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KEOKUK, CHIEF OF THE SAC AND FOX INDIANS.

Keokuk is a native of the Sac nation of Indians and was born near or upon Rock River, in the north-western part of what now constitutes the state of Illinois, about the year 1780. He is not a hereditary chief, and consequently has risen to his present elevation by the force of talent and of enterprise. He began to manifest these qualities at a very early period of his life. While but a youth he performed an act, which placed him, as it were by *brève*, in the ranks of manhood. In the first battle in which he engaged, he encountered and killed a Sioux warrior, with his spear, while on horseback; and as the Sioux are distinguished for their horsemanship, this was looked upon as so great an achievement, that a public feast was made in commemoration of it, by his tribe; and the youthful Keokuk was forthwith admitted to all the rights and privileges of a brave. It was further allowed, that ever afterward, on all public occasions, he might appear on horseback, even if the rest of the chiefs and braves were not mounted.

During the late war between the United States and Great Britain, and before Keokuk was entitled to take his seat in the councils of his nation, an expedition was sent out by our government, to destroy the Indian village at Peoria, on the Illinois river. A rumour reached the Sac village in which he resided, that this expedition was also to attack the Sacs; and the whole tribe was thrown into consternation. The Indians were panic-stricken, and the council hastily determined to abandon their village. Keokuk happened to be standing near the council-lodge when this decision was made. It was no sooner announced than he boldly advanced to the door and requested admission. It was granted. He asked leave to speak, and permission was given him. He commenced by saying he had heard with deep regret the decision of the council—that he himself was wholly opposed to fight before an enemy still distant, and whose strength was entirely unknown. He called the attention of the council to the importance of meeting the enemy in their approach—of harassing their progress—cutting them off in detail—of driving them back, or of nobly dying in defence of their country and their homes.

"Make me your leader," he boldly exclaimed; "let our young men follow me, and the pale faces shall be driven back to their towns. Let the old men and the women, and all who are afraid to meet the white man, stay here, but let your braves go to battle." Such intrepid conduct could not fail to produce its effect upon a race so excitable as the Indians. The warriors with one voice declared they were ready to follow Keokuk; and he was at once chosen to lead them against the enemy. It turned out, however, that the alarm was false, but the eloquence of Keokuk in the council, and his energy in preparing for the expedition, placed him at once in the first rank of the braves.

His military reputation was on another occasion much increased by the skill and promptness with which he met a sudden emergency on the battle-field. With a party of his braves, Keokuk was hunting in the country which lies between the residence of the Sacs and that of the Sioux, betwixt whom, for many years, a deadly hatred had existed. Very unexpectedly, a party of the latter, well mounted, came upon them. The Sacs were also on horseback, but their enemies being superior horsemen and fully equipped for war, had a decided advantage. There was no covert from behind which the Sacs could fight, and flight was impossible. Keokuk's mode of defence was as novel as ingenious. He instantly formed his men into a circle, ordered them to dismount, and take shelter behind their horses, by which movement they were protected from the missiles of the Sioux, and at the time placed under circumstances in which they could avail themselves of their superiority as marksmen. The Sioux, raising the war-whoop, charged upon their entrenched foe with fury, but were received with a fire so destructive, that they were compelled to fall back. The attack was repeated, but with the same result. The horses could not be forced upon those whose guns were pouring forth volleys of fire and smoke, and after several unsuccessful attempts to break the lines, the Sioux retreated with considerable loss.

At a subsequent period, during a cessation of hostilities between these tribes, the Sacs had gone to the prairies to hunt buffalo, leaving their village but slightly protected by braves. During the hunt Keokuk and his band unexpectedly approached an encampment of a large number of Sioux, painted for war, and evidently on their way to attack his village. His own braves were widely scattered over the extensive plains, and could not be speedily gathered together. Possessing the spirit of a fearless and

generous mind, he instantly resolved upon the bold expedient of throwing himself between the impending danger and his people. Unattended, he deliberately rode into the camp of his enemy. In the midst of their lodges rose the war-pole, and around it the Sioux were dancing, and partaking of those fierce excitements, by means of which the Indians usually prepare themselves for battle. It happened that revenge upon the Sacs constituted the burden of their songs at the moment of Keokuk's approach. He dashed into the midst of them and boldly demanded to see their chief. "I have come," said he, "to let you know that there are traitors in your camp: they have told me that you are preparing to attack my village: I know they told me lies, for you could not, after smoking the pipe of peace, be so base as to murder my women and children in my absence. None but cowards would be guilty of such conduct." When the first feeling of amazement began to subside, the Sioux crowded around him in a manner evincing a determination to seize his person, and they had already laid hold of his legs, when he added in a loud voice, "I supposed they told me lies, but if what I have heard is true, then the Sacs are ready for you." With a sudden effort, he dashed aside those who had seized him, plunged his spurs into his gallant horse, and rode off at full speed. Several guns were discharged at him, but fortunately without effect: a number of the Sioux warriors, instantly sprung upon their horses and pursued him, but in vain. Keokuk, on horseback, was in his element; he made the woods resound with the war-whoop, and brandishing his tomahawk in defiance of his foes, soon left them far behind, and joined his little party of braves. His pursuers, fearful of some stratagem, gave up the pursuit, after having followed him for some distance, and retired to their camp. Keokuk took immediate steps to call in his braves and speedily returned to protect his village. His enemies, however, finding themselves discovered, abandoned the contemplated attack and retraced their steps to their own country.

The eloquence of Keokuk and his sagacity in the civil affairs of his nation, are, like his military talents, of a high order. One or two cases in which these have been exhibited, are worthy of being recorded. A few years since some of his warriors fell in with a party of unarmed Menomonees, at Prairie des Chiens, in sight of Fort Crawford, and murdered the whole of them. Justly incensed at this outrage the Menomonees prepared to take up arms against the Sacs, and prevailed upon the Winnebagoes to join them. For the purpose of allaying the rising storm, the United States' agent at Prairie des Chiens, General Street, invited the several parties to a council at that place for the purpose of adjusting the difficulty without a resort to arms. They accordingly, out of respect to the agent, assembled at Fort Crawford; but the Menomonees refused sternly to hold any conference with the Sacs on the subject. Keokuk told the agent not to be discouraged, for he would adjust the difficulty with them before they separated, in despite of their prejudices and positive refusal to treat. He only asked an opportunity of meeting them face to face in the council-lodge. The tribes were brought together, but the Menomonees persevered in their determination to hold no conference with the Sacs. The negotiation proceeded, and a friendly feeling was re-established between the Winnebagoes and the Sacs. Keokuk then rose, and with much deliberation began his address to the Menomonees. At first they averted their faces or listened with looks of defiance. He had commenced his speech without smoking the pipe or shaking hands, which was a breach of etiquette; and, above all, he was the chief of a tribe that had inflicted upon them an injury, for which blood alone could atone. Under these discouraging circumstances, Keokuk proceeded in his forcible, persuasive and impressive manner. Such was the touching character of his appeal, such the power of his eloquence, that the features of his enemies gradually relaxed; they listened; they assented; and when he concluded by remarking proudly, but in a conciliating tone, "I came here to say that I am sorry for the imprudence of my young men; I came to make peace; I now offer you the hand of Keokuk; who will refuse it?" they rose one by one and accepted the proffered grasp.

In the late contest between the United States and Black Hawk's band, Keokuk and a majority of the Sacs and Foxes took no part. Black Hawk made several efforts to induce them to unite against the whites, which they were strongly inclined to do, not only from their love of war and of plunder, but on account of the injustice with which very many of them believed they had been treated by the people of the United States. It required all of Keokuk's influence and moderation to prevent the whole nation from enlisting under the Black Hawk banner. He requested the

agent of the American government to send to his village, on the west side of the Mississippi, a white man who understood the Sac language, and who might bear witness to his, Keokuk's, sincerity and faithfulness to the whites. Such a person was sent. The excitement raised by Black Hawk and the war in which he was engaged, continued to increase among Keokuk's people. "He stood on a mine liable to be exploded by a single spark. He was in peril of being slain as the friend of the whites. He remained calm and unawed, ruling his turbulent little state with mildness and firmness, but at the constant risk of his life. One day a new emissary arrived from Black Hawk's party. Whiskey was introduced into the camp, and Keokuk saw that the crisis was at hand. He warned the white man who was his guest of the impending danger, and advised him to conceal himself. A scene of tumult ensued. The emissary spoke of blood that had been shed—of their relations being driven from their hunting-grounds—of recent insults—of injuries long inflicted by the whites—hinted at the ready vengeance that might be taken on an exposed frontier—of defenceless cabins—and of rich booty. The desired effect was produced. The braves began to dance around the war-pole, to paint, and to give other evidences of a warlike character. Keokuk watched the rising storm and appeared to mingle in it. He drank and listened and apparently assented to all that was said. At length his warriors called out to be led to battle, and he was asked to lead them. He arose and spoke with that power which had never failed him. He sympathized in their wrongs—their thirst for vengeance—he won their confidence by giving utterance to the passions by which they were moved, and echoing back their own thoughts with a master-spirit. He then considered the proposition to go to war—alluded to the power of the whites—the hopelessness of the contest. He told them he was their chief—that it was his duty to rule them as a father at home—to lead them to war if they determined to go. But in the proposed war there was no middle course. The power of the United States was such that unless they conquered that great nation, they must perish; that he would lead them instantly against the whites, on one condition, and that was, that they should first put all their women and children to death, and then resolve, that having crossed the Mississippi, they would never return, but perish among the graves of their fathers, rather than yield them to the white men. This proposal, desperate as it was, presented the true issue: it calmed the disturbed passions of his people; the turmoil subsided; order was restored; and the authority of Keokuk became for the time being firmly re-established."

Black Hawk and his band have always been opposed to Keokuk, and since the late war, which proved so disastrous to them, and into which they were plunged in opposition to his counsel, they have looked upon him with increased aversion.

They have made repeated efforts to destroy his influence with the remainder of the tribe, and owing to the monotony of his pacific rule, were, on one occasion, nearly successful. A spirit of discontent pervaded his people: they complained of the extent of the power which he wielded; they needed excitement, and as his measures were all of a peaceful character, they sought it in a change of rulers. The matter was at length openly and formally discussed. The voice of the nation was taken; Keokuk was removed from his post of head man, and a young chief placed in his stead. He made not the smallest opposition to this measure of his people, but calmly awaited the result. When his young successor was chosen, Keokuk was the first to salute him with the title of father. But the matter did not rest here. With great courtesy he begged to accompany the new chief to the agent of the United States, then at Rock Island; and with profound respect introduced him as his chief and his father—urged the agent to receive him as such, and solicited as a personal favour, that the same regard that had ever been paid to him by the whites, might be transferred to his worthy successor. The sequel may be readily inferred. The nation could not remain blind to the error they had committed. Keokuk as a private individual was still the first man among his people. His ready and noble acquiescence in their wishes, won both their sympathy and admiration. He rose rapidly but silently to his former elevated station, while the young chief sunk as rapidly to his former obscurity.

