or at least was standing comparatively uninjured when we left the ground.

"The spacious African church at Leonard street, directly opposite the theatre, is also entirely destroyed, with the exception of the walls which are still standing. The loss falls heaviest on Mr.

Wallack, whose property was not insured at all. That gentleman's private ward-robe alone was worth from seven to ten thousand dollars, and his whole loss will not fall short of \$25,000. Other individuals connected with the establishment will lose nearly as much. The churches destroyed or nearly so, were very valuable, and the whole loss will probably be two hundred thousand dollars at least—some estimate it much higher. The members of the Theatrical company are severe sufferers, one of the orchestra corps lost a tremolo violin which cost about two thousand dollars.

As is correctly said in the Courier & Enquirer, it has probably never occurred before, in this country at least, that a great Theatre like the National, and three large churches, all within a stone's throw of each other have been seen in flames at the same time.

(Besides the public buildings, about 7 or 8 dwelling houses appear to have been partially or totally destroyed.)

COLONIAL.—The Episcopal church at Chippewa was destroyed by fire on Sept. 12. The conflagration was supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

The Rev. R. Alder and Rev. M. Richey had arrived in Toronto. The Quebec Gazette remarks, in allusion to Sir P. Thompson's appointment, that they should be glad to have a governor who could have a fair trial, for that they change governors in Canada more frequently than in the United States,—in 31 years they have had 23 governors in Canada.

A fearful mortality is said to prevail among the corps in garrison at Demerara, St. Lucea, and St. Vincent. Many had died, including several officers.

NOVA SCOTIA.

The Nova Scotia delegates are, it is said, already on their way out. The Council delegates and Mr. Young in the Star Packet, Mr. Huntington in the Brenda.

STEAM.—From an article in last Novascotian, on the "British, West India, and America, Steam Navigation," we glean the following results respecting Halifax.

"It will be perceived, then; that the North American Provinces generally, and Halifax in particular, will reap immense advantages from this scheme. In the first place, besides the supply of coal to the boats, we shall have a direct communication in three days with New York, (a passage which on the average occupies ten) as well as with Boston by Mr. Cunard's boats. This will be of vast service, connecting us intimately with the great commercial Emporium of the United States, and keeping up a constant and lively intercourse between our people, and the gayest, the most populous, commercial, and wealthy city on this Continent. But besides the advantages springing from a closer communication with the Southern States, to such a port as Halifax, to such a country as Nova Scotia (whose staples are fish and lumber—whose chief export trade is to Cuba, the West Indies, and British Guiana) to have a regular and rapid means of communication once a fortnight with every port to which a quintal of fish or a thousand of lumber can be sent, or from which a hogshead of sugar or a bag of coffee can be obtained, is no slight privilege. A merchant seeking business, or information, can then go hence to Havana, touching at three of the principal seaports in the U. States in 10 days—in 10 days more he can visit every port of importance in the Gulf of Mexico returning to Havana. In 12 days more, having almost circumnavigated Cuba, Jamaica, Hayti, and called at half a score of other Islands, he is in Barbadoes. 12 days more suffices to visit all the wind-ward Islands—11 more to go to Demerara and Paramaribo, and 3 days more takes him to Laguyra, Porto Cabello and Curassoa. In fact, in about two months he may have visited or sailed past every large port or Island; and in 10 weeks from the time he leaves Halifax, having seen so large a portion of the western world, he may be in England—and, in fact, may return thence in one of Cunard's steamers."

YARMOUTH.—Launched, at Chebogue, on Wednesday last, the Brig *Sterling*, burthen 161 tons, new admeasurement, owned by Rueben Clements, Esq. built under the superintendence of Mr. John Richards.

The *Leander*, a fine Brigantine of 112 tons, built at Bartlett's River, owned by Mr. Benjamin Porter and others, arrived in Yarmouth harbour, Sep. 26.

PICOU.—On the evening of the 5th Sept. H. M. Ship *Andromache*, struck on an unknown rock, off Entry Island, one of the Magdalens, she remained 10 hours on shore, but got off without any material damage.

The rock lies a quarter of a mile due E. by N. from the high rock or Islet off the N. E. Point of Entry Island. It has 11 feet water on it, with 4, 5, and 6 fathoms between the islet—close outside of it there is a depth of 7 fathoms. The rock is not laid down in the recent or any previous survey, and was unknown to the pilot.

DISTRESSING CASUALTY.—Mr. Murphy, of Sheet Harbour, experienced a very distressing casualty in the gale of Sep. 13, and came to town on Wednesday last, for surgical assistance. During the gale he became entangled in some coils of a cable, it appears,

and was dragged overboard: he was thrown on deck again, and endeavoured to regain his footing, but fell, and found that one of his feet had been completely torn off. He received such attendance as was at hand, and remained from that until Thursday, a period of about three weeks, without effectual assistance: on Thursday the stump was amputated, we understand, by Dr. J. Hume. This second renewal of the sufferer's fears and pains, must have been very trying. Mr. Murphy was accompanied to town by his wife and child. The former, no doubt, to act the part of the assiduous nurse,—the latter was an innocent, a year and half old, who lay in its cradle beside its suffering father, entirely unconscious of the care of mortals.

