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From the Ladies' Book for June.

THE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. MARY H. PARSONS.

It was midnight—the moon was shining clear and bright, and her soft and shadowy light fell upon one of the stately old mansions of England: a casement window in that mansion was open, and standing upon the terrace, her hand grasping the carved railing for support, was its noble lady. She was of high name, and lofty lineage, and of rare and surpassing loveliness; but there was sorrow stamped upon the brow of Aline Everard, and the long raven lashes were heavy with tears; the glossy blackness of the curls scattered over her snowy cheek, contrasted almost strangely with its exceeding whiteness; the small delicately curved lips were tremulous with emotion, and ever as that lady thought of the past, and the fearful present, her stately form was bowed with the anguish of bitter and contending feelings. A step sounded in the distance, and as she heard it, the colour came again into her pale cheek; a voice sounded in her ear, whose tones were as softest music—an arm was around her, and Aline Everard repulsed it not, though she was the wife of another! and he said,

"Aline! all is ready—will you go with me now."

Yet, as she spoke, that lady's hands closed in her agony, till the slender nails pierced the flesh, and the blue veins stood out like small cords upon the white forehead. Then she turned to the window, and her voice was low and broken as she murmured, "Let me look upon my child once more!"

Alfred Delavel stood with her over the bed of the sleeping babe, and as he looked upon its soft and gentle beauty, he recoiled from the wrong they were about to inflict upon its head—but memory of that infant's father came over his better feelings, and they withered as a flower before the hot wind of the desert. Aline knelt down and she wept long and bitterly. Delavel drew her arm within his own, and they went forth. Ay—she went forth, that wife and mother! Shame and remorse were struggling for mastery in her heart, the curse of her stern husband seemed already upon her; she had looked upon her tender baby of a year old—yet she had gone; but in her bosom were the signs of an accusing conscience, and they pierce to death!

Aline Everard had been betrothed in early life to Alfred Delavel; her attachment had been sanctioned by her parents, but a change in Delavel's fortunes had induced her father to withdraw his consent. No entreaties availed to change the determination of the obdurate parent, and insults the most unmerited were heaped upon the head of Delavel, till maddened, and desperate, he ceased from further importunity, and left the country. She was hurried into dissipation; and the weary round of pleasure over for a season, was *forced* into a marriage with Louis Everard. She came to her husband, dowered with rank, and wealth, and peerless beauty—but with loathing, and scorn, and proud contempt for the man who would wed her, when her heart was in the keeping of another. Louis Everard was a stern, haughty, but honourable man, his own attachment to Aline, which was far stronger than she dreamed of, and the misrepresentations of her father had blinded him to the truth. He knew little of women; his life had been given to study, he considered Aline a child, did not appreciate her character, and conceived her only like the rest of her sex, in being wilful and capricious. When the film dropped from his eyes, and he knew if his young wife had a feeling towards him it was hate, he never by words of tenderness or acts of kindness, strove to win her to the path of love and duty. Disappointment hardened into stone all the softer feelings of his nature, he became harsh, gloomy, and suspicious, and life became a burden unto his wife, almost heavier than she could bear. Unexpectedly to both, Delavel and Aline met. From that hour to the night of their elopement he never swerved from his purpose, to make her his own. Alas! for Aline—she knew but little of the high principle that should have restrained and supported her, and made her strong in the path of duty.

When Louis Everard returned to his forsaken home, his wrath was fierce, and for a time ungovernable, and he vowed in the bitterness of his soul, that his daughter should grow up to curse the name, and hate the memory of her mother. The fugitives were beyond his reach; he could obtain no tidings of them; he sought a divorce and obtained it. Soon after, he received a newspaper, containing the account of Aline's marriage to her lover, and under the announcement was written—"Delavel," evidently in his own handwriting. Everard crushed the paper in his clenched hand, and his teeth ground together, while over his face spread that ashen and deadly hue, that is so fearful in the strong man, moved by great and agonizing emotion; but he spoke not; whatever he endured, it was in silence.