In the autumn of the year 1837, Keokuk and a party of his warriors made a visit to Washington city. Black Hawk was of the party, having been taken along, it is supposed, by the politic Keokuk, lest in his absence the restless spirit of the old man should create some new difficulties at home. We are indebted to a gentleman who happened to be at the capital at the time of this

visit, for the following sketch of a council, held under the direction of the Secretary at War, Mr. Poinsett, for the laudable purpose of reconciling the long-cherished feeling of hostility between the Sacs and Foxes, and the Sioux—a deputation of chiefs from this latter nation being also at the seat of government. The council was held in a church. The Indians were seated on a platform erected for the purpose, the spectators occupying the pews. The secretary, representing the president, was seated on the centre of the platform, facing the audience—the Sioux on his right hand and the Sacs and Foxes on his left, forming a semi-circle. “These hostile tribes presented in their appearance a remarkable contrast. The Sioux tricked out in blue coats, epaulettes, fur hats and various articles of finery, which had been presented to them, and which were now incongruously worn in conjunction with portions of their own proper costume; while the Saukies and Foxes, with a commendable pride and good taste, wore their national dress, without any mixture, and were studiously painted according to their own notions of propriety. But the most striking object was Keokuk, who sat at the head of his delegation, on the extreme left, facing his mortal enemies, the Sioux, who occupied the opposite side of the stage; having the audience upon his left side, and his own people on his right, and beyond them the Secretary at War. He sat grasping in his right hand the war banner, the symbol of his nation as ruling chief. His person was erect and his eye fixed calmly but steadily upon the enemies of his people. On the floor, and kneeling upon the knee of the chief, sat his son, a boy nine or ten years old, whose fragile figure and innocent countenance afforded a beautiful contrast with the athletic and warlike form, and the intellectual, though weather-beaten features of his father. The effect was in the highest degree picturesque and imposing. The council was opened by smoking the pipe, which was passed from mouth to mouth. The secretary then briefly addressed both parties, in a conciliating strain, urging them, in the name of their great father, the President, to abandon those sanguinary wars, by means of which their race was becoming extinct, and to cultivate the arts, the thrift and industry of the white men. The Sioux spoke next. The orator, on rising, first stepped forward and shook hands with the secretary, and then delivered his harangue in his own tongue, stopping at the end of each sentence, until it was rendered into English by the interpreter, who stood by his side, and into the Saukies language by the interpreter of that tribe. Another and another followed, all speaking vehemently, and with much acrimony. The burden of their harangue was, the folly of addressing pacific language to the Sacs and Foxes, who were faithless, and in whom no confidence could be placed. ‘My father,’ said one of them, ‘you cannot make these people hear any good words unless you bore their ears with sticks.’ ‘We have often made peace with them,’ said another speaker, an old man, who endeavoured to be witty, ‘but they would never observe any treaty. I would as soon think of making a treaty with that child,’ pointing to Keokuk’s little boy, ‘as with a Saukie or Musquaquee.’ The Sioux were evidently gratified and excited by the sarcasms of their orators, while their opponents sat motionless, their dark eyes flashing, but their features as composed and stolid as if they did not understand the disparaging language that was used. We remarked a decided want of gracefulness in all these speakers. Each of them having shaken hands with the secretary, who sat facing the audience, stood immediately before and near him, with the interpreter at his elbow, both having their backs to the spectators; and in this awkward position, speaking low and rapidly—but little of what they said could be heard, except by the persons near them. Not so Keokuk. When it came to his turn to speak, he rose deliberately, advanced to the secretary, and having saluted him, returned to his place, which being at the foot of the stage, and on one side of it, his face was not concealed from any of the several parties present. His interpreter stood beside him. The whole arrangement was judicious, and though apparently unstudied, show the tact of an orator. He stood erect, in an easy but martial posture, with his robe thrown over his left shoulder and arm, leaving the right arm bare, to be used in action. His voice was firm, his enunciation remarkably clear, distinct, and rapid. Those who have had the gratification of hearing a distinguished senator from South Carolina, now in Congress, whose rapidity of utterance, concentration of thought and conciseness of language are alike peculiar to himself, may form some idea of the style of Keokuk, the latter adding, however, an attention to the graces of attitude and action, to which the former makes no pretension. He spoke with dignity but great animation, and some of his retorts were excellent. ‘They tell you,’ said he, ‘that our ears must be bored with sticks, but, my father, you could not penetrate their thick skulls in that way—it would require hot iron.’ ‘They say they would soon make peace with a child, as with us—they know better, for when they made war upon us they found us men.’ ‘They tell you that peace has often been made, and that we have broken it. How happens it, then, that so many of their braves have been slain in our country? I will tell you—they invaded us; we never invaded them; none of my braves have been killed in their land. We have their scalps, and can tell where we took them.’

“As we have given the palm to Keokuk, at this meeting, we

must, in justice to the Sioux, mention an eloquent reply, made by one of the same party, on a different day. The Secretary at War met the Sioux delegation in counsel, to treat for the purpose of some of their territory. A certain sum of money being offered them for the land, they demanded a greater price. They were then told that the Americans were a great people, who would not traffic with them like a trader—that the president had satisfied himself as to the value of the territory, and offered them the full price. Big Thunder, a son of the Little Crow, replied that the Sioux were a great nation, and could not, like a trader, ask a price and then take less; and then to illustrate the equality of dignity between the high contracting parties, he used a figure which struck us as eminently beautiful.—‘The children of our white parent are very many; they possess all the country from the rising of the sun to noon-day:—the Sioux are very many; the land is all theirs from the noon-day to the setting sun.’”

In person, Keokuk is stout, graceful and commanding, with fine features and an intelligent countenance. His broad expanded chest and muscular limbs denote activity and physical power; and he is known to excel in dancing, horsemanship, and all athletic exercises. He has acquired considerable property, and lives in princely style. He is fond of travelling, and makes frequent visits of state to the Osages, the Ottawas, the Omahas and the Winnebagoes. On these occasions he is uniformly mounted on a fine horse, clad in a showy robe wrought by his six wives, equipped with his rifle, pipe, tomahawk and war-club. He is usually attended in these excursions by forty or fifty of his young men, well mounted and handsomely dressed. A man precedes the party, to announce his approach to the tribe he is about to honour with a visit; and such is his popularity, that his reception is generally in a style corresponding with the state in which he moves. These visits are most frequently made in autumn, and are enlivened by hunting, feasting, dancing, horse-racing, and various athletic games, in all of which Keokuk takes an active part. He moves, it is supposed, in more savage magnificence than any other Indian chief upon the continent.

In point of intellect, integrity of character, and the capacity for governing others, he is supposed to have no superior among the Indians. Bold, courageous, and skilful in war—mild, firm, and politic in peace. He has great enterprise and active impulses, with a freshness and enthusiasm of feeling which might readily lead him astray, but for his quick perception of human character, his uncommon prudence and his calm, sound judgment. At an early period of his life he became the chief warrior of his tribe, and by his superior talents, eloquence, and intelligence, really directed the civil affairs of his nation for many years, while they were nominally conducted in the name of the hereditary peace chief. Such is Keokuk, the Watchful Fox, who prides himself upon being the friend of the white man.—*Western Monthly Mag.*

MARTYRDOM.*

An event of a deeply tragical nature occurred at Smyrna about the time I was there, which will ever remain an indelible stain on the character of Mussulmen, and cannot fail to be as interesting, as it must be revolting, to the feelings of Christians. Truly has it been said, “the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty.”

A Turk had prevailed, by artifice, on a Greek Christian, 24 years of age, to enter his service, abandon his faith, and embrace the tenets of the lawgiver of the Arabians; when he assumed the costume of the Mussulmans. On the expiration of his engagement, the Greek departed for Mount Athos, situated in Macedonia, and called by the Greeks “the Holy Mountain,” from there being many of their convents upon it, and from its ancient fame in the Eastern Church, as the asylum of sanctity and learning. He was absent about twelve months, when he returned to Smyrna; but his conscience having reproached him for the act of apostasy of which he had been guilty, he proceeded to the Turkish judge, threw down his turban, declared he had been deceived, and that as he was originally born, so would he still live and die a Christian. On this occasion every effort was made to prevail on him to continue in the principles of Mahomedism, by offering him great rewards if he did, and by threatening him with the severest penalties if he did not.

The Greek having rejected every bribe, and as waters could not quench, nor floods drown that love he had to Christ, he was thrust into a dungeon, where tortures were inflicted upon him, which he most heroically braved, as if he had said, “The Lord is on my side, I will not fear what man can do.” In truth he was in nowise terrified by his adversaries, determined not to know any thing but Jesus Christ and him crucified, and assured that if he suffered with Christ, he should also be glorified with him. After this he was led forth in public to be beheaded, with his hands tied behind his back. The place of execution was a platform opposite to one of the principal mosques, where a blacksmith, armed with a scimeter, stood ready to perform the dreadful operation. To the astonishment of the surrounding multitude, this did not shake his fortitude; and although he was told that it

would be quite sufficient if he merely declared he was *not* a Christian. Rather, however, than do so he chose to die.

Still entertaining a hope that this young man might retract, especially when the instrument of death was exhibited, these offers were again and again pressed upon him. This, however, being done with no better success than before, the executioner was ordered to peel off, with his sword, part of the skin of his neck. Excruciating as this was, it was endured by him after the example of those of whom an honourable record is preserved in the volume of inspiration, that “they were tortured, not accepting of deliverance; and neither sword, peril, nor distress could separate them” from their affection to their Great Master. The fortitude and strong faith of this Christian, who expressed the most perfect willingness to suffer, enabled him to reach that highest elevation of apostolic triumph evinced by rejoicing in tribulation, when, steadfastly looking up to heaven, like the martyr Stephen, he loudly exclaimed, “*I was born with Jesus, and shall die with Jesus;*” bringing to recollection the exclamation of that illustrious martyr in the cause of Jesus, St. Polycarp, in this very place, “*I have served Christ, and how can I revile the king who has kept me?*” On pronouncing the above words, his head was struck off at one blow, in the presence of crowds of Greeks, who, considering their countryman to have suffered in the cause of Christianity, dipped their handkerchiefs in his blood, as memorials of so extraordinary an event. The head was then placed under the left arm, and, with the body, remained on the scaffold three days exposed to public view, after which the Greeks were permitted to bury it.

Such was the magnanimity of this youth, who shed his blood for the testimony of Jesus Christ. This was the third instance of the kind which occurred within the last twenty years; and most devoutly is it to be wished that it may be the last.

This and similar examples of inviolable fidelity exhibited by the disciples and primitive Christians, who rejoiced in the consideration, that they were accounted worthy to suffer for Christ’s sake, most impressively teach us, who are called to seal our testimony, not by our death, but in our lives, to be firm, and not to “marvel if the world hate us,” to be zealous in our religious principles and courageous in their defence, not fearing the face of man, or those whose power reaches only to the body; but recollecting that an eternal blessing is promised to those who “are persecuted for righteousness’ sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven;” and that our Lord has, in the strongest language, proclaimed, “*that he who loseth his life for my sake shall find it.*”

THE HUMAN EYE.—“But, of all the tracts of conveyance which God has been pleased to open up between the mind of man and the theatre by which he is surrounded, there is none by which he so multiplies his acquaintance with the rich and varied creation on every side of him, as by the organ of the eye. It is this which gives to him his loftiest command over the scenery of nature. It is this by which so broad a range of observation is submitted to him. It is this which enables him, by the act of a single moment, to send an exploring look over the surface of an ample territory, to crowd his mind with the whole assembly of its objects, and to fill his vision with those countless hues which diversify and adorn it. It is this which carries him abroad, over all that is sublime in the immensity of distance; which sets him, as it were, on an elevated platform, from whence he may cast a surveying glance over the arena of innumerable worlds; which spreads before him so mighty a province of contemplation, that the earth he inhabits only appears to furnish him with the pedestal on which he may stand, and from which he may descry the wonders of all that magnificence which the Divinity has poured so abundantly around him. It is by the narrow outlet of the eye, that the mind of man takes its excursive flight over those golden tracks, where, in all the exhaustlessness of creative wealth, lie scattered the suns and the systems of astronomy. But, oh! how good a thing it is, and how becoming well for the philosopher to be humble amid the proudest march of human discovery and the sublimest triumphs of the human understanding, when he thinks of that unscathed barrier, beyond which no power, either of the eye or of the telescope, shall ever carry him; when he thinks that, on the other side of it, there is a height, and a depth, and a length, and a breadth, to which the whole of this concave and visible firmament dwindles into the insignificance of an atom—and, above all, how ready should he be to cast his every lofty imagination away from him, when he thinks of the God, who, on the simple foundation of his word, has reared the whole of this stately architecture, and, by the force of his preserving mind, continues to uphold it; ay, and should the word again come out from him, that this earth shall pass away, and a portion of the heavens which are around it shall again fall back into the annihilation from which he at first summoned them, what an impressive rebuke does it bring on the swelling vanity of science, to think that the whole field of its most ambitious enterprises may be swept away altogether, and there remain before the eye of him who sitteth on the throne, an untravelled immensity, which he hath filled with innumerable splendours, and over the whole face of which he hath inscribed the evidence of his high attributes, in all their might and in all their manifestation.”—*Chalmers.*

* From Mr. Rae Wilson’s Travels in the Holy Land, Egypt, etc. etc.

THE BLIND.

* * *

The common letters are used, and not any abbreviated language. I think this is wise; for thus the large class of persons who become blind after having been able to read are suited at once; and it seems desirable to make as little difference as possible in the instrument of communication used by the blind and the seeing. It appears probable that, before any very long time, all valuable literature may be put into the hands of the blind; and the preparation will take with much more ease if the common alphabet be used, than if works have to be translated into a set of arbitrary signs. It is easy for a blind person, previously able to read, to learn the use of the raised printing. Even adults, whose fingers' ends are none of the most promising, soon achieve the accomplishment. An experiment has been made on a poor washerwoman with the specimens I brought over. She had lost her sight eight years: but she now reads, and is daily looking for a new supply of literature from Boston, which a kind friend has ordered for her.

It will scarcely be believed that the objection to this exercise which is most insisted on is, that it is far better for the blind to be read to than that they should read to themselves. It seems to me that this might just as well be said about persons who see; that it would save time for one number only of a family to read, while the others might thus be saved the trouble of learning their letters. Let the blind be read to as much as any benevolent person pleases; but why should they not also be allowed the privilege of private study? Private reading is of far more value and interest to them than to persons who have more diversified occupations in their power. None could start this objection who had seen, as I have, the blind at their private studies. Instead of poring over a book held in the hand, as others do, they lay their volume on the desk before them, lightly touch the lines with one finger of the right hand, followed by one finger of the left, and, with face upturned to the ceiling, show in their varying countenances the emotions stirred up by what they are reading. A frequent passing smile, an occasional laugh, or an animated expression of grave interest passes over the face, while the touch is exploring the meaning which it was till lately thought could not enter only through the eye or the ear. They may be seen going back to the beginning of a passage which interests them, reading it three or four times over, dwelling upon it as we do upon the beauties of our favourite authors, and thus deriving a benefit which cannot be communicated by public reading.

One simple question seems to set this matter in its true light. If we were to become blind to-morrow, should we prefer depending on being read to, or having, in addition to this privilege, a library which we could read for ourselves?

As to the speed with which the blind become able to read, those whom I heard read aloud about as fast as the better sort of readers in a Lancasterian school; with, perhaps, the interval of a second between the longer words, and perfect readiness about the commonest little words.

Alphabetical printing is far from being the only use the Boston press is put to. The arithmetical, geometrical, and musical signs are as easily prepared: and there is an atlas which far surpasses any illustrations of geography previously devised. The maps made in Europe are very expensive, and exceedingly troublesome to prepare, the boundaries of sea and land being represented by strings glued on to the lines of a common map, pasted on a board. The American maps are embossed; the land being raised, and the water depressed; one species of raised mark being used for mountains, another for towns, another for boundaries; the degrees being marked by figures in the margin, and the most important names in the same print with their books. These maps are really elegant in appearance, and seem to serve all purposes.

"Do you think," said I, to a little boy in the Blind School at Philadelphia, "that you could show me on this large map where I have been travelling in the United States?"

"I could, if you'd tell me where you have been," replied he.

"Well, I will tell you my whole journey, and you shall show my friends here where I have been."

The little fellow did not make a single mistake. Up rivers, over mountains, across boundaries, round cataracts, along lakes, straight up to towns went his delicate fingers, as unerringly as our eyes. This is a triumph. It brings out the love of the blind pupils for geography; and with this, the proof that there are classes of ideas which we are ignorant or heedless of, and which yield a benefit and enjoyment which we can little understand, to those to whom they serve instead of visual ideas. What is our notion of a map and of the study of geography, putting visual ideas out of the question? The inquiry reminds one of Saunderson's reply from his deathbed to the conversation of a clergyman who was plying the blind philosophers with the common arguments in Natural Theology: "You would fain have me allow the force of your arguments, drawn from the wonders of the visible creation; but may it not be that they only seem to you wonderful; for you and other men have always been wondering how I could accomplish many things which seem to me perfectly simple."—*Miss Martineau's Retrospect of Western Travels.*

COUNSEL FOR LADIES.—Let every married woman be persuaded that there are two ways of governing a family. The first is, by the expression of that which threatens force. The second is, by the power of love, to which even strength will yield. Over the mind of the husband, a wife should never employ any other power than gentleness. When a woman accustoms herself to say, "I will," she deserves to lose her empire. Avoid contradicting your husband. When we smell a rose, we expect to imbibe the sweetness of its odour—so we look for every thing amiable in woman. Whoever is often contradicted, feels insensibly an aversion for the person who contradicts, which gains strength by time. Employ yourself in household affairs. Wait till your husband confides to you those of a higher importance, and not give your advice till he asks it. Never take upon yourself to be a censor of your husband's morals, to read lectures to him. Let your preaching be a good example. Practice virtue yourself, to make him in love with it. Command his attention, by being always attentive to him. Never exact any thing, and you will obtain much. Appear always flattered by the little he does for you, which will excite him to perform more. Men, as well as women are vain. Never wound his vanity, not even in the most trifling instance. A wife may have more sense than her husband, but she should never seem to know it. When a man gives wrong counsel, never make him feel that he has done so, but lead him on by degrees to what is rational, with mildness and gentleness. When he is convinced, leave him all the merit of having found out what is reasonable and just: when a husband is out of temper, behave obligingly to him. If he is abusive, never retort, and never prevail on him to humble himself; but enter thy closet, and pour out thy complaints in prayer to God in his behalf. Choose carefully your female friends. Have but a few, and be backward to follow advice—particularly if inimical to the foregoing instruction. Cherish neatness without luxury, and pleasure without excess. Dress with taste, and particularly with modesty. "Whose adorning, let it not be an outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel." Vary the fashions of your dress in regard to colors. It gives a change to ideas, and recalls pleasing recollections. Such things appear trifling, but they are of more importance than imagined. "Likewise, ye wives, be in subjection to your own husbands." "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the Church and gave himself for it." "Submit yourselves to one another in the fear of God."—*Ladies' Garland.*

APHORISMS.

Selected from the writings of Lord Kames, Jeremy Taylor, and others.

Ingratitude is, of all crimes, what in ourselves we account the most venial—in others, the most unpardonable.

Nothing is more easy than to do a mischief, nothing more difficult than to suffer without complaining.

The beginning of love is in the power of every one; to put an end to it in the power of none.

Men generally put a greater value upon the favours they bestow, than upon those they receive.

None are more loath to take a jest than those who are the most forward to bestow it.

The love that increases by degrees, is so like friendship, that it can never be violent.

The injuries we do, and those we suffer, are seldom weighed in the same balance.

Men often go from love to ambition, but seldom return from ambition to love.

Envy cannot exist in perfection, without a secret esteem to the person envied.

To laugh at men of humour, is the privilege of the serious blockhead.

It is a miserable thing to be injured by one of whom we dare not complain.

Unjust resentment is always the fiercest.

True love is more frequent than true friendship.

The young are slaves to novelty; the old to custom.

A man will lay hold on any pretext to lay his fault upon another.

PURSUIT OF WEALTH.—This insane and insatiable passion for accumulation, ever ready, when circumstances favour, to seize upon the public mind, is that "love of money which is the root of all evil," that "covetousness which is idolatry." It springs from an undue, and idolatrous estimate of the value of property. Many are feeling that nothing—nothing will do for them or for their children, but wealth; not a good character, not well-trained and well-exerted faculties, not virtue, not the hope of heaven—nothing but wealth. It is their god and the god of their families. Their sons are growing up to the same worship of it, and to an equally baneful reliance upon it for the future; they are rushing into expenses which the divided property of their father's house will not enable them to sustain; and they are preparing to be, in turn and from necessity, slaves to the same idol. How truly is it written, that "they that will be rich, fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition!" There is no need that they

should be rich; but they will be rich. All the noblest functions of life may be discharged without wealth, all its highest honours obtained, all its purest pleasures enjoyed; yet I repeat it—nothing will do, but wealth. Disappoint a man of this, and he mourns as if the highest end of life were defeated. Strip him of this: and this gone, all is gone. Strip him of this, and I shall point to no unheard-of experience, when I say—he had rather die than live!—*Dewey.*

THE COAST OF ENGLAND.—The coast of England, though infinitely finer than our own, is more remarkable for its verdure, and for the general appearance of civilization, than for its natural beauties. The chalky cliffs may seem bold and noble to the American, though, compared to the granite piles that buttress the Mediterranean, they are but mole-hills; and the travelled eye seeks beauties instead, in the retiring vale, the leafy hedges, and the clustering towns that dot the teaming island. Neither is Portsmouth a very favourable specimen of a British port, considered solely in reference to the picturesque. A town situated on a humble point, and fortified after the manner of the Low Countries, with an excellent haven, suggests more images of the useful and the pleasing; when a background of modest, receding hills offers little beyond the verdant swales of the country. In this respect, England itself has the fresh beauty of youth, rather than the mellowed hues of a more advanced period of life: or it might be better to say, it has the young freshness and retiring sweetness that distinguish her females, as compared with the warmer tints of Spain and Italy, and which, woman and landscape alike, need the near view to be appreciated.—*Cooper's Homeward Bound.*

ISRAELITES OF MOUNT LEBANON.—Edward Daniel Clark, one of the most pleasing of our modern descriptive travellers, and whose lamented death occurred in 1822, in the course of his life visited various countries, and has left behind him many works of great interest. About the beginning of the present century he travelled through Russia, Egypt, and Palestine, everywhere making such observations on the character and matter of these nations as might have been expected from a gentleman of refined feeling and a scholar. When in Palestine, he visited Jerusalem, Nazareth, Bethlehem, and the Lake of Gennesareth, near which he enjoyed an opportunity of conversing with a party of Druzes. Almost every traveller in Syria has given us some new particulars respecting this curious people. "They are," says Clark, "the most extraordinary people on earth; singular in the simplicity of their lives, by their strict integrity and virtue. They only eat what they earn by their own labour, and preserve at this moment the superstitions brought by the Israelites out of Egypt. What will be your surprise to learn, that every Thursday they elevate the molten calf, before which they prostrate themselves, and having paid their adoration, each man selects a wife from among the women present. The calf is of gold, silver, or bronze. This is exactly that worship at which Moses was so incensed in descending from Mount Sinai. The cow was the Venus of the Egyptians, and of course the calf was a Cupid, before which the sacrifices so offensive to Moses, were held. For it is related, that they set up a molten calf, which Aaron had made from the earrings of the Israelite women, before which similar sacrifices were made. And certainly the Druzes on Mount Lebanon are a detachment of the posterity of those Israelites who are so often represented in scripture as deserters from the true faith, falling back into the old superstitions and pagan worship of the country from whence they came. I took every method necessary to ascertain the truth of this relation; and I send it you as one of the highest antiquities and most curious relics of remote ages which has yet been found upon earth."

HARMONY OF NATURE AND REVELATION.—All the precepts of Christianity are agreeable to the dictates of a sound mind; and its promises are happily fitted to calm the troubles of the human heart. The system of nature supports a moral government, and the doctrines and precepts of the gospel have a direct moral tendency. The Scriptures give clearer and fuller views of duty than what could be learned from the volume of creation, and enforce the discharge of what is incumbent upon us by the most powerful motives. From the perversity of their hearts, men are often inclined to lay the chief stress on external rites and ceremonial observances; but the gospel teaches us that no ritual worship can be pleasing to God, without holiness of heart and life; and that justice, mercy, and faithfulness, are indispensable matters of the law. Everything in the religion of Jesus, whether we consider the dispositions which it recommends, or the conduct which it enjoins, promotes the welfare of the individual and of society. In proportion to their obedience will they discharge with fidelity all the duties incumbent upon them in their several relations of life. If men generally cherished the same mind that was in Christ; if they were just and merciful, meek and holy, what a different picture would the world present from what it now exhibits! How incalculably would the sum of human happiness be increased. The beneficial influence of christianity proves its suitability to our nature, and recommends it to our regard.

The greatest stroke of ingenuity is said to be, to manage perfectly your own business and your neighbour's at the same time.

*NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.—No. 6.

The last man being gone, Mr. Gregsby rubbed his hands and chuckled, as merry fellows will, when they think they have said or done a more than commonly good thing; he was so engrossed in this self-congratulation, that he did not observe that Nicholas had been left behind in the shadow of the window-curtains, until that young gentleman, fearing he might otherwise overhear some soliloquy intended to have no listeners, coughed twice or thrice to attract the member's notice.

"What's that?" said Mr. Gregsby, in sharp accents.

Nicholas stepped forward and bowed.

"What do you do here, Sir?" asked Mr. Gregsby; "a spy upon my privacy! A concealed voter! You have heard my answer, Sir. Pray follow the deputation."

"I should have done so if I had belonged to it, but I do not," said Nicholas.

"Then how came you here, Sir?" was the natural inquiry of Mr. Gregsby, M. P. "And where the devil have you come from, Sir?" was the question which followed it.

"I brought this card from the General Agency Office, Sir," said Nicholas, "wishing to offer myself as your secretary, understanding that you stood in need of one."

"That's all you have come for, is it?" said Mr. Gregsby, eyeing him in some doubt.

Nicholas replied in the affirmative.

"You have no connexion with any of these rascally papers, have you?" said Mr. Gregsby. "You didn't get into the room to hear what was going forward, and put it in print, eh?"

"I have no connexion, I am sorry to say, with anything at present," rejoined Nicholas,—politely enough, but quite at his ease.

"Oh!" said Mr. Gregsby. "How did you find your way up here, then?"

Nicholas related how he had been forced up by the deputation.

"That was the way, was it?" said Mr. Gregsby. "Sit down."

Nicholas took a chair, and Mr. Gregsby stared at him for a long time, as if to make certain, before he asked any further questions, that there were no objections to his outward appearance.

"You want to be my secretary, do you?" he said at length.

"I wish to be employed in that capacity," replied Nicholas.

"Well," said Mr. Gregsby; "Now what can you do?"

"I suppose," replied Nicholas, smiling, "that I can do what usually falls to the lot of other secretaries."

"What's that?" inquired Mr. Gregsby.

"What is it?" replied Nicholas.

"Ah! What is it?" retorted the member, looking shrewdly at him, with his head on one side.

"A secretary's duties are rather difficult to define, perhaps," said Nicholas, considering. "They include, I presume, correspondence."

"Good," interposed Mr. Gregsby.

"The arrangement of papers and documents—"

"Very good."

"Occasionally, perhaps, the writing from your dictation; and possibly,"—said Nicholas, with a half smile, "the copying of your speech, for some public journal, when you have made one of more than usual importance."

"Certainly," rejoined Mr. Gregsby. "What else?"

"Really," said Nicholas, after a moment's reflection, "I am not able, at this instant, to recapitulate any other duty of a secretary, beyond the general one of making himself as agreeable and useful to his employer as he can consistently with his own respectability, and without overstepping that line of duties which he undertakes to perform, and which the designation of his office is usually understood to imply."

Mr. Gregsby looked fixedly at Nicholas for a short time, and then glancing warily round the room, said in a suppressed voice—

"This is all very well, Mr.—what is your name?"

"Nickleby."

"This is all very well, Mr. Nickleby, and very proper, so far as it goes—so far as it goes, but it doesn't go far enough. There are other duties, Mr. Nickleby, which a secretary to a parliamentary gentleman must never lose sight of. I should require to be crammed, Sir."

"I beg your pardon," interposed Nicholas, doubtful whether he had heard aright.

"—To be crammed, Sir," repeated Mr. Gregsby.

"May I beg your pardon again, if I inquire what you mean?" said Nicholas.

"My meaning, Sir, is perfectly plain," replied Mr. Gregsby, with a solemn aspect. "My secretary would have to make himself master of the foreign policy of the world, as it is mirrored in the newspapers; to run his eye over all accounts of public meetings, all leading articles, and accounts of the proceedings of public bodies; and to make notes of anything which it appeared to him might be made a point of, in any little speech upon the question of some petition lying on the table, or anything of that kind. Do you understand?"

"I think I do, Sir," replied Nicholas.

"Then," said Mr. Gregsby, "it would be necessary for him to make himself acquainted from day to day with newspaper paragraphs on passing events; such as 'Mysterious disappearance, and supposed suicide of a pot-boy,' or anything of that sort, upon which I might find a question to the Secretary of State for the Home Department. Then he would have to copy the question, and as much as I remembered of the answer (including a little compliment about my independence and good sense); and to send the manuscript in a frank to the local paper, with perhaps half a dozen lines of leader, to the effect, I was always to be found in my place in parliament, and never shrunk from the discharge of my responsible and arduous duties, and so forth. You see?"

Nicholas bowed.

"Besides which," continued Mr. Gregsby, "I should expect him now and then to go through a few figures in the printed tables, and to pick out a few results, so that I might come out pretty well on timber duty questions, and finance questions, and so on; and I should like him to get up a few little arguments about the disastrous effects of a return to cash payments and a metallic currency, with a touch now and then about the exportation of bullion, and the Emperor of Russia, and bank notes and all that kind of thing, which it's only necessary to talk fluently about, because nobody understands it. Do you take me?"

"I think I understand," said Nicholas.

"With regard to such questions as are not political," continued Mr. Gregsby, warming; "and which one can't be expected to care a pin about, beyond the natural care of not allowing inferior people to be as well off as ourselves, else where are our privileges? I should wish my secretary to get together a few little flourishing speeches, of a patriotic cast. For instance, if any preposterous bill were brought forward for giving poor grubbing devils of authors a right to their own property, I should like to say, that I for one would never consent to opposing an insurmountable bar to the diffusion of literature among the people,—you understand? that the creations of the pocket, being man's, might belong to one man, or one family; but that the creations of the brain, being God's, ought as a matter of course to belong to the people at large—and if I was pleasantly disposed, I should like to make a joke about posterity, and say that those who wrote for posterity should be content to be rewarded by the approbation of posterity; it might take with the house, and could never do me any harm, because posterity can't be expected to know anything about me or my jokes either—don't you see?"

"I see that, Sir," replied Nicholas.

"You must always bear in mind, in such cases as this, where our interests are not affected," said Mr. Gregsby, "to put it very strong about the people, because it comes out very well at election-time; and you could be as funny as you liked about the authors; because I believe the greater part of them live in lodgings, and are not voters. This is a hasty outline of the chief things you'd have to do, except waiting in the lobby every night, in case I forgot any thing, and should want fresh cramming; and now and then, during great debates, sitting in the front row of the gallery, and saying to the people about—'You see that gentleman, with his hand to his face, and his arm twisted round the pillar—that's Mr. Gregsby—the celebrated Mr. Gregsby—' with any other little eulogium that might strike you at the moment. And for salary," said Mr. Gregsby, winding up with great rapidity; for he was out of breath—"And for salary, I don't mind saying at once in round numbers, to prevent any dissatisfaction—though it's more than I've been accustomed to give—fifteen shillings a week, and find yourself. There."

With this handsome offer Mr. Gregsby once more threw himself back in his chair, and looked like a man who has been most profligately liberal, but is determined not to repent of it notwithstanding.

"Fifteen shillings a week is not much," said Nicholas, mildly.

"Not much! Fifteen shillings a week not much, young man?" cried Mr. Gregsby. "Fifteen shillings a—"

"Pray do not suppose that I quarrel with the sum," replied Nicholas; "for I am not ashamed to confess, that whatever it may be in itself, to me it is a great deal. But the duties and responsibilities make the recompense small, and they are so heavy that I fear to undertake them."

"Do you decline to undertake them, Sir?" inquired Mr. Gregsby, with his hand on the bell-rope.

"I fear they are too great for my powers, however good my will may be," replied Nicholas.

"That is as much as to say that you had rather not accept the place, and that you consider fifteen shillings a week too little," said Mr. Gregsby, ringing. "Do you decline it, Sir?"

"I have no alternative but to do so," replied Nicholas.

"Door, Matthews," said Mr. Gregsby, as the boy appeared.

"I am sorry I have troubled you unnecessarily, Sir," said Nicholas.

"I am sorry you have," rejoined Mr. Gregsby, turning his back upon him. "Door, Matthews."

"Good morning," said Nicholas.

"Door, Matthews," cried Mr. Gregsby. The boy beckoned Nicholas, and tumbling lazily down stairs

before him, opened the door and ushered him into the street.

With a sad and pensive air he retraced his steps homewards. Smitke had scraped a meal together from the remnant of last night's supper, and was anxiously awaiting his return. The occurrences of the morning had not improved Nicholas's appetite, and by him the dinner remained untasted. He was sitting in a thoughtful attitude, with the plate which the poor fellow had assiduously filled with the choicest morsels untouched, by his side, when Newman Noggs looked into the room.

"Come back?" asked Newman.

"Yes," replied Nicholas, "tired to death; and what is worse, might have remained at home for all the good I have done."

"Couldn't expect to do much in one morning," said Newman.

"May be so, but I am sanguine, and did expect," said Nicholas, "and am proportionately disappointed." Saying which, he gave Newman an account of his proceedings.

"If I could do anything," said Nicholas, "anything however slight, until Ralph Nickleby returns, and I have eased my mind by confronting him, I should feel happier. I should think it no disgrace to work, Heaven knows. Lying indolently here like a half-tamed sullen beast distracts me."

"I don't know," said Newman; "small things offer—they would pay the rent, and more—but you wouldn't like them; no, you could hardly be expected to undergo it—no, no."

"What could I hardly be expected to undergo?" asked Nicholas, raising his eyes. "Show me, in this wide waste of London, any honest means by which I could even defray the weekly hire of this poor room, and see if I shrink from resorting to them. Undergo! I have undergone too much, my friend, to feel pride or squeamishness now. Except—" added Nicholas hastily, after a short silence, "except such squeamishness as is common honesty, and so much pride as constitutes self-respect. I see little to choose, between the assistant to a brutal pedagogue, and the toad-eater of a mean and ignorant upstart be he member or no member."

"I hardly know whether I should tell you what I heard this morning or not," said Newman.

"Has it reference to what you said just now?" asked Nicholas.

"It has."

"Then in Heaven's name, my good friend, tell it me," said Nicholas. "For God's sake consider my deplorable condition; and while I promise to take no step without taking counsel with you, give me, at least, a vote in my own behalf."

Moved by this entreaty, Newman stammered forth a variety of most unaccountable and entangled sentences, the upshot of which was, that Mrs. Kenwigs had examined him at great length that morning touching the origin of his acquaintance with, and the whole life, adventures, and pedigree of Nicholas; that Newman had parried these questions as long as he could, but being at length hard pressed and driven into a corner, had gone so far as to admit, that Nicholas was a tutor of great accomplishments, involved in some misfortunes which he was not at liberty to explain, and bearing the name of Johnson. That Mrs. Kenwigs, impelled by gratitude, or ambition, or maternal pride, or maternal love, or all four powerful motives conjointly, had taken secret conference with Mr. Kenwigs, and finally returned to propose that Mr. Johnson should instruct the four Miss Kenwigses in the French language as spoken by natives, at the weekly stipend of five shillings current coin of the realm, being at the rate of one shilling per week per each Miss Kenwigs, and one shilling over, until such time as the baby might be able to take it out in grammar.

"Which, unless I am very much mistaken," observed Mrs. Kenwigs in making the proposition, "will not be very long; for such clever children, Mr. Noggs, never were born into this world I do believe."

"There," said Newman, "that's all. It's beneath you, I know; but I thought that perhaps you might—"

"Might!" said Nicholas, with great alacrity; "of course I shall. I accept the offer at once. Tell the worthy mother so without delay, my dear fellow; and that I am ready to begin whenever she pleases."

Newman hastened with joyful steps to inform Mrs. Kenwigs of his friend's acquiescence, and soon returning, brought back word that they would be happy to see him in the first floor as soon as convenient; that Mrs. Kenwigs had upon the instant sent out to secure a second-hand French grammar and dialogues, which had long been fluttering in the sixpenny box at the book-stall round the corner; and that the family, highly excited at the prospect of this addition to their gentility wished the initiatory lesson to come off immediately.

And here it may be observed, that Nicholas was not, in the ordinary sense of the word, a young man of high spirit. He would resent an affront to himself, or interpose to redress a wrong offered to another, as boldly and freely as any knight that ever set lance in rest; but he lacked that peculiar excess of coolness and great-minded selfishness, which invariably distinguish gentlemen of high spirit. In truth, for our own part, we are rather disposed to look upon such gentlemen as being rather encumbrances than otherwise in rising families, happening to be

acquainted with several whose spirit prevents their settling down to any grovelling occupation, and only displays itself in a tendency to cultivate mustachios, and look fierce; and although mustachios and ferocity are both very pretty things in their way, and very much to be commended, we confess to a desire to see them bred at the owner's proper cost, rather than at the expense of low-spirited people.

Nicholas, therefore, not being a spirited young man according to common parlance, and deeming it a greater degradation to borrow, for the supply of his necessities, from Newman Noggs, than to teach French for the little Kenwigses for five shillings a week, accepted the offer with the alacrity already described, and betook himself to the first floor with all convenient speed.

Here he was received by Mrs. Kenwigs with a genteel air, kindly intended to assure him of her protection and support; and here too he found Mr. Lillyvick and Miss Petowker: the four Miss Kenwigses on their forms of audience, and the baby in a dwarf porter's chair with a deal tray before it, amusing himself with a toy horse without a head; the said horse being composed of a small wooden cylinder supported on four crooked pegs, not unlike an Italian iron, and painted in ingenious resemblance of red wafers set in blacking.

"How do you do, Mr. Johnson?" said Mrs. Kenwigs. "Uncle—Mr. Johnson."

"How do you do, Sir?" said Mr. Lillyvick—rather sharply; for he had not known what Nicholas was, on the previous night, and it was rather an aggravating circumstance if a tax collector had been too polite to a teacher.

"Mr. Johnson is engaged as private master to the children, uncle," said Mrs. Kenwigs.

"So you said just now, my dear," replied Mr. Lillyvick.

"But I hope," said Mrs. Kenwigs, drawing herself up, "that that will not make them proud; but that they will bless their own good fortune, which has born them superior to common people's children. Do you hear, Morleena?"

"Yes, ma," replied Miss Kenwigs.

"And when you go out in the streets, or elsewhere, I desire that you don't boast of it to the other children," said Mrs. Kenwigs; "and that if you must say anything about it, you don't say no more than 'We've got a private master comes to teach us at home, but we ain't proud, because ma says it's sinful.' Do you hear, Morleena?"

"Yes, ma," replied Miss Kenwigs again.

"Then mind you recollect, and do as I tell you," said Mrs. Kenwigs. "Shall Mr. Johnson begin, uncle?"

"I am ready to hear, if Mr. Johnson is ready to commence my dear," said the collector, assuming the air of a profound critic.

"What sort of language do you consider French, Sir?"

"How do you mean?" asked Nicholas.

"Do you consider it a good language, Sir?" said the collector; "a pretty language, a sensible language?"

"A pretty language certainly," replied Nicholas; "and as it has a name for everything, and admits of elegant conversation about everything, I presume it is a sensible one."

"I don't know," said Mr. Lillyvick, doubtfully. "Do you call it a cheerful language, now?"

"Yes," replied Nicholas, "I should say it was, certainly."

"It's very much changed since my time, then," said the collector, "very much."

"Was it a dismal one in your time?" asked Nicholas, scarcely able to repress a smile.

"Very," replied Mr. Lillyvick, with some vehemence of manner. "It's the war time that I speak of; the last war. It may be a cheerful language. I should be sorry to contradict anybody; but I can only say that I've heard the French prisoners, who were natives, and ought to know how to speak it, talking in such a dismal manner, that it made one miserable to hear them. Ay, that I have, fifty times, Sir—fifty times."

Mr. Lillyvick was waxing so cross, that Mrs. Kenwigs thought it expedient to motion to Nicholas not to say anything; and it was not until Miss Petowker had practised several blandishments, to soften the excellent old gentleman, that he deigned to break silence, by asking,

"What's the water in French, Sir?"

"L'Eau," replied Nicholas.

"Ah!" said Mr. Lillyvick, shaking his head mournfully, "I thought as much. Lo, eh? I don't think anything of that language—nothing at all."

"I suppose the children may begin, uncle?" said Mrs. Kenwigs.

"Oh yes; they may begin, my dear," replied the collector, discontentedly. "I have no wish to prevent them."

This permission being conceded, the four Miss Kenwigses sat in a row, with their tails all one way, and Morleena at the top, while Nicholas, taking the book, began his preliminary explanations. Miss Petowker and Mrs. Kenwigs looked on, in silent admiration, broken only by the whispered assurances of the latter, that Morleena would have it all by heart in no time; and Mr. Lillyvick regarded the group with frowning and attentive eyes, lying in wait for something upon which he could open a fresh discussion on the language.

SELECTIONS FROM NEW WORKS.

The following is an extract from Mr. Stephen's new book, just issued by the Harpers, entitled "Incidents of Travel in Greece, Turkey, Russia, and Poland," giving an account of a visit to Missolonghi, the house in which Lord Byron died, now in ruins, the grave of Marco Bozzaris, and an interview with the widow and two daughters.

BYRON.

Almost the first questions I asked in Missolonghi, were about Byron, and it added to the dreary interest which the place inspired, to listen to the manner in which the Greeks spoke of him. It might be thought that here, on the spot where he breathed his last, malignity would have held her accursed tongue; but it was not so. He had committed the fault, unpardonable in the eyes of political opponents, of attaching himself to one of the great parties that then divided Greece; and though he had given her all that man could give, in his own dying words, "his time, his means, his health, and lastly, his life," the Greeks spoke of him with all the rancour and bitterness of party spirit. Even death had not won oblivion for his political offences; and I heard those who saw him die in her cause affirm that Byron was no friend to Greece.

His body, the reader will remember, was transported to England, and interred in the family sepulchre. The church where it lay in state is a heap of ruins, and there is no stone or monument recording his death; but, wishing to see some memorial connected with his residence here, we followed our guide to the house in which he died. It was a large square building of stone; one of the walls still standing, black with smoke, the rest a confused and shapeless mass of ruins. After his death it was converted into a hospital and magazine; and, when the Turks entered the city, they set fire to the powder; the sick and dying were blown into the air, and we saw the ruins lying as they were before the explosion. It was a melancholy spectacle, but it seemed to have a moral fitness with the life and fortunes of the poet. It was as if the same wild destiny, the same wreck of hopes and fortunes that attended him through life, were hovering over his grave. Living and dead, his actions and his character have been the subject of obloquy and reproach, perhaps justly, but it would have softened the heart of his bitterest enemy to see the place in which he died.

It was in this house that, on his last birthday, he came from his bedroom and produced to his friends the last notes of his dying muse, breathing a spirit of sad foreboding and melancholy recollections; of devotion to the noble cause in which he had embarked, and a prophetic consciousness of his approaching end.

"My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone."

"If thou regret'st thy youth why live?
The land of honourable death
Is here: up to the field, and give
Away thy breath!"

"Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest."

TOMB OF MARCO BOZZARIS.

Moving on beyond the range of ruined houses, though still within the line of crumbling walls, we came to a spot, perhaps as interesting as any that Greece in her best days could show. It was the tomb of Marco Bozzaris! No monumental marble emblazoned his deeds and fame; a few round stones piled over his head, which, but for our guide, we should have passed without noticing, were all that marked his grave. I would not disturb a proper reverence for the past; time covers with his dim and twilight glories both distant scenes and the men who acted in them, but, to my mind, Miltiades was not more of a hero at Marathon or Leonidas at Thermopylae than Marco Bozzaris at Missolonghi. When they went out against the hosts of Persia, Athens and Sparta were great and free, and they had the prospect of glory and the praise of men, to the Greeks always dearer than life. But when the Suliot chief drew his sword, his country lay bleeding at the feet of a Giant, and all Europe condemned the Greek revolution as foolhardy and desperate. For two months, with but a few hundred men, protected only by a ditch and slight parapet of earth, he defended the town where his body now rests against the whole Egyptian army. In stormy weather, living upon bad and unwholesome bread, with no covering but his cloak, he passed his days and nights in constant vigil; in every assault his sword cut down the foremost assailant, and his voice, rising above the din of battle, struck terror into the hearts of the enemy. In the struggle which ended with his life, with two thousand men, he proposed to attack the whole army of Mustapha Pacha, and called upon all who were willing to die for their country to stand forward. The whole band advanced to a man. Unwilling to sacrifice so many brave men in a death-struggle, he chose three hundred, the sacred number of the Spartan band, his tried and trusty Suliotes. At midnight he placed himself at their head,

directing that not a shot should be fired till he sounded his bugle; and his last command was, "If you lose sight of me, seek me in the pacha's tent." In the moment of victory, he ordered the pacha to be seized, and received a ball in the loins; his voice still rose above the din of battle, cheering his men, until he was struck by another ball in the head, and borne dead from the field of his glory.

Not far from the grave of Bozzaris was a pyramid of skulls, of men who had fallen in the last attack upon the city, piled up near the blackened and battered wall which they had died in defending. In my after wanderings, I learned to look more carelessly upon these things; and, perhaps, noticing every where the light estimation put upon human life in the East, learned to think more lightly of it myself; but, then, it was melancholy to see bleaching in the sun, under the eyes of their countrymen, the unburied bones of men who, but a little while ago, stood with swords in their hands, and animated by the noble resolution to free their country or die in the attempt. Our guide told us that they had all been collected in that place with a view to sepulture; and the King Otho, as soon as he became of age, and took the government in his own hands, intended to erect a monument over them. In the meantime, they are at the mercy of every passing traveller; and the only remark that our guide made, was a comment upon the force and unerring precision of the blow of the Turkish sabre, almost every skull being laid open on the side, nearly down to the ear.

BROTHER OF MARCO BOZZARIS.

But the most interesting part of our day at Missolonghi was to come. Returning from a ramble round the walls, we noticed a large, square house, which, our guide told us, was the residence of Constantine, the brother of Marco Bozzaris. We were all interested in this intelligence, and our interest was in no small degree increased, when he added that the widow and two of the children of the Suliot chief were living with his brother. The house was surrounded by a high stone wall, a large gate stood most invitingly wide open, and we turned toward it in the hope of catching a glimpse of the inhabitants; but, before we reached the gate, our interest had increased to such a point that, after consulting with our guide, we requested him to say that, if it would not be considered an intrusion, three travellers, two of them Americans, would feel honoured in being permitted to pay their respects to the widow and children of Marco Bozzaris.

We were invited in, and shown into a large room on the right, where three Greeks were sitting cross-legged on a divan, smoking the long Turkish chibouks. Soon after the brother entered, a man about fifty, of middle height, spare built, and wearing a Bavarian uniform, as holding a colonel's commission in the service of King Otho. In the dress of the dashing Suliot he would have better looked the brother of Marco Bozzaris, and I might then more easily have recognized the daring warrior who, on the field of battle, in a moment of extremity, was deemed, by universal acclamation, worthy of succeeding the fallen hero. Now the straight military frockcoat buttoned tight across the breast, the stock, tight pantaloons, boots, and straps, seemed to repress the free energies of the mountain warrior; and I could not but think how awkward it must be for one who had spent all his life in a dress which hardly touched him, at fifty to put on a stock, and straps to his boots. Our guide introduced us, with an apology for our intrusion. The colonel received us with great kindness, thanked us for the honour done his brother's widow, and, requesting us to be seated, ordered coffee and pipes.

And here, on the very first day of our arrival in Greece, and from a source which made us proud, we had the first evidence of what afterwards met me at every step, the warm feeling existing in Greece toward America; for almost the first thing that the brother of Marco Bozzaris said, was to express his gratitude to the Greek for the services rendered his country by our own; and after referring to the provisions sent out for his famishing countrymen, his eyes sparkled, and his cheek flushed as he told us that, when the Greek revolutionary flag first sailed into the port of Napoli di Romania, among hundreds of vessels of all nations, an American captain was the first to recognise and salute it.

WIDOW AND DAUGHTERS OF MARCO BOZZARIS.

In a few moments the widow of Marco Bozzaris entered. I have often been disappointed in my preconceived notions of personal appearance, but it was not so with the lady who now stood before me; she looked the widow of a hero; as one, worthy of her Grecian mothers, who gave their hair for bowstrings, their girdle for a sword belt, and, while their heart strings were cracking, sent their young lovers from their arms to fight and perish for their country. Perhaps it was she that led Marco Bozzaris into the path of immortality; that roused him from the wild guerilla warfare in which he had passed his early life, and fired him with the high and holy ambition of freeing his country. Of one thing I am certain, no man could look in her face without finding his wavering purposes fixed, without treading more firmly in the path of high and honourable enterprise. She was under forty, tall and stately in person, and habited in deep black, fit emblem of her widowed condition, with a white handkerchief laid flat over her head, giving the Madonna cast to her dark eyes and marble

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 28, 1838.

complexion. We all rose as she entered the room ; and though living secluded, and seldom seeing the face of a stranger, she received our compliments and returned them with far less embarrassment than we both felt and exhibited.

But our embarrassment, at least I speak for myself, was induced by an unexpected circumstance. Much as I was interested in her appearance, I was not insensible to the fact that she was accompanied by two young and beautiful girls, who were introduced to us as her daughters. This somewhat bewildered me. While waiting for their appearance, and talking with Constantine Bozzaris, I had in some way conceived the idea that the daughters were mere children, and had fully made up my mind to take them both on my knee and kiss them ; but the appearance of the stately mother recalled me to the grave of Bozzaris ; and the daughters would probably have thought that I was taking liberties upon so short an acquaintance if I had followed up my benevolent purpose in regard to them ; so that, with the long pipe in my hand, which at that time I did not know how to manage well, I cannot flatter myself that I exhibited any of the benefit of continental travel.

The elder was about sixteen, and even in the opinion of my friend Doctor W., a cool judge in these matters, a beautiful girl, possessing in its fullest extent all the elements of Grecian beauty : a dark, clear complexion, dark hair, set off by a little red cap embroidered with gold thread, and a long blue tassel hanging down behind, and large black eyes, expressing a melancholy quiet, but which might be excited to shoot forth glances of fire more terrible than her father's sword. Happily, too, for us, she talked French, having learned it from a French marquis who had served in Greece and been domesticated with them ; but young and modest, and unused to the company of strangers, she felt the embarrassment common to young ladies when attempting to speak a foreign language. And we could not talk to her on common themes. Our lips were sealed, of course, upon the subject which had brought us to her house. We could not sound for her the praises of her gallant father. At parting, however, I told them that the name of Marco Bozzaris was so familiar in America as that of a hero of our own revolution, and that it had been hallowed by the inspiration of an American poet ; and I added that, if it would not be unacceptable, on my return to my native country I would send the tribute referred to, as an evidence of the feeling existing in America toward the memory of Marco Bozzaris. My offer was gratefully accepted ; and afterward, while in the act of mounting my horse to leave Missilonghi, our guide, who had remained behind, came up to me with a message from the widow and daughters reminding me of my promise.

I do not see that there is any objection to my mentioning that I wrote to a friend, requesting him to procure Halleck's "Marco Bozzaris," and send it to my banker at Paris. My friend, thinking to enhance its value, applied to Mr. Halleck for a copy of his own hand-writing. Mr. Halleck, with his characteristic modesty, evaded the application ; and on my return home I told him the story of my visit, and reiterated the same request. He evaded me as he had done my friend, but promised me a copy of the new edition of his poems, which he afterward gave me, and which, I hope, is now in the hands of the widow and daughters of the Grecian hero.

I make no apology for introducing in a book the widow and daughters of Marco Bozzaris. True, I was received by them in private, without any expectation, either on their part or mine, that all the particulars of the interview would be noted and laid before the eyes of all who choose to read. I hope it will not be considered invading the sanctity of private life ; but, at all events, I make no apology ; the widow and children of Marco Bozzaris are the property of the world.

EFFECT OF RELIGIOUS FEELINGS.—Nothing gives so high a polish as truly religious feelings : they shrink into nothingness all those minor objects which create asperities between man and man : they give, from the habit of self examination, an insight into the heart, a quickness of perception that knows every tender point and avoids touching it, except to heal, whether its delicacy spring from the virtues, the infirmities, or even the vices of our nature. The Christian cannot be proud, vain, or negligent, except in the indolence and inactivity of spirit which clouds the beauty of his religion : as the sun of righteousness shines out in his heart these clouds melt away.

The courtesy of Christianity is equally visible in health and sickness, in retirement as in a crowd, in a cottage as in a palace. Those sudden gusts of adverse or prosperous fortune, so fatal to artificial pretensions, do not throw it off its guard. Like the finest porcelain of the East, when broken in a thousand pieces, every fracture displays new smoothness and polish ; and, in its shivered state, it best shows the superiority of its beautiful structure, over those coarser kinds which are "of the earth, earthly."

The courtesy of Christianity is equally solicitous to avoid offending the poor and low, as the rich and great ; recollecting that to the poor the Gospel was first preached, and that the Saviour of the world enabled their situation, by choosing it for his own.—Mrs. Trench ; *Thoughts of a Parent on Education.*

AMERICAN ALMANACS.—No country abounds so with these productions as the United States of America. To enumerate but a tithe of them would require more space than our limits will justify. For the year 1839, however, a new class of these manuals is to be employed. We see by various notices in the papers that a number of the religious bodies of America are issuing almanacs adapted to the meridian of their different readers. One will be the advocate of a certain set of doctrines ; a second will promulgate views entirely different ; and a third will agree with neither of the former company of religionists, and yet each party will scatter their decrees, and formulas, and dogmas, in endless profusion over the Union. What a medley of human opinions will be exhibited ! What conflicting ideas will be presented ! And yet all will appeal to *one book*. With regard to no other book in the world is there such a *vast diversity* of opinion as the Bible. And no marvel. It is not read as other writings are. A letter by JUNIUS is read through at one time, and is viewed as a *whole*. The main design of the writer is sought after, and we do not attempt to pick a scrap here, or to select a few words there, to prove a position which was not before the mind of the writer when he penned his letter, and totally unconnected with his argument. But a letter by PAUL, the apostle, must be read by *bits*, and those little pieces be brought to prove any thing and every thing the scrap-reader pleases. Now if a person may drag from its connection a portion of scripture and explain it independently of that connection, we do not see why one interpretation is not as good as another, as far as the genuine sense of the inspired writer is concerned. And, most certainly, so long as it is popular to expound the scriptures in minute portions, and to read it as if composed of independent sentences or apothegms, so long will religious sects multiply and abound, while those at present in existence will remain as widely apart as ever. Scarcely a passage can be brought from the word of God, but will, if considered as perfect and entire in itself, admit of a variety of constructions. And yet the passage can have but one legitimate meaning, and the proper construction can be arrived at only by a careful investigation of the context. We have, however, wandered from our subject, and must apologise for it, for we feel no inclination to run the gauntlet with our modern texuaries.

Through the diligence and politeness of the Anti-Slavery Society of the United States we have been favoured with their Almanac for 1839. It contains a rich variety of matter, happily condensed and arranged. It furnishes a portion in due season for abolitionists and shareholders—a manual and text-book for the one—and an anti-slavery lecturer to the other. But the most amusing portions of the work are the cuts. The engravings "talk right out, in plain English," and cannot be misunderstood. A description of a few of these pictures with their appropriate explanations may interest many of our readers. The first engraving we shall notice refers to the district of Columbia, and is entitled,

THE NATION'S ACT. MAN AUCTION AT THE CAPITAL. A FREEMAN SOLD.

In the front of the plate we have a colored man standing on a table, exposed for sale. On a stool is perched the republican auctioneer, and around him are the exquisitely consistent republican man-bidders and man-buyers. In the back ground are two large buildings, and on one is printed Jail. Here is the Almanac interpretation thereof.

"As the District of Columbia was set apart to promote the interests and honor of the nation, its institutions should conform to the will of the nation. THEY DO. *It is the nation's will* that any colored man in the District should be liable to arrest and imprisonment, without evidence, oath or warrant against him, on the simple *pretence* that he has been robbed of his liberty, and even when this has been virtually proved false, it is the *nation's will* that he be sold to pay the cost of this cruelty."

The following appeared in a Washington paper, July, 1834.

"NOTICE. Was committed to the prison of WASHINGTON Co., D. C. * * David Peck. He says he is FREE. The owner or owners are requested, &c. or he will be sold as the LAW DIRECTS. JAMES WILLIAMS, Keeper of the Prison."

"In 1831, a free coloured coachman, whose wife was confined, started to go for a midwife. He was seized and imprisoned by the patrol, notwithstanding his tears and entreaties. In the morning his wife was found dead,—a victim to the nation's cruelty."—See *Letter from Washington, in the Genius of Universal Emancipation.*

We were in Columbia during the year 1836, and never were we more annoyed than by the sight of a slave vessel at one of the wharves at Alexandria destined to convey the slaves to Alabama and other of the southern states. We also saw a slave factory, something like a large workhouse, and in which the slaves are placed till a sufficient cargo is obtained to ship for the South. The owner was a republican—a member of a religious society—and considered an honorable man. Well, if a man can deprive a human being of his liberty, and hold him in bondage, and be a

member of a Christian church, what guilt shall be considered sufficient to exclude him from the church of Christ. But to our next picture. It is called

JOHN BULL'S MONARCHY, A REFUGE FROM BROTHER JONATHAN'S SLAVERY.

And it is drawn to the life. We wish we could transfer it to our pages. Many a hearty laugh it would raise from all beholders. On the left hand, at the top, is printed U. STATES, and on the right, CANADA. In the centre is a river, and in the distance can be discerned a British Man of War, and nearer a British fort with the colours flying. On the Canada side is a negro just escaped from republican bondage, and with hands uplifted, exulting in his freedom. On the United States side is the slaveholder pursuing with the fleetness of a deer after his late captive. His attitude is most natural, and his countenance betrays his eagerness to regain his slave. On the river standing in a boat is JOHN BULL—with one hand he welcomes the runaway slave, and with the other points significantly to JONATHAN, as much as to say, "You must stop now—not an inch beyond the margin of the water—your slave is no longer in your hands." Here is the Almanac commentary thereof.

"Facts. Our GOVERNMENT has tried to enslave many thousand persons who are enjoying their inalienable rights in Canada. May 10, 1828, the following resolution was adopted in the U. S. House of Representatives, and as appears from the journal, without opposition, or the calling for the yeas and nays.

"Resolved, That the President of the United States be and he is hereby requested to open a negotiation with the British Government in the view to obtain an arrangement whereby fugitive slaves who have taken refuge in the Canadian provinces of the Government, may be surrendered by the functionaries thereof to their masters upon their making satisfactory proof of their ownership of said slaves."—Jour. H. R. 1 Sess. 20th Cong. pp. 715 and 720."

This is the first time we have heard of this barbarous demand. Wonder whether the Canadas will not be requested next ! Our third wood-cut represents the entrance to a Sunday-school building. At the door stands a minister—some white children are entering the school, and behind them is a coloured woman with two children neatly dressed. The preacher of the Gospel beckons to the latter to depart, and looks as if saying "There is no Christian instruction for you, inasmuch as your skin is black." The Almanac notice is

COLORED SCHOLARS EXCLUDED FROM SCHOOLS.

"If the free coloured people were generally taught to read, it might be an inducement to them to remain in this country. WE WOULD OFFER THEM NO SUCH INDUCEMENT."—Rev. Mr. Converse, a colonizationist, formerly of N. H. now editor of the Southern Religious Telegraph.

"In those parts of the country where the persecuting spirit of colonization has been colonized, such exclusion has ceased."

Another of these admirable engravings represents a northern freeman enslaved by northern hands, and concerning it our guide says,

"Nov. 20, 1838, (Sunday,) Peter John Lee, a free coloured man of Westchester Co., N. Y., was kidnapped by Tobias Boudjnot, E. K. Waddy, John Lyon, and Daniel D. Nash, of N. Y., city, and hurried away from his wife and children into slavery. One went up to shake hands with him, while the others were ready to use the gag and chain. See Emancipator, March 16, and May 4, 1837. This is not a rare case. Many northern freemen have been enslaved, in some cases under colour of law. Oct. 26, 1836, a man named Frank, who was born in Pa., and lived free in Ohio, was hurried into slavery by an Ohio Justice of the Peace. When offered for sale in Louisiana, he so clearly stated the facts that a slaveholding court declared him FREE—thus giving a withering rebuke to northern servility."

On a subject of a similar nature we have another drawing, headed

THE NATION ROBBING AN INDIAN CHIEF OF HIS WIFE.

This is a spirited piece, portraying the agony of the Indian chief in chains with his child by his side, while his wife is making strenuous efforts to detach herself from the grasp of her destroyers. The Almanac remarks,

"When monarchical Spain governed Florida, many slaves fled thither from republican oppression, and found shelter. One of them, having married an Indian chief, their FREEBORN daughter became the wife of Ocoola. She was seized as a slave in 1835, by a person, (who had probably never seen her,) holding the claim of her mother's former master. Ocoola attempted to defend his wife, but was overpowered and put in irons, by General Thompson, (our government agent,) who commanded the kidnapping party. What marvel that an Indian Chief, as he looked on his little daughter, and thought of his stolen wife, vowed vengeance on the robbers."

From a number of others we make choice of one more, entitled A MINISTER ARRESTED FOR PREACHING AGAINST SIN.

"Dec. 14, 1835, Rev. George Storrs, who was invited to address the Anti-Slavery Society at Northfield, N. H. was dragged

from his knees while at prayer by David Tilton, deputy sheriff. He was also arrested in the pulpit, March 31, 1836, (fast day,) at Pittsfield, N. H., by the authority of a writ issued by Moses Norris, Esq., Gov. Isaac Hill sanctioned the outrage by re-appointing Norris."

Here we must stop. We are filled with admiration at the zeal displayed by the noble band of American abolitionists. Their efforts are increasing for the slave; and by their exertions under the blessing of God republican slavery must come to an end.

By arrivals from the United States during the week we are put in possession of the following interesting items of British news—

LONDON, August 13.

IMPORTANT AS TO THE CANADAS.—Lord Brougham has introduced a bill into the Lords, illegalizing the doings as far as possible of Lord Durham, and indemnifying all who have been guilty of illegalities under his orders. Lord Durham appears to have got into a scrape with the lawyers, and not only Lord Brougham, but Lord Lyndhurst—and the Lords concur with them—condemn the banishment of the State Prisoners to Bermuda without trial, and say they cannot be kept there a moment. Lyndhurst says the prisoners had a legal remedy not only against Lord Durham: but Admiral Paget who brought them; and the expatriation of Papineau, Brown, and O'Callaghan without trial, he condemns as monstrous. He says they can go back when they please, in defiance of the ordinance. A great part of the Peers also admitted this. Again it was admitted on all sides, even by the ministry, that Lord Durham had no power to send the prisoners to Bermuda, which was not in his jurisdiction.

This discussion created a good deal of sensation in London, as it seemed to compel the ministry to dismiss Lord Durham, or in sustaining him, to be dismissed themselves. The proceedings of the House, the day after the second reading of Brougham's bill, were therefore looked to with great interest, but before the order of the day was agreed upon, Lord Melbourne rose and said—

"He thought it would be most respectful to their lordships, and convenient to the house, at once to state the course he meant to pursue in the committee on this bill. Their lordships had determined, unquestionably very contrary to his feelings and wishes, to read the measures a second time; and it was impossible for him to express the very deep concern, the great anxiety and solicitude, which their lordships' determination in that respect had created in his mind. They could not conceal from themselves—at all events, it was his duty not to conceal from them—that great interests were at stake, and that consequences the most serious might result from the course which their lordships had taken upon this subject. * * As it was difficult to disallow one part of the ordinances, which was clearly unwarranted by law, without disallowing the whole, he therefore begged leave to say that they had come to the decision of advising her Majesty to disallow the ordinances.

Some discussion, of course, followed this unlooked for decision of the Cabinet, and the bill passed through committee. These proceedings have doubtless laid the foundation for fresh, and in all probability, still more serious events in the disturbed colonies than any we have hitherto seen.

LONDON, August 16.

HOUSE OF LORDS, Aug. 13.—Lord Brougham moved the third reading of his Canada Indemnity Bill, which was seconded by the Duke of Wellington.

Lord Denman said it would be against common justice to pass the bill. Yet he must confess that Lord Durham had far exceeded his powers in issuing the ordinances. He acquitted Lord Durham of any improper intention; that nobleman undoubtedly thought he was doing what would be for the best, but he had exceeded all law and justice. He thought a bill of indemnity an unconstitutional proceeding. Parliament had no right to say to an injured man that he should not have redress against his injurer. If the wrongful acts of a public officer were justified by his good intentions, let him be indemnified out of the public purse; but it was not right to prohibit the injured party from seeking redress.

Lord Brougham admitted the force of what Lord Denman had said, but unfortunately there was precedent for the indemnity.

The bill was then passed.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, August 13.—Canada Indemnity Bill.—A message from the Lords brought up this bill.

Lord J. Russell suggested that the bill should now be read a first and second time, and that the discussion should be taken on the question for going into committee to-morrow.

After a few words from Sir C. Grey, Lord Stanley, Sir W. Follet, and Sir Geo. Grey, the bill was read a first and second time, and ordered to be committed.

House of Commons.—The House went into committee on Lord Brougham's Canada indemnity bill. Lord John Russell said it was his intention to propose to the House, but very reluctantly, to assent to the bill. In answer to the question of Mr. Leader on Monday, he was now prepared to say, but again very reluctantly, that he should like to propose no amendments to the bill. At an earlier period of the session he should do otherwise, but now he

had no hope of carrying such amendments as he should like to propose, with any prospect of their succeeding in the other House.

Lord John Russell then went at large into a vindication of Lord Durham and his proceedings in Canada.

The debate was continued at great length by Mr. Leader, Mr. Hawes, Sir Wm. Follet, Sir E. Sudgen, Sir C. Grey and others; and the bill was reported without amendments, to be read a third time on the 15th.

SPAIN.—The affairs of Spain remained *statu quo*, Espartero not having given a definite reply to the last despatches addressed to him. The treasury at Madrid was entirely exhausted, and the money kings were not disposed to negotiate.

COLONIAL.

TRINIDAD, August 14th.—The reports from the various Districts as to the conduct of our labouring population are as various and opposite to each other as it is possible for them to be. There are many of the Estates on which the labourers had at first gone on steadily to work which now have scarcely a hand upon them, whilst upon others they muster a greater force than they could before command. We hear also that the people have already in many instances exhibited that propensity common to the habits of savage life, which we call *squawking*, and to which we have always looked forward as one of the evils likely to accompany their emancipation, and calling for the earliest and most serious attention of our Legislature. We must confess, however, that it is a subject not easy to deal with safely and effectually.—*Standard.*

MONTREAL, Sept. 4.—The trial of JALBERT, one of the murderers of Lieutenant WIER, which had been fixed for this day, has been postponed. This unexpected occurrence has been the result of a conspiracy to defeat the ends of justice, by the abduction or the seduction of the witnesses summoned on the part of the Crown. JALBERT has been remanded to gaol.

The trial of Francois Nicolas, Amable Daunnis, Joseph Pinsonneault, and Gideon Pinsonneault, for the murder of Joseph Chartrand, on the 27th November last, terminated in the acquittal of the prisoners. The verdict it appears has excited surprise among those who attended the trial, and the Montreal Herald attributes this decision of the Jury to the unhealthy state of moral feeling existing among the Canadians on any subject connected with the late rebellion.

QUEBEC, Sept. 15.—The new barrack which was building at Fort George, on the Niagara Frontier, has been destroyed by fire. It is supposed that it is the work of some incendiary and has been done to prevent the troops finding convenient shelter during the ensuing winter.—*Mercury.*

CHIEF JUSTICE OF NEWFOUNDLAND.—The Queen has been pleased to appoint John Gervas Hutchison Bourne, Esq. to be Chief Justice of the Island of Newfoundland.

BOAT RACE.—A private match came off on Wednesday last between Mr. E. Moseley's Joseph Howe, and Mr. Marshall's Cornwallis Moreau, (whaleboats) pulled with four oars. It was an interesting race, and was prettily taken by the Joseph Howe, the victorious boat of the season. Mr. Moseley's reputation as a boat builder is now firmly established in this town, and the elegant modelling and beautiful construction of his handicraft, reflect the highest credit on his ingenuity and industry.—*Communicated.*

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—Drowned at Boston on the 24th August, Mr. Robert James Small, aged 24, a native of this Town. The deceased, with a small party of men and women, had proceeded a few miles from Boston in a Sail Boat, to see the departure of some of their friends for Halifax, in the Schr. Industry; in returning they were overtaken by a Thunder Storm—a squall struck the boat, when she immediately upset. The deceased attempted to swim to land, but was overwhelmed with a heavy sea, and sunk to rise no more; the others clung to the boat, and were picked up by a vessel passing. The body of the deceased was found 10 days afterwards, and respectfully interred. One of the females, named Eliza Arnold, also a native of this Town, has since died from the effects of this melancholy occurrence.

DELEGATES.—Her Majesty's Steamer Medea, with the Delegates from this Province and P. E. Island, arrived at Quebec on the 12th inst.—*Guar.*

SIR COLIN CAMPBELL.—We observe with much pleasure in the New Brunswick papers, that His Excellency Sir Colin Campbell, our highly respected Lieut. Governor, who left Halifax on Thursday last, has reached St. John, on his way to Fredericton and the frontier settlements of that province.—*Id.*

PASSENGERS.—In the Coquette from Ponce, Messrs. Harvey and Hewling. In the Columbiac, Messrs. Hays and Hogs. In the Industry from Boston, Mr. and Mrs. Jennings, Miss Jennings, Mr. Irvin, Mrs. Russell, and 10 in the steerage. In the Lady Ogle, from Boston, Hon. E. Collins, and W. Silver, junr. In the Acadian for

Boston, Miss McDonald, Miss Dunlap, 2 Miss Stimpson, Miss Brown, Miss Cutlip, Rev. Mr. White, Rev. Mr. Miller, Mr. Patrick, Mr. Buckley, and 12 in the steerage.

MARRIED.

On Saturday evening 1st inst, by the Rev. Wm. Cogswell, Mr. P. Brush, to Miss Susan Yetter.

At Chatham, Miramichi, on Thursday evening, 6th inst. by the Rev. J. Souter, A. M. Mr. Henry Wiswell, to Miss Rebecca, third daughter of the late Mr. Ebenezer Avery, of Fredericton.

On Monday evening, by the Rev. Venerable Archdeacon Willis, the Rev. George Townsend, Rector of Christ Church, Cumberland, to Elizabeth Lucy, eldest daughter of the Hon. Alexander Stewart.

At Guysboro', on the 23d ult, by the Rev. Charles J. Shreve, Rector, Mr. Joseph A. Partridge, merchant, to Miss Ruth Ann, fourth daughter of the late Mr. Abijah Scott, all of Guysboro.

At St. Edward's Church, Clements, on Sunday the 16th inst, by the Rev. E. Gilpin, Mr. Wm. Van Buskirk, of Annapolis, to Miss Rachael C. Tallman, of Clements.

DIED.

At the residence of his son at Fort Ellis, Shubenacadie, on Saturday last, Jonathan Tremain, Esqr. an old and respectable inhabitant of this town, in the 68th year of his age.

At Yarmouth, on Thursday evening, the 13th inst, Mrs. Maria, wife of the Rev. T. A. Grantham, aged 62 years.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED.

Friday, September 21st—Schr's Two Brothers, Yarmouth; dry fish; Sovereign, Barrington—fish; Experiment, Sydney—coal; Brisk, Boole, Weymouth—lumber and produce; True Brothers, Slocomb, Liverpool N. S. 10 hours—lumber; Yarmouth Packet, Tooker, Yarmouth, 30 hours—molasses and dry fish; Concord, Crowell, St. Andrews, 9 days—lumber, to D. & E. Starr, & Co.

Saturday 22d—Brigs Sir Peregrine, Crosby, Guyama, 20 days—sugar, to G. P. Lawson. 3d inst, lat. 20 long. 68 5, experienced a heavy gale, sprung the mainmast, damaged sails and rigging, lost part of bulwarks; Georgiana, Graham, Sydney, 7 days—coals; schr's Margaret Ann & Isabella, Sydney—coal; Elizabeth & Ann, Sutherland, St. John; N. B. 21 days—herrings, to J. & M. Tobin; Gipsy, Stowe, Trinidad 18 days—sugar and molasses, to Saltus & Wainwright.

Monday 24th—Schr Caledonia, Ragged Isles—dry fish; brig Halifax, O'Brien, Falmouth, Jam. 37 days—rum, to J. DeCam, & Son, & S. Binney, 4 passengers; Packet schr Industry, Simpson, Boston, 44 days—onions, naval stores, to H. Fay, and others—has been off the harbor 2 days; Mailboat Lady Ogle, Stairs, Boston, 48 hours; American brig Sparkled, 5 days from Pictou, and sailed 25th, for the States.

Tuesday 25th—Schr's Snowbird, Pierce, Shelburne, 10 hours—fish; iron; Brothers, Cape Negro—dry fish; Britannia, Eliza Ann, and Enterprise, Prospect—fish; Margaret, Conrad, Demerara, 25 days—rum, to T. C. Kinnear; Shannon, Boudroit, New York, 5 days—corn meal, apples, etc. to S. Binney, and others; Woodlands, Johnson, Philadelphia, 9 days—cornmeal and apples, to J. H. Braine; brigs Grand Turk, Ingham, St. Thomas's 16 days—rum, to Frith, Smith & Co.; Herald, Frith, Kingston, 21 days, to Frith, Smith & Co.

Wednesday 26th—Schr Watchman, Kingston, 28 days—rum, to Frith, Smith, & Co; brig Argus, Kinney, Falmouth, Jam. 39 days—rum, to J. Strachan; schr Nile, Vaughan, St. John, N. B.—herrings, etc. to W. J. Starr.

Thursday, 27th—Schr Fair Trader, Liverpool, N. S. dry fish.

Friday, 28th—H. M. Ship Pearl, Lord Paget; P. E. I.; H. M. brig Charybdis reported off last evening.

CLEARED.

Friday 21st, Fanny, Brown, assorted cargo, by A. A. Black; schr Albion, Bellfontain, Montreal—sugar, wine, etc. by W. Fryor & Sons, and others; Rambler, Crane, Miramichi—assorted cargo by Fairbanks & Allison. 22d, Speedy Packet, LeBriton, Pernambuco—dry fish by Creighton & Grassie; Dove, Dunscomb, West Indies—assorted cargo by J. & M. Tobin; Micmac, Gresley, and Wave, Gaspe—rum by Creighton & Grassie. 24th—Schr's Lady, Bond, Odorin, N.F.—bread, shingles, etc. by W. B. Hamilton; Splendid, Swaine, Montego Bay—ditto, by J. Allison & Co. 25th—Brig Eclipse, Accestrop, B. W. Indies—flour, fish, etc. by Saltus & Wainwright; schr Albion, Moore, P. E. Island—flour and beef. 26th—Brig Acadian, Jones, Boston—general cargo by Fairbanks & Allison.

MEMORANDA.

At Quebec—Auxiliary, Danzig, H. M. Steamer Medea hence in 6 days; barges Hessionia and Omphale hence. Cleared—September 7, Richmond, Halifax.

At Richibucto, September 5.—Waterloo, Halifax.

At Bathurst, September 3.—Streatham Castle, Halifax.

At St. John, N. B.—Brothers, Poole, Halifax.

At New York, 12th inst.—Schr Barbara, hence; schr Arctic, Liverpool N. S.

At Boston Sept. 17—Brig Diamond, from Demerara for Halifax. Cleared—schr Judge Thompson, Halifax.

At Bermuda, 16th inst.—Mailboat Roseway, Burney, hence.

Norfolk, September 14.—Sailed, Martha, Wood, Halifax.

Philadelphia, September 17.—Cleared, Woodlands, Halifax.

Liverpool, 24th inst Arrived—schr Arctic, Patillo, New York; sailed brig Lady Campbell, B. W. Indies.

MR. BARNEY MAGUIRE'S HISTORY OF THE CORONATION.

AIR—"THE GROVES OF BLARNEY."

Och! the Coronation! what celebration
For emulation can with it compare?
When to Westminster the Royal Spinster,
And the Duke of Leinster, all in order did repair!
'Twas there you'd see the New Polishemen
Making a skrimmage at half after four,
And the Lords and Ladies, and the Miss O'Gradys
All standing round, before the Abbey door.

Their pillows scorning, that self-same morning,
Themselves adorning, all by the candle light,
With roses and lilies, and daffy-down-dillies,
And gould, and jewels, and rich diamonds bright.
And then approaches five hundred coaches,
With Giniral Dullbeak,—Och! 'twas mighty fine
To see how ay bould Corporal Casey,
With his swoord drawn, pancing, made them kape the line.

Then the Gun's alarms, and the King of Arums,
All in his Garters and his Clarence shoes,
Opening the massey doors to the bould Ambassydors,
The Prince of Potboys and great Haythen Jews;
'Twould have made you crazy to see Esterhazy.
All Jew'ls from Jasey to his diamond boots,
With Alderman Harmer, and that swate charmer,
The female heires, Miss Anja-ly Couits.

And Wellington walking with his swoord drawn, talking
To Hill and Hardinge, heroes of great fame;
And Sir De Lacey, and the Duke Dalmasey,
(They call'd him Sowit afore he changed his name.)
Themselves presuding Lord Melbourne lading
The Queen, the darling, to her Royal chair,
And that fine ould fellow, the Duke of Pell-Mello,
The Queen of Portugal's Chargy-de-fair.

Then the Noble Prussians, likewise the Russians,
In fine laced jackets with their goulden cuffs,
And the Bavarians, and the proud Hungarians,
And Everythingarians all in furs and muffs.
Then Mithur Spaker, with Mithur Pays the Quaker,
All in the Gallery you might persave,
But Lord Brougham was missing, and gone a fishing,
Oonly crass Lord Essex would not give him lave.

There was Baron Alten himself exalting,
And Prince Von Swartzenburg, and many more,
Och! I'd be bother'd and entirely smother'd
To tell the half of 'em was to the fore;
With the swate Peeresses, in their crowns and dresses,
And Aldermanesses, and the Board of Works;
But Mehemet All said, quite gintaly,
"I'd be proud to see the likes among the Turks!"

Then the Queen, Heaven bless her! och! they did dress her
In her purple garments, and her goulden Crown;
Like Venus or Hebe, or the Queen of Sheby,
With six young Ladies houlding up her gown.
Sure 'twas grand to see her, also for to hear
The big drums bating, and the trumpets blow,
And Sir George Smart! Och! he play'd a Consarto,
With his four-and-twenty fiddlers all on a row!

Then the Lord Archbishop held a goulden dish up,
For to resave her bounty and great wealth,
Saying "Plase your Glory, great Queen Vict-ory!
Ye'll give the Clargy lave to drink your health!"
Then his Riverence, retrating, discorsed the mating,
"Boys! Here's your Queen! deny it if you can!
And if any bould traitour, or infarior craythur
Succes at that, I'd like to see the man!"

Then the Nobles kneeling to the Pow'r's appealing,
"Heaven send your Majesty a glorious reign!"
And Sir Claudius Hunter he did confront her,
All in his scarlet gown and goulden chain.
The great Lord May'r too sat in his chair too,
But mighty serious, looking fit to cry,
For the Earl of Surrey, all in his hurry
Throwing the thirteens, hit him in the eye.

Then there was preaching, and good store of speeching,
With Dukes and Marquises on bended knee;
And they did splash her with the real Macasshur,
And the Queen said, "Oh! then, thank ye all for me!"
Then the trumpets braying, and the organ playing,
And sweet trombones with their silver tones,
But Lord Rolle was rolling;—'twas mighty consoling,
To think his Lordship did not break his bones.

Then the Crames and the Custards, and the Beef and Mustard,
All on the tombstones like a poultherer's shop,
With Lobsters and White-bait, and other Swate-moats,
And Wine, and Nagus, and Imparial Pop!
There was Cakes and Apples in all the Chapels,
With fine Polonies, and rich mellow Pears,
Och! the Count Von Strogonoff, sure he got prog enough,
The sly ould Devil, underneath the stairs.

Then the cannons thunder'd, and the people wonder'd,
Crying, "God save Victoria, our Royal Queen!"
Och! if myself should live to be a hundred,
Sure it's the proudest day that I have seen!
And now I've ended, what I pretended,
This narration splendid in swate poo-try,
So, ye dear bewitcher, just hand the pitcher,
Faith, it's myself that's getting mighty dary

Bestley.

ANECDOTES OF REV. ZABDIEL ADAMS.

He had attended a funeral one afternoon, and was following the corpse, in the rear of the graveyard. All of a sudden the procession came to a stand. After a considerable pause, Mr. Adams got impatient, and walked to the bier to know the cause thereof. The pall-bearers informed him that a sheriff from Leominster had attached the body for debt. This practice was legal at this period. "Attached the body!" exclaimed Mr. A., thumping his cane down with vehemence. "Move on," said he, "and bury the man. I have made a prayer at a funeral, and somebody must be buried. If the sheriff objects, take him up and bury him." The bier was raised without delay, the procession moved on, and the sheriff thought best to molest them no further, or in vulgar parlance, made himself scarce. A parishioner brought a child to him to be baptized. The old parson leaned forward and asked him the name. "Ichabod," says he. Now Mr. A. had a strong prejudice against this name. "Poh, poh," says he, "John, you mean. John, I baptize thee in the name," etc. One Sabbath afternoon, his people were expecting a stranger to preach, whom they were all anxious to hear, and a much more numerous congregation than usual had assembled. The stranger did not come, and of course the people were disappointed. Mr. Adams found himself obliged to officiate, and in the course of his devotional exercise he spoke to this effect: "We beseech thee, O Lord, for this people, who have come up with itching ears to the Sanctuary, that their severe affliction may be sanctified to them for their moral and spiritual good, and that the humble efforts of thy servant may be made, through thy grace, in some measure effectual to their edification," etc.

A parishioner, one of those who did not sit down and count the cost, undertook to build a house, and invited his friends and neighbours to have a frolic with him in digging the cellar. After the work was finished, Mr. Adams happened to be passing by, and stopping, addressed him thus: "Mr. Ritter, you have had a frolic, and digged your cellar. You had better have another frolic and fill it up again." Had he heeded the old man's advice he would have escaped the misery of pursuit from hungry creditors, and the necessity of resort to a more humble dwelling.

A neighbouring minister—a mild inoffensive man—with whom he was about to exchange, said to him, knowing the peculiar bluntness of his character, "You will find some panes of glass broken in the pulpit window, and possibly you may suffer from the cold. The cushion, too, is in a bad condition, but I beg of you to say nothing to my people on the subject. They are poor," etc. "O, no! O, no!" says Mr. Adams. But ere he left home, he filled a bag with rags, and took it with him. When he had been in the pulpit a short time, feeling somewhat incommoded by the too free circulation of air, he deliberately took from the bag a handful or two of rags, and stuffed them into the window. Toward the close of his discourse, which was more or less upon the duties of a people toward their clergyman, he became very animated, and purposely brought down both fists with a tremendous force upon the pulpit cushion. The feathers flew in all directions, and the cushion was pretty much used up. He instantly checked the current of his thought, and simply exclaiming, "Why, how these feathers fly!" proceeded. He had fulfilled his promise of not addressing the society on the subject, but he had taught them a lesson not to be misunderstood. On the next Sabbath, the window and cushion were found in excellent repair.

The foregoing anecdotes illustrate the remarkable independence and fearlessness of Mr. Adams, and the degree of influence which the clergy exerted in his day. The following anecdote is characteristic of the man, but is of a different stamp. One night he put up at the house of Mr. Emerson, the minister of Hollis. Now his host, as it was the general custom, took a glass of biters every morning, and it so happened that they were in the closet of the chamber where Mr. Adams slept. With the morning came his craving for biters. He did not wish to disturb Mr. A., but he was very anxious to get his biters, and try he must. So he opened the door softly, and crept slyly to the side closet. Mr. Adams heard him, but wishing to know what he would be at, pretended to be asleep. As soon as he had secured the prize and was about making his escape, Mr. A. broke the profound silence of the apartment with the exclamation, "Brother Emerson, I have always heard you were a very pious man—much given to your closet devotions, but I never caught you at them before." "Pshaw—pshaw!" replied his friend, who made for the door, and shut it as soon as he cleverly could.

Severe.—The Cincinnati News avers, that a certain lady had a custom of saying to a favourite little dog, to make him follow her, "Come along, sir." A would-be-witty gentleman stepped up to her one day, and accosted her with, "Is it me, madam, you called?" "Oh, no, sir," said the lady, with great composure, "it was another puppy I spoke to."

Madness.—We once read of a woman who was believed insane, and confined accordingly, because she asserted herself to be thirty years younger than she was. Were all such confined, Bedlam would be full.

"Sam, how do you like the knife that I traded to you last week?"—"So, so; it is not very sharp, yet you shaved me with it."

SCENE IN A WESTERN INN.—"Hullo you, tavern keeper what ye got for supper?"

Durkeeper.—"Most anything, Irecken—smoked pork, eggs—"
Stranger.—(With a half stifled sneer.—"Yes, got everything—but, heavens, it's all one thing! (turning to me.) Did you ever see such a pork country? Pigs all nose and legs! And how they run! Why, I talk 'o takin' one on 'em down to Long Island course—sure to win! Well, land'ord, how's liquor? Fourpence, I s'pose—now I never paid but three cents till I came into these parts, (to me,) I kerry five cent pieces; what do you? Aint it darn strange why they don't make use o' cents? Devil! I'd no idee on't—brought one kag, for specerlation—guess it's no go! I shant eat no pork to-night—had enough on't—do up an old hen, land'ord—I must have so'thing different if I hav' to pay ninepence extra for't! * * * (Silence for a space.) But, oh! look at there you! three beds one top o' t'other! Devil, how'd that come about! Wonder who roosts in the top one?"

"Oh you! I jest bought two city lots in Shakspeare—noble sitewation—here's the deed—numbers two hundred and forty-five, and sixty-one—corner lots—both on um—they are—let's see—yes, here they be, in Broadway, Piccadilly-square! on'y consider—oh they must sell! Bear in mind the locate on 'em—great names to them streets—six hundred people there now—growing—yes, a darn'd sight faster 'n your grain! How fer is it from here? Any on ye know?"

Spectator.—"There is no town in the state by that name."

Stranger.—(Almost petrified with conflicting emotions.) "Yer—yer—yer—you don't—pretend for to say that there aint no town by that name? Pertater eyes cut in halves! I see—I see clearly through this day's business—(gasping) done out of hoss and wagon! Conscience sake, they cost me rising a hundred dollars! Done out o' that too, besides the kag a cents! Wall, who'd a thought it? The man looked honest—gin him my team for 'em, and he signed the deed and said how there couldn't be no mistake—don't know as there was—rayther think 'twas intentionally! A Puke take in a Varmounter! 'twouldn't do to let that c:sep in the papers!"

"Landlord, don't know as I care about the hen! you needn't cook it—pr'aps I can catch up with that feller—I've out walked a hoss afore to-day. Here's for it!" (Off like a streak of chalk.)

National Characteristics.—"England," the Temps (Paris paper) observes, "is a vast manufactory, a great laboratory, a universal counting-house. France is a rich farm, tending to turn itself into a manufactory. Germany is an uncultivated field, because they are philosophers and not peasants who till it. Southern Italy is a villa in ruins. Northern Italy is an artificial prairie. Belgium is a forge. Holland is a canal. Sweden and Denmark are carpenters' yards. Poland is a sandy heath. Russia is an ice-house, Switzerland is a chalet. Greece is a field in a state of nature. Turkey is a field fallow. India is a gold mine. Egypt is a work-shop for apprentices. Africa is a furnace. Algiers is a nursery-ground. Asia is a grove. The Antilles are sugar refineries. South America is a store. North America is a till full. Spain is a till empty.

Chinese Similes.—Some of the ordinary expressions of the Chinese are pointed and sarcastic enough. A blustering harmless fellow they call "a paper tiger." When a man values himself overmuch, they compare him to "a rat falling into a scale, and weighing itself." Overdoing a thing, they call "a hunchback making a bow." A spendthrift they compare to "a rocket" which goes off at once. Those who expend their charity on remote objects, but neglect their family, are said to "hang a lantern on a pole, which is seen afar, but gives no light below."

Nothing Personal.—At a recent vestry meeting in a metropolitan parish, a Mr. Bushey said to a Mr. —, who was churchwarden at the time—"Sir, I mean nothing personal to my excellent friend, Mr. —; but it is my conscientious belief, that he has plundered the parish ever since he was born, and is the greatest thief in the universe. I do not wish to be personal—but I must say, he is a villain, an infamous scoundrel, and a radical. I now speak in my vestal capacity, and I think that every hand should have 'a whip to lash the rascal naked through the world.'

Complimentary.—An English tourist, a Mr. Walker, gives the following libellous description of the belles of la belle France:—"The women of France, considered generally, are the ugliest in Europe. Their forms are angular, meagre, and arid; their skin of greenish brown or olive hue; their hair of an opaque, dirty looking black, and excessively coarse; their forehead low; general configuration of the forehead, as observed by Count Stendhat, like that of the monkey; their eyebrows compressed; their upper lip frequently covered with mustaches; and their voices rough."