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AMATEUR FARMING.

From a Letter in reply to a Communication from a friend, on Farming.

My farming, of which you make so black an account, is at an end—Othello's occupation's gone—I have in disgust thrown all up, the unpleasant feeling has worn off, and I can now laugh with the best of them, at myself. I made known my intention to you to purchase a few acres; you said nothing to dissuade me from so doing. I bought, and thinking the next step in life was to acquire some knowledge of agriculture, I determined to manage it myself; perhaps I should have said mismanage. I had no conception of the interest taken in these pursuits; my anxiety, at first pleasing, soon became so intense as to be perfectly painful. I will not tire you with an account of all my minute concerns—you have well described them by asserting they would afford no rest. But so had I been given up to other, I may say quite other, pursuits, that though for a time I had with much resolution discarded them they would force themselves upon my mind, when I was striving to fix it upon matters relating to my new occupation. The effect was, that I began to be a cold utilitarian, and to look upon my former studies with something like contempt—then as enemies. This was a lamentable state; I had forsaken the delight of all my days, and resembled Cowley's state, described by him in the "Abeysance of Love,"

"Thousand worse passions then possessed
The interregnum of my breast."

I felt degraded, for I had lost one ingredient of happiness, and certainly not found another. And I found that I was, in all proper knowledge that should become a man (i. e. a farmer) decidedly inferior to the lowest of the grade. I am afraid, had prosperity crowned my little attempt, I should have become penurious and avaricious. I was the glass-seller in the "Arabian Tale," in building castles, and destroying the means whereof to build them. I will not be wearisome by enumerating all my little disasters, but merely tell you how I managed about my sheep. I had a day-laborer who served me as a hind: he was a faithful and honest fellow, I believe; but a bit of a wag; he had a dry humour about him, not that I, by any means, would say he did not do his best to moisten it; he was about forty years of age, a little man, every feature of his face seemed to have a screw in it, which he could move either way at pleasure; whenever he spoke seriously he always looked straight at a wall, (if one was near him), or the bole of a tree, or, if no such object presented itself at his fingers, (and they looked like things grown out of rough ground;) but whenever there was a sly meaning in what he had to say, he always looked up in your face, let out some of his screws, and tightened others, and nearly half-closed one eye, and all but quite the other, and inclined his head a trifle towards the right shoulder. This would have amused me, but I soon discovered that it was his usual mode of telling that something or other went wrong, something out of its usual course, which he meant to show went wrong through my fault. But "re-venous a nos moutous"—my first purchase of sheep happened thus: I was recommended to send to the fair of —, and told what I ought to give for half a score of ewes. Before the fair day, however, as I was walking along the road, near my garden gate, I met a large flock of sheep, and some drovers. I found they were going to the fair. Here, thought I, is an opportunity not to be lost—no trouble of sending to fair—and a manifest saving in having them driven home; I found, too, the price was much under what I was told to give, so I thought myself perfectly safe: sheep were sheep, and the sheep I bought—and without the aid of my man. When he came up, (as he was sent for to put the sheep in the field,) I said with an air of some importance, never having been the master of so many animals before, "Here, Richard, I have bought to-night these sheep." "Which, sir," said he, "ewes or wethers?" I am ashamed to confess, Eusebius, that I did not know; it was provoking—I looked like a fool. The man I had bought of, relieved me by pointing out my purchase, and Richard was for a time too busy to notice me. "These are pretty lightfoots," said he, with his arch look, "where shall I take 'em sir?" "Why," said I, "you know very well, to the field." "Oh, ay," quoth he, "but may be they won't like the field." I could not in the least tell what he meant, never having heard of consulting their liking. "Well," said he, "I'll drive them there, but if they don't like it they won't stop." "What do you mean?" said I. "Why, them sheeps be all greyhounds." Shortly after, I met a neighbor, and told him what a purchase I had made—"And where are they?" replied he. "In the field above the house," said I. "No, they are not," says he, "for I have just seen about that number break over hedges, and away with 'em, as fast as they could scamper—if those are yours you had better send after them"—and going off—

"When you've caught 'em, sell 'em." This was indeed a bad beginning. I went for my man—he looked this time in my face as I told my story—and told him to go after them. "Oh! there's not much use in going after them," said he, "at least not without a dog"—and away he went on the run. I, like a fool, I am ashamed to confess it, little dreaming he was gone to borrow a sleep dog, let loose my large Newfoundland, and away I went along the road as fast as my legs could carry me. About a mile on I found the sheep; that is, I came in sight of them, and pointed them out to the dog. Off went Neptune, and off went the sheep; I saw him plunge into the midst of them—he had brought down one, and the rest went farther than ever. He had, indeed, brought down one, and by the time I came up, had made a good hole in its side. The poor thing was killed sure enough. Now I didn't mind the loss of the sheep, but was in dismay at Richard's up-look, which I knew awaited me. I met it, and was humbled—"Your honor," said he, "had better keep a hunter and a pack of hounds, for them deer's capital sport, and I see your honor's in at the death." After much time, trouble, and cost, the sheep were recovered, and as my friend advised, sold, at a loss. It was amusing enough to Richard the day of the disaster. I returned in no very good humour, and finding two large pigs in the garden, made a boy, whom I had just hired, drive them instantly to the pound, and in the evening in came Richard with one of his looks, and asked for money to get the pigs out of the pound. "Out of the pound, said I, "I get them out of the pound! "why I've had 'em put in." "Then your honor," quoth Richard, "will be sure to get 'em out." "Not I," said I, indignantly; "let those get 'em out that own them." The fellow gave a double screw, and slightly curled his thin lips, and affecting great submission, replied in a low and slow voice, "Them is your honor's own pigs." This took me by surprise, effectually dissipated my bile, I threw myself back in my chair, and laughed out most heartily. Richard put his hand to his mouth, made antics with his knees to suppress his mirth; but it would not do. He gave way to his humor, laughed louder than I, and then as suddenly stopped—asked my pardon, adding—"Sure your honor knows best; but I think we'd better get 'em out this time, and punish them (with a marked emphasis) next."

My second purchase was still more unfortunate. This time I did not trust to my own judgment, but requested a neighbor farmer, who was going to a fair, to buy me six sheep. "Six sheep!" said Richard, who was present, looking up now at me and now at Farmer L—, "six ewes in lamb this time." He looked again at me, as much as to say, "I doubt yet if measter knows one from t'other." The six ewes were bought—twenty-five shillings a-piece. I had heard that a good shepherd knows every sheep in his large flock. I had the curiosity to study the physiognomy of mine: in vain, I never could tell one from the other, and judging from the inteness of my observation, I much doubt the fact. Well, I had now six ewes in lamb. These will produce me at least a lamb each; that will be twelve—twelve lambs—twice twelve, twenty-four—and so I went on counting, till (upon my fingers) I was master of a tolerable flock. In the morning before breakfast, if any met me, and asked me where I had been, the answer was, "To look at my sheep"—after breakfast, "to look at my sheep"—before dinner, "to look at my sheep"—after dinner the same. I was looking at my sheep all day, and "wool-gathering all night." I dreamed of them—was Jason going after the golden fleece—I was a shepherd king. Great things, they say, arise from small beginnings; so it was with me; wonderful speculations arose out of my six ewes in lamb. I did Richard the justice to tell him one day, that he was as watchful of my six sheep as I was. He gave one of his looks, and said, suddenly dropping his speech in great gravity, "They must be looked arter, for I question if 'twouldn't be best to send them to the butcher!" Send my six ewes in lamb to a butcher! Why send them to a butcher? thought I. Not long after, seeing Richard, I said, for something to say, "Well, Richard, have you seen my six sheep this morning?" "No, sir," quoth Richard, and then screwing up some and unscrewing others of his features, "I have seen five, for t'other's a mutton, and mutton your honor won't like to eat." One of my sheep was dead. The week following, another. I had now but four sheep out of six. "Bad work, Richard," said I, "four out of six." "Four sheep and two skins, your honor will please to count them," quoth the scrutinizing Richard. To make the best of it, and be beforehand with my joke to my friend Richard, I said to him, "Well, we have four sheep and two treasures of skins." "No, your honor, excuse me, you're wrong there, four sheep only, the skins were stolen last night. There was no standing this, it was so. The day after came the saddest news of all. Richard called me from my bed. "Them as took the skins," said he, "have come for the sheep—they're gone."

"Gone!" said I, "where?" "Most likely," replied he, "to Fair." "The fair! that's twelve miles off, Richard." "Yes, sir, and them as took 'em must have took 'em in a light cart, for two of 'em could never have gone there a foot, and be sure they're at the fair at L— by this time." Thus of my six ewes in lamb I had not even a skin. I thought it right to send after them, and accordingly Richard went, and returned the night following with my four sheep. The thief, either finding them not marketable, or from fear or other cause, had abandoned them, and they were found about a mile from the town. "I've brought 'em back," said he, "but I doubt if two of 'em be worth the fetching!" The following day another died, and within a few days another. My six sheep were now reduced to two. Richard had no confidence in their looks, and said if one would lamb it would be lucky. After a time they did lamb, and here was a circumstance I thought very odd, one lambed a day or two before the other. "Well, Richard," said I, jokingly, "we have now three of 'em." "Your honor won't have 'em long," was the reply, and ere many hours the lamb died. In a day or two the other ewe lambed—two lambs. One was taken from her, and put to the ewe that had lost her lamb. She smelled at it and kicked it away. It was then sent back to its own mother, but she would have nothing to do with it, butted it, and sent it packing. They were all of them put into a small orchard; it was quite curious and sad to see the little thing run first to one and then to another, and be rejected by both. Here Richard showed his knowledge. He made a sort of coat of the dead one's skin, and put it on the rejected living—on the "Disownd." The creature took to it immediately. I had now two sheep and two lambs, for my purchase of six; then one of the sheep and one of the lambs got bad heads, and Richard pronounced their doom and advised me to send them to the next fair—the lambs by this time were grown up to look as big nearly as their mothers—I took his advice, and to the fair he went with him, and brought me back £1 3s. 8d.; a pretty business this was—keep thrown away—nearly all the purchase money thrown away—nothing left but the remembrance of Richard's looks, sayings, and doings, which I doubt not, you, Eusebius, will think well worth the cost. I need not go on to tell you how the cow got staked, the horse wounded by a pick-run into him at hay-making, how the sow destroyed her young—these are minor annoyances. There were others much more serious, so that ere long I found my spirits slug; the love of farming, like most forced loves, departed from me, a general ennui came upon me. The "Majorque videri" came upon every trouble. I saw nothing in a pleasant light, for, as yet, I could not return to my former pursuits. The worst of care is, that it makes a man see, as it were, quite through the layer of pleasure and delight, that like a kindly atmosphere envelopes the world, down to the bare skeletons of things, and presents to the intellectual eye nothing but deformity. We became disenchanted, ungifted. As in the fabulous times, when gods mingled in the battles of men, there was a cloud removed from before the eyes of the heroes to enable them to see deities: so is it now removed by care to enable us to see devils. So much, Eusebius, are we deteriorated from the golden age. We are even beyond the iron, we live in an age of mud and ditch water, which is continually stirred into horrible commotion and restlessness, by the tempests of our own wilful passions.

After that splenetic burst, let me shortly tell you how I came to give up the whole concern. I had no sooner bought my lands than the agitation of the corn laws began. If successful, my land, I found, would inevitably go out of cultivation; perhaps the best thing that could befall it, while I continued to farm. The agitation would not be successful, said one, because the Premier thinks it madness and folly. "Very well," said I, "but he thinks the people's follies must be given into, and that modern ministers are not to govern, but be governed." "They won't ruin your land," said another; "but they are going to do it," said I. "There will be a revolution if they do," said he. There was a man once, said I, condemned contrary to the opinion of his lawyer. They are going to hang me, said the unfortunate. No, they won't, said the lawyer. But they have condemned me, said the unfortunate criminal, and I am to be hanged on Monday. They dare not, said the lawyer. But they will, I tell you, said the condemned. Let me see them do it, said the lawyer; I wish they would, that's all. Some such satisfactory result ended these discussions. I was like the man that said, if he had been bred a hatter, men would have come into the world without heads. I determined, therefore, to give up farming before it gave me up. I determined, therefore, to dispose of my foolish speculation, and have done so; yet, I cannot but tell you the last farming conversation between me and Richard. You know what a horrible season we have had. One day, as it was pouring rain, Richard said there was no help for it, but the—what

shall we call it, what ought to have been hay, must be drawn into the yards, it was good for nothing but Muck. "It's terribly wet," says he, "and them oats is wet." "Ay, ay," said I, in disgust, "it's all wet, Richard, all wet, wet, wet." "No, your honor, quoth Richard, with his most exquisite look, "it ain't all wet, the cow's dry!"

My dear Eusebius, ever yours -----Blackwood.

BELLS, AND THEIR ASSOCIATIONS.

BY CHARLES LANMAN.

I have always loved the sound of bells. Sometimes, it is true, their music is associated with distress and gloom; but even then, they have a voice of instruction. And how often do they re-create scenes which swell the heart with gladness, and make us feel that there is much that is good and beautiful in human nature! Who does not love to listen to their music on the sacred Sabbath, in the midst of a great city?

It is the morning of a day in June. With what a solemn tone do they call the worshippers to the house of God! The streets, which a few hours ago seemed well nigh deserted, are now thronged with people. The old man, trudging along upon his staff; the bright-eyed maiden, with her sylph-like form; parents and children; the happy and the sorrowful, are all hastening to their devotions. The bells are again silent; the swelling tones of the organ now fall upon the ear. Let us enter this ancient pile, whose spire points upwards to a 'house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' A great multitude fills its aisles. The first psalm has been sung. Listen now to the humble, devout prayer, of the gray-haired pastor. Anon, the sermon commences. A breathless silence prevails; while from the speaker's tongue, flow forth

'Instruction, admonition, comfort, peace.'

Is there any thing on earth, more beautiful than a scene like this? Does it not speak to us of that 'continual city' whose maker and builder is God? whose streets are paved with gold, whose inhabitants are the children of the All-benevolent?

How different the scene which the fire bell brings to the mind! Its fearful strokes seem to articulate the fearful words, 'Fire! fire! fire!' We know that the work of destruction is going on. We hear the rattling engines over the stony streets, the confused cry of men, and the wailings of distress. The rich man's dwelling is wrapt in flames with the humble abode of his neighbour. The flame banners flout the air; the smoke rises upward and mingles with the midnight clouds.

The confusion is passed. On the spot where stood the fairest portion of a noble city, a heap of smouldering ashes alone arrests the eye. The rich man has been reduced to poverty; the poor man is still more poor! God help him, and his helpless little ones!

Ennobling thoughts spring up within us, when we hear the many-voiced bells, on a day of public rejoicing. They may speak to us of blood, yet they tell of glorious victories. They may commemorate the triumphs of the mind, or the noble achievements of the philanthropic and the good. Peal on peal echoes through the air, mingled with martial music, and the roaring of cannon, while a thousand national standards float gaily in the breeze. Touching and grand is the music of the bells on such a day as this!

In the silent watches of the night, how often have I been startled by the sound of the neighbouring clock! My mind has then gone forth, to wander over the wide region of thought. Then the bells have seemed to me to be the minstrels of Time; an old man, with bent form, his scythe and hour glass in his withered hands. All over the world, are his stationary minstrels; striking their instruments and heaving a sigh for the thoughtlessness of men. At such an hour, when the world was wrapt in silence, at the sound of a bell, the past has vanished like a scroll, and I have been borne, as on eagle's wings, back to the days of my boyhood. I have sported and gambolled with my playmates upon the village green; hunted the wild duck; explored lonely valleys, or sailed upon the lake, which almost washed the threshold of my happy home; and gazed into its clear blue depths, and fancied that the trout revelling joyfully there, were bright and beautiful spirits! I have sat once more beside that dear girl, who was my first and only love, and sang to her the ballads of the olden time; while

'She sat, and gazed upon me,
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still, and saint-like
Looking downward from the skies.'

I have again heard her breathe my name, in accents sweeter than the song of the nightingale. Another stroke of the bell, and the waking vision vanished; the 'voice in my dreaming ear melted away! Then have I shed bitter, bitter tears, upon my lonely pillow!

How striking is the ship-bell at sea, which measures the time of the sailor, when, wrapt in slumber, and in the midst of pleasant dreams, he is summoned to enter upon his watch. How often too has the fearful alarm bell sounded at midnight, and proved to be but the knell of happy hearts; or summoned many brave mariners to their ocean-grave.

And there is the light-house bell, which sends forth its shrill voice of warning, when the wind and waves are high. Look out through the thick darkness, and behold that ship! How she trembles in the trough of the sea! She has heard the signal of danger,

and now changes her course. The wind fills her sails, and nobly she meets and conquers the angry billows. A little while, and the dangerous reef is far behind her. Free as a mountain bird, she pursues her way over the 'waste of waters.'

Take a more peaceful scene. Enter yonder village, reposing in beauty on the distant plain. It has but one church, yet in that church there is a bell. The inhabitants are familiar with its tones, for it has for many years called them to the house of prayer. At an early hour every day, its musical voice is heard; and methinks, if it could be interpreted, its language would be: 'Arise! arise! ye morning slumberers, and improve your time; for your hours are passing speedily away.'

But hark! the bell sounds out once more. Slowly and solemnly! It is a funeral. They are bearing to her tomb one who was young, beautiful, and good. Beside that murmuring rivulet they have made her grave. It is a peaceful resting-place, upon which no one can look, and say that the grave is fearful:

'All the discords, all the strife,
All the ceaseless feuds of life,
Sleep in the quiet grave:
Hushed is the battle's roar,
The fire's rage is o'er,
The wild volcano smokes no more:
Deep peace is promised in the lasting grave;
Lovely, lovely, is the grave!'

It is now evening. Glorious was the robe in which the sun was decked, when he went down behind the distant hills! For the last time to-day, does the bell sound out its warning tone. The anvil is at rest. The post-office, where were assembled the village politicians, is now closed. All places of business are deserted. The members of many a household have gathered around the family altar, to offer up their evening sacrifice of prayer. In a few short hours, that little village is silent as the grave. Even the baying of the watch-dog has ceased, and the whip-poor-will has sung herself to sleep. Nothing is heard but the sighing of the wind among the trees, and nothing is seen above, but the clear blue sky, and the moon, and stars.

Such, gentle reader, are some of the associations connected with the sound of bells. May they awaken in kindred hearts pleasant remembrances of the past!—Knickerbocker.

From the works of Shelley, edited by his widow.

ROME.

We visited the Forum and the ruins of the Coliseum every day. The Coliseum is unlike any work of human hands I ever saw before. It is of enormous height and circuit, and the arches built of massy stone, are piled on one another, and jut into the blue air, shattered into the forms of overhanging rocks. It has been changed by time into the image of an amphitheatre of rocky hills, overgrown by the wild olive, the myrtle, and the fig-tree, and threaded by little paths, which wind among its ruined stairs and immeasurable galleries: the copsewood overshadows you as you wander thro' its labyrinths, and the wild weeds of this climate of flowers bloom under your feet. The arena is covered with grass, and pierces, like the skirts of a natural plain, the chasms of the broken arches around. But a small part of the exterior surface remains; it is exquisitely light and beautiful; and the effects of the perfection of its architecture, adorned with ranges of Corinthian pilasters, supporting a bold cornice, is such, as to diminish the effect of its greatness. The interior is all ruin. I can scarcely believe that when encrusted with Dorian marble, and ornamented by columns of Egyptian granite, its effect could have been so sublime and so impressive as in its present state. It is open to the sky, and it was the clear and sunny weather of the end of November in this climate, when we visited it, day after day. Near it is the arch of Constantine, or rather the arch of Trajan; for the servile and avaricious senate of degraded Rome ordered that the monument of his predecessor should be demolished, in order to dedicate one to the reptile, who had crept among the blood of his murdered family to the supreme power. It is exquisitely beautiful and perfect. The Forum is a plain in the midst of Rome, a kind of desert, full of heaps of stones and pits, and though so near the habitations of men, is the most desolate place you can conceive. The ruins of temples stand in and around it, shattered columns, and ranges of others complete, supporting cornices of exquisite workmanship, and vast vaults of shattered domes distinct with regular compartments, once filled with sculptures of ivory or brass. The temples of Jupiter, and Concord, and Peace, and the Sun, and the Moon, and Vesta, are all within a short distance of this spot. Behold the wrecks of what a great nation once dedicated to the abstractions of the mind! Rome is a city, as it were, of the dead, or rather of those who cannot die, and who survive the puny generation which inhabit and pass over the spot which they have made sacred to eternity. In Rome, at least in the first enthusiasm of your recognition of ancient time, you see nothing of the Italians. The nature of the city assists the delusion, for its vast and antique walls describe a circumference of sixteen miles, and thus the population is thinly scattered over this space, nearly as great as London. Wide wild fields are enclosed within it, and there are grassy lanes and copses winding among the ruins, and a great green hill, lonely and bare, which overhangs the Tiber. The gardens of the modern palaces are like wild woods of cedar, and cypress, and pine, and the neglected walks are overgrown with weeds. The English burying-ground is a green slope near

the walls, under the pyramidal tomb of Cestius, and is, I think, the most beautiful and solemn cemetery I ever beheld. To see the sun shining on its bright grass, fresh, when we first visited it, with the autumnal dews, and hear the whispering of the wind among the leaves of the trees which have overgrown the tomb of Cestius, and the soil which is stirring in the sun-warm earth, and to mark the tombs, mostly of women and young people who were buried there, one might, if one were to die, desire the sleep they seem to sleep. Such is the human mind, and so it peoples with its wishes vacancy, oblivion.

(Of the modern city, he thus speaks; his estimate of St. Peter's at all events differs from that of travellers in general.)

What shall I say of the modern city? Rome is yet the capital of the world. It is a city of palaces and temples, more glorious than those which any other city contains, and of ruins more glorious than they. Seen from any of the eminences that surround it, it exhibits domes beyond domes, and palaces, and colonnades, interminably, even to the horizon; interspersed with patches of desert, and mighty ruins which stand gilt by their own desolation, in the midst of fanes of living religions and the habitations of living men in sublime loneliness. St. Peter's is, as you have heard, the loftiest building in Europe. Externally it is inferior in architectural beauty to St. Paul's, though not wholly devoid of it; internally it exhibits littleness on a large scale, and is in every respect opposed to antique taste. You know my propensity to admire; and I tried to persuade myself out of this opinion, in vain; the more I see of the interior of St. Peter's, the less impression as a whole does it produce on me. I cannot even think it lofty, though its dome is considerably higher than any hill within fifty miles of London: and when one reflects, it is an astonishing monument of the daring energy of man. Its colonnade is wonderfully fine, and there are two fountains, which rise in spire-like columns of water to an immense height in the sky, and falling on the porphyry vases from which they spring, fill the whole air with a radiant mist, which at noon is thronged with innumerable rainbows. In the midst stands an obelisk. In front is the palace-like façade of St. Peter's, certainly magnificent; and there is produced, on the whole, an architectural combination unequalled in the world. But the dome of the temple is concealed, except at a very great distance, by the façade and the inferior part of the building, and that contrivance they call an attic. The effect of the Pantheon is totally the reverse of that of St. Peter's. Though not a fourth part of the size, it is, as it were, the visible image of the universe; in the perfection of its proportions, as when you regard the unmeasured dome of heaven, the magnitude is swallowed up and lost. It is open to the sky, and its wide dome is lighted by the ever-changing illumination of the air. The clouds of noon fly over it, and at night the keen stars are seen through the azure darkness, hanging immovably, or driving after the driving moon among the clouds. We visited it by moonlight; it is supported by sixteen columns, fluted and Corinthian, of a certain rare and beautiful yellow marble, exquisitely polished, called here *giallo antico*. Above these are the niches for the statues of the twelve gods. This is the only defect of this sublime temple: there ought to have been no interval between the commencement of the dome and the cornice, supported by the columns. Thus there would have been no diversion from the magnificent simplicity of its form. This improvement is also wanted to have completed the unity of the idea.

A PEEP AT THE STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERIES.

Some of the greatest distinctions among the people of this country arise from the trades and consequent habits of different districts. The weaving and cotton spinning swains of Lancashire, the miners of Derbyshire and Cornwall, the mechanics of Sheffield and Birmingham, the carpet-weavers of Kidderminster, and ribbon-weavers of Coventry, the potters of Staffordshire, the keelmen of Newcastle-on-Tyne, the colliers of that neighbourhood, the shepherds of the North and the Shepherds of the South Downs, the agricultural peasantry, each and all have their own peculiar characteristics of personal aspect, language, tastes and tones of mind, which it would be worth while to trace out and record. It would have the good effect of making the different districts better acquainted with each other, and would present features that would surprise many who think themselves pretty familiar with the population of their native land. We will answer for it that there are few who have any accurate or lively idea of that singular district which furnishes us with the earthenwares we are daily using, from the common red flower-pot to the most superb table-services of porcelain, from the child's plaything of a deer or lamb resting under a highly verduous crockery tree, to the richest ornaments of the mantel piece, or chaste and beautiful copies of the Portland or Barberini vase. Who has a knowledge of this district? Who is aware that it covers with its houses and factories a tract of ten miles in length, three or four in width, and that in it a population of upwards of 70,000 persons is totally engaged in making pots, that cooks and scullions all over the world may enjoy the breaking of them? Such, however, is the reputed extent and population of the Staffordshire Potteries.

The general aspect of the Potteries is striking. The great extent of workmen's houses, street after street, all of one size and character, has a singular effect on the stranger. From the vicinity to the moorlands and to the Park of Derbyshire, the country in which the Potteries are situated is diversified with long ridges of

considerable elevation, and intervening vallies, and to those who travel through it by night, presents a remarkable appearance. The whole region appears one of mingled light and darkness. Lights are seen scattered over a great extent in every direction—some burning steadily, others huge flitting flames, as if vomited from the numerous mouths of furnaces or pits on fire. Some are far below you, some glare aloft as in mountainous holds. The darkness exaggerates the apparent heights and depths at which these flames appear, and you imagine yourself in a much more rugged and wild region than you really are. Daylight undeceives you in this respect, but yet reveals scenery that to the greater number of passengers is strange and new. They see a country which in its natural features is pleasing, bold to a certain degree, and picturesque to a still greater. There is the infant Trent, a small stream winding down from its source in the moorlands towards the lovely grounds of Trentham, the seat of the Duke of Sunderland, through a fine extended and winding valley, beyond which rise the heathy heads of moorland hills towards Leek. Among and between the pottery towns are scattered well cultivated fields, and the houses of the wealthy potters, in sweet situations, and enveloped in noble trees: but the towns themselves are strange enough. As you overlook them from some height, they appear huge stretches of conglomerated brick houses, chiefly of one size and kind, interspersed with, here and there, a much larger one, with great square manufactories; with tall engine chimneys vomiting black volumes of smoke, and with tall conical erections, made like those of glass manufactories, which are the pot-hovels in which they bake their wares in ovens or furnaces. As you advance, new characteristics present themselves at every step. Except just in the centre of each town—for, to use the lofty language of a historian of the Potteries, they are a *catenation* of several towns, though the dwellings of one reach pretty near to those of the other, as Lane-End, Lane-Delph, Stoke, Shelton, Hansley, Burslem, Tunstal, &c.—you see no good shops or houses which indicate a middle class, such as, in fact, the majority of common towns are composed of. There are, generally speaking, but two classes of houses, as of people—the thousands of those of the working order, and the fine massy and palace-like abodes of the wealthy employers. In the outskirts, and particularly about Lane End, you find an odd jumble of houses, gardens, yards, heaps of cinders and scoria from the works, clay-pits, clay-heaps, roads made of broken pots, blacking and soda water-bottles that perished prematurely, not being able to bear the “furnace of affliction,” and so are cast out “to be trodden under the foot of man;” garden walls, partly raised of banks of black earth, crumbling down again, partly an attempt at a post and rail, with some dead horse thrust under it; but more especially by piles of seggars, that is, a yellowish looking sort of stone pot, having much the aspect of a bushel measure, in which they bake their pottery ware. Many of these seggars are piled up also into walls of shreds and pig-sties. The prospect which you get as you march along, particularly between one town and the other, consists chiefly of coal-pits, and huge steam-engines to clear them of water, clay-pits, brick-yards, ironstone mines, and new roads making and hollows levelling with the inexhaustible material of the place, fragments of stoneware.

As you proceed, you find, in the dirtiest places, troops of dirty children, and if it be during working hours, you will see a few people besides. You pass large factory after factory, which are generally built round a quadrangle with a great archway of approach for people and waggons. There you see a chaos of crates and casks in the quadrangle; and in the window of the factory next the street, earthenware of all sorts piled up, cups, saucers, mugs, jugs, tea pots, mustard pots, inkstands, pyramids and basins, painted dishes and beautifully enamelled china dishes and covers, and, ever and anon, a giant jug, filling half a window with its bulk, and fit only to hold the beer of a Brobdnag monarch. In smaller factories and house windows, you see similar displays of wealth of a common stamp; copper-lustre jugs, and tea things, as they call them, of tawdry colouring and coarse quality, and heaps of figures of dogs, cats, mice, men, sheep, goats, horses, cows, &c. &c. all painted in flaring tints laid plentifully; painted pot marbles, and drinking mugs for Anne and Charlotte and William, with their names upon them in letters of pink or purple, or, where the mugs are of porcelain, in letters of gold.

While you are thus advancing, and making your observations, you will generally find your feet on a good foot-path, paved with the flat sides of a darkish sort of brick; but, ever and anon, you will also find your soles crunching and grinding on others, composed of the fragments of cockspurs, stilts, and triangles, or, in other words, of little white sticks of pot, which they put between their wares in the furnace, to prevent them from running together. You pass the large and handsome mansions of the master potters, standing amid the ocean of dwellings of their workmen. You meet huge barrels on wheels, white with overflowing of their contents, which is slip, or the materials for earthenware in a liquid state as it comes from the mills where it is ground; and at the hour of leaving the factories for meals, or for the night, out pour and swarm about you men in long white aprons, all whitened themselves as if they had been working amongst pipe-clay, young women in troops and boys without number. All this time imagine yourself walking beneath great clouds of smoke, and breathing various vapours of arsenic, muriatic acid, sulphur, and spirits of tartar, and you will have some taste and smell as well as a view of the Potteries; and, notwith-

standing all which, they are as healthy as any manufacturing district whatever.

Such is a tolerable picture of the external aspect of the Potteries, but it would be very imperfect still, if we did not point out all the large chapels that are scattered throughout the whole region, and the plastering of huge placard on placard on almost every blank wall, and at every street corner, giving you notice of—plays, and horse riders and raffles? No: but of sermons upon sermons; sermons here, sermons there, sermons everywhere! There are sermons for the opening of schools and chapels, sermons for aiding the infirmary, for Sunday schools and infant schools, announcements of missionary meetings and temperance meetings, and, perhaps, for political meetings also, for it is difficult to say whether the spirit of religion or politics flourishes most in the district.

The Potteries are, in fact, one of the strong holds of dissent and democracy. Nine-tenths of the population are dissenters. The towns have sprung up rapidly, and, comparatively, in a few years, and the inhabitants naturally associate themselves with popular opinions both in government and religion. They do not belong to the ancient times, nor therefore to the ancient order of things. They seem to have as little natural alliance with aristocratic interests and establishments of religion as America itself. This people, indeed, are a busy swarm, that seem to have sprung out of the ground on which they tread, and claim as much right to mould their own opinions as to mould their own pottery. The men have always been noted for the freedom of their opinions, as well as for the roughness of their manners. But in this latter respect they are daily improving.

Nearly twenty years ago, we have seen some things there which made us stare. We have seen a whole mob, men, women and children, collect round a couple of young Quaker ladies, and follow them along the street in perfect wonder at their costume; and we have seen a great potter walk through a group of ladies, on the foot-path, in his white apron and dusty clothes, instead of stepping off the path; and all that with the most perfect air of innocent simplicity, as if it were the most proper and polite thing in the world. We also remarked at that time that scarcely a dog was kept by the workmen but it was a bull dog: a pretty clear indication of their prevailing tastes. But their chapels and schools, temperance societies and literary societies, and mechanics' institutions, have produced their natural effects, and there is reason to believe that the population of the Potteries is not behind the population of other manufacturing districts in manners or morals. Were it otherwise, indeed, a world of social and religious exertion would have been made in vain. It is not to be supposed that such men as the Wedgwoods, the Spodes, the Ridgways, the Meighs, &c. &c. men who have not only acquired princely fortunes there, but have laboured to diffuse the influence of their intelligence and good taste around them with indefatigable activity, should have worked to no purpose. Nay, the air of growing cleanliness and comfort, the increase of more elegant shops, of banks, and covered markets, are of themselves evidences of increased refinement and therefore of knowledge. One proof of the growth of knowledge we could not help smiling at the other day. We had noticed some years ago that a public house with the sign of a leopard was called the Spotted Cat; nobody knew it by any other name; but now, such is the advance of natural history, that as if to eradicate the name of spotted cat for ever, the figure of the beast is dashed out by the painter's brush, and the words, The Leopard, painted in large letters in its stead.

As in most populous districts, the Methodists have done much to improve and reform the mass. John Wesley planted his church here, and his disciples, under the various names of Wesleyans, New and Primitive Methodists, are numerous. The New Methodists have in Shelton one of the largest chapels they have in the kingdom. The very christian names abounding here seem to imply that there has long been in the people a great veneration for the Scriptures. In no other part of the country do the names of the Old Testament so much prevail. We verily believe that a complete catalogue of the population would present a majority of such names. Every other name that you meet is Moses or Aaron, Elisha, Daniel or Job. This peculiarity may be seen in the names of all the potters of eminence. It is Josiah and Aaron Wedgwood, Josiah Spode, Enoch Wood and Aaron Wood, Jacob Warburton, Elijah Mayer, Ephraim Chatterley, Joshua Heath, Enoch Booth, Ephraim Hobson, Job Meigh, &c. &c. Fenton, the poet, who was from Fenton, in the Potteries, was Elijah Fenton.

But if the potters have been fond of ancient and patriarchial names, they have been equally fond of modern improvements and discoveries in their art; and when we recollect that little more than a century ago the Potteries were mere villages, their wares rude, their names almost unknown in the country, and now behold the beauty and variety of their articles, which they send to every part of the world, not excepting China itself; when we see the vast population here employed and maintained in comfort, the wealth which has been accumulated, and the noble warehouses full of earthenware of every description, we must feel that there is no part of England in which the spirit and enterprise of the nation have been more conspicuous.

MARIA'S DOWER.

One day, in the year of grace 1550, a fisherman landed in front of the palace of St. Mark, crossed that celebrated place, and stopped at the door of a hostelry, over which the emblematic lion of Venice

was rudely delineated. He was a tall and powerful man; his embrowned features were full of that force and intelligence so often observed among the inhabitants of that favoured climate, but his eyes had lost their usual lustre, and the boatman's broad forehead was bowed down by painful reflections. Entering the tavern, he perceived in the darkest corner of the hall a stranger, who appeared plunged in profound thought. He, too, had those manly and striking features which generally accompany moral energy. His dress was of severe simplicity; a doublet and hose of black velvet covered his powerful limbs; a silken cap, cut out at the temples, and fastened by two bands under the chin, as was the fashion of the day, concealed in part his thick and curling hair, some gray locks of which fell carelessly over his neck.

“Giannetini,” said the gondolier, addressing a stout, ruddy man, who was walking up and down the room, “do you still persist in your refusal?”

“I do,” answered the Venetian.

“I am too poor to be your son-in-law, I suppose,” replied the boatman. “Before thinking of your daughter's happiness, you think of her fortune; and, Giannetini, must I, to influence you, remind you of the gratitude you owe me? Have you forgotten, that I saved your life at Lepanto, when Venice armed even her women to defend the republic against the soldiers of Barbarossa? Don't you know that Maria and I were brought up together, and have sworn, ever since we were children, to live always for each other? and that these pledges were renewed when age gave strength and constancy to our attachment? Do you want to make her and me unhappy? Are you the Doge, that you are so ambitious? or a patrician, that you are so ungrateful?”

“No, but I am rich, Barberigo.”

“And I shall be rich, Giannetini. I have strong arms, a bold heart, youth, and faith in God. Fortune may, some day or other, alight on my gondola.”

“Castles in the air,” said the innkeeper.

“Who knows?” answered the boatman. “Lorenzo de Medicis was a merchant, Francisco Sforza was a drover, why may I not be a general one of these days?”

“Because, Barberigo, Fortune disappoints a million for every three she favours. At any rate, I will not be father-in-law of a man, whose whole fortune is a skiff. Maria might better—”

“Be a patrician's mistress than a gondolier's wife: she had better slumber in ill-gotten wealth than live obscure and honest?”

“True, Maria has taken the eye of the proveditore's nephew. This young gentleman has been to see me, and has offered—”

“To marry her?”

“No, *deminio!* Much as the nobles of Venice try to make themselves popular, they don't sell their titles so cheap.”

“To buy her, then?”

“Just so.”

“Wretch! and for how much will you sell your daughter's honour?”

“I ask two thousand ducats, and the nobleman offered fifteen hundred. I will not bate a sequin.”

The stranger, who had listened attentively to the conversation of the two Venetians, rose, and clapping Barberigo on the shoulder, told him:

“Boatman! Maria shall be thy wife.”

“Never,” said the host.

“Why, you Jew! not if this man brings you two thousand pistoles as a wedding present?”

“Oh, in that case, Barberigo should be my son-in-law, and I would sign the contract cheerfully; but, consider, signore, that this poor lad owns nothing but the four planks of his boat; and unless he should be lucky enough to find the doge's ring—”

“Without looking to such a chance as that, you shall finger the money before long.”

“But where am I to get it, signore?” stammered the astonished boatman. “Not out of my pocket, my good fellow,” replied the stranger, “because I am just now poor as a lazaroni. There is so much suffering to relieve from Florence to Venice, that I could not find a single paul in it. Be of good cheer: my poverty is sister to wealth, and my art fills my purse as often as charity empties it.” So saying, the stranger opened a portfolio, took from it a parchment, which he spread on the table, and in a few minutes sketched a hand with such surprising perfection, that the boatman, ignorant as he was in matters of art, could not repress a cry of astonishment. “Here!” said the unknown artist, heading his hasty sketch to the fisherman, “take this parchment to Cardinal Pietro Bembo whom you will find at the palace of St. Mark, and tell him that a painter, who wants money, wishes to sell it at two thousand pistoles.”

“Two thousand pistoles!” cried the innkeeper, wondering, “this man is a fool—he must be crazy. I would not give a sequin for it.”

The gondolier went, and returned in an hour with the sum required, with which the secretary of Leo X. had sent a letter, in which he earnestly begged the artist to honor him with a visit.

The next day Maria and Barberigo were married in the church of San Stefano. The stranger wished to enjoy the commencement of their happiness, by witnessing the ceremony; and when the boatman, overwhelmed with gratitude, begged of him to tell him his name, he answered that he was called MICHAEL ANGELO.

Twenty years after this little adventure, Antonio Barberigo, by one of those enigmatical changes, the key of which belongs to Providence alone, was general of the Venetian republic. But however intoxicating this unhop'd-for elevation was to the boatman, he never forgot his illustrious benefactor; and when Buonarrotti died at Rome, after the most glorious old age and most brilliant career that artist ever knew, it was the hand of the boatman that traced, above the Latin epitaph composed by order of the successor of Paul III. for his favourite, those two grateful lines which time has respected, and which may yet be read on the monument of this great man.—*New York Mirror.*

For the Pearl.

SONG.

Lady! Affection's early glow
Hath faded from my breast;
The love I ne'er again can know—
The love my youth that blest;
Yet if, though held in sorrow's thrall,
Thou lov'st this heart of mine—
If dear to thee, take—take it all,—
The boon I ask is thine.

And oh! if in some after hour
I seem less glad than now—
If darkness o'er my pathway lower,
And shadows cloud my brow—
Think not I love thee less than when
Our spirits first were bound,—
For thou wilt be the dearer then—
My love the more profound!

J. McP.

Queen's County.

MACNAMARA AND HIS MARE, MOREEN.

FROM CESAR OTWAY'S TOUR IN CONNAUGHT.

"My little guide, Padsey, when I expressed my disappointment at not seeing a king's home, did his best to console me.

"Come, sir, and I will shew you where a great man entirely entirely was buried, and his mare also."

"And who was that, Padsey?"

"Why, Maenamara the robber, and his mare Moreen."

"Well, come shew me his grave."

"So, over rubbish and skulls, and through rank nettles and the roots of dwarf elder, we scrambled until we came to a corner, where was nothing to be seen but a common slabstone.

"Well, now, Padsey, tell me all about this Maenamara."

"Why, sir, he was a terrible man: I believe he was from the County Clare; but, any how, he kept in those parts for the sake of the caves; and it's very near the mountains where he would run to when things came to the worst with him. And he robbed the world from Munster up to Sligo: and, after all, it was not himself that was great, but his mare; for she was a jewel of a crathur. He'd rob a man in the county of Clare, and Moreen, the mare, would carry him off in such a jiffy, that he'd be here in no time. He saved his life in that way. They swore he robbed a man near Limerick. He swore, and proved it too, that he slept that night in Coug. The judges said it was impossible that he could so shortly be in two places, barring he was a bird. It was certainly true for him, only that it was Moreen, the mare, that carried him through. Oh, sir, sure Moreen could leap any where; she lepped up, with Maenamara on her back, into a drawing room window, where a company of Galway squires were carousing, and he robbed them all, and then he bounced out again, but the same Moreen did more than ever she did, one day, in Joyce country. Maenamara made the snug farmers among the mountains pay him what he called the black rint. And once on a time, when he was hunted out of all the flat country, and the sodgers were after him from Tuam, and Castlebar, and Ballinrobe, and he was here amongst the caves and rocks, he bethought him of gathering the rint in Joyce country; and off he set to the foot of Mamture mountain; and he was mighty cross all out, and not a thing would he have but the cash—no meal nor malt would do him, gold he must have, and that was scarce. So one said, and another said, 'Is it not a queer thing that all of us should be paying to this rapparee rapscallion,' (not a people in this wide world fonder of money than these Joyces,) 'and he, after all, but one little man, not so big as any one of ourselves.' So they all rose, and they shouted, and they ran at him; and one man had his scythe, and the other his log, and the other his stone; and they were going to murder him, and they had him hemmed in. On one side was Lough Corribb, and on the other was a high rock; and a big Joyce was lifting his leg to split his skull, when Maenamara gave a chirp to Moreen, and up she sprung. Thirty feet in height was the rock; she made no more of it than she would of skipping over a potatoe trench. She brought him out of their reach in a thrice; and him she carried to Coug as safe as you are, master, and safer. The marks of where she landed upon the rock are there yet—the people will shew it to you, if you go that way; not a word of a lie in it. But maybe, your honour, I have tired you about Mae and Moreen?"

"Oh, no, Padsey! Have you any thing more to say?"

"Och, then, that I have! He once sold his mare, for he was a great card-player; and so it was he lost all he could rap or run. The devil's child that he was, he staked and lost poor Moreen; and if you were to see him next day, when the man came to carry her away, it would make your heart sick. So says he to her owner, 'Sir, would you be pleased just for to give me one ride of her before she goes; I'll be bound I'll shew you what's in her.' So, sir, do you see yonder peers? and here Padsey pointed to an ancient gateway, where there were the remains of very lofty piers—'Sir, the gate was up at this time higher far than a man could reach. So Mac mounted, and dashed Moreen at the gate; and sure enough she topped it in style. But if she did, whether it was that the knowing crathur had a thought in her that her master was going to give

her up or not, any how myself cannot tell, but when she came to the ground, she fell down as dead, and never rose again. Poor Moreen's heart was broke. Maenamara did not long survive her. He ordered himself to be buried along with her in that snug corner; and there they are; and never was the likes of man and mare from that day to this."

"Well, now, Padsey, would you like to be such an one as Maenamara?"

"Och, then, to be sure I would; but where would the likes of me get such a mare as Moreen?"

THE ROBBER'S HOLE.

"We did not remain long at the abbey; in fact, there was nothing worth seeing in it, except three beautiful windows, or rather screens, that once divided the southern transept from the cloister. If the whole cloister, which is now a thickly planted orchard, were as highly ornamented as this, it must have been beautiful. The carving here is most elaborately executed; and what remains forms a fine specimen of the interlacings of a florid Gothic window."

"In departing from the abbey, and giving sixpence to the stupid old woman who appeared at its gate, I asked Padsey had he any thing more to shew."

"Och, yes, please your honor, plenty! Come, and I'll shew you the robber's hole."

"What's that?"

"Och, then, come along, and when I bring you to it, I'll do my endeavour to make you sensible."

"So, accompanied by my boy and my Connemara man, we again passed through the village, and entered the wide waste of rock that lay to the eastward; and we had not gone far until we came to a chasm about ten feet long by four wide, down which, when you looked, you saw and heard below, about one hundred feet, a stream urging its force."

"This, sir," said Padsey, "is the Robber's Hole."

"And why has it got that name?"

"Och, sir, from a great man entirely, that made use of this place."

"Was it Maenamara?"

"Och, no, but one of his sort; though not with his heart, for Mac, they say, was kind of heart; but this fellow was the very devil all out. Now, your honour, just give the time, and I'll tell yees. He was the greatest robber and murderer that ever was known in Connaught: 'twas death and destruction to travel in those days between Tuam and Ballinrobe. His way was to seize the traveller, and then bring him off the road to this hole, and here rob and strip him, and then toss him down where no one could go look after the corpse, or ever hear what became of it. In this way he stopped a fine lady, who was travelling in a shay, dressed out in a gold-laced scarlet coat—a beautiful creature, guin, as they say, to meet her husband, a great officer, who was quartered in Castlebar. Well, Davy the Devil, as the robber was called, stopped her on the road, not far from this town; and he brought her up here to put an end to her: here, sir, the two were—she, I may say, where I now stand, and Davy beside her. And Davy says, 'Come, mistress, strip off your finery, before you go down where I will send you.' 'And where is that, sir?' says she, mighty civil all out; for the crathur saw she was in a villain's power. 'Down in that hole you must go; so make haste, my deary, and strip in a thrice, or maybe it will be worse for yees.' 'Won't you let me say my prayers?' says the lady. 'Well, and that I won't,' says Davy, 'seeing I know by your cut you're a Protestant heretic, and all the prayers in the priest's book would do you no good.' So the lady began to strip; but you may be sure she did it slow enough, for still she gave a long look over the gray rocks, to see if any one would come to save her; but there was no crathur in sight but the sheep, and no voice but the raven, croaking high and hoarse, as if by some sense he smelled of one that was about to die. Well, my lady had taken off her bright scarlet gown, and her fine hat and feathers, and there was her beautiful hair streaming in the air; and all she had now on was a little bit of a petticoat and a she-miss (as the quality people call it) of fine linen, as white as the snow-drift on Mamture. And now here stood the lady, and there, just where your honour stands, was Davy; and at his foot, as you now see it, this dark, deep, running water.—'Well, sir,' says the lady, 'Mr. Robber, sure you are a decent man, and, for civility sake, you would not be after looking at a lady when she is doing what you are now forcing her to?' 'Oh, no, by no manner of means,' says the robber: 'I'm a decent man, at any rate.' So, sir, very mannerly all out, Davy the Devil turned his back on the lady; and then, as sure as you are there, my lady gives Davy a push, and down he goes with a crash, just as I now push this Connemara boy into this hole—down, down!"

"And, sure enough, Padsey did give the Connemara man a push which did not actually send him down, body and bones, as went the robber; but, taken as he was by surprise, the poor fellow's hat went down; and I never saw a being so astonished as the Connemara man was, when he saw his hat go down where, if we are to believe Padsey's story of the robber, many a good head went down before now. I could not find from Padsey what became of the lady whose presence of mind stood her in such good stead. All I know is, that, after enjoying a hearty laugh at the stolid surprise and subsequent distress of the mountaineer at the loss of the hat

which he declared was nearly new; and when, almost crying, he said he could never face home without a hat, for all the neighbours would be after laughing at him, I had to give him money to buy a new one, and he and I parted: and I dare say little Padsey, when he went home in the evening, enjoyed a hearty laugh at our joint expense, being both, in his view, simples,—one for going in the way of losing his hat, and the other in paying for an old canbeen, as if it were a new felt, fresh from the block."—*Dublin University Magazine*.

SOME STRANGE OCCURRENCES IN THE LIFE OF COUNT DE NIEPPERG,

THE AFFIANCED OF THE PRINCESS MARY OF WURTEMBERG.

Count de Niepperg is of Hungarian descent, and exhibits on his scroll-armorial a long list of brave and patriotic ancestors. At an early period of life he was subjected to the machinations of one of those unscrupulous monsters, who, for the love of gold, would do any deed, however dark,—appeal to any agency, however diabolical. His name was Bodgaski (a Carpathian or Red-Russian,) who laid claim to the Austrian estates of the Niepperg family, and who was especially desirous to get rid of the heir.

Infinite were the schemes of this man to obtain possession of the present Count Niepperg, while yet an infant; and, at length, he succeeded.

By escalade, he, in the depth of night, gained the nursery, seized upon the child, and escaped before discovery was made.

Arriving at an inn among the mountain-fastnesses of the border, he gave the child into the care of an old crone, who had long been devoted to his guilty purposes, and ordered at the nearest inn a sumptuous repast in exultation at what he had effected. In the midst of this repast the villainous beldame came to him, as by appointment, and agreed for a certain sum to strangle the child that night. Just, however, as she was leaving the apartment, a strange noise arrested her attention, and on turning round she perceived that her fiendish employer had fallen from his chair.

Excess of wine, added to the fury of excitement, had induced apoplexy; he was speechless, motionless—the finger of death was upon him. The old woman was in a dilemma, and the destruction of the infant was postponed.

On the following day she still hoped to make a thriving bargain; a large reward being offered for the discovery of the child.

Her story, when she presented herself at the Chateau Niepperg, was so plausible, that the amount offered was paid to her unhesitatingly; but a just destiny awaited her, for, in returning home, she was waylaid by some lawless foresters, who had heard of her success,—robbed and murdered her. Thus a fearful retribution fell upon both offenders.

The young Count, as he advanced in years, was beloved by all who knew him, and was as remarkable for personal beauty and the lighter accomplishments as for an enlightened and liberal mind, and great moral intrepidity. It was imagined that he would be very hard to please on the score of the affections, but an incident of a singular kind removed this surmise. At a *bal masqué* at the principal theatre in Vienna, he entered the parterre, as was his custom, undisguised, and on looking round the boxes, where were many ladies seated as spectators, he beheld one who at once absorbed his entire contemplation.

She was very young, and less remarkable for regularity of beauty than for intellectuality and sweetness of expression. He stood and gazed for some time, and then sought among the masques some one of his acquaintance from whom to learn who the lady might be. While so engaged he was accosted by Prince P. Est—, and on turning round to indicate the *loge*, it was discovered to be empty!

The Count was *desespéré*: he left the theatre; and for many days afterwards made enquiries, which were unattended with success. Gloomy, and now unfitted for society, he was one day riding out among the wooded lanes of Goritz, near Vienna—which form a sort of frame-work for rich and extensive meadows—when he beheld at some distance two ladies sauntering along, and tranquilly contemplating the beauty of the landscape;—but the scene became suddenly changed, and the most fearful screams were heard. An animal, something like a mastiff, but larger, appeared to be creeping towards them.

Rapid as lightning, the young Count dashed up to it just in time to divert its attention upon himself: and, in truth, it was no ordinary adversary. A lion had escaped from the *Jardin Botanique de l'Empereur* only some minutes before. Though habited *en militaire*, the Count carried no fire-arms, and had therefore to depend wholly upon his sword. Circumstances favoured him; he had scarcely leaped from his horse when the savage adversary, by a natural instinct, sprang upon it. It was the work of an instant to plunge the weapon deep in the part most vulnerable—the heart of his assailant.

Alas! his gallant steed expired *also*, quiveringly, from loss of blood.

On hastening to the ladies, one of them had fainted, and the other could but just inform him that they resided at the Chateau de L—. On the recovery of the former he accompanied them home, and was most enthusiastically welcomed by their father, the Duc de S—a M—.

With some difficulty he was pressed to stay to dinner; and in

one of the guests, what was his astonishment to behold his INCON-
NUE of the theatre! Conjointly with all around, her admiration of
his dauntlessness was unbounded; and there appeared a singular
deference to her opinion (a deference which she sought not), only
explained by the discovery that she was the Princess Mary of Wur-
temberg!

At that time she was staying *incognita* (or so at least it was *censed*)
in the suburbs of Vienna, in order to complete her musical educa-
tion. Here was an opportunity for a lover! for one not unknown
to the sympathies of the exquisitely lovely being whom he address-
ed,—sympathies now so singularly augmented!

But then, the difference of rank appeared to interpose a barrier
not to be overcome by any common effort; nay, one which could
so easily be rendered insurmountable to both! The marriage of
the Grand Duchess Mary to the Duke of Leuchtenberg, offered,
after a time, a means by which this attachment could be broken to
the King, her father; but there are so many *contre-temps* in a Court,
however liberal-minded a monarch may be, that much hesitation
arose, and much anxious fear of discomfiture to the lovers. At
last, however, the intervention of a ruling power, that shall be
nameless, but on which the Count had many claims for his known
loyalty and devotedness, decided the affair *beyond even the chance*
of further dissent. No father ever exhibited an attachment more
tender, more free from interested motive, than does the King of
Wurtemberg for his daughter; and well has the Princess Mary
earned this sentiment; for one more amiable, in the enlarged sense
of the word, it is scarcely possible to conjecture, combining, as
she does, the highest accomplishments, with that "benevolence of
heart," of which chance and change, or mere pomp and circum-
stance, have no influence whatever.

The King of Wurtemberg, in a letter to the Emperor of Russia,
says—"I shall soon lose my beloved daughter, Mary; but I con-
sult her happiness, and have every reason to approve her selection
of the young and handsome Neipperg, who is as good as he is
brave."

The Emperor in return, observes—"I gave my own dear child
to a Duke of Leuchtenberg; do not, therefore, demur in bestow-
ing your charming Mary on the Count de Niepperg."—*Court*
Journal.

From Chevillier's Notes on America.

CHARACTER OF THE YANKEE.

But it is particularly as the colonist of the wilderness, that the
Yankee is admirable; fatigue has no hold on him. He has not,
like the Spaniard, the capacity to bear hunger and thirst, but
the much superior faculty of finding, at all times, and in all places,
something to eat and to drink, and of being always able to contrive
a shelter from the cold, first for his wife and children, and after-
wards for himself. He grapples with nature in close fight, and
more unyielding than she, subdues her at last, obliging her to sur-
render at discretion, to yield whatever he wills, and to take the
shape he chooses. Like Hercules, he conquers the hydra of the
pestilential morass, and chains the rivers: more daring than Her-
cules, he extends his dominion not only over the land, but over the
sea; he is the best sailor in the world, the ocean is his tributary,
and enriches him with the oil of her whales, and with all her lesser
fry. More wise than the hero of the twelve labours, he knows no
Omphale that is able to seduce, no Dejanira, whose poisoned gifts
can balk his searching glance. In this respect he is rather a Ulysses
who has his Penelope, counts upon her faith, and remains
steadfastly true to her. He does not even need to stop his ears,
when he passes near the Sirens, for in him the tenderest passions
are deadened by religious austerity and devotion to his business.
Like Ulysses in another point, he has a bag full of shifts; overtaken
at night by a storm in the woods, in a half hour, with no other re-
source than his knife, he will have made a shelter for himself and
his horse. In winter, he is caught in one of those snow storms,
which are unknown among us, he will construct a sled in the
twinkling of an eye, and keep on his way, like an Indian, by watch-
ing the bark of the trees. Thus to the genius of business, by means
of which he turns to profit whatever the earth yields him, he joins
the genius of industry, which makes her prolific, and that of mecha-
nical skill, which fashions her produce to his wants. He is incom-
parable as a pioneer, unequalled as a settler of the wilderness.

The Yankee has set his mark on the United States during the
last half century. He has been eclipsed by Virginia in the counsels
of the nation; but he has in turn had the upper hand throughout
the country, and eclipsed her on her own soil; for in order to
arouse the Virginian from the southern indolence, it has been neces-
sary that the Yankee should come to set him an example of activi-
ty and enterprise at his own door. But for the Yankee, the vast
cotton plantations of the South would still be an uncultivated
waste. It was a Yankee, Ely Whitney, who, toward the end of
the last century, invented the cotton-gin, which has made the for-
tune of the South. To give a speculation success in the South,
some Yankees must have come a thousand miles to suggest the
idea to the natives, and carry off the profit before their eyes. New
England has given only two Presidents to the Union, both popu-
lar on the eve of their election, both unpopular on the morrow,
both rejected at the end of their first term, while all the others have
been natives of Virginia or South Carolina, and have been re-chosen
for a second term. But then what a revenge has she taken in bu-

business matters, at the North and the South, in the East as well as
the West! Here the Yankee is a true Marquis of Carabas.

At Baltimore as well as at Boston, in New Orleans as well as at
Salem, in New York as well as at Portland, if a merchant is men-
tioned who has made and kept a large fortune by sagacity and fore-
cast, you will find that he is a Yankee. If you pass a plantation
in the South, in better order than the others, with finer avenues,
with the negroes' cabins better arranged and more comfortable,
you will be told, "Oh! that is a Yankee's, he is a smart man!"
In a village in Missouri, by the side of a house with broken win-
dows, dirty in its outward appearance, around the door of which
a parcel of ragged children are quarrelling and fighting, you may
see another, freshly painted, surrounded by a simple, but neat and
nicely white-washed fence, with a dozen of carefully trimmed trees
about it, and through the windows in a small room, shining with
cleanliness, you may spy some nicely combed little boys, and
some young girls, dressed in almost the Paris fashion.—Both
houses belong to farmers, but one of them is from New England.
On the western rivers, you will hear a boat mentioned which never
meets with an accident, and in which all travellers and merchants
are eager to take their passage; the master is a Yankee. Along
side of the levee at New Orleans, you may be struck with the fine
appearance of a ship, which all the passers by stop to admire; the
master is also a Yankee.

For the Pearl.

TO ELLEN.

O give me music! touch that harp again;
My soul is sad, my weary heart is breaking.
Dear Lady! breathe a yet more thrilling strain,
Soft, sweet, unearthly—meet to solace pain,
To calm the soul, and ease the bosom's aching.

O give me music! let me feel the power—
The hallowed power of Song divinely swelling,
Chasing the clouds that all too darkly lower,
Filling with ecstasy the parting hour—
Inspiring Hope, of coming gladness telling.

O give me music! let my spirit soar
Above this weary scene of pain and sorrow:
Ay, touch that harp, and o'er my spirit pour
A strain from which my soul may ever more
A balm for pain, for grief a solace borrow!

EDWIN.

Liverpool, January, 1839.

THE YOUNG FATHER.

POWER OF AN INFANT.

* * * "In my constant visits among the neighbours, both
those who have long lived together in connubial bliss, and those
who, having just bought their tickets in the grand lottery, are anx-
iously scanning whether it be blank or prize; I often notice, with
the curious eye of a bachelor, those slight tokens which tell the
wise that a new guest is expected. In the new families, especially,
the signs are not to be mistaken. Occasional glimpses of very
small shirts and caps, and several otherwise unintelligible articles
of clothing, convey an information more certain than words. A
mysterious cradle, perhaps, may meet my eye in some out-of-the-
way corner of the house—there begins to be a strange seriousness
in the looks of the young husband; and altogether an atmosphere
of mystery pervades the establishment, and gives to every familiar
face and object a hue which, as the murky stillness of a sultry day,
is the forerunner of a storm.

But what a joyous-melancholy day is that which ushers a new
soul into the world! The blinds of the house are all closed; the
doors fast shut; and all is silent, till a low voice of wailing may be
heard through the muffled chambers, like the sigh of a dying gale.
What an expression, too, may be seen on the young husband's face!
His brow is cloudy—his eye distracted. Uncertain how to act, he
peers anxiously around, and hopes and fears, and fears and hopes,
until at last his suspense is changed into joy, and he clasps his wail-
ing image in his arms. Interesting little stranger! thou little
knowest what anxious hearts have beat for thy safety! Cast, as an
ancient said, like a shipwrecked mariner, naked and destitute, up-
on this dreary strand, to those standing upon the beach, and look-
ing into the mist for some glimmering of the coming sail, thou
puling babe as thou art, hast been of far more interest than the
highest of those who sit upon thrones, and build their towers upon
the shattered landmarks of their neighbours. And what a nest of
love, too, is prepared for thy reception, in the hearts of father and
mother! From the savage hovel, where

"The dusky mother pressed
Her new-born infant with a rapturous thrill
Of unimagined love,"

to the glittering palace of luxury, where an excessive polish has
lessened the radiating powers of the heart, and substituted smooth-
ness for warmth, nature still asserts her prerogative, in this, at
least, and binds the mother to the babe with "cords of perdurable
toughness." Whatever may be its destiny afterwards, the child
has little cause to complain of its first reception on earth.

It has been my favourite employment for thirty years, to watch
these fair buds, as they gradually expand, and merge into the
green fruit of boyhood, or ripen to the maturity of man. The very
appearance of infancy has something in unison with the nobler
feelings of the human heart. Its helplessness, its tender outlines,
its pure and healthy complexion, like snow unsullied by the earth,
convey an idea of love and innocence, that wakes the airy harp of
the soul, and draws a strange wild music from its strings. It is
the magic influence of this little charmer which binds the domestic
circle. Even its tricks and petty passions, proceeding from selfish-
ness, have something eloquent in them. What a transforming
power must a babe possess, when, as I have often observed, its ten-
der arms can stay the wild young rake in his course, and bind him
down to the sameness of the fireside circle. Yet such is often the
moral power of infants. From the first morning of joy, when the
pale young mother presents her jewel to the arms of the blushing
father, a new spring of feeling has gushed forth in his heart, and is
there working in deep, but silent streams. He feels he is another
man. He looks down upon earth, and sees a bright hue of sun-
shine mellowing the roughness of its path; he looks up towards
heaven, and finds no difficulty in conceiving a bliss, of which he
has had a foretaste on earth."—*Kuickerbocker*.

A FRENCH DILIGENCE.

But my hour had come for leaving Paris, and I accordingly
sought the "bureau" of the diligence which was to leave the fol-
lowing morning. Having paid the fees, I entered my name on
the way book, and returned to the hotel. Next morning, with a
porter carrying my "plunder," set out again for the "bureau,"
and found the diligence ready before the gate of the courtyard.
"Le conducteur," a short dried up man, was full of business, bust-
ling about now inside and now outside of his huge vehicle, attend-
ing to the arrangement of the passengers' baggage, and ever and
anon raising a loud halloo for the postillion, who was within the
bar-room, preparing doubtless for his journey by fortifying his sto-
mach against the heat. The diligence was a huge lumbering con-
veyance, divided into three parts, and capable of accommodating
forty passengers—we had thirty-five in all. To this castle were
attached six horses, in tolerable condition. At every spot of the
traces, and all other long straps, were huge bunches of pack thread,
ribands and ropes, plainly showing where the treacherous leather
had given way, and had been repaired by the postillion.

Having seen my baggage attached to the rear of the diligence, I
took my seat and waited patiently for the onset. Suddenly I heard
a great scuffling, and looking from the window, saw the long-ex-
pected postillion, who was plunged into a pair of boots which would
have scared Goliath of Gath, though the present wearer was not
above five feet in height. Added to the clumsy boots, the postil-
lion had imbibed too freely of the liquor afforded by the bar-keep-
er, and was somewhat "disguised," so that, in coming down the
stone walk, he made a very "uncertain warbling," and could only
progress by taking regular tacks across the yard, like a ship with
a head wind. However, he at last arrived at his port, and the
landlord and conductor bestowing upon him the epithets of "Co-
qum," "bete," and other hard names, seized him by the waist and
threw him in a trice upon his horse, then scrambling for the reins,
he preserved a kind of drunken gravity, until the conductor had
mounted to his perch and thundered forth "Allons," then he ap-
plied his whip to the "cattle," and away we went. After posting
along three or four miles, some part of the harness gave way, and
with a short address to the father of lies, the postillion essayed to
descend, but from the whirling of his brains, or the weight of his
boots, his descent was greatly accelerated, and he alighted on his
nose in the middle of the road. However, he seemed to be accus-
tomed to these little adventures, for he gathered himself up, and
pulling some twine from his poche, he applied himself to the frac-
ture. The broken strap was bandaged, and the postillion ascended
his perch again, and set the team in motion. All this time "le
conducteur" sat in silence on his pinnacle, not deigning to open his
mouth, except when the postillion made his unlucky tumble into
the road, when he said in a very grave tone, "bon"—and then
screwing up his mouth, preserved an indomitable silence.—*Port-
land Transcript*.

It appears from statistical information in the French Agricultura-
l journals, that the land cultivated around Paris, as kitchen gar-
dens, yields an amount of nearly eight millions of dollars, annually,
and maintains half a million of persons. The flowers and fruit
produced there, yield also several millions of francs. About two
hundred flower gardeners reside at Paris and in the neighbourhood,
and supply the markets of the capital. There are days, especially
the eves of grand fetes, when the sale is very large. H. Hericart
de Thury affirms that on the 14th of August last, 10,000 dollars
worth of flowers were sold in Paris, and that, in the depths of win-
ter, certain grand *soirees* give rise to sales amounting to between
1,000 and 4,000 dollars. In the same season, bouquets of natural
flowers are dispatched, in tin boxes, not only to the remotest towns
of France, but even to Munich, Vienna, and other distant foreign
ports.—*Newberryport Herald*.

Americans are known in the Turkish language by the name of
Yanki Doodiah, which means "the new world." This certainly
is as near to Yankee Doodle as could be expected.

CHARLEMAGNE.

Charlemagne, or Charles the Great, King of the Franks, and subsequently Emperor of the West, has been dead 1026 years. Charlemagne was born in 742. Although the wisest man of the age in which he lived, he could not write, and he was forty-five years of age before he began his studies. His favourite preceptor was Alcuin, librarian to Egbert, Archbishop of York. On the 25th of December, 800, Charlemagne was crowned Emperor of the West; and, on the 1st of December, in the following year, Alcuin presented him with a magnificent folio bible, bound in velvet, the leaves of vellum, the writing in double columns, and containing 449 leaves. Prefixed is a richly ornamented frontispiece in gold and colors. It was enriched with four large paintings, exhibiting the state of the art at this early period; there are moreover thirty-four large initial letters, painted in gold and colours, and exhibiting seals, historical allusions, and emblematical devices, besides some smaller painted capitals. This identical bible was sold by Mr. Evans, in London, on the 27th of April, 1836, for £1500. When Charlemagne issued the instrument by which the Roman Liturgy was ordained through France, he confirmed it by 'making his mark.' Mezerai, the French historian, observes that below the 'mark' was commonly inserted, 'I have signed it with the pomel of my sword, and I promise to maintain it with the point.'

Charlemagne was interred at Aix-la-Chapelle. His body was embalmed and deposited in a vault, where it was seated on a throne of gold, and clothed in imperial habits, over the sack-cloth which he usually wore. By his side hung a sword, of which the hilt, and the ornaments of the scabbard, were of gold, and a pilgrim's purse that he used to carry in his journeys to Rome. In his hands he held the Book of the Gospels, written in letters of gold; his head was ornamented with a chain of gold, in the form of a diadem, in which was enclosed a piece of the wood of the true cross; and his face was wound with a winding sheet. His sceptre and buckler, formed entirely of gold, and which had been consecrated by Pope Leo III. were suspended before him, and his sepulchre was closed and sealed after having been filled with various treasures and perfumes. A gilded arcade was erected over the place, with a Latin inscription, of which the following is a translation:—

"Beneath this tomb is placed the body of the orthodox Emperor Charles the Great, who variously extended the kingdom of the Franks, and happily governed it 47 years. He died a Septuagenarian, January, 814."

It is further recorded, that 'Pope Otho III. ordered the tomb to be opened, when the body was stripped of its royal ornaments, which had not been in the least injured by the hand of time. The Book of the Gospels continues to be kept at Aix-la-Chapelle. With this volume the imperial sword and hunting-horn were also found. The copy of the Gospels interred with Charlemagne, appears to have been one of those executed by his order, and corrected according to the Greek and Syriac.'

Emanuel Swedenborg, a somewhat celebrated religious enthusiast, was born at Stockholm on the 31st of January, 1688 or 1689. He was educated under the care of his father, Bishop of West Gothland, in the doctrines of Lutheranism. About the year 1743, he conceived a belief that he was admitted to an intercourse with the world of spirits, and this belief he retained till his death, which occurred in 1772. It was upon this belief that he became the founder of a sect called the New Jerusalem Church. Swedenborg was a man of great talent and acquirements, and perfectly sane upon all other points.

SULTAN MAHMOUD'S LAST EXCURSION UPON THE BOSPHORUS.

BY PRINCE PUCKLER MUSKAU.

One day I was boating upon the channel of that brilliant Bosphorus, which, decked out as it were every day for a *fete*, reflects in the mirror of its blue surface its mosques, minarets, and innumerable palaces, its gardens and villas, its delightful groups of plane trees, its cemeteries with dark cypresses, and its shaded hills resembling waves. A noise of cannon from the forts and ships suddenly warned me of the approach of the Sultan's barge. I hastened towards a spot of the Asiatic shore where the presence of some troops, and of a few foreign spectators, denoted the place selected by the Sultan for his day's prayer.

I had scarcely landed, and obtained from the courtesy of a Turkish officer one of the best places close to the mosque stairs, when the Grand Seignor's boat, rowed with the swiftness of bird-flight, touched the shore. At that period the public knew but vaguely of the disease which so promptly devoured him, and, after all I had heard about Sultan Mahmoud, I expected to behold a vigorous stature and a proud look. I was astonished when I saw a being, bent, resembling a spectre, whose features, though handsome and noble, were already struck with the marks of an incurable illness. There was a benevolence and mildness in his large and expressive eyes; but the approach of death had already imparted to them something supernatural; he seemed a stranger to all that passed around him, and to be wholly plunged into the interior of his soul.

That Prince, the image of expiring grandeur, was seated upon several red velvet cushions under a gilt canopy, forming a sad con-

trast with the herculean rowers, whose athletic forms shone beneath their shirts of transparent silk. The dying sovereign attempted to rise, but he fell strengthless upon the cushions, and two officers rather carried than conducted him up the stairs. Whilst the Sultan addressed some affectionate words to the persons surrounding him, a painful smile passed over his suffering face, which, to conceal the vestiges of his illness, was painted red and black, according to the Paris etiquette, but shaded by an ebony beard, cut very short. Those borrowed colours did but more sadly bring out the signs betokening an approaching decomposition.

I was so dismayed at that aspect, so sorrowfully absorbed in the fate of that martyr—for he is a martyr that devotes his life to an idea disowned by the mass of the people—that I let the Sultan pass without saluting him and taking my hat off, like the rest. The Sultan's eyes fixed upon me; perhaps he had perceived and taken offence at my unpoliteness; but could he have read my soul, he would have recognized more flattering homage than any that a skilful courtier could have tendered; for, in verity, it was very long since the sight of a sovereign had transported me so far as to make me forget myself.

We were not permitted to follow the Sultan into the mosque, and when he left it I was myself again; I failed not to repair my fault with a profound salute, after taking my hat off long before he reappeared. He wanted to return to his palace in a carriage, and, after descending the stairs with great pains, he stopped at the door to rest himself before he entered the vehicle. During that pause he attentively looked at the crowd surrounding him. A poor woman kept her hand up with a petition; the Sultan remarked her; he immediately desired his suite to fetch the memorial, and carefully deposited it in his carriage. Fearing lest the ladies standing among the spectators might be touched by his spirited horses, he had them requested to draw back a little to a higher spot.

In the meantime, I had not ceased to study his interesting countenance with all the attention of a physiognomist. Melancholy, richness of thought, perhaps more of the ideal than of fixed will, a great sensitiveness to pleasure and pain, goodness and frankness—such were the principal features I fancied I read in it; but all that was, as it were, veiled by the presentiment of death.

A LOCATION.

Two friends and brother lawyers of mine were travelling some years since on the "circuit." Their route led them across the sandy hills that form the northern boundary of Alabama, one of the noble rivers of our noble state. These hills, or ridges, however, were as barren and desolate as Arabia and Petraea. You might plant a Yankee there, and he would not grow! Perhaps, after this assertion, it would be "surplussage" to say that no effort of ingenuity could coax a blade of grass to rear its head above the sterile soil. It was a rainy gloomy day; and after travelling some time without encountering any signs of human life, their hearts were cheered by the sight of "the smoke that gracefully curled," and they knew forthwith, "that a cottage was near." And sure enough there it was. A clumsy, ill-shaped, log-hut, with interstices, or to speak more emphatically, "chinks," wide enough to throw a sizeable bear through.

My friends here dismounted. A fire of pine wood, or "light wood," as it is technically called, blazed in the clay chimney. In one corner of the fireplace was huddled a baker's dozen of "yellow complected brats." A tall gaunt female, with long uncombed tresses, or bunches of coarse red hair, was seated upon the floor; while in front of the fire, and occupying the only stool in the hovel, sat "the lord of the soil," shivering under the malign influence of a certain ague.

"Good morning, my friend," said one of the visitors, who is celebrated for his politeness and urbanity.

"Morning," was his laconic and echo-like reply, (I believe that it is an incorrect expression). Echo, like a woman, always has the last word.

"Fine situation you have here," resumed my brother attorney.

"Fine!" responded the host, "what is it fine for?"

"Why, I should suppose you would have sport here in hunting."

"Then you suppose a lie! You can't hunt, 'cepting you got somethin' to hunt at, kin you."

"No! that's a very clear case; I thought, however, that so near the river, there would be plenty of deer. Still, if it's not good hunting ground, it is a fine place for raising cattle."

"It is, is it? S'posin' the cattle gets in the swamp, and the river 'pon 'em, and the cussed fools don't git out of the way, but git drowned!—how are you gwine to raise 'em then, eh?"

"This certainly is very bad," continued my indefatigable friend; "but there is one comfort to you. If you have not the richest soil, nor the best hunting ground, nor the greenest pasturage, you have what is better than the monarch's diadem, or the highest niche in the temple of Fame; you have health."

"The deuce I have, stranger. Do you see them yellow complected critters in the corner there? Them's got health, aint they? And look at me with this cussed agur shaking my bones into jelly! You call that health, don't you?"

"Look here, my friend," exclaimed my brother chip, "answer me this question, and I won't ask you another. If you can't get any thing to grow here, and nothing to hunt, and all your cattle

get drowned, and your family are all the while sick; why, in the name of common sense, do you not up sticks and walk?"

"Oh; cause the light wood knots are amazin' handy."—*Knickerbocker*.

THE MISERERE.

The following description of the Miserere, as performed at the Sistine Chapel, is from the pen of the late Dr. John Bell:—The service opens by a portion of the Lamentations of Jeremiah, sung by the choristers; after which, the Pope recites the pater-noster in a low voice; then being seated on the throne, and crowned with the mitre, the theme is continued, sung loud and sweet by the first soprano, in a tone so long sustained, so high, so pure, so silvery and mellifluous, as to produce the most exquisite effect, in contrast with the deep choruses, answering in rich harmony at the conclusion of every strophe; and then again the lamenting voice is heard—tender and pathetic—repeating one sweet prolonged tone, sounding clear and high in the distance, till brought down again by the chorus. The exquisite notes of the soprano almost charmed away criticism; but yet we could not help being conscious of the difficulties attending a composition of this nature, even in the hands of so great a master as Allegri, whose music it was: nor of perceiving that, after a time, the continued strain and measured answering chorus became monotonous, and the mind insensibly sinks into languor. Yet, the whole is very fine: it is as if a being of another world were heard lamenting over a ruined city, with the responses of a dejected people; and forms a grand and mournful preparation for the Miserere. The last light being extinguished, the chorus, in heavy sounds, proclaims that our Saviour is betrayed; then, for a moment, as a symbol of the darkness in which the moral world is left, the deepest obscurity prevails: at the words, "Christus est mortuus," the Pope, the whole body of the clergy, and the people, knelt, (in former times they fell down on the earth,) and all was silent,—when the solemn pause was broken by the commencing of the Miserere, in low, rich, exquisite strains, rising softly on the ear, and gently swelling into powerful sounds of seraphic harmony. The extraordinary effect produced by this seraphic music is finer and greater than that of any admired art; no painting, statue, or poem—no imagination of man, can equal its wonderful power on the mind. The silent solemnity of the scene—the touching import of the words, "take pity on me, O God!" passes through to the inmost soul, with a thrill of the deepest sensation, unobscuredly moistening the eye, and paling the cheek. The music is composed of two choruses of four voices; the strain begins low and solemn,—rising, gradually, to the clear tones of the first soprano, which at times are heard alone; at the conclusion of the verse, the second chorus joins; and then, by degrees, the voices fade and die away. The soft, and almost imperceptible accumulation of sound, swelling in mournful tones of rich harmony, into powerful effect, and then receding, as if in the distant sky, like the lamenting song of angels and spirits, conveys, beyond all conception to those who have heard it, the idea of darkness, of desolation, and of the dreary solitude of the tomb. A solemn silence ensues and not a breath is heard, while the inaudible prayer of the kneeling Pope continues. When he rises, slight sounds are heard, by degrees breaking on the stillness, which has a pleasing effect,—restoring, as it were, the rapt mind to the existence and feelings of the present life. The effect of those slow, prolonged, varied, and truly heavenly strains, will not easily pass from the memory.

ANECDOTES OF CHARLES V.

In the treaty he signed at Madrid with Francis I. of France, wishing not to mortify his prisoner, a king without a kingdom, he signed himself Charles, citizen of Ghent. Francis, not to be outdone in courtesy, signed himself Francis, seigneur of Vauvres, the smallest of all the royal domains. Charles had a good many favourite maxims. He used to say that long reflection was the guarantee of good success. Though quick and impetuous, he was very patient, and often said, "Time and I are worth any two you can bring against us." One of his maxims was, that states will govern themselves well enough if you let them alone. Another was, "my scholars instruct me, my merchants enrich me, and my nobles plunder me." He loved industry, and was delighted at the application of the Flemish women, whose needlework was already famous, and observed that the country would never be poor while the Flemish women had their fingers left. He was happy in his replies. Titian was once painting his portrait, and told him it was the third time he had had that honour. "It is the third time that you have made me immortal," was the reply. In 1541, when he was preparing to set out for Algiers, as it was late in the season, and the navigation was dangerous, Andre Doria urged him to put it off till spring. "If we set out we shall all perish," added he. "What! after seventy-two years of life for you, and twenty-two of empire for me!" answered Charles. And the expedition set out. One night when he walked lame, owing to a late attack of gout, the count of Buren, who was intimate with him, said, laughingly: "The empire totters." "Do not entertain such a thought," said the emperor, with grave mildness, "and remember it is not the feet that govern, but the head." Having met with a reverse before Metz, towards the close of his life, he only said, "I now see plainly that Fortune is a woman, since she deserts grey hairs." Two ladies entering the presence-chamber quarrelled as to precedence.

"Poh," said he, "let the silliest pass first." When he entered Africa, to aid the king of Tunis against Barbarossa, he commenced operations by the siege of the Goletta. Knowing by experience that watchfulness is the soul of great enterprise, he visited his camp frequently. One night, pretending to come from the Moorish side, he advanced cautiously to a sentinel, who at once cried, "Who's there?" Charles answered, disguising his voice, "Be silent and let me pass, and thy fortune is made." The sentinel, taking him for one of the enemy, answered by firing his arquebuss at him. Luckily he missed his aim, when the emperor discovered himself, and liberally rewarded his trusty soldier.

DRAMATIC GASTRONOMY.

Of all theatrical illusions, the falsest, the most cruel to all actors who are *bons vivans* is one of those comedies wherein the plot is unravelled at a fictitious banquet of pasteboard fowls, wooden pies, and stuffed fishes. What a woful grimace the poor artist must make when obliged to indulge his appetite upon dainties which have been twenty or thirty years in the theatrical larder; or when, in the middle of a thrilling couplet of champagne, he is forced to swallow whole bumpers of Setzer water, which are to bring on an intoxication as fictitious as the beverage that produces it. Oh! how I pity the gourmet actor! The wretched man lives only on falsehoods, and the cup of life yields him but bitterness! Among those who have left a name in the drama, many did not easily submit to this fantastic diet. Martin, the renowned tenor of the Opera Comique, when he played in the "Nouveau Seigneur du Village," insisted upon the management supplying a dinner of real *flesh and fish*, and, above, a bottle of genuine chambertin, in the memorable duet in which he tastes that excellent wine. Hypolyte, the actor of the Vaudevilles, made a similar agreement for *Pierrot*, or the *Diamant perdu*, and the consequence was, that he drank a bottle of champagne a night, and left the theatre drunk one hundred and fifty nights. It was the part he liked best, which made Desaugiers, the author of the piece, observe that he would prefer playing it to having written it. A witty actress of one of our secondary theatres is, it is said, in the habit of providing delicate dishes and wines at her own expense when dramatic pieces *à soupers fins* require her presence in table scenes. She is a person who loves but genuine nature, and I declare that I respect her and her talents, which all Paris appreciates as well as her sprightliness. As for the unfortunate *figurans* who are stationed, though in general provided with good appetites, round a table chimerically loaded with artificial flowers and hams, truffled turkeys, and fragrant pineapples, all stuffed with straw or hay, I know of no situation more woeful, and would willingly put my name to a petition tending to procure the reform of so inhuman a custom.—Besides, by substituting truth for falsehood, the managers of treatres would unconsciously become the preservers of their actresses' morality; for, by offering them a real repast, they would prevent their being tempted, after the play, to a good supper at *Vefour's* or *Very's*.—*La Gastronomie*.

HORSES.

Horses are not infrequently impeded in their progressive motion by the injudicious and merciless use of the whip and spurs. Sluggish horses require the application of the persuaders, but they should be used with judgment; with a free-going nag, severe punishment must be highly injurious—a touch with the steel near the finish of a closely-contested struggle, may perhaps answer the purpose, but for what may be called the systematic and savage application of the steel and the lash, we entertain an invincible antipathy. The horse, though far inferior on the score of sagacity to the elephant, and the various ramifications of the dog, is nevertheless aware when he is unnecessarily or too severely punished. Clinton, a little short-legged chesnut horse, having been whipped and spurred freely by Spring (his rider) testified his dislike to the man ever afterwards: he would not allow Spring to give him a can'er prior to starting, and when Spring attempted it, the horse generally contrived to throw him, as we have witnessed; in consequence one of the stable boys was placed upon him for this purpose; and even when at length, with the assistance of two persons (one on each side of his head) he was got to the starting post with his jockey on his back, he went off in a very savage manner, and ran as unkindly as possible. Scott punished Mundig in his successful race for the Derby most unsparingly, but we are not aware that he ever rode him afterwards; in fact Mundig was destroyed as a racer by that very struggle. The celebrated Plenipotentiary, after his race for the Doncaster St. Leger, could never afterwards endure the presence of Conolly. Aware of the extraordinary powers of Plenipo, Conolly had betted heavily on him, and was no doubt much surprised when he rode him for this stake, to find that the horse was not in his own form, whether from the administration of laudanum, or from being otherwise "doctored," to use a favourite expression of John Scott, is not for us to say; but, provoked at the prospect of losing his money, Conolly applied the persuaders most unsparingly, and the horse did not forget the unnecessary punishment; whenever afterwards Conolly came into the stable, Plenipo became excited, and would have repaid the punishment with interest had he been able to reach the object of his unconquerable aversion.

THE SOUL OF LICENTIAE PETER GARCIAS.—Two scholars, on their way from Pennafield to Salamanca, being thirsty and fatigued, sat down by a spring they met with on the road: there while they rested themselves, after having quenched their thirst, they perceived, by accident, upon a stone that was even with the surface of the earth, some letters, already half effaced by time and the feet of flocks that came to water at the fountain: having washed it, they read these words in the Castillian tongue: "Here is interred the soul of Peter Garcias." The younger of the two students, being a pert coxcomb, no sooner read this inscription, than he cried with a loud laugh, "A good joke, i' faith! here is interred the soul—a soul interred! Who the deuce could be the author of such a wise epitaph?" So saying, he got up and went away, while his companion, who was blessed with a greater share of penetration, said to himself, "There is certainly some mystery in this affair; I'll stay, in order to unriddle it." Accordingly, his comrade was no sooner out of sight, than he began to dig with his knife all around the stone,—and succeeded so well, that he got it up, and found beneath it a leathern purse, containing a hundred ducats, and a card, on which was written the following sentence, in Latin: "Whosoever thou art, that hast wit enough to discover the meaning of the inscription, inherit my money, and make a better use of it than I have done!" The scholar rejoiced at his good fortune, placed the stone in its former situation, and walked home to Salamanca with the soul of the licentiate.

NAPOLEON AT TOULON.—Very few persons are aware that, during the siege of Toulon, Bonaparte had nearly all his family near him, in the department of the Var. His mother, with his brothers and sisters, came at first to Beausset, about two leagues from Toulon, in order to be as near him as possible; but, as the frequent sorties of the besieged endangered their safety, he advised them to retire to a greater distance. The family, so soon to be metamorphosed into kings and queens, travelled on foot to the little village Maounes, where they lodged for some time in a tavern of small pretensions. M. Gaillard, who was their host, is still living; and points out to travellers the room occupied by Madame Mère and her daughters, Eliza, Pauline and Caroline, and another in which slept Lucien, Joseph, Louis, Jerome, and their uncle, afterwards Cardinal Fesch. They lived sparingly, except when the young artillery-officer could slip away to see them; and bring them what little money he could save out of his pay; then there was always a little family party.

In contemplating the broken parts of the statues in the Vatican, one thinks one sees the field of battle where time has fought against genius, and those mutilated limbs attest its victory and our losses.

I know only two beautiful things in the universe—the starry heaven above our heads, and the sentiment of duty in our hearts.

The genius of man is creative when observant of nature, but only imitative when not copying it.

Dulness is less disagreeable than pretension.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 7, 1840.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.—Items a few days later than those of our last have been received by way of New York. Their import may be briefly told.

The money market had improved,—and the business of the manufacturing districts was reviving.—Apprehensions of Chartist riots had subsided.—Rumours of ministerial changes existed, but on what authority does not appear.—The new Post Office system was working well, as was to be expected, and hoped. A daily increase was experienced. The Post Office alteration is one of a purely benevolent character,—it had its bitter opponents, and its swarm of sneerers, as all other benevolent measures have had,—but its success, we trust, will put them to silence, if not to shame.—An expedition to go up the Niger had been arranged. Three iron steamers are to be employed.

Nothing of interest appears from the Continent of Europe.

COMMUNICATIONS.—We are pleased to find original articles copied from the Pearl into other periodicals, as it is, to a certain extent, an evidence of that currency which is the result of sterling qualifications.—The chaste and pathetic compositions of our respected correspondent, J. McP. have frequently come back to us in our exchange papers,—and this week we have, in the Montreal Transcript, "The Village Maniac," which appeared in last original Pearl. Its sweet couplets strike our eye again, as a remembered strain of music does another sense:

"To-morrow soon will quiver,
In flickering beams o'er sparkling rill and river."

How admirably the sound and sense here seem to agree. It would be difficult to bring out the effect of a summer's sun, by means of words, more happily.

An article of a former original Pearl, entitled "Alice Ware," has been copied, notwithstanding its length,—and another called a Legend, or the Nine Tailors, has been re-published in several periodicals. We were rather surprised to see it in a late Fredericton Sentinel, under a new title, cut into numerous paragraphs, and without credit. We by no means charge the peculation on Mr.

Ward,—he copied it, no doubt, from some honest American vehicle, where it had been put through the slight transformation, and its filiation disallowed.

These are a few instances among many, of the currency of Pearl contributions,—we hope to be able, by and bye, to make more abundant and richer additions to the literature of the day.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—Mr. McKenzie delivered a lecture on Gas-light, last Wednesday evening. The lecture was highly interesting, giving a view of human intellect in seeking out improvement, of various modes of artificial light, and of gas-light particularly. On the latter part of the subject much interesting information was given, explanatory of the mechanism of Gasometers, &c. and of the comparative cost of candle, oil, and gas light.—A gentleman present announced that a Halifax Gas Company, was in course of formation, and that its completion might be expected to be communicated to the public in the course of a few days.

George R. Young, Esq. will lecture next Wednesday evening on the Agricultural Capabilities of the Province.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION.—The subject of discussion last Monday evening, was, Should the European powers have interfered to prevent the subjugation of Poland;—it was decided in the affirmative.—The question for next Monday evening is, Was the payment of £20,000,000 Sterling, by the British Government, for the abolition of Slavery, justifiable, in reference to the poor of Great Britain.

MARRIED.

On Tuesday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Stoops, Mr. W.H. Rudolf, to Anna, eldest daughter of Mr. Alexander Knight, both of this town.
At Cornwallis on the 17th Feby. by the Rev. Mr. Grantham, Wm. C. Campbell, Sheriff of King's County, to Miss Anna Maria Cogswell, fourth daughter of Mr. Oliver Cogswell.
At Wilnot, on the 11th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Owen, Mr. Edward E. Armstrong, of Falmouth, county of Hants, to Eliza Ann, eldest daughter of Major E. Phinney, of the former place.
At River Phillip, on the 6th ult. by the Rev. J. C. Cogswell, Mr. David McCoranek, to Miss Hannah Dickerson, of Wallace.
At Maccan, on the 30th ult. by the Rev. G. Townsend, Mr. James Harrison, to Miss Mary, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Owen Lewis, of Parrsboro'.
At the same place, on the 6th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Clark, Thomas Bacon, Esq. of Windsor, to Mrs. H. Kiever, relict of the late Mr. David Kiever, of Nassau.

DIED.

On Saturday evening last, Mr. Thomas Whittemore, a native of New York.
On Monday, after a painful illness, Mrs. Charlotte O'Byrne, aged 55, relict of the late Lawrence O'Byrne, and only daughter of the late James Kavanah, Esq.
At L'Ardoise, near St. Peter's, Cape Breton, Edward Kavanagh, Esq. aged 42 years, his urbanity of manners and hospitable disposition endeared him to a numerous acquaintance by whom his death is sincerely regretted.
On Monday, 24th Feby. after a short illness, Martin Bourne, aged 55 years, leaving a family to mourn the loss of an affectionate parent.
On Tuesday evening last, Ellen, daughter of the late Thomas Hallihan, aged 17 years.
Suddenly at Granville, the 23d inst. in prospect of a blissful immortality, Mary, wife of Mr. David Foster, leaving a kind husband and six small children to lament their loss of a kind mother and her connexions and the neighbourhood a valuable friend.

FESTIVAL OF ST. PATRICK.

THE Sons of the Emerald Isle, and members of the Charitable Irish Society and their friends, will celebrate the Anniversary of their Tutelar Saint, on the 17th of March, by dining at Mason's Hall, at 6 o'clock.

Tickets to be obtained at the Store of Messrs. T. & E. Kenny; those intending to dine will please apply for tickets before the 14th instant.

J. B. UNIACKE, Esq. President.

JAMES FITZGERALD, Secretary.

March 7.

NEW BOOK-STORE.

NO. 88 & 89, GRANVILLE STREET.

THE Subscriber has just received, and offers for Sale as above, cheap for Cash or approved credit:

- Dilworth's, Fenning's, Carpenter's, and other Spelling Books,
- Murray's and Lennie's Grammar,
- Pot, Foolscap, Demy, and Post Papers,
- Red, Black, and Blue Writing Inks,
- Printing Ink in cannisters of 8 and 16 lbs.
- Coloured and Demy Printing Paper,
- Scott's Poems,
- Keith on the Use of the Globes,
- Bibles and Prayer Books, handsomely bound in Morocco,
- Very cheap School Books, with plates—and Testaments,
- Murray's Introduction and Sequel,
- Campbell's Rhetoric—Blair's Lectures,
- Johnston's and Walker's Dictionaries,
- Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress,
- Do. with notes,
- A large collection of handsomely bound Miscellaneous Works,
- Steel slip Pens,
- Indian Rubber and patent regulating Spring Pens,
- Toy Books—a great variety,
- Pope's Homer, and Cowper's Poems,
- Paints and Paint Boxes,
- Camel Hair Pencils,
- Lead Pencils, and Indian Rubber,
- Sealing Wax and Wafers, and Wafer Stamps,
- Wafer Seals, with mottos and names,
- Copy Books, Memorandum Books, Ledgers, Blotters, &c.
- Slates and Slate Pencils.

Orders from the country thankfully received and punctually attended to. A liberal reduction made from the retail prices to persons sending orders to the extent of £5; and also a discount all Cash purchases.

ARTHUR W. GODFREY.

February 22.

For the Pearl.

REFLECTIONS IN VERSE.

Though long ago, when I was young,
Dark tresses round my brow,
In many a curl profusely hung,
I am grey-headed now.

What griefs have agonized my mind,
Through years of toil and care,
Which passing on, have left behind
Their frost upon my hair!

These eyes—how bright they used to be!
But with'ring time has past,
And o'er their youthful brilliancy
A shade of dimness cast.

Though now I rank with aged men,
By life's rude tempest torn;
Yet I would not be young again,
And bear what I have borne.

Misled by fame's deceitful lure,
(How tempting were its wiles!)
I learn'd the miseries they endure
Who court ambition's smiles.

It long was mine in wretchedness
O'er blighted hopes to sigh;
Yet haply they who boast success
Know less of men than I:—

For though the disappointed may
In bitterness have quaff'd
Life's gall and wormwood deeply, they
Are wiser for the draught.

By sad experience sternly tried,
They well have learn'd to see
The emptiness of fame and pride—
The villainy of man.

Insidious smiles the face may wreath—
The tongue of love may tell;
But deep within the heart beneath
Hypocrisy may dwell.

The hand may give a friendly grasp,
While in the heart may be
The deadly venom of the asp—
The serpent's treachery.

The humble man can never know
The hate—deceit—and strife,
Which, like the fiends of darkness, throw
Their shades o'er human life.

Oh! happy he, who never sigh'd
For fame's delusive toys—
Content obscurely to abide
Remote from pride and noise!

I—doom'd in other years to bow
Beneath misfortune's blast,
Eschew ambition's follies now,
That darken'd so the past.

And though mine is a lowly roof,
Where flatterers ne'er intrude,
Yet, from the world's cold pomp aloof,
I love its solitude.

If with'ring woes, through many a year,
I have damp'd my youthful joy,
Still nature's charms to me are dear
As when I was a boy.

I love to be afar from men,
Among the wild flowers fair,
That sweetly bloom in some lone glen—
For no deceit is there.

What though upon my staff I lean,
With tot'ring steps and slow,
To seek a tree-o'ershadowed scene,
I love alone to go.

Yes—dear were hills and vales and streams,
To me in youth's bright day,
Before I by ambition's dreams
From them was lured away.

And now a mournful ecstasy
My wounded spirit feels
In charms, which rural scenery
Delightfully reveals.

In lonely wilds which human feet,
Save mine, have seldom trod,
Beneath the forest boughs, 'tis sweet
To kneel and pray to God.

In hours of secret prayer, how vain
Appear ambition's toys!
How strives the spirit to attain
Less evanescent joys.

O Thou who hast my sins forgiven,
And saved me from despair,
Inspire me, while I think of heaven,
To lay up treasures there.

AN AGED PILGRIM.

THE TERRIER

May be correctly regarded as a variety of the hound, and takes his name from his disposition to pursue his game underground; he is the inveterate enemy of the fox, the badger, the polecat, and all the lesser kinds of vermin. A terrier or two generally accompanies fox hounds in the field, and it is surprising how energetically these little dogs will make their way over a country if the scent be good, they cannot go the pace, but they will persevere to the end. When a fox hangs to a cover, particularly to a gorse, they are very useful in forcing Reynard away; being smaller than the hound, they are enabled to thread the cover quicker, which in such cases is of great advantage. When a fox happens to run to ground, a terrier is often used in the process of bolting him; we have more than once seen them employed in main cartils. Not many years have elapsed since a fox was run into the earths of Pooton Wood by the hounds of Sir T. Stanley, and the pack being in want of blood, the worthy baronet immediately determined on digging him out. The earth was extensive, but the terriers soon fixed Reynard in one of the angles; the dog could be distinctly heard baying his game, and therefore by sinking a hole directly to the spot, the fox and the terrier were soon reached. It proved a vixen, heavy (it was near the close of the season) and during the time that the terrier had lain at her (face to face) she had contrived to bite him about the nose most severely, and that without having received a scratch herself.

The terrier ought to be regarded as indispensable in earthstopping, in order that stopping in the foxes may be prevented. About six years since met the Shropshire fox hounds at Acton Burnell, the residence of Sir Edward Smythe, eight miles from Shrewsbury. As the covers in the park and the neighborhood were known to be well stocked with foxes, Sir Edward (then master of the hounds) anxious to dispense his well known hospitality, remarked, "We need not be in a hurry; we are sure to find a fox in the park." Expectation was raised to the tiptoe when the hounds were thrown into cover; the field anxiously listened for the challenge; not a hound spoke! The covers of the park were all drawn blank; the hounds drew blank all day; not the least recognition of game was obtained. The foxes had been stopped in the earths; the previous night had been windy and boisterous, the foxes had lain at ground, and as no terrier had been employed, a thorough blank day was the consequence—not a hound spoke during the whole time!

Of late years the terrier has been crossed with the bull dog, for the purpose of producing fighting dogs. The terrier possesses invincible courage, without any mixture of the blood of the bull dog; but the savage, the unrelenting fierceness of the most worthless of the canine variety is thus engrafted upon the generous disposition of the terrier; the most interesting, the most valuable, qualities of the terrier are thus neutralized.

The Scotch terriers have acquired a character—not for beauty of form assuredly—but, as it might seem, for a fanciful superiority, on account of their grotesque appearance; these animals can scarcely be classed as genuine terriers, their illegitimate relationship to the turnspit being rendered manifest by their outrageously elongated form and crooked legs; that they possess generous courage we unhesitatingly admit, but certainly not to a greater extent than the much more beautiful and much more active terrier of this country.

Terriers are to be found of various colours in this country, some wire-haired, others smooth; the most beautiful which fell under our observation were black tan—their quality equal to their handsome appearance.—*Era*.

EARLY NEWSPAPERS.—About two hundred and fifty years have passed away since was printed the first number of the 'English Mercurie,' the earliest periodical in the world. There had been printed a Gazette at Venice in 1731, but it was not a periodical. It was a mere 'folio of four pages,' relative to a then recent battle, and was sold for a coin called a Gazette—hence its name. We have no account of more than a single issue of it. The first number of the English Mercurie is preserved in the British Museum. It is about as large as two leaves of a common octavo, and contains altogether less matter than a column of the Chronicle. In 1773, the number of newspapers annually published in England, was 7,411,767; in 1780, they had increased more than two millions; and in 1830, the whole number was 30,483,741. Since that period the increase has been very great.

The first newspaper in America, was printed in Boston in 1705,

one hundred and thirty-four years after the publication of the English Mercurie—by John Campbell, and was called the 'Boston News Letter.' The first periodical issued in New York, was the Gazette, now published by Daniels and McCall.

NEWSPAPER PROFITS.—It is stated, on the authority of one of the late owners of the Baltimore Chronicle, that since its commencement, a few years ago, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars have been sunk in carrying it on.

February 3, 1738, died Sir Thomas Lombe, proprietor of the famous mill for silk-throwing, which, to denote its pre-eminence, is usually called 'The Silk Mill;' being the first and largest of the kind ever constructed in England; and it had a great influence on the commerce of the country. A complete model of this complete machine is deposited in the Tower of London. The original, brought from Italy, was erected at Derby. Sir Thomas Lombe received the sum of £14,000 from Parliament for having thus contributed to the national prosperity.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPARISON.—In an imaginary conversation between Petrarch and Boccaccio, from the pen of Walter Landor, there is the following passage: "The damps of autumn sink into the leaves, and prepare them for the necessity of their fall; and thus insensibly are we, as years close round us, detached from our tenacity to life by the gentle pressures of recorded sorrows."

CULPRIT.—The proceedings of the English Courts, in the old time, were managed in the French language, and this will lead to an understanding of the meaning of the word 'culprit,' which has caused much discussion among lexicographers and law writers. The word is clearly a corruption of the French *Qu'il parait*. The officer of the court says, 'Guilty or not guilty?' Now, if the prisoner replies, 'guilty,' and persists in so doing, his confession is recorded; but if he answers 'not guilty,' the officer says 'Culprit,' when he should rather say, 'Qu'il parait?' i. e. make it appear, or let it appear; and it amounts to no more than this, that the prisoner has an opportunity and full liberty of manifesting his innocence.

From a list of the periodicals published in the State of N. York, it appears that the whole number is 272—of which are embarked, in political controversy, 186, viz. Administration, 82; Opposition, 104. Religious Periodicals, 18; Philanthropic, 10. Daily papers, 28; Tri-weekly, 2; Semi-weekly, 12; Weekly, 206; Semi-monthly works, 6; Monthly do. (including reprints) 26. Of the above, there are published in the city of New York, 15 daily, 1 Tri-weekly, 10 Semi-weekly, 33 Weekly, 3 Semi-monthly, 17 Monthly, and 5 Quarterly Publications—in all 84.

Victor Hugo, the French novelist, in describing one of his heroines, thus moralizes on her qualities in a truly French strain:—"Poor girl; she had fine teeth, and she was fond of laughing that she might show them the better. Now the maiden who is in too great a hurry to laugh, is on the high road to tears; for fine teeth spoil fine eyes."

Mankind are inclined to laugh at every thing. We laugh at misfortune; we laugh at absurdity; we laugh at deformity; we laugh at the dress of foreigners, and they at ours. Three chimney sweepers meeting three Chinese in London, they laughed at each other till they were ready to drop down. In short there is nothing so serious but that a hearty laugh can be enjoyed at its expense.

HAPPINESS.—It is a very common error to suppose children happier than men. This is only true on the supposition that happiness is positive enjoyment, and we are in a condition to feel the most of it when our faculties are most fully developed, as it is the result of action.

PRINCIPLES.—A principle which is genuinely good cannot be run to ridiculous extremes. The way to test a principle is to carry it out to its farthest legitimate results. Run it to seed, and its fruit will condemn or commend it.

A Michigan correspondent of the Albany Argus states that the story about a wild child discovered somewhere in that State, is a hoax.

"Do you see anything ridiculous in this wig?" said one of his brother judges to Curran. "Nothing but the head," was the answer.

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