Mr. Murphy was conspicuously active in the rescue of the passengers of the *Aid de Camp*, when that vessel was wrecked near his dwelling, during last summer. He lost a vessel this spring,—and had another seriously injured in the late gale. The latter, it appears, was repaired by the assistance of his sympathizing neighbours.

CAUTION.—A family in New York, recently partook of a dish of stewed mushrooms. The fungus called a toad stool was in the mess, and caused extreme sickness to those who partook of it. The mother of the family died in consequence.—A mistake, in giving laudanum for paregoric, caused the death of a child, lately, in Boston.

The Countess of Westmoreland arrived last evening, from Boston. Her Ladyship stays at Government House.

MARRIED.

At Londonderry, on Thursday the 26th inst. by the Rev. John Brown, Mr. Robert Pearson, to Lavinia, eldest daughter of M. P. Martin.

DIED.

On Wednesday morning, in the 82d year of her age, Mary, widow of the late honorable Michael Wallace. Funeral will take place on Saturday next at 1 o'clock. Suddenly on Tuesday, Mrs. Charlotte Gorham, aged 42 years.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED.

Sunday, 29th—Schr. *Victoria*, Sydney—coal; Hawk, Mauban—dry fish and butter; Speculator, Lunenburg; Venus, St. George's Bay, 16 days—salmon and herrings, to Paw & Tidmarsh; Primrose, Clark, St. John's, N. F. 24 days—herrings, to the master; barge John-Porter, Crowder, Liverpool, G. B. 47 days—salt and dry goods, to Fairbanks & McNab, and others.

Monday, 30th—Schr. *Lucy*, Chester—herrings; Margaret, Sydney—coal; Acadian, do—dry fish and butter; Mary Ann, Nancy, and Angeline, do—coal; Ann and Seaflower, Arichat—dry fish; Susan, Margaree—do; and butter; Providence; P. E. Island—dry fish; True Friends, Godier, St. John, N. B. 5 days; Pique, Landry, St. John's, N. F. 21 days—dry fish, to Fairbanks & Allison; Curlew, Ricker Labrador—dry fish and oil; Joseph Smith, Babin, Quebec, 24 days—salt, to E. Lawson; Trial, McDaniel, Labrador; Eliza Ann, Covill, do.; Royal Adelaide, St. Mary's—lumber.

Tuesday, Oct. 1—Schr. *Allion*, Belfountain, Quebec, 29 days—salt; John Henry, Myers, La Poyle, N. F. 21 days, dry fish to D. & E. Starr & Co.; Meloney and Mary, Arichat, fish, Mayflower, O'Brien, Pictou, 4 days, coal; Mary, Meloney, Brothers, Dolphin, and Shannon, Bridgeport, coal; John Henry, Walsh, Burin, N. F. 10 days, dry fish and oil to G. P. Lawson—left schrs. *Malone Bay Packet* and *J. Howe*.

Wednesday, 2—Schr. *Sophia Miranda*, Boudroit, Boston, 4 1/2 days—flour and stoves, to Wier and Woodworth. Passengers—Messrs. Ritchie, Woodworth, and Mrs. Green.

Thursday, 3—Barque *Acadian*, Auld, Greenock, 33 days, general cargo 33 passengers, W. Stairs and others; Mailboat *Lady Ogle*, Stairs, Boston, 2 days, passenger, Countess of Westmoreland; brig *Pearl*, West, Martineque, 17 days, molasses to C. West & Son.

FAREWELL CONCERT.

Under the immediate patronage of His Excellency SIR COLIN CAMPBELL.

MRS. GIBBS (late Miss Graddon,) respectfully announces to the Ladies and Gentlemen of Halifax, that (by request) she will give her

Farewell Soiree Musicale,

At the Masonic Hall, on Monday Evening 7th October, 1839. When, by the kind permission of Colonel Ross, she will be assisted by the excellent Band of the 23rd Regiment.

PART 1ST.

Overture—by the Band of the 23rd Regiment. A. Leo.
Ballad—Mrs. Gibbs—My own Blue Bell, Rossini.
Favourite Piece—by the Band, Rossini.
Recitative—Mrs. Gibbs—Di Piacer mi balza il cor, Rossini.
Aria—Mrs. Gibbs—Tutto sorridero, Parry.
Waltz—by the Band, Hudson.
Ballad—Mrs. Gibbs—Comin' thro' the rye, Parry.
Song—Mrs. Gibbs—The Arab Steed, Hudson.

PART 2ND.

Overture—by the Band.
Cavatina—Mrs. Gibbs—Di anti palpiti, Rossini.
Music—by the Band.
Song—Mrs. Gibbs—Rory O'More, S. Lover.
Overture—by the Band.
Ballad—Mrs. Gibbs—The Archer Boy, (by desire) Barnett.

Grand March and God Save the Queen, by the Band.
Tickets 5 shillings, Children half price; to be had at the principal Book Stores and at the Masonic Hall. Doors open at 8. Concert to commence at half-past 8 o'clock, precisely. October 4.

Keefler's Reading Room,

ESTABLISHED OCTOBER, 1836.

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

AUCTIONS.

BY DEBLOIS & MERKEL,

To-morrow, Saturday, at 12 o'clock, at their Room.

2 CASES PRINTED COTTONS, Cloths and Cassimeres, blue, brown, and Olive, Pilot Cloth; Red Shirts; Cotton Shirts, and a Variety of Shelf Goods.

Oct. 4.

FRUIT, &c.

BY RIGBY & JENNINGS;

At their Room, to-morrow, Saturday, at 11 o'clock.

5 BAGS ALMONDS, (soft shell), 20 drums FIGS, 8 bags Walnuts, 5 bags Filberts, 1 case preserved Pine Apples, 150 Brooms, 150 Pails, 12 Charts (second hand), Onions, Coal Scuttles, Fire Irons, &c. &c.

ALSO, As above, at 12 o'clock,

The Horses and Waggon's belonging to Mr. JAMES THOMPSON, to be sold for the benefit of his creditors. October 4.

Seal Oil, Tea, &c.

BY DEBLOIS & MERKEL,

On Monday next, at 12 o'clock, at M. G. Black's Wharf.

75 Chests Tea,

Pale, Straw and Brown SEAL OIL in hhd's and barrels, 2 casks raw and boiled LINSEED OIL, 10 boxes Cheese—15 boxes Tobacco Pipes,

10 kegs Mustard,—30 boxes Raisins,

5 casks Tumblers—30 kegs White Lead, 30 boxes Window Glass 7x9 and 10x12, 12 qr. casks Sherry Wine, Tobacco, Coffee, Soap, &c.

Oct. 4.

Seasonable Goods.

Extensive Sale!

BY EDWARD LAWSON,

On Monday next, at his Room, at 12 o'clock,

FOUR BALES consisting of Black, White, } SUPERFINE
Brown, Olive, Green, Oxford mix'd } BROAD CLOTHS
Double Mill'd Fancy CASSINETTS,
Green Spotted, Crimson, Plaid, Scarlet CLOAKINGS,
Valencia, Toilets, Casimere VESTING,
PILOT CLOTHS, —ALSO, Five Bales, viz.

Brown and White Linen Sheetings,

Ducks, Holland Stripes, Diapers, Apron Checks, Striped Shirting Cotton, Handks. Prints, India Rubber Suspenders, Boot Straps, &c. &c. &c. Oct. 4.

STOVES, &c.

BY J. M. CHAMBERLAIN.

In front of his Room, to-morrow, Saturday, 6th Oct., at 11 o'clock.

A VARIETY OF COOKING and FRANKLIN STOVES. ALSO, 25 boxes Bunch Muscatel RAISINS, 30 boxes English SOAP, 20 boxes Chocolate, 1 tierce and 3 bbls Sugar, 20 boxes English Glass, of superior quality; 200 pair Men's Woollen Drawers, 1 superior 6 key'd German Flute with mahogany case, 1 do 4 do do. AT PRIVATE SALE, 1 case Buckskin TROUSERS, 50 doz. Men's fine Red Flannel Shirts, 100 doz. Port and Sherry WINE.

Ten o'clock,

BY EDWARD LAWSON,

On Messrs Tobin's wharf, to-morrow, Saturday, at 10 o'clock,

150 Bbls Canada fine FLOUR,

100 bbls Newfoundland HERRING,
50 kegs TOBACCO,—50 coils Spun Yarn.

Oct. 4.

THEATRE.

By Permission of His Excellency the Governor.

The Public are respectfully informed that Mr. FREER is engaged for six nights more, and will appear TO-MORROW, EVENING, as

MACBETH,

Lady Macbeth by Mrs. Preston.

To-morrow Evening, Saturday, Oct. 5,

Will be performed Shakespeare's Tragedy of

MACBETH,

MACRETH, (1st Night of his new engagement.) Mr. FREER.
LADY MACBETH, Mrs. PRESTON.

A Favourite Scotch Dance,

BY MADAME LA TRUSTE.

The whole to conclude with the laughable Farce called the

Dumb Belle.

VIVIAN, Mr. CHARLES. ELIZA, Mrs. PRESTON.

In Rehearsal the Historical Drama entitled

WALLACE, the Hero of Scotland.

Tickets for the Theatre to be had at the Stationary Store of Mr. John Munro, and at the Box Office of the Theatre, where places may be secured between the hours of 10 and 2 o'clock. Prices of Admission, First Box, 1 dollar; Upper Box, 2s. 6d.; Pit, 2s. 6d. For particulars, see small Bills. October 4.