Twenty years are gone, and she who slept an infant in the cradle, when her mother forsook her home and husband, has grown into years of womanhood. And very beautiful was Leora Everard! Household love was around the path of Leora, and it guarded her with an unseen, but powerful spell, from all things that could shadow her happiness. To the father that child was dearer than life, and all that rendered life of value. None might sound the depths of his love, the pent-up feelings of a lifetime were poured into this only channel, and the stream was mighty and strong; yet even as he cherished her, did he hate the mother, and he never forgot the determination he had formed in the first moments of vengeance. He taught his child, as part of her duty to himself, to hate also; and Leora, who loved all created things, from the tiny flower by the way side, to the father and guardian of her youth, turned with feelings of horror and dislike, from all mention of the name and memory of her mother. The widowed sister of Everard, Mrs. Castlemore, had supplied to Leora her place. As proud as her brother, Mrs. Castlemore could never forgive the shame brought upon their house, by the guilty wife; she never palliated or excused her conduct, and on the mind of Leora a strong impression was made by this course of conduct.

Everard became a politician; his opponent, and often a successful one, too, was Morton Clare, who lived in the same neighbourhood; bitter feelings were engendered in the minds of both, by their constant and fierce rivalry, and these feelings were strengthened into something very like hate, in the bosom of Everard, by the ostentatious and vulgar triumphs of Clare. Leora and Mrs. Castlemore left England on a visit to Italy. The health of the latter had been for some time previous in rather a precarious state, travelling, instead of benefitting, was found to be injurious, and at length in Florence a furnished house was rented, and something of a home feeling came over the wanderers, as English friends gathered around to bid them welcome.

Among their earliest visiters was Frederic Clare, the only son of Morton Clare; he shared in none of his father's feelings of animosity, and had always been a visitor, though a rare one at the Everards. Political strife, fierce rivalry, too frequently bordering upon personal insult, had caused the hate of Everard to the elder Clare, and he was ashamed to acknowledge to those around him, how strongly they influenced him to dislike the unoffending son. His very advantages as the son of Morton Clare, *only* rendered him more obnoxious; and while he admitted to himself that meeting man to man, he should have liked and admired him, being what he was, he hated him, though in secret. Frederic Clare was a welcome visiter to the Everards, he came direct from England, and local news was most acceptable to them; he had indeed come to escape the election; much of his father's conduct he disapproved of, without possessing influence over him to change it, and to Morton Clare it was rather a relief to have him out of the way at that particular time.

The tones of Leora's voice were as sweet as the music of the singing bird, but glad and joyous as the merriest maid's beneath the skies of sunny Italy! Her eye sparkled as brightly, her step bounded as lightly, and her slight form was away among the trees and flowers, a very child in her bounding sense of enjoyment. The young loved and trusted her; the old smiled upon her, and the poor blessed her, as they named her the fair English maiden of the open heart. To Frederic Clare she was a study and a marvel, it was strange to him that the world had not destroyed the child-like innocence and purity of her character. He did not know how carefully the father and aunt had guarded against such a consequence—Leora had not been allowed to mingle indiscriminately in gay society, encountering the "painted sepulchres" in woman's form, that tarnish and destroy the fair structure of social intercourse. Her associations were limited, and in her own choice of intimate companions, principles had been her guide.

"I have found one, like unto my mother, when I had given up the task as hopeless!" was the inward thought of Clare; and his heart reproached him that he had ever dared to doubt Leora. In the world deceit had encountered him at every step—the bright and beautiful, the proud, the high born, the cringing and the base, had all alike deceived; the world had taught him to doubt, but not to disbelieve in virtue; knowledge of his mother saved him from that last and fatal error.

Pass three months; the time spent in Florence. The health of Mrs. Castlemore was entirely re-established, and Louis Everard was almost hourly expected from England. He had communicated to his family, without comment, the result of the election—"Morton Clare was the successful candidate"—all the fiery passions of his nature had been roused into action during that fierce contest; he would have given life itself for victory—terrible and overwhelming was the disappointment, his spirit was for a season crushed beneath the stroke. The evening before he arrived in Florence, Frederic Clare and Leora were alone together, they were sitting upon a balcony running along the second story, in front of the mansion; the moon rode pale, and clear, and high, beyond them, like some vestal queen, surrounded by her myriad worshippers, the stars. A change had come o'er the maiden—a deeper tenderness was in the large, dark, shining eyes,—a softer, more subdued, yet happier glance; and over Clare there had passed a change also; long and tenderly his eye rested upon Leora, and there was mingled in its glad expression, trust and confidence—he was loved at last! How often had he dreamed of some such hour as this, and in waking moments stifled the hope as vain and improbable! Yet was she his, in her youth and rare loveliness; in her innocence and truth; he had read her mind as that of a child, ere it has learned the meaning of disguise, and the heart of Frederic Clare was at rest. Of many things they spoke, as they sat there together, and often of the absent Everard: it is true, there were moments when misgivings of evil came over the mind of Clare—a father's interference and opposition; but these were faint and soon banished; he would not believe that Everard could destroy the happiness of his only child; and he turned from these thoughts to other and brighter ones.

"Leora! what a night is this—so calm, and still, and beautiful. Does it not almost tempt you to wish our abiding place were here for ever?"

"No!" said the maiden, and she smiled, "not all the splendour of Italia's sky can bring forgetfulness of England—my English home! Oh! do you not remember it? The stately trees, older by years and years than I am—the park stretching away in the far distance, and the little stream, that, like a thread of silver, wound its way among the tiny flowers, and graceful shrubbery—these, these things are all before me now, and if the golden sunsets of this bright land, linger not upon them, they are encircled by old familiar memories, and they will twine around my heart for ever."

"Right! my own Leora!" was the answer, "love of country, and of home, is a bright image in the heart of woman, and she should ever guard and cherish it! But they say, Leora, in story and in song, that love is stronger, and more passionate, beneath the blue sky of Italy, than in our cold northern isle; shall we not linger here, that ours may continue unto the end, the same that it is now?" Then there was a pause for a moment, and by the pale moonlight, Clare saw the colour deepen upon Leora's face, as she answered:

"Do you fear change for yourself or me?"

"For neither—I have doubted thy sex, Leora, but never thee, thou art noble in character, pure and upright, yet full of all gentle and womanly feelings; and thou art like unto one that I honour and love next to thee—my mother! Bless thee, my own Leora, that you have consented to become her child; many sorrows she has had through a long life, and affection such as you could feel towards her, would compensate for much trial."

Tears gathered in the eyes of the warm-hearted girl, as she exclaimed in a low, yet earnest tone:—"Your mother! Oh, Frederic, shall I ever be so blessed as to win her love? what would I *not* do to deserve it!"

And words he answered such as lovers are wont to say, when the heart is full to o'erflowing of gentle and kindly feelings. But the night waned, and they parted; with no shadow upon their happiness—no presentiment of coming evil—but with trust in each other, and confidence and hope for the time to come. Blessed be Heaven that it is so! that the dim uncertain future is shaded by the curtain of everlasting silence; when it is withdrawn, and slowly as we can bear, come sorrow and sore anguish, the spirit is enabled to bear, *for it knoweth not the worst.*

The morrow came, and Louis Everard returned, the gloom that hung over his spirit vanished in the presence of his darling child.

"My daughter," he said, in fondness and pride; as he drew her towards him, and kissed her soft cheek, "the same Leora that I parted from; the world hath not changed thee, love, that happy face is beaming as of old, with innocence and truth," and once again Everard clasped her to his bosom; his haughty spirit was moved with a warm and yearning tenderness, which had almost shown in tears, but that his strong self-controul rarely permitted emotion of any kind to manifest itself.

The evening of that day came soon; Everard and his child were alone together; many questions of home and England had been asked and answered; then Everard bade her sit down beside him, and give some account of their manner of passing the time, and of events as they occurred during his absence. With a light and

happy heart, Leora complied; almost from the commencement of their travelling her story ran, and the father listened in delightful attention, to a tale of humour and of pathos, as her memory served her. But as she proceeded, came mention of Frederic Clare, frequent and earnest mention; his name mingled in all accounts of their daily visitings, or their rambles abroad, anecdotes of him seemed to multiply without end; and into Everard's mind there crept a fearful and agonizing suspicion of the truth.

"Leora," he said at length, and she almost started from her seat, at the stern low tones that fell upon her ear; he laid his hand upon her arm, and looking into her face, went on: "Leora, from the time of early youth, unto that of womanhood, you have never told me a falsehood—be true to me now!—Do you love this Clare?"

"Oh, father! father!" she cried, trembling with terror and distress, "do not look upon me thus, and I will tell you all—you were to have known it by to-morrow—look kindly on me, father, I cannot tell you when my heart is sinking from your anger;" and she wept bitterly as she bent down her head upon his arm. Everard raised it up, and he spoke more gently, though his voice was compressed and stern.

"You are but a child, Leora, and if the future be as I wish, I may pardon the past. And now, without prevarication, tell me of this folly."

The colour rose high in the cheek of the maiden, as she answered almost proudly.

"Prevarication is for the guilty, not for those who have innocently offended. I have done no wrong, dear father, that I should be ashamed to look you in the face, and relate the whole story of the past," and then she detailed every circumstance connected with her intimacy with Frederic Clare.

(To be continued.)

SCRAPS FROM MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.

NIGHT WATCHING

And yet, to the old man's vision, Nell was the same. When he could for a moment disengage his mind from the phantom that haunted and brooded on it always, there was his young companion with the same smile for him, the same earnest words, the same merry laugh, the same love and care, that, sinking deep into his soul, seemed to have been present to him through his whole life. And so he went on, content to read the book of her heart from the page first presented to him, little dreaming of the story that lay hidden in its other leaves, and murmuring within himself that at least the child was happy.

She had been once. She had gone singing through the dim rooms and moving with gay and lightsome step among their dusty treasures, making them older by her young life, and sterner and and more grim by gay and cheerful presence. But now the chambers were cold and gloomy, and when she left her own little room to while away the tedious hours, and sat in one of them, she was still and motionless as their inanimate occupants, and had no heart to startle the echoes—hoarse from their long silence—with her voice.

In one of these rooms was a window looking into the street, where the child sat, many and many a long evening, and often far into the night, alone and thoughtful. None are so anxious as those who watch and wait, and at these times, mournful fancies came flocking on her mind, in crowds.

She would take her station here at dusk, and watch the people as they passed up and down the street, or appeared at the windows of the opposite houses, wondering whether those rooms were as lonesome as that in which she sat, and whether those people felt it company to see her sitting there, as she did only to see them look out and draw in their heads again. There was a crooked stack of chimneys on one of the roofs, in which by often looking at them she had fancied ugly faces that were frowning over at her and trying to peer into the room, and she felt glad when it grew too dark to make them out, though she was sorry too, when the man came to light the lamps in the street, for it made it late, and very dull inside. Then she would draw in her head to look round the room and see that every thing was in its place and had'nt moved; and looking out into the street again, would perhaps see a man passing with a coffin on his back, and two or three others silently following him to a house where somebody lay dead, which made her shudder and think of such things until they suggested afresh the old man's altered face and manner, and a new train of fears and speculations. If he were to die—if sudden illness had happened to him, and he were never to come home again, alive—if, one night, he should come home, and kiss and bless her as usual, and after she had gone to bed and had fallen asleep and was perhaps dreaming pleasantly, and smiling in her sleep, he should kill himself and his blood come creeping, creeping, on the ground to her own bed-room door. —These thoughts were too terrible to dwell upon, and again she would have recourse to the street, now trodden by fewer feet and darker and more silent than before. The shops were closing fast, and lights began to shine from the upper windows, as the neighbours went to bed. By degrees these dwindled away and disappeared, or were replaced here and there by a feeble rush-candle which was to burn all night. Still there was one late shop at no great distance which sent forth a ruddy glare upon the pavement even yet, and looked bright and companionable. But in a little time this closed, the light was extinguished, and all was gloomy and quiet, except when some stray footsteps sound on the pavement, or a neighbour, out later than his wont, knocked lustily at his house-door to rouse the sleeping inmates.

When the night had worn away thus far (and seldom now until it had) the child would close the window, and steal softly down stairs, thinking as she went that if one of those hideous faces below, which often mingled with her dreams, were to meet her by the way, rendering itself visible by some strange light of its own, how terrified she would be. But these fears vanished before a well-trimmed lamp and the familiar aspect of her own room. After praying fervently and with many bursting tears for the old man, and the restoration of his peace of mind and the happiness they had once enjoyed, she would lay her head upon her pillow and sob herself to sleep, often starting up again, before the day-light came, to listen for the bell, and respond to the imaginary summons which had roused her from her slumber.

CHILDHOOD'S VISIONS OF POVERTY.

"What if we are," said the child boldly, "Let us be beggars, and be happy."

"Beggars—and happy!" said the old man. "Poor child."

"Dear grