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THE PEARL

DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND RELIGION.

Vol. I.

HALIFAX, N. S. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1837.

No. 14.

MAY THE YOUNG QUEEN BE HAPPY.

By THOMAS H. BAYLY, Esq.

May the young Queen be happy, and calm her renown,
While the sword in the scabbard reposes ;
On the forehead of youth may the sovereign crown
Press no more than a chaplet of roses.
May the Arts, as they did in Elizabeth's reign,
Shed round intellectual glory,
And Victoria's annals be free from the stain
Of the errors that darken'd her story.
May the young Queen be happy, unsullied her court,
And the love of her people her pride and support.
May the young Queen be happy; should peace pass away,
Not a heart in her kingdom would falter,
Her voice would call forth a triumphant array
In defence of the throne and the altar.
But laurels enough ready gather'd we find,
And no spark of right feeling he loses
Who prays that the olive may now be entwined
With the evergreen wreath of the Muses.
May the young Queen be happy, unsullied her court,
And the love of her people her pride and support.

"HERE'S VICTORIA, OUR QUEEN, FOR EVER!"

By MRS. CORNWALL BARON WILSON.

AIR.—"Here's a health to the King, God bless him."

Though England, while blessed with a King on her throne,
Many glorious triumphs has seen,
Yet the palmiest days which she ever has known
Have been those when she boasted—a Queen.
When Elizabeth reigned 'twas that Shakspeare arose,
And heroes, whose fame will die never;
Since 'tis to her Queens, then, so much England owes,
Here's Victoria, our Queen, for ever!
A King must respect and obedience claim,
For 'tis of our duty a part;
But, ruled by a Queen, there's a charm in the name
That finds its way home to the heart.
'Tis there is the throne where a monarch's secure;
And her name from our hearts nought can sever.
O, there to the last shall affection endure,
Here's Victoria, our Queen, for ever!

LITERATURE FOR THE BLIND.

We have much pleasure in laying before our readers some very remarkable information regarding the means recently discovered, and now in operation, for facilitating the education of the Blind. What we state may be depended on as perfectly consistent with truth, our information being drawn partly from an authoritative source and partly founded on personal observation.

The blind are now able to read nearly as fluently as those who see. Books are now printed for their use. They are also able to write letters to each other by post, and to read what is thus written. They can cast up accounts with no other apparatus than common pins; and draw for themselves diagrams, with the same materials, for the study of geometry. Not only are books printed for their use, but also maps, drawings, and music, which add greatly to their means of improvement; and besides the invention for writing what they themselves can read, a very simple instrument has been invented, by which they are able to write the common written character, in a style as small, and even more elegant than is generally found among those who see.

These things are curious, and may be noticed separately. Persons who have the use of their eyes, read by the sense of sight; the blind, who are deprived of the benefit of this sense, read by the sense of touch or feeling; they

read with the points of the first two fingers of the right hand. To feel common printing is impossible; the printing for the blind is done without ink, and the faces of the types are pressed so hard on the paper as to produce marks in relief on the other side. These marks resemble raised letters, and may be felt and read by the fingers, notwithstanding that the rise is not greater than the thickness of an ordinary thread. Printing of this kind for the blind was attempted in Paris during the last century, but failed, on account of the alphabet which was employed for the purpose. Within the last ten or twelve years, the invention has been revived by Mr. Gall, a respectable printer in Edinburgh, who has laboured enthusiastically to render the invention of extensive practical utility. Complete success has crowned his endeavours. The chief error in the Parisian printing was too great a roundness and smoothness in the letters which were of the ordinary alphabet, and which few, except those blind who were in the asylums, could ever be taught to read. Mr. Gall, perceiving that angles were more easily felt than rounds, and that the outside of the letter was more easily felt than the inside, modified the shape of the alphabet into its most simple form, throwing the characteristics of each letter to the outside, and using angles instead of rounds. The alphabet for the blind is thus a series of sharp angular marks; the original character of each letter, however, being so far preserved, that a person with sight may read any book so printed after a little examination. The letter o, for instance, is a quadrangular instead of an oval mark, so that its four corners may be easily felt. Mr. Gall has also added another improvement to the art, by using fretted types instead of smooth ones. Every printed letter is therefore a mark composed of small jagged points, as if it were made by punching the paper with blunt pins. This is a modification of material importance. When the letters are smooth in their lines, they are apt to be pressed down again into the paper by the friction of the fingers, or any accidental pressure on the leaves; but when they are fretted, each point offers the resistance of a vaulted arch, and by that means it cannot be depressed but by violence. The size of the letters hitherto in use is considerably larger than those used in common printing, and they also stand farther apart from each other. One side of the paper can only be used, unless wide spaces be left between the lines, when the printing may be made on both sides. All these peculiarities render the printing comparatively expensive; what usually occupies a small pocket volume being expanded to the magnitude of a quarto. Means are in progress, however, by Mr. Gall, for introducing a smaller sized type, whereby it is expected that ere long a New Testament may be published for the use of the blind at about 5s. a copy. At present the price of a copy would be about 30s. It is to be hoped that philanthropic and wealthy individuals or societies will contribute towards the production of a cheap copy of this and other works.

The Gospel of St. John was the first part of the Bible which was printed in Great Britain for the blind. At first it was feared, that although the blind might be able to feel the letters, they would be so long in reading one verse, that all the pleasure they would get from it would not be worth the trouble. Shortly after it was published, a number of individuals began to teach the blind to read, rather from a feeling of curiosity than from any hope of its being useful; but they were surprised to find, that the blind learned to read as fast, and in some cases faster, than children who see. Belfast seems to have been the first place where it excited any great degree of wonder. It had been adopted there in a Sunday school; and the blind children improved so rapidly, that the school was generally filled

with visitors; and public interest was so much excited that an institution has been since built in that town for their education, along with the deaf and dumb. The blind children in that institution are the best readers at present in the kingdom. The reading is now adopted with complete success in various asylums, but more especially by private individuals in different parts of the country. A school has also been opened in Edinburgh, the first which has ever been established exclusively for the education of the blind. A little boy, totally blind, from the Belfast Institution, lately exhibited his powers in our presence in Edinburgh. The facility with which he read, by passing his fingers along the lines, was surprising; and we proved that his skill was not an effect of memory, by causing him to stop frequently and go back to point out particular words. This boy was on his way to London for exhibition.

So expert do blind children become in the acquisition of the art of reading by the touch, that we are assured they can in time read with a glove on the hand, or with a piece of linen laid over the page of the book. In this we may perceive one of the beautiful arrangements of nature, by which a deficiency in one sense is compensated by an additional vigour in another. From all that we can understand, it is not likely that any kind of hand-labour in which the blind may be engaged, will have the effect of destroying or rendering unavailing the delicacy of touch required to distinguish the surface of the letters in reading. Any injury resulting from labour, is more than counterbalanced by the cultivated habit of trusting to the sense which is called into activity. After the fingers have been trained to recognise letters and other minute marks, the pupil is advanced to the stage of examining pictures, diagrams, and maps; indeed, some of these things may be submitted to his touch before going to school, and made the subject of parental instruction. In the execution of works composed of diagrams and other illustrations, for the blind, the Americans are already considerably ahead of British publishers. Mr. McComb of Belfast, who has been a zealous advocate in the cause of the blind, has laid before us several American works, which depict in relief a complete series of drawings illustrative of the different branches of natural philosophy, as mechanics, optics, hydraulics, astronomy, and so forth. By these various means, the difficulty of teaching the blind to read and to study by their own unassisted efforts, no longer exists. The blind child, furnished with a spelling-book, or other elementary work, printed in relief, may now take his place in the class along with children who see; and provided books be executed to meet his wants, he may proceed with his more gifted companions through nearly the whole routine of classical and scientific study. To the minds of those who have pleasure in contemplating the melioration of human misery, few things can be more delightful than the intelligence of the great improvement we speak of. Henceforth, the poor blind child who in bypast times would have been left in total ignorance, or deprived of the solacements of literature, in so far as his own personal resources were concerned—who would have been left perhaps to beg his bread with the assistance of a dog and string—need not grow up in a state of mental darkness. He may be schooled, taught and morally and religiously cultivated, the same as any other member of a family; and when left alone, when overtaken by sickness or old age, he may draw upon an inexhaustible fund of happiness, by the perusal of the book which is most suitable to his feelings.

The blind are taught to write, or put their thoughts on paper, in two ways. The most obvious is writing by means of stamps. The principle is similar to that of printing for the blind. If we prick a piece of paper with a pin, so as to form a letter, we feel the shape of the letter

on the other side. Stamps with the letters set with points, are used by the blind to press through the paper; and in this way they are able to write a long letter upon a sheet of paper, to write the address by the same means; and when they have finished, they can read with their finger all that they have written. At first, when the blind addressed their own letters, it was feared that the postmen would not be able to read the address; but in this they were agreeably disappointed, for the letters went from one end of the kingdom to the other, with as much accuracy as if they had been addressed in the common way. There has been no instance yet known of their having miscarried. It is exceedingly gratifying to the blind to be thus enabled to correspond with their friends, and to receive letters which they can read without assistance. They are also in the habit of writing poetry and private memoranda, in which they take great pleasure. The frame upon which the writing is performed, is very simple, and costs about 5s. The wooden stamps cost about 6s. 6d., and the box for holding them arranged for writing, costs 3s. 6d.; so that the expense of the whole apparatus is about 15s. This is the most expensive part of the apparatus for the blind; but when once furnished, it may last for life, and is a source of much pleasure and convenience, as it enables the blind to print their own books, and even to print music, as we shall afterwards show. The other mode of writing by the blind is by means of an instrument called a Typhlograph, the invention of Mr. Gall's son. The writing is done by a pointed pencil on paper, in a current large or small hand. The instrument used in the process consists of a board, a guide, and a slide-rest—the object of the apparatus being to guide the hand, and cause regularity. It will be comprehended that the writing so executed can be read only by those who see. A blind person writing for the press would follow this plan.

Professor Saunderson, teacher of mathematics in the University of Cambridge, who was blind (see his biography in the 61st number of the Journal), invented a table for himself, by which he could cast up accounts. It consisted of a surface cut into squares, with grooves between, which crossed each other. Each square had nine holes, and according to the hole in which a pin was put, so was the figure distinguished. The squares being arranged in lines upwards, and also sideways, and each representing one figure, he was able to perform all the rules of arithmetic by its means. An improvement has been made on this plan; but it has not been found to answer the purpose so well as the simple process of computation by pins, also invented by Mr. Gall, junior. All the apparatus now required by the blind to cast accounts, consists of a quantity of ordinary pins and a cushion; if a cushion be not at hand, any soft substance, such as the seat of a chair, a bed, a carpet, or the sleeve of a coat, will be sufficient. The ten figures and their combinations are represented by pins stuck into the cushion—the way in which the head of the pin points or projects being indicative of a number. For example, 1 is represented by the pin stuck with its head pointing from the person, 2 by its pointing to the right, 3 by its pointing towards the person, and 4 by its pointing to the left; 5, 6, 7, and 8, are respectively represented by two pins close together, pointing variously in the same manner; 9 is two pins with their heads projecting upwards, and 0 is one pin projecting upwards. A very little practice is sufficient to imprint the value of these tangible signs on the memory. In business transactions, the pin notation will be found to be most valuable to the blind. It occupies the place of a scroll journal. Every customer has a small cushion appropriated to his accounts. These cushions have a loop of tape or riband sewed to the corner by which it is to hang. This loop fixes the position of the cushion, and is always supposed to be at the top, on the right hand. The person's name being written with the stamps on paper, is pinned to the centre of the top; and when an article is to be charged against him, the name of the article may either be written in the same way, or indicated by peculiar combinations of pins. The blind ought always to be taught book-keeping. This

is done first by making them cast the accounts on the cushion, and then copy them into the cash-book or ledger with the stamps. The pincushion is the universal album of the blind. Not only are the arithmetical figures represented by its means, but any kind of diagram may be represented to the touch. In forming diagrams, the pins are thrust into the cushion to the very head, in lines corresponding with the shape intended to be felt. The heads of the pins, therefore, are the only parts which are felt—each head represents a point, and a succession of them represents a line. It is necessary to have a pair of wooden compasses for the forming of geometrical diagrams. Instead of the limbs terminating in points, as in other compasses, there is a small nick at each extremity, into which the pin is placed before thrusting it down. The sides of the limbs are straight—one of them having slight grooves cut at regular distances, for making straight lines by rows of pins; the other having the grooves cut at distances of half an inch—every alternate groove being distinguished by a larger indentation at the top.

The pincushion is found to be an invaluable apparatus in the school and study of the blind. Young persons may be taught to read by it, for every body knows how easy it is to form letters by heads of pins; a knowledge of writing may be communicated in the same manner; memorandums may be made, diagrams drawn, and the outlines and relative distances of geographical objects communicated, all by means of a simple cushion and a pennyworth of pins.

It is of considerable importance to have a plan by which the blind may be taught music scientifically. Hitherto they have acquired a knowledge of tunes entirely by the ear, and retained a recollection of the notes by the memory. We are happy to say that this deficiency is now obviated. The blind may now sing music from the book, almost as advantageously as if they had the use of their eyes. The notation for them is not by dots and five parallel lines, that being too complex an arrangement. A new notation has been invented, so simple that any one could understand how to sing from it with only one lesson. The notes are represented by the numbers 1 2 3 4 5 6 7. The "rest" is represented by a 0. To give an idea of time, points are used after the figures; one point doubles the times of the simple figure; two points multiplies it by four; and three points multiplies it by eight. If more than this be required, a line after the figure indicates four of the points, and one, or two points, may follow it, so as to multiply the time of the simple figure by six-four. For a full account of this very interesting branch of education for the blind, we must refer to the authority undermentioned, from which we have gleaned these particulars: it may be enough here to present the following example of the notation of part of a well-known tune in church music:—

1.	1	7	6	5	1.	2.	3.
All	peo	-	ple	that	on	earth	do
3.	3	3	2	1	4.	3.	2.
Sing	to	the	Lord	with	cheer	-	ful
					voice.		

Music of this description may be printed with the types used in the books for the blind, may be written with the stamps or typhlograph, or may be represented by pins on the pincushion.

We have now presented a faithful though very imperfect account of what has lately been done to facilitate the school education and general instruction of the blind. We should, however, be justly accused of negligence, if we omitted to mention in conclusion, that the great moving spring of action in the various improvements carried into effect, has been Mr. Gall of Edinburgh, the gentleman already alluded to. For although his success as the founder of a permanent literature for this helpless portion of his fellow-creature, has lately raised up several labourers in the same field, it is worthy of remark, that his operations were complete, if not perfect, several years before the public mind could be sufficiently roused to perceive its importance, far less to excite competition. Had it not been for his extraordinary exertions in behalf of

the education of the blind, and literature for their use, little progress would as yet have been made in this great work of charity and mercy. And we sincerely hope that his exertions will ultimately be rewarded as they deserve. —A late number of Chambers Journal.

KILLING AN ALLIGATOR.—One day, while we lay at anchor, I witnessed one of the most ingenious ways of killing an alligator that could be imagined. One of these huge creatures was discovered basking on a bank in the river, a short distance ahead of our vessels. He was observed by two natives in a canoe, who immediately paddled to the opposite side of the bank, and having landed, crept cautiously towards him. As soon as they were near the animal, one of the natives stood up from his crouching position, holding a spear about six feet long, which with one blow he struck through the animal's tail into the sand. A most strenuous contest immediately ensued; the man with the spear holding it in the sand as firmly as his strength allowed him, and clinging to it as it became necessary to shift his position with the agility of a monkey; while his companion occasionally ran in as opportunity offered, and with much dexterity gave the animal a thrust with his long knife retreating at the same moment from within reach of its capacious jaws as it whirled round upon the extraordinary pivot which his companion had so successfully placed in its tail. The battle lasted about half an hour, terminating in the slaughter of the alligator, and the triumph of his conquerors, who were not long in cutting him to pieces, and loading their canoes with his flesh, which they immediately carried to the shore and retailed to their countrymen. It is evident that the success of this plan depended on the nerve and dexterity of the man who pinned the animal's tail to the ground; and his contortions and struggles to keep his position were highly ridiculous and entertaining.—Laird and Oldfield's Narrative of an Expedition into the interior of Africa.

MARRIAGE A LOTTERY.—Our readers are acquainted with the singular freak of the young man who made a lottery of himself. The following has been the denouement of this ingenious speculation, for the truth of which a provincial journal refers us to the civil registry of Lyons. The drawing took place in the fairest manner possible, in presence of a notary and of several witnesses. Madlle. Euphrasie B., a young lady of fortune at Lyons won the young man. A singular incident occurred after the drawing had been decided. The young lady was still unaware of her own good fortune, when one morning a lady waited upon her in a state of most painful excitement. "Save my life, Mademoiselle." "How?" "Cede your ticket to me." "What ticket?" "The lottery ticket—the ticket for the young man." "Oh, I had quite forgotten it." "Then, know, Mademoiselle, that I love him—that I adore him. I had taken 30 tickets: it was as much as my means would allow of my doing. My tickets are all blanks. Yours is the only prize. Cede it to me or you will cause my death." "Madam," replied Mademoiselle Euphrasie, "there is a written clause on the tickets that if the young man should not please me, or if I should not please the young man, we are to divide the 200,000 francs, and not to marry one another. This chance remains for you: as to my ticket, I shall keep it." An hour afterwards the prize young man presented himself to Euphrasie; they were mutually satisfied, and lost no time in binding the conjugal knot. The lady who had been so anxious to obtain the transfer of Euphrasie's ticket was a widow of Careassone, and is said to have destroyed herself. The young couple united by lottery are spending their honeymoon at Narbonne.—Constitutionnel.

A CAVILLER SILENCED.—A flippant chatterer, after having spoken slightly of the miracles, to Dr. Parr, exclaimed, "Well, but doctor, what think you of the mark of the cross upon the ass's back, which they say indicates the precise spot where the animal was smitten by Balaam?" "Why, sir," replied the doctor, "I say that if you had a little more of the cross, and a good deal less of the ass, it would be much better for you."

For the Pearl.

CHEAP LITERATURE AND THE DRAMA.

The piety and good sense which pervade the following remarks, (abridged from the "British Critic,") seem to me, Mr. Editor, to entitle them to a place in your instructive paper.

Perhaps the remarks on stage-players may be read by some of those whom we sometimes hear exclaiming, "I wish we had plays to relieve the dullness of the times." If the feeling of the Christian should ever be

"Whatever consists not with thy will,
Lord teach me to resign."

should we not anxiously check each rising desire to add to our temptations to scenes where HE is not? Life is short: let us, therefore, avoid whatever may occupy its hours with that which "in the hour of death: and the day of judgment," will rise up in judgment against us! OKION.

A vast and almost infinite deal is required, to put our education, our literature, *the prevailing tone of opinion*, and habits of conduct, in unison with our faith. At present the contrast in many respects is most wondrous and calamitous. The work, therefore, upon the Church is here immense, and the exertions of the clergy are imperatively called for. To trace the connection which these things bear to each other—to survey our literature, whether addressed to the reason or the imagination, by the light of Christianity—to examine with the Gospel for our guide and beacon, what its aspect is, and what it ought to be—to inquire, with sincerity and strictness, how far our modes of life are Christian, how far our public diversions are Christian, how far our poetry, for instance our novels, our magazines, and newspapers, are Christian—this is a business to which no member of the Church of Christ should be indifferent, who entertains a genuine solicitude for the social improvement of mankind, and who is at all competent to estimate the bearing of these subjects upon national character or individual happiness. High as is the value which we attribute to sound publications cheaply provided and universally dispersed, and entirely as we are of opinion that a channel is here opened for Christians into which they may force their energies with unspeakable advantage, it is scarcely of less consequence that they should frame to themselves just and comprehensive views of the *general literature* of their age or country, with express reference to its religion as also the general modes in which its intellectual and social activities are conspicuously developed. By way of explaining what we mean we would take the stage as an instance.

Now, we can well conceive the possibility as an abstract proposition, that the influence of the drama should be good; and that a well regulated stage might be an aid to morals, and through morals to religion: and we should regret to see the holy influences of Christianity forcibly and entirely rent apart from the polished arts and intellectual recreations of human society. But we cannot regard the theatres of Europe, or at least of England, in their actual state, as objects of panegyric. As places of assembly, they present little more than a focus for the profligacies of a capital: they are too often stepping-stones to other and more abandoned haunts,—schools of sensuality and disorder,—holding out incentives to passion, and facilities to seduction; offending taste, shocking decency, rubbing off the bloom, the freshness, the chaste and delicate sensitiveness of virtue, from all who habitually frequent them: and upon their scenes they furnish neither a guide to conduct, nor a mirror of life. Instead of tragedy, they exhibit for the most part, sentimental or melo-dramatic extravagancies, which outrage nature and reason, and propose dazzling but pernicious qualities for admiration and imitation, fall of mischievous clap-traps, and preposterous rant: instead of comedy, they exhibit low and witless farces, of which the gross immorality is only equalled by the unradicable vulgarity; which seem, as their chief aim, to inculcate the duty, and the pleasure, and the advantage of forbidden attachments and clandestine marriages; which make a point of rewarding the most equivocal stratagems, and exposing honest simplicity to scorn; which teach children to despise and defy the authority of their parents, by surrounding age with ridiculous associations, and showing how the appetites of youth are far wiser than the lessons of experience; which teach servants to deceive and betray their masters, which are

replete with notions with which no prudent man could wish his offspring to be imbued.

There are, of course, many and honourable exceptions; but we fear that our portraiture is only too exact of the general run of productions which are written for our stage, and the general aspect which our theatres display.

(From the New York Review.)

CHRISTIANITY.

It is one of the beauties of Christianity, that it not only warns the soul of the future and fits it for the life to come, but also sheds its kindly influence over the relations of the present. It is adapted to every situation and circumstance in which we may be placed. Interwoven with the best habits and dispositions of our nature, its gentle graces, like the dews of heaven, water every fertile soil. It is serious in the solemn worship of the sanctuary; it is tender and familiar in the affections of the household; it is the friendly companion amid the scenes of nature; it is the stay of adversity, and the best comfort of prosperity: it never deserts us. Wherever man has a true source of enjoyment it is present to sanctify and increase the happiness. Christianity embraces all the conditions of our state. It nerves the arm of the artisan at his daily labor; it strengthens the soldier in patriotism; it enlightens the studies of the philosopher; it teaches the scholar his just end and aim; it seconds the call of duty; it invigorates every faculty to its most perfect exercise. Nor does it fail the mere man of letters in his pursuit of literature, but it meets the author in his closet, and infuses into his page the real and natural interests of life. For it lays before him in the Bible the best model of composition ever penned, and awakes in him the influence of noble precept and example. It enlarges his understanding. It shows him effects not only in themselves, but linked to a first great Cause. It unfolds futurity and thus gives the necessary completion to the history of man. It creates new sympathies in the kind, for it teaches that all men are brothers, and humility the corner-stone of virtue. It cultivates the love of nature. It cherishes the domestic ties, and reads a brighter memorial in the tear of affection than in the most successful effort of policy. It is spiritual, and looks to the emotions of the soul above the great acts of fortune. In fine, it embraces the very spirit of literature; dwelling in the heart, and rendering every thought sensitive to the claims of humanity.

LATIN AND GREEK.

Greek, the shrine of the genius of the old world; as universal as our race, as individual as ourselves; of infinite flexibility, of indefatigable strength, with the complication and the distinctness of nature herself; to which nothing was vulgar, from which nothing was excluded; speaking to the ear like Italian, speaking to the mind like English; with words like pictures, with words like the gossamer film of the summer; at once the variety and the picturesqueness of Homer, the gloom and the intensity of Æschylus; not compressed to the closest by Thucydides, not fathomed to the bottom by Plato;—not sounding with all its thunders, nor lit up with all its ardours, even under the Promethean touch of Demosthenes. And Latin—the voice of empire and of war, of law, and of the state; inferior to its half-parent, and rival, in the embodying of passion, and in the distinguishing of thought, but equal to it in sustaining the measured march of history, and superior to it in the indignant declamation of moral satire, stamped with the mark of an imperial and despotizing republic; rigid in its construction, parsimonious in its synonymes; reluctantly yielding to the flowery yoke of Horace, although opening glimpses of Greek-like splendour in the occasional inspirations of Lucretius; proved indeed to the uttermost by Cicero, and by him found wanting; yet majestic in its barrenness, impressive in its conciseness; the true language of history, instinct with the spirit of nations, and not with the passions of individuals; breathing the maxims of the world, and not the tenets of the schools; one and uniform in its air and spirit, whether touched by the stern and haughty Sallust, by the open and discursive Livy, by the reserved and thoughtful Tacitus.—Coleridge.

EULOGIUM ON WM. PENN.

The following is perhaps the most elegant and highly finished eulogium which has been pronounced upon a man, in whose praise almost all men unite. May we be permitted to add, that it is as true as it is eloquent.

"WILLIAM PENN stands the first among the law-givers whose names and deeds are recorded in history. Shall we compare with him Lycurgus, Solon, Romulus, those founders of military commonwealths, who organized their citizens in dreadful array against the rest of their species, taught them to consider their fellow men—barbarians, and themselves as alone worthy to rule over the earth? What benefit did mankind derive from their boasted institutions? Interrogate the shades of those who fell in the mighty contests between Athens and Lacedæmon, between Carthage and Rome, and between Rome and the rest of the universe.—But see our William Penn, with weaponless hands, sitting down peaceably with his followers in the midst of savage nations, whose only occupation was shedding the blood of their fellow men, disarming them by his justice, and teaching them, for the first time, to view a stranger without distrust. See them bury their tomahawks in his presence, so deep that man shall never be able to find them again. See them under the shade of the thick groves of Coaquannock extend the bright chain of friendship, and solemnly promise to preserve it as long as the sun and moon shall endure. See him then with his companions establishing his commonwealth on the sole basis of religion, morality and universal love, and adopting, as the fundamental maxims of his government, the rule handed down to us from Heaven, "Glory to God on high, and on earth peace; and good will to all men."

Here was a spectacle for the potentates of the earth to look upon, an example for them to imitate. But the potentates of the earth did not see, or if they saw, they turned away their eyes from the sight; they did not hear, or if they heard, they shut their ears against the voice which called out to them from the wilderness.

Discite justitiam moniti, et non temere Divos.

The character of William Penn alone sheds a never fading lustre upon our history. No other state in this union can boast of such an illustrious founder; none began their social career under auspices so honourable to humanity. Every trait of the life of that great man, every fact and anecdote of those golden times will be sought for by our descendants with avidity, and will furnish many an interesting subject for the fancy of the novelist, and the enthusiasm of the poet."—P. S. Duponceau L. L. D.

VERY UNPLEASANT.—A young farmer in the interior of France had lately agreed to elope with the daughter of one of his neighbours, who refused to give his consent to their marriage. Every thing was arranged, but it appears our young Lothario had forgotten that secrecy was an important point in affairs of this kind. He had confided his projects to one or two of his particular friends, who, singularly enough, were no more discreet than the individual most interested in the prevention of publicity. On the appointed evening he was at the window of his innamorata; the trembling fair one alighted at the pre-arranged signal, and sprung upon the pillion of her lover's horse; but before the party had proceeded far, the gentle lady began to apply most vigorously to the shoulders of our amorous swain, who was some time before he discovered that his travelling companion was no other than the brother of the object of his affections, whose well-nerved arm inflicted a sound correction upon the would-be gallant, and extorted from him a solemn promise to abstain from all such attempts for the future.—French paper.

"THY WILL BE DONE"

Thy will be done! To us who walk below
In the dim shadow of this vale of tears,
Where joy a moment smiles, then disappears,
Is it not well, Oh, Lord of life to know,
Even when thou smitest, Mercy gives the blow?
Thy will be done! We but obscurely scan
The mighty mazes of thy wondrous plan—
And what Thou dost in love we make our wo.
Teach us to profit by each pain, oh God!
Heavenward, by faith, to raise our souls to Thee—
With deep humility to kiss the rod—
To trust the motive which we cannot see—
Until, when every earthly doubt be gone
Our hearts, in truth, may say, "Thy will be done"

BOYHOOD.

O, blessed boy, how full of joy,
And buoyant life art thou!
Not yet dependent upon hope,
Thy world is Eden now.
Thy thoughts are cast upon no past—
Thou hast not to complain,
Of being, as a barren waste,
Of languor and of pain.

Thine eyes are bright, thy smiles are light,
Thou dreamest not of care;
Fierce passion lights not in thy breast
The beacon of despair.
But thou must grow, must have, and know,—
Thy heart must be engrossed,
With hope's warm blessings undefined
And memories of the lost.

I gaze on thee, and hear and see,
And feel what I have been;
And memories come from myriad things
Which may no more be seen.
With what is gained my heart is pained,
And what has been resigned;
For sorely pays the bleeding heart
For treasures of the mind.

The ebbing tide swells back with pride—
The bird, forewarned, that flies
Before the wild and wintry blast,
Will come with summer skies:
But thou, my heart! canst have no part
In this sweet scene I see;
For never, like returning spring,
Can boyhood come o'er thee.

Metropolitan for August. RICHARD HOWITT.

NATURE'S MUSIC.

Oh! whisper not, that music dwells alone
In gorgeous palace, or in sculptured hall;
Say not that Harmony's melliduous tone
Hath birth but in those syrens that enthral
The charmed, rapt spirit with their notes, which fall
Like melody divine upon the ear—
For there's a music in the wild bird's call
Unrivalled, as with joyous warblings dear,
He pours his untaught lay, when day's bright beams appear.

Go 'neath the cloistered roof and hear the sound
Of the full organ's rich and pealing tone,
Then, on the sea-girt shore, mark ocean's bound,
And list its music—'tis Creation's own!
No vaulted aisle could echo back that moan,
That cadence wild; the last dirge of the brave,
That sleep beneath it, ocean-wept and lone.
And magic tones are in that flowing wave,
Which sings itself to rest in gem-bespangled cave.

Yes, harmony is nature's child, and dwells
In all her fashionings! the viewless breeze,
With lute-like, silvery sound, can boast its spells,
As on its soft and floating wings it flees,
Unfettered, on, till some green, shady trees
Invite its music; and, with leaf-wrought chain,
Awhile confine it, seeking to appease
Its wild, melodious anger, but in vain;
It thrills a cadence through them, and is free again!

And joyous sounds are in the fountain's play,
Borne on each gilded drop, as sparkling high,
It greets the sunbeams; and a mournful lay,
Sad as Eolian harp, touched by a sigh,
Is breathed from river-wave, whose soft notes die
Upon the lily's fair and snow-white breast;
Fit emblem of the spotless purity
Of infant spirits, when in murmur'ing rest,
Borne on their last low breath, to dwellings of the blest.

All, all is harmony. The deep blue seas,
The purling rivulets, soft murmuring,
The lamb's low bleat, the busy hum of bees,
The bird which soars on heaven-directed wing,
All taught by nature, nature's music sing—
And who such simple melody could hear
With heart untouched by heaven's inspiring?
For by the soul-subduing sounds we hear,
We know that He who gave them, Nature's God, is near.

Metropolitan for August.

A. B.

WINE IN EGYPT.—Wine must always have been a rarity in Egypt: for though its use was permitted to the priests, the people were only allowed to drink it at certain festivals, especially that of Artemis Bubastus, when, as we are informed by Herodotus, more wine was consumed than in all the year besides. At other times they drank a kind of beer made from barley. This liquor being used chiefly by the middle and lower castes, we are not to expect any details of its manufacture on the monuments. If there were any, it would be difficult to identify them, for, from the account given us by Herodotus, it is manifest that the Egyptian beer was a sort of sweet wort; it was but slightly fermented, and as no hops were used in the manufacture, it was probably made only in small quantities, as the occasion required. Yet from the monuments we infer that the cultivation of the grape was at one time popular in Egypt though it could only have been cultivated with success in a few of the high-lying districts; and when commerce enabled the Egyptians to import wine from other countries better and cheaper than they could manufacture it themselves, they had the good sense to abandon this unprofitable branch of industry, and direct their attention to commodities for which nature afforded them greater facilities. In the age of the patriarch Jacob, wine must have been manufactured in Egypt, else it is fair to infer that he would have sent it with the other products of Syria, which he gave to his sons, for the purpose of conciliating Pharaoh's minister, his unknown son Joseph. "Take of the best fruits in the land in your vessels, and carry down the man a present, a little balm, and a little honey, spices and myrrh, nuts and almonds," Gen. xliii. 11. But from the enumeration of the judgments that God was about to inflict on the land of Egypt in the days of the prophet Isaiah it would appear that the vines were not important, for their destruction forms no part of the prophet's denunciations against Egypt, as it does of his menaces against the Syrians and Chaldeans.

Other circumstances, indeed, tend to prove that the cultivation of the vine was not very extensive; we find it in almost every instance planted in the gardens: there are few if any, separate vineyards. A greater number of labourers is found attending to the vines than to any other horticultural produce, whence we may conclude that their cultivation required more than ordinary care, and was a luxury of the rich rather than an occupation of the people.

The grapes, when collected, were conveyed in baskets to the wine-vat. This was not a moveable utensil, but a cistern either dug or built, generally the latter; when the fruit was collected in this receptacle, men and women were employed to crush it by treading. In the press the two persons are engaged in this work; they hold ropes fixed to a transverse pole, by which they give greater force and elasticity to their spring or leap. The transverse beam is fastened to two date-palms, for the press is a small one, erected in a garden but we find others in the construction of which considerable architectural beauty is displayed. The place of the palms is supplied by splendid columns, and the transverse beam is ornamented with fluting and carving, such as is usual in cornices. To this operation there are frequent allusions in Scripture. Bishop Lowth has dwelt forcibly on the poetic beauty of the delineation of divine vengeance, by imagery borrowed from the wine-press in Isaiah's description of the Messiah's victory over his enemies. "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength? I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save. Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel, and thy garments like him that treadeth in the wine-vat? I have trodden the wine-press alone; and of the people there was none with me; for I will tread them in mine anger, and trample them in my fury; and their blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments, and I will stain all my raiment. For the day of vengeance is in mine heart, and the year of my redeemed is come. And I looked and there was none to help; and I wondered that there was none to uphold; therefore, mine own arm brought salvation unto me, and my fury it upheld me. And I will tread down the people in mine

anger, and make them drunk in my fury, and I will bring down their strength to the earth," Isaiah, lxiii. 1—6. In this noble burst of poetry, the word "alone" has a peculiar emphasis, because it was usual for several persons to tread together in the wine-press. The crushing of the grapes, the spouting forth of purple juice, and the dark stains on the vesture, naturally suggest an image of the waste and destruction ensuing from the triumph of some mighty conqueror. To the Hebrews it was a familiar illustration, for in their language, "blood of the grape" is an ordinary expression for wine.

Treading out the grapes was an exhilarating employment; in all the representations of the process we imagine that we can see joy and merriment, proceeding even to extravagance, on the countenances of those engaged in it. This circumstance explains another image of Divine vengeance in the prophecies of Jeremiah; "The Lord shall mightily roar from his habitation: he shall give a shout as they that tread the grapes, against all the inhabitants of the earth," Jeremiah xiv. 30. We find women sharing the pleasing toil of grape-pressing; the Greeks as we are informed by Anacreon, excluded them from an employment likely to inspire them with a love for the intoxicating juice.

Lo! the vintage now is done!
And purpled with the autumnal sun;
The grapes gay youths and virgins bear,
The sweetest product of the year!
In vats the heavenly load they lay,
And swift the damsels trip away:
The youths alone the wine-press tread,
For wine's by skillful drunkards made.
Meantime the mirthful song they raise,
Lo! Bacchus, to thy praise!
And viewing the blest juice in thought,
Quaff an imaginary draught.

ODE L. ii. *Broom's Translation.*

Indeed, so great was the general joy inspired by the vintage, that its cessation is one of the punishments denounced by Jeremiah against Moab. "And joy and gladness is taken from the plentiful field, and from the land of Moab; and I have caused wine to fail from the wine presses: none shall tread with shouting; their shouting shall be no shouting," Jeremiah, xlviii. 33. We have a similar allusion to the joy of the vintage in Isaiah's denunciation, which is also against Moab. "And gladness is taken away, and joy out of the pleasant field; and in the vineyards there shall be no singing, neither shall there be shouting; the treaders shall tread out no wine in their presses; I have made their vintage shouting to cease," Isaiah, xvi. 10.

The crushed pulp of the grapes sunk into the bottom of the vat or cistern; the expressed juice flowed out through a spout inserted in the side of the cistern, about one-third of its height from the ground. The juice was imperfectly extracted by the treading process, and another operation was required to render available what remained in the trodden pulp. For this purpose a bag, made of flax or rushes, was provided, in which the pulp was placed, and compressed by twisting the ends of the bag with staves or hand-pikes. The editor of the *Pictorial Bible*, a work whose judicious illustrations convey fuller and more perfect information than all the folios of the commentators, confirms our theory, that the bag was used to extract the juice from grapes already subjected to the treading operation, by observing that there is an intermediate process in the supply of fruit to the bag press; the grapes are deposited in large buckets, and not brought directly from the vines, as they are to the treading press.—*Athenæum*.

MAGNIFICENCE AND SUBLIMITY OF THE HUMAN FORM.—There needs no better proof of our instinctive feeling of the immense expression of which the human figure is capable, than the uniform tendency which the religion of every country has betrayed towards Anthropomorphism, or attribution to the Deity the human form. And behold the effects of this familiar object every day: no acquaintance with the secrets of its mechanism, no degrading views of human nature, not the most swinish compost of mud and blood that was ever misnamed philosophy can avail to hinder as from doing involuntary reverence to exhibition of majesty or surpassing beauty in human clay.

COUNTRY LODGINGS.*

By Miss MITFORD.

Between two and three years ago, the following pithy advertisement appeared in several of the London papers:—

"Country Lodgings.—Apartments to be let in a large farm-house, situate in a cheap and pleasant village, about forty miles from London. Apply (if by letter, post-paid) to A. B., No. 7, Salisbury-street, Strand."

Little did I think, whilst admiring in the broad page of the "Morning Chronicle" the compendious brevity of this announcement, that the pleasant village referred to was our own dear Aberleigh; and that the first tenant of those apartments should be a lady whose family I had long known, and in whose fortunes and destiny I took a more than common interest!

Upton Court was a manor-house of considerable extent, which had in former times been the residence of a distinguished Catholic family, but which, in the changes of property incident to our fluctuating neighbourhood, was "fallen from its high estate," and degraded into the homestead of a farm so small, that the tenant, a yeoman of the poorest class, was fain to eke out his rent by entering into an agreement with a speculating Belford upholsterer, and letting off a part of the fine old mansion in the shape of furnished lodgings.

Mrs. Cameron was a young widow. Her father, a Scotch officer, well born, sickly, and poor, had been but too happy to bestow the hand of his only child upon an old friend and fellow-countryman, the principal clerk in a government office whose respectable station, easy fortune, excellent sense, and super-excellent character, were, as he thought, and as fathers, right or wrong, are apt to think, advantages more than sufficient to counterbalance a disparity of years and appearance, which some daughters might have thought startling,—the bride being a beautiful girl of seventeen, the bridegroom a plain man of seven-and-fifty. In this case, at least, the father was right. He lived long enough to see that the young wife was unusually attached to her kind and indulgent husband, and died, about a twelvemonth after the marriage, with the fullest confidence in her respectability and happiness. Mr. Cameron did not long survive him. Before she was nineteen the fair Helen Cameron was a widow and an orphan, with one beautiful boy, to whom she was left sole guardian, an income being secured to her ample for her rank in life, but clogged with the one condition of her not marrying again.

Such was the tenant, who came in the budding spring time, the showery, flowery month of April, to spend the ensuing summer at Upton Court.

We, on our part, regarded her arrival with no common interest. It appeared but yesterday since Helen Graham was herself a child; and here she was, within two miles of us, a widow and a mother.

We soon found that her mind was as charming as her person. Indeed, her face, lovely as it was, derived the best part of its loveliness from her sunny temper, her frank and ardent spirit, her affectionate and generous heart. It was the every-varying expression, an expression which could not deceive, that lent such matchless charms to her glowing and animated countenance, and to the round and musical voice, sweet as the spoken voice of Malibran, or the still fuller and more exquisite tones of Mrs. Jordan, which, true to the feeling of the moment, vibrated alike to the wildest gaiety and the deepest pathos. In a word, the chief beauty of Helen Cameron was her sensibility. It was the perfume to the rose. Her little boy, born, just before his father's death, and upon whom she doted, was a magnificent piece of still life.

We met almost every day. Mrs. Cameron was never weary of driving about our beautiful lanes in her little pony-carriage, and unsually called upon us in her way home, we being not merely her oldest, but almost her only friends; for, lively and social as was her temper, there was a little touch of shyness about her, which in-

duced her rather to shun than to covet the company of strangers.

Late one evening the fair Helen arrived at our cottage with a face of unwonted gravity. Mrs. Davis (her landlady) had used her very ill. She had taken the west wing in total ignorance of their being other apartments to let at the Court, or she would have secured them. And now a new lodger had arrived, had actually taken possession of two rooms in the centre of the house; and Martha, who had seen him, said he was a young man, and a handsome man—and she herself a young woman unprotected and alone!—It was awkward, very awkward! Was it not very awkward? What was she to do?

Nothing could be done that night; so far was clear; but we praised her prudence, promised to call at Upton the next day, and if necessary, to speak to this new lodger, who might, after all, be no very formidable person; and quite relieved by the vent which she had given to her scruples, she departed in her usual good spirits.

Early the next morning she re-appeared "She would not have the new lodger disturbed for the world! He was a Pole. One doubtless of those unfortunate exiles. He had told Mrs. Davies that he was a Polish gentleman, desirous chiefly of good air, cheapness, and retirement. Beyond a doubt he was one of those unhappy fugitives. He looked grave, and pale, and thoughtful, quite like a hero of romance. Besides, he was the very person who, a week before, had caught hold of the reins when that little, restive pony had taken fright at the baker's cart, and nearly backed Bill and herself into the great gravel-pit on Lanton Common. Bill had entirely lost all command over the pony, and but for the strangers's presence of mind, she did not know what would have become of them. Surely I must remember her telling me the circumstance? Besides, he was unfortunate! He was poor! He was an exile! She would not be the means of driving him from the asylum which he had chosen, for all the world!—No! not for all my geraniums!"—an expression which is by no means the anti-climax that it seems, for in the eyes of a florist, and that florist an enthusiast and a woman, what is this rusty, fusty, dusty, musty bit of earth, called the world, compared to a stand of bright flowers?

And finding, upon inquiry, that M. Choynowski (so he called himself,) had brought a letter of recommendation from a respectable London tradesman, and that there was every appearance of his being, as our fair young friend had conjectured, a foreigner in distress, my father not only agreed that it would be a cruel attempt to drive him from his new home, (a piece of tyranny which, even in this land of freedom might I suspect, have been managed in the form of an offer of double rent, by that grand despot, money,) but resolved to offer the few attentions in our poor power, to one whom every look and word proclaimed to be, in the largest sense of the word a gentleman.

My father had seen him, not on his visit of inquiry, but on a few days after, bill-hook in hand, hacking away manfully at the briars and brambles of the garden. My first view of him was in a position even less romantic, assisting a Belford tradesman to put up a stove in the nursery.

One of Mrs. Cameron's few causes of complaint in her country lodgings had been the tendency to smoke in that important apartment. We all know that when those two subtle essences, smoke and wind, once come to do battle in a wide, open chimney, the invisible agent is pretty sure to have the best of the day, and to drive his vapoury enemy at full speed before him. M. Choynowski, who by this time had established a gardening acquaintance, not merely with Bill and Martha, but with their fair mistress, happening to see her, one windy evening, in a paroxysm of smoky distress, not merely recommended a stove after the fashion of the northern nations' notions, but immediately walked into Belford to give his own orders to a respectable ironmonger; and they were in the very act of erecting this admirable necessary to warmth and comfort (really these words are synonymous) when I happened to call.

I could hardly have seen him under circumstances better calculated to display his intelligence, his delicacy, or his good breeding. The patience, gentleness, and kind feeling, with which he contrived at once to excuse and to remedy certain blunders made by the workmen in the execution of his orders, and the clearness with which in perfectly correct and idiomatic English, slightly tinged with a foreign accent, he explained the mechanical and scientific reasons for the construction he had suggested gave evidence at once of no common talent, and of a considerateness and good nature in its exercise more valuable than all the talent in the world.

In person, he was tall and graceful, and very noble-looking. His head was particularly intellectual, and there was a calm sweetness about the mouth that was singularly prepossessing. Helen had likened him to a hero of romance. In my eyes he bore much more plainly the stamp of a man of fashion—of that very highest fashion which is too refined for finery, too full of self-respect for affectation. Somewhat of that reserve continued even after our acquaintance had ripened into intimacy. He never spoke of his own past history, or future prospects, shunned all political discourse, and was with difficulty drawn into conversation upon the scenery and manners of the North of Europe. He seemed afraid of the subject. I have never met with any person whose mind was more richly cultivated, or who was more calculated to adorn the highest station. And here he was wasting life in a secluded village in a foreign country! What would become of him after his present apparently slender resources should be exhausted, was painful to imagine. The more painful; that the accidental discovery of the direction of a letter had disclosed his former rank. It was part of an envelope addressed "A Monsieur Monsieur le Comte Choynowski," and left as a mark in a book, all except the name being torn off.

It was but too evident that another calamity was impending over the unfortunate exile. Although most discreet in word and guarded in manner, every action bespoke his devotion to his lovely fellow-inmate. Her wishes were his law. His attentions to her little boy were such as young men rarely show to infants except in love of the mother; and the garden, that garden abandoned since the memory of man, (for the Court, previous to the arrival of the present tenant, had been for years uninhabited,) was under his exertions and superintendence, rapidly assuming an aspect of luxuriance and order.

(To be concluded in our next.)

TOO LATE AT CHURCH.—I had a servant with a very deceptive name, Samuel Moral who, as if merely to belie it, was in one respect the most immoral, for he was much given to intoxication. This of course brought on other careless habits; and as I wished to reclaim him, if possible I long bore with him, and many a lecture I gave him. "Oh, Samuel, Samuel!" said I to him very frequently—"what will become of you?" On one occasion I told him he was making himself a brute, and then only was he roused to reply angrily.—"Brute, sir—no brute at all, sir—was bred and born at T——."—But the incident which would inevitably have upset the equilibrium of your gravity, was this. I had given him many a lecture for being too late at church, but still I could not make him punctual. One Sunday, as I was reading the first lesson, which happened to be the third chapter, first book of Samuel, I saw him run in at the church-door, ducking down his head that he should not be noticed. He made as much haste as he could up into the gallery, and he had no sooner appeared in the front, thinking of nothing but that he might escape observation, than I came to these words, "Samuel, Samuel." I never can forget his attitude, directly facing me. He stood up in an instant, leaned over the railing, with his mouth wide open, and if some one had not pulled him down instantly by the skirt of his coat, I have no doubt he would have publicly made his excuse.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

*Quoted in the Metropolitan, from a delightful work by Miss Mitford, which is on the eve of appearing.

ENGLISH, IRISH, AND SCOTCH MANNERS.

The Englishman goes straight forward to his purpose; the Scotsman takes occasional deflections, when he calculates they will either shorten the road or facilitate the ascent; and the Irishman flies sometimes to the one side, sometimes to the other, tumbles down in his violence, and often ends where he began. In his mental powers the Englishman is persevering, but slow; the Scotsman is more intense and varied but he sticks not too pertinaciously to a single subject; and the Irishman has the rush of the wind, and also its lightness. An Englishman in power is haughty and distant—he relies on his own schemes, and counts not on the favour or the assistance of other men; a Scotsman in power is apt to be more intriguing, and, for the vanity of serving his connections will allow himself to do things which an Englishman would call mean; an Irishman in power is apt to lose his interest in the gratification of his vanity, and become the dupe of those who minister to his passions.

The poor Englishman takes his toil as lightly as he can, and counts the hours till he shall enjoy the Sunday's idleness and the Sunday's dinner. When young, he boasts of the dexterity of his fists, and the strength of his muscles; takes his wages with a growl, and thanks you not though you overpay him; and when he is old, he boasts that England is his country, and marches away to the workhouse with a feeling of independence. He appears to have no wish either to arrive at a more elevated station himself, or to put his family in a way of doing so. The poor Scotsman chaffers about the amount of his wages, hoards it with the greatest parsimony, and consoles himself, that in consequence of the way in which he has spent his savings, one, at least, of his sons will be a gentleman. The Irishman drudges hard for little, and seeks his pleasure afterwards. He is warm in his protestations of friendship, and will go any length for those who treat him kindly. When young, his glory is his brawl and his love-making; when old, the grave is his shelter.

Enter an English court of justice, it seems a cold formality; and a man is sentenced to be hanged with the same indifference as if he were only to pay a fine. In Scotland the same scene is solemn and impressive. In Ireland, it appears a perfect battle-field. The English speaker (in public) proceeds by forms and facts; the Scottish, by argument from first principles; and the Irish, by an appeal to the passions. The first is clear; the second subtle; and the third vehement. A man is banished from Scotland for a great crime; from England for a small one; and from Ireland, morally speaking, for no crime at all. Hence in New South Wales, an Irish convict may be a good man; an English possible; but a Scottish one is invariably a villain. *European Review.*

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.—It is not, we feel assured, taking too much upon ourselves to declare, that every man of education, who has given the subject a thought, and is not biassed by any personal interest—real or supposed—is agreed as to the cruelty, the injustice, the inefficiency, and waste attendant upon the incarceration of debtors. The whole question has been sifted and resifted, till the truth has been brought out, demonstrable as the first proposition of Euclid,—nay, clear almost to self-evidence: and if reason could derive any force from authority, there is scarcely a name of weight in modern moral science that is not inscribed against the principle and the practice. How then does it happen, that the change in our laws necessary to remove this stain upon our civilisation, and to place them on a level with the light of the age, is so pertinaciously and so successfully resisted? The answer is, briefly, that, if the person ceases to be seizable for debt, property must be rendered strictly amenable, and the privileges which at present defend land from the just claim of the creditor must be abandoned. This is the plain truth of the matter: but let us not be misunderstood—we do not charge any body of men with a wilful sin against the lights of conscience—with a perverse preference of wrong to right. In saying that the landed proprietor has, or fancies that he has, an interest in the maintenance of the existing law of debtor and creditor, which is not the interest of the public at large, we assert merely an incontrovertible matter of fact: and wherever such an interest exists, it is of the most ordinary human nature, that the beneficiary shall be satisfied with any argument, however weak, that backs his right, and shall slowly and reluctantly admit the strongest reasons which may tend to dispossess him of it. In this weakness of the judgment there is nothing for which the individual is morally responsible—nothing to justify reprobation; for we are all more or less partakers in the infirmity. In every instance in which we prefer some trifling present gratification to a remote good (and who is there that does not thus err?) we make precisely the same mis calculation; we unwittingly give a value to motives different from that which they should possess on a purely unbiassed and unimpassioned intellect. While, therefore, it would be unjust and foolish to make a violent outcry against a set of individuals for obeying the forces to which nature and so-

ciety have exposed them, it is not the less incumbent upon those, whose just rights are so seriously injured by the existing law, to keep the truth before the public eye; to place that most constantly in sight, which has been most sedulously kept in the background; and to let every one be aware, that if men are still to be imprisoned for debt, it is not in order that debts may be paid, and the creditor satisfied, but that certain classes of debtors may be privileged and protected, and that the creditor may be deprived of his common right in their instance. The unwillingness of the British legislator to abolish imprisonment for debt, is the more purblind, irrational, and perverse, because he is almost annually forced to break through his own principle, in order to mitigate the evils it involves, and substantially to abandon its imputed advantages, in order to avoid the growing reprehension with which society, as it improves in civilisation, censures the practice. Year by year, something has been detracted from the rigour of the law, and something added to the latitude of the exception; and we have now only to look at the schedules of insolvents, and to compare the amount of their debts with that of the sums recovered from them to be satisfied that imprisonment is an evil no longer redeemed by even the smallest quantum of contingent good. —*Athenæum.*

WONDERS OF GEOLOGY AND ENTOMOLOGY.—Extraordinary as these phenomena must appear, the recent discoveries of Ehrenberg, made since the publication of Dr Buckland's work, are still more marvellous and instructive. This eminent naturalist, whose discoveries respecting the existing infusorial animals we have already noticed, has discovered fossil animalcules, or infusorial organic remains; and not only has he discovered their existence by the microscope, but he has found that they form extensive strata of tripoli, or poleschiefer (polishing slate) at Frazenbad in Bohemia—a substance supposed to have been formed from sediments of fine volcanic ashes in quiet waters. These animals belong to the genus Baccilaria, and inhabit siliceous shells, the accumulation of which forms the strata of polishing slate. The size of a single individual of these animalcules is about 1-228th of a line, or the 3-400th part of an inch. In the polishing slate from Bilin, in which there seems no extraneous matter and no vacuities, a cubic line contains in round numbers twenty-three millions of these animals, and a cubic inch forty-one thousand millions of them. The weight of a cubic inch of the tripoli which contains them is 270 grains. Hence there are 187 millions of these animalcules in a single grain, or the siliceous coat of one of these animals is the 18 millionth part of a grain! Since this strange discovery was made, Mr Ehrenberg has detected the same fossil animals in the semiopal, which is found along with the polishing slate in the tertiary strata of Bilin—in the chalk flints, and even in the semiopal or noble opal of the porphyritic rocks. What a singular application does this fact exhibit of the remains of the ancient world! While our habitations are sometimes built of the solid aggregate of millions of microscopic shells—while, as we have seen, our apartments are heated and lighted with the wreck of mighty forests that covered the primeval valleys—the chaplet of beauty shines with the very sepulchres in which millions of animals are entombed! Thus has death become the handmaid and the ornament of life. Would that it were, also its instructor and its guide!—*Edinburgh Review.*

ODD JUSTICE.—Two Quakers resident in Philadelphia applied to their society, as they do not go to law, to decide in the following difficulty. A is uneasy about a ship that ought to have arrived, meets B, an usurer, and states his wish to have the vessel insured—the matter is agreed upon—A returns home, and receives a letter informing him of the loss of his ship. What shall he do? He is afraid that the policy is not filled up, and should B hear of the matter soon it is all over with him; he therefore writes to B thus:—"Friend B, if thee hastn't filled up the policy thee needsn't, for I've heard of the ship."—"Oh, oh!" thinks B to himself—"cunning fellow—he wants to do me out of the premium." So he writes thus to A:—"Friend A, thee be'est too late by half an hour, the policy is filled." A rubs his hands with delight—yet B refuses to pay. Well what is the decision? The loss is divided between them. Perhaps this is even handed justice, though unquestionably an odd decision.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

NEW PLAN FOR PROPAGATING APPLE TREES.—A new plan for increasing plantations of apple trees has lately been carried into extensive practice by the horticulturists of Bohemia. Neither seed nor grafting is required. The process is to take shoots from the choicest sorts, insert them each in a potato, and plunge both into the ground, leaving but an inch or two of the shoot above the surface. The potato nourishes the shoot while it pushes out roots, and the shoot gradually grows up and becomes a beautiful tree, bearing the best fruit.—*Swabian Mercury.*

"THE SOUTHERN BOTANIC JOURNAL, devoted to the dissemination and support of the THOMSONIAN SYSTEM OF MEDICAL PRACTICE."

More quackery! O the zeal of the empirics! Here we have a semi-monthly publication of the above title forwarded to us from Charleston, South Carolina, for exchange with the Pearl. Who could have thought that the light of the Pearl would have pierced so far as the dark slave regions of S. C., or that the quackery of the United States would have endeavoured to disseminate its ruinous principles in Nova Scotia? But so it is—our paper is known in S. C. and our neighbours are desirous of distributing amongst us a few of their yankee notions in the shape of pills, powders, and lotions. This is very kind of you brother Jonathan, but we beg to be excused—we have plenty of that kind of thing already—we have no desire for more. Between Thomsonianism and Morisonianism there is a wide gulph, but not so wide, however, as to interdict us from attempting to trace some faint analogy between the two systems. If we do not mistake, both systems refer all human diseases to one general cause, the former to undue coldness in the body, the latter to impurity of the blood—how simple, why a child may comprehend medical science—exactly so, their simplicity [stupidity] serves to gull the people admirably:—both systems profit by the popular prejudice in favour of herbs, etc. as a medicine, the one is all *botanic*, the other is all *vegetable*, and as for those naughty minerals the cruel doctors recommend, both agree in thundering out their anathemas against them:—both systems find it convenient to vilify the regular medical practitioners of the day, advising their patients to shun a doctor as they would a serpent:—both induce their right trusty friends [silly dupes] upon the feeling of every ache and pain, incessantly to fly for relief to Nos. 1. or 2. etc. so that they are seldom a week or month without swallowing some of their 'truly infernal compounds' as Dr. Adam Clarke terms quack medicines—'5000 pills in three years' is a small affair with many of them:—both challenge investigation and call upon the 'regulars' to discuss the question publicly—hear our Thomsonian:—"we have at all times offered to discuss our principles with any gentleman, fairly and dispassionately"—hear our brother of the Morisonian order:—"the time is approaching when a Hygeian Professor [what a large word] will call upon the Faculty and its friends to meet him before the public on the subject of this communication, etc." See 'An Hygeist' in Telegraph Sep. 1. What martial music! the battle din comes rolling on! To arms! To arms! After this where will our poor Doctors hide their heads.—Again—both systems make their votaries red-hot enthusiasts in favour of their views, so that if you would allow it they would cram you with their vile compounds:—both vaunt of a long list of marvellous cures [miracles] with names and addresses of restored persons without number—and last, both we firmly believe may be truly denominated by one gentle word, humbug.

All this the Telegraph may again politely tell us is but assertion etc—be it so, one assertion is as good as another, and it is amply sufficient for declamation to meet declamation—where is the argument for Morisonianism—let it be produced and argument shall oppose argument—but until then, we shall not waste our logic in demolishing its absurdities. But we must look on and see a base cupidity preying on the miseries of the community and say nothing—or if we speak it must be in most smooth and honeyed phrase—not so, we will express our honest indignation against this sinful quackery in no measured terms, always and excepting the use of such low abusive epithets as abound in 'Morisoniana.' Ere long and Thomsonianism may erect its system amongst us, and then for the sport—what clashing between the votaries of the two theories—both infallibly certain of curing all diseases but by opposite methods—the one by *cayenne and steam*, the other by *gumbo, pulp of colocynth etc.*—both with great swelling words promising that in this Province 'ESCULAPIANISM, and its offspring, DISEASE, shall lie low in the dust to-

gether, while HYGEIANISM supported by HEALTH, shall stand upon the ground of the former." See "An Hygeist" in Telegraph Sep. 1. What light all this tug of warfare will cast on the subject of quackery—but we verily believe that Morisonianism could not compete with Thomsonianism—it would flee before it as chaff before the whirlwind. This has been the case to a great extent in the United States, and we have no doubt it would be so here. So much for quackery, but we have not yet done.

Next week we will give an outline of Thomson's theory with the few wonderful remedies he adopts for the removal of all maladies—we say few, for like Morisonianism, it refers all diseases as proceeding from one general cause, and as curable by one general remedy.

DESTRUCTIVE GALE AT NASSAU, N. P.—A violent and severe gale of wind, from E. to S. E. visited Nassau, on Saturday night, 29th July, and continued with unusual severity until two, p. m. on Monday following, which did much damage to the town and harbor. Three vessels were driven out to sea. Two vessels were wrecked in the vicinity of the harbor, and some of the crews had perished. Four houses were blown down in the town. It was apprehended that the corn crops would be nearly all destroyed. Corn was scarce and high—it was selling at \$2 50 per bushel.

A severe hurricane at St. Lucia, on the 10th July, drove all vessels in port out to sea. A steamer which had been driven to sea, was not accounted for on the 28th—she is supposed to be lost.

DESTRUCTIVE HURRICANE AND FIRE AT ST. THOMAS.—St. Thomas and St. John's, P. R. were visited by a hurricane and earthquake on the 2d Augt. which destroyed nearly all the houses in both places, besides doing great damage to the shipping.

The hurricane commenced at 4, P. M. of the 2d, and continued through the whole of the night. Hundreds of houses were demolished, and some literally blown to pieces. Out of 36 vessels in the harbour, all but 4 were capsized, or sunk, or driven on shore. Many lives were lost among the seamen and inhabitants. The number has not been ascertained, but was supposed to exceed 100.

To add to the horrors of the night, at about 12, a fire broke out, in some stores belonging to Mr. Stubbs. It destroyed two dwelling houses.

FIRE AND HURRICANE IN BARBADOES.—On Tuesday the 25th July, a dreadful fire broke out in Bridgetown, Barbadoes, which destroyed a number of buildings and a great amount of property, but was happily subdued by the great exertions of the military and the people.

On Wednesday morning the 26th July, at 8 o'clock, the wind at S. and by W. the weather suddenly assumed a dark and stormy appearance; the clouds gathered in thick and heavy masses, which, about an hour and a half previous, had emitted frequent and vivid flashes of lightning, with thunder, and some slight rain fell. About the hour mentioned the wind rose in terrible gusts, and commenced to blow a perfect gale, freshening with every rising cloud, and increasing in violence for fully two hours, when changing its position to S. S. W. half W. it gradually died away, but veering to S. W. and by S. it again freshened, and finally subsided about three o'clock having shifted to S. W. During this time the sea rose several feet above its ordinary height—the waves rolled mountains high in Carlisle Bay, lashing the rock bound pier and adjacent shores in awful grandeur, and sending their spray full a hundred feet high. Out of 28 vessels, large and small, which were riding safely at their anchorage at seven o'clock, 22 were driven ashore, and most of them dashed on the ledge of rocks reaching from below the stores of the Messrs. Moore, to the upper reef, lying in some places in heaps of four or five, large and small, from the humble sloop to the lofty and capacious barque or brig, exposed, many of them, with their side down, or keels upwards to the violence of the surf, which dashed for the greater part of the day with unabated fury against them, driving the large upon the small vessels, and thus completing the work of destruction to its utmost finish. Some again were driven by the force of the wind and violence of the sea, upon the rocks abreast of the pier, and there have become complete wrecks. Along the shore, for above a mile and a half may be seen the remnants of the shattered vessels and their cargoes, piled up in heaps, and indeed wherever the eye turns, one unvaried scene of ruin and devastation is presented. Never, we believe, in the memory of the oldest inhabitant of the Island, has a shipwreck occurred in so short a time, so calamitous in its consequences.

By the WESTERN MAIL.—[By last night's Stage, we received New York papers to the 31st of August.

They furnish the draft of the Address in answer to Lord Gosford's Speech, reported by Mr. Morin. It is probable that it will be adopted by an immense majority. The tone of it is more measured and temperate than we had anticipated, but its declarations are as distinctly and firmly announced as any that have been previously made by the same party. We have only room for the concluding paragraphs:—*Ed. Nov.*]

It is, therefore, our ardent wish, that the Resolutions adopted by the two Houses of Parliament may be rescinded, as attacking the rights and liberties of this province, as being of a nature to perpetuate bad Government, corruption and abuse of power therein, and as rendering more just and legitimate the disaffection and opposition of the people. If this return on the part of the government of the mother country to what we consider its duty towards this colony, should take place under the reign of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, we are unable to express to your Excellency, how warmly we should congratulate ourselves on having preserved in claiming justice for the people, notwithstanding the peculiar obstacles and difficulties which have tended to deter us.

The special and local subjects pointed out by your Excellency, and in particular the advances of public money made to relieve the distress in certain parts of the province and for other purposes, will form the subjects of our deliberations as soon as circumstances will permit, and whenever we shall be no longer prevented from considering them.

Extract of a Letter, dated St. Thomas, Aug. 11.—“Every body's time is now occupied in repairing damages sustained by the very severe hurricane of the 2d. inst. and fire on the same night which consumed upwards of 300 houses. Every vessel in port, in all about 40, were either sunk, dismasted, or driven ashore; there is not a wharf standing, and upwards of 50 lives have been lost.”

Extract of a Letter from Pictou, dated September 5.—22 Foreign Vessels arrived here yesterday. We are shipping 4,500 tons Coal daily.”

MARRIED.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Laughlan, Mr. John Quin, to Miss Ann Mulligan.
On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Thomas Taylor, Mr. Robert Duncan, to Mary Ann Anthony, both of this place.
On Saturday, 3d September, by the Rev. Mr. Uniacke, J. H. Peters, Esq. Barrister, of New-Brunswick, to Mary, daughter of the Hon. S. Cunard.
On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. J. P. Hetherington, Mr. John McAlpine, to Miss Mary Ann Brady, both of this town.
At Horton, on the 31st ult. by the Rev. John Pryer, A. M. Jacob Z. Dewolf, to Rachael Amelia, youngest daughter of Samuel Bishop, Esq.

DIED.

On Thursday evening, in the 4th year of his age, David, youngest son of Mr. Wm. Norwood, of this town.
At Dartmouth, on the 5th inst. after a lingering illness, which she bore with patience and resignation to the Divine Will, Miss Elizabeth McCreith, in the 32nd year of her age.
Yesterday afternoon, Mr. Isaac Norris, aged 62 years.
Last evening, aged 18 months, Sophia, youngest daughter of Joseph Howe, Esq.
At the Asylum of the Poor John Walsh, aged 34 years, a native of Ireland; Robert McBride, aged 49 years, a native of Ireland.
At Shelburne, on the 26th ult. Mrs. Sarah Houston, in the 35th year of her age, a native of Galloway, Scotland.
At Demerara, on the 23d July last, in the 29th year of his age, Wm. McDonald, Esq. of the Firm of Thomas Finlayson & Co., and formerly of P. E. Island; much and justly regretted.
At New York, Mary Jane, only daughter of Mr. James Hayes, of this town.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVALS.

AT HALIFAX.—Friday, Sept. 1.—Collector, Sydney, Margaret, Akins, New York, to D. & E. Starr & Co. and others; Esperance LeBuff, Montreal; via Quebec, to Salties & Wainwright; barque Iolas, McKessock, Montreal, to S. Binney, and A. Murison.
Saturday, Sept. 2.—Am. schr. Cyrus, Gray, Philadelphia, to J. H. Braine. Off Liverpool, on Friday, at 2 p. m. saw brig Acadian, hence, for Boston.
Sunday, Sept. 3.—Schr. Broke, Cann, Yarmouth; schr. Margaret, McDaniel, Labrador, to Fairbanks & McNab.
Monday, Sept. 4.—Schr. Robust, McCallum, Miramichi, to J. & M. Tobin; Emily, Crowel, Gaspe Pleiades, Durkee, Quebec, to Fairbanks & Allison, and Salties & Wainwright.
Tuesday, Sept. 5.—Schr. Montagnaise, Blais, Ragged Islands, to Fairbanks & Allison; Yarmouth Packet, Tooker, Yarmouth; Swan, Brocque, P. E. Island, to T. & E. Kenny; Schr. Mary Miramichi, to H. Lyle; Brig Albion, Leslie, Aberdeen, to Deblois & Merke; schr. Nile, Vaughan, St. John, N. B. to order; Union, Reynolds, St. Andrews, to the Master; Malboat.
Wednesday, Mail Boat Roseway, Crick, Boston; schr. Hugh Denoon, Brockman, Sydney, 5 days.
Thursday, schr. Strange, Crawford, Lauenburg, 8 hours—produce. schr. Nelson, Croull, Barrington, to Fairbanks and Allison; schr. Richmond, Gerrior, Sydney, Coal.

CLEARANCES.

At Halifax, Sept. 4. Ship Halifax, Cloary, Liverpool, G.B. by J. Bain; schr. Catherine, Walker, B. W. Indies, by W. Fryor & Sons; Armide, Smith, St. John, N. B. by Salties and Wainwright and J. C. Tobin. Sept. 2. Schr. Emerald, Farrell, B. W. Indies, by N. Le Cain & Son; Elizabeth, Doane, B. W. Indies, by J. Strachan; brig. Coquette, Wilks, Bermuda, by W. J. Starr and others. Sept. 4,

schr. Industry, Long, Boston; brig Fanny, Brown, B. W. Indies, by A. Black; Irene, Doane, St. Andrew's, by J. Allison and Co. and others. 5th, Brigs; Humming Bird, Godfrey, B. W. Indies, by Salties and Wainwright; Cordelia, Jones, Boston, by John Clark. 6th, Bachelor, McKenna, B. W. Indies, by J. Strachan; Lady Sarah Maitland, Grant, Pernambuco, by J. Fairbanks; John Henry, Myer, Newfoundland to W. and I. McNab.

PASSENGERS.

In the Acadian for Boston, John Young, Esq. and Mrs. Young, Mrs. Tremain, Mrs. Mumble, W. Young, Esq. Messrs Fullerton, Whitham, Wood, Langley, and 20 in the steerage. —In the Halifax for Liverpool, the Rev. Dr. Porter, and Lady, two Misses Porter, two Masters Porter, and Capt. Kenny.

Evening Sales by Auction, AT R. D. CLARKE'S WAREROOMS,

Every THURSDAY EVENING, commencing at half past Seven o'clock.

FOR the Sale of BOOKS, SILVER, GILT and PLATED WARE, JEWELLERY, WATCHES, Fancy, Ornamental, and other GOODS. Terms, always cash.

Articles for Sale must be sent the day previous to the Sales. Liberal advances will be given if required. August 4.

CARD.

THE Subscribers, owners of the brig Hypolite, feel it their bounden duty, to tender their most grateful thanks to Captain Prescott, of the Ship Corea, of Boston, for his humane and christian like conduct in offering to assist the crew of said vessel, (they being nearly all sick of fever) with anything in his power, and who induced two of his seamen to assist in bringing in said vessel into the harbour of Halifax. And also to Captain Fisher of brig Elba, of Providence, and Captain Hilmape, of barque Hisdon who previously supplied the crew with wine, and medicines.

The above acts of humanity richly merit to be placed in contrast with the sickly conduct of the masters of one or two other vessels, who finding the situation of the crew of the Hypolite, ran away and left them.

C. WEST & SON:

Editors of papers will oblige by giving the above one insertion.

The Herald and Star.

It cannot be denied that the present state of our country demands peculiar and well directed activity on the part of the press to make known the features of the various topics which are now agitating the various portions of the national confederacy. To supply, at a low price, the inland towns with information, at a little delay only, after it has been received in the Atlantic cities, is praiseworthy, and should in the end reward such persons as exert their ability for the successful furtherance of this subject.

The editors and Proprietors of the Boston Daily Herald, convinced of the importance of a carefully conducted press to disseminate information throughout the country, some weeks since issued the first number of the "Semi-Weekly Herald and Star," which they have found to be suitable to the wants of the inland community, as it furnishes over "one hundred" newspapers in a year, at the very low price of two dollars. The paper is made up from the Daily Herald with such additional matter, in the shape of stories, legends, poetry, statements of the markets, and such information respecting sales as may be deemed advantageous to the yeomanry of the land.

The peculiarity of the "Herald and Star" will be found to be in the fact that while it is not engaged in party politics, it reserves to itself the liberty of speaking boldly and openly on subject which concerns the weal of the whole country—and summons to aid, besides the constant supervisions of the Editors, valuable assistants, who are industriously and hourly exerting themselves to give strength and ability to their various departments.

The "Herald and Star" is published every Tuesday and Friday morning, and mailed on the night previous in order to insure its speedy transmission by the mails.

The price is Two Dollars a year payable in advance; \$2.25 in three months; \$2.50 in six months; \$3 at the end of the year. The best method to ensure the reception of the paper is to enclose \$2 in a letter addressed to the Proprietors.

HARRINGTON & PRAY.

Any publisher by copying the above in his paper for two months, shall be entitled to one volume of the Herald and Star.

Boston, Sept. 1st, 1837.

Canvas, Pork, Beef.

EDWARD LAWSON, AUCTIONEER AND GENERAL BROKER,

HAS FOR SALE AT HIS STORE, 300 BLS. NOVA SCOTIA PORK, most approved brands. 25 bbls BEEF, 10 puns. HAMS, 100 bolts bleached Canvas, No. 1 to 6. 25 boxes 8x10 GLASS, 15 casks Epsom Salts, 20 casks White and Red WINES, 18 gallons, Boxes Starch and Soap, Harness, Leather, Calf skins, Blacking, Lines, Twines, aints, &c. July 14.

VICTORIA'S TEARS.

"O maiden, heir of kings,
A king has left his place;
The majesty of death has swept
All other from his face.
And thou, upon thy mother's breast,
No longer lean adown—
But take the glory for the rest,
And rule the land that loves thee best,"
The maiden wept;
She wept, to wear a crown.

They decked her courtly halls—
They reined her hundred steeds—
They shouted at her palace gate,
"A noble Queen succeeds!"
Her name has stirred the mountains' sleep,
Her praise has filled the town:
And mourners, God had stricken deep,
Looked hearkening up, and did not weep!
Alone she wept,
Who wept, to wear a crown!

She saw no purples shine,
For tears had dimmed her eyes:
She only knew her childhood's dowers
Were happier pageantries!
And while the heralds played their part
For million shouts to drown—
"God save the Queen," from hill to mart—
She heard through all, her beating heart,
And turned and wept!
She wept, to wear a crown.

God save thee, weeping Queen,
Thou shalt be well beloved!
The tyrant's sceptre cannot move,
As those pure tears have moved!
The nature, in thine eyes we see,
Which tyrants cannot own—
The love that guardeth liberties,
Strange blessing on the nation lies,
Whose sovereign wept,
Yea, wept, to wear its crown.

God bless thee, weeping Queen,
With blessing more divine;
And fill with better love than earth's
That tender heart of thine;
That when the thrones of earth shall be
As low as graves, brought down,
A pierced hand may give to thee,
The crown which angels shout to see.
Thou wilt not weep,
To wear that heavenly crown.

E. B. B.

ROYAL ANECDOTES.

HABITS OF GEORGE IV. AND WILLIAM IV.—George IV. lived towards the close of his life in a state of almost Oriental seclusion—William IV., from the commencement to the close of his reign, appeared desirous of living in the midst of his people. The consequence was, that much of the state and formality which previously prevailed in Windsor Castle was abandoned on the accession of William IV., and that the public gained admission to various parts of it, from which they were formerly debarred, and had access to many walks and drives in the park, from which George IV. carefully excluded all strangers. So unwilling at last was George IV. to be seen whilst taking his rides, that for two or three years before his death outriders were always sent out, whilst his pony chaise was preparing, to see whether any loiterers were about the gates through which he intended to pass, and if any loiterers were there, then the course of his ride was altered to escape even their passing glance. George IV. seldom drove down the Long Walk either in going to or returning from the cottage at Virginia Water. His general road when he left the Castle was, to pass through a small gate in the Park-wall to another small gate, just opposite, in the wall of the grounds at Frogmore, near Datchett-bridge. This enabled him to cross the road into the Great Park in a moment, and when he got there, he had rides so arranged between Frogmore and Virginia Water as to give him 20 or 30 miles of neatly planted avenues, from which the public was entirely excluded. Nothing could form a more striking contrast to this reluctance to be seen than the manner in which William IV. exhibited himself to his subjects in London, in Brighton, and particularly here. He was very often seen two or three times on the same day riding about the streets of Windsor. The inhabitants thus became familiar with his person, and upon their familiarity there grew, not contempt, but much personal regard and affection. Virginia Water and the plantations around it were during the reign of George IV. tabooed ground; but as soon as William IV. succeeded his royal brother, the system of exclusion was abandoned, and all the beauties of that lovely seclusion, among which the grotesque fishing-house of George IV. cannot be reckoned as one, were thrown open to public inspection. This was

not only a boon to the inhabitants of Windsor, but a great pecuniary benefit to the whole neighbourhood, and therefore it is, that, independently of many other reasons which they have for regretting the death of his late majesty, they now exhibit so much genuine regret at his being unhappily taken from them.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE KING.—The late King was subject to fits of abstraction in the most numerous company, and under such circumstances would give utterance to the feelings of an honest heart. At the time Talleyrand first came over here as ambassador he was one day dining at St. James's with most of the foreign ambassadors. News had been received that Casimir Perrier was lying dangerously ill with the cholera. The first word the King uttered at table was to ask Talleyrand, "What was the last news of Casimir Perrier?" "He is dying, if not dead, your Majesty," was answered in his sepulchral voice. The King sighed heavily, and remained silent at first; but presently he began saying to himself, "What a pity! what a pity! the only truly honest statesman in France dead—the only man capable of ruling such a pack of sanguinary rogues. Is it not so?" added the King, suddenly turning to his nearest neighbour, the Baron de N. The latter diplomatist, much embarrassed, looked unutterable things and muttered unintelligible ones. The whole *corps diplomatique*, not daring to look at one another, looked down on their plates, bursting with scarcely repressible laughter, and Talleyrand's spoon worked from his soup-plate to his mouth as rapidly as the paddle of a high-pressure steamboat.

ANECDOTE OF HIS LATE MAJESTY.—The following anecdote was told with great glee by his late Majesty, at a dinner party given by George IV., at the Cottage, Windsor-park, in 1827. It is to be observed, that William IV., when Duke of Clarence, used frequently, during his residence at Bushy-park, to ride out unaccompanied by any servant. "I was riding in the park the other day," said his royal highness, "on the road between Teddington and Hampton-wick, when I was overtaken by a butcher's boy on horseback, with a tray of meat under his arm, 'Nice pony that of yours, old gentleman,' said he, 'Pretty fair' was my reply. 'Mine's a good un too', rejoined he; 'and I'll trot you to Hampton-wick for a pot o' beer.' I declined the match; and the butcher's boy as he struck his single spur into his horse's side exclaimed, with a look of contempt, 'I thought you were only a mull!' On the recital of this anecdote, his Majesty George IV., and all who were at table laughed outright; which was more than the King could do with propriety in the earlier part of the same day, when he with the greatest difficulty restrained his cachinnatory emotions, on beholding Don Miguel, of Portugal, introduced between the Duke of Devonshire and the late Marquis of Conyngham—the don being a dwarf mulatto, and each of his supporters something more than six feet high:—"I always thought," said the King, as he first caught a glance of the Portuguese prince and his conductors, "that Hercules pillars had been the supporters of the arms of Spain."—*New Sporting Magazine.*

HER MAJESTY'S CLEMENCY.—A short time ago, a private in the 2d light dragoons, while that regiment was stationed at Canterbury, entered the private apartment of Sergeant-Major Gamble, who was at breakfast with his family, placed a pistol, double loaded with ball, at his breast, and pulled the trigger, but, fortunately, the weapon flashed in the pan, and the sergeant-major's life was spared. The prisoner was secured, and it was thought, would be handed over to the civil power; but, as the regiment was ordered to depart for India immediately, and the witnesses would not be able to appear at the assizes against him, it was ordered that he should be tried by a general court-martial, which was done, he was found guilty, and sentenced to be shot. The minutes were then forwarded to the commander-in-chief, Lord Hill, who confirmed the sentence, and placed it before the Queen for signature; when her Majesty most humanely commuted the sentence to transportation for life.

THE QUEEN.—Among other anecdotes which are in circulation, illustrative of the nobleness of mind and kindness of heart of our youthful sovereign, one—which we have every reason to believe—strikes us as eminently beautiful. The first act of her Majesty's queenly life was writing that letter to Queen Adelaide which breathed the purest and tenderest feelings of affection and condolence, and evinced a spirit of generosity and consideration which has obtained her Majesty golden opinions. Her Majesty wrote that letter spontaneously, and having finished it, folded and addressed it to "Her Majesty the Queen." Some one at hand, who had the right to make a remark, noticing this, mentioned that the superscription was not correct, for that the letter ought to be directed to her Majesty the Queen Dowager. "I am quite aware," said Queen Victoria, "of her Majesty's altered character, but I will not be the first person to remind her of it."

QUEEN ELIZABETH.—An anecdote is told, which exhibits Queen Elizabeth's character in a peculiar light, and explains in some degree the secret of that love and veneration which was always shown to her by the people. While the Queen was rowed in her barge on the Thames, attended by her courtiers, a shot was fired, which wounded one of the bargemen: an inquiry was commenced on the spot, and finding it was done by accident, she immediately gave the person his liberty, without punishment or investigation. So far was she, indeed, from entertaining any suspicion against her people, that she was often heard to say, "I would lend credit to nothing against them that parents would not believe of their own children."—*James's Memoirs of Celebrated Women.*

MERCANTILE AND NAUTICAL ACADEMY.

THOMAS BURTON,

BEGS leave to notify to his friends and the public, that he has opened an Academy in

Brunswick-Street, opposite the New Methodist Chapel, where he intends instructing youth of both sexes, in the following branches of education, viz. Orthography, Reading, Writing, English Grammar, Arithmetic, and Mathematics, generally. Likewise, Maritime and Land Surveying, Geometry, Trigonometry, Navigation, and the Italian and modern methods of Book-keeping by double entry. The strictest attention will be paid to the morals and advancement of such pupils as may be committed to his care. July 8.

CARD.

DR. RUFUS S. BLACK, having completed his Studies at the Universities of Edinburgh and Paris, intends practising his profession in its various branches in Halifax and its vicinity.

Residence for the present, at Mr. M. G. Black's, Corner of George and Hollis Streets.

Advice to the Poor, gratis. Sw. July 8.

C. E. BELOHER,
BOOKSELLER & STATIONER,
OPPOSITE THE PROVINCE BUILDING,
HALIFAX.

HAS received by the Acadian from Greenock, Part of his Importations for the Season—the remainder expected by the Lotus from London.

BOOK-LENDING in all its branches executed in the neatest manner.

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June 17, 1837.

HENRY G. HILL,
Builder and Draughtsman.

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public, that he has discontinued the Cabinet business, and intends to devote his time exclusively to

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL BUILDING.

He begs to offer his grateful acknowledgments to those who have hitherto patronised him, and now offers his services as an Architect, Draughtsman and Builder, and will be prepared to furnish accurate working plans, elevations and specifications for buildings of every description, and trusts by strict attention to business to insure a share of public patronage.

Residence, nearly opposite Major McColle's, Carpenter's shop—Argyle-street. June 10.

NEW ENGLAND BRANCH SEED STORE.

THE Season for the sale of Garden Seeds being now over the subscriber acknowledges, with thanks, the patronage the Public have afforded this Establishment:—the most convincing proof of the known superiority of New England Seeds in this climate. The Store will be re-opened next Spring with a more extensive and general assortment; and in the mean time, any demands for articles within the reach of the Boston House, transmitted either to Messrs J. Breck & Co. of that City, or to the Subscriber in Halifax, will receive the most prompt attention.

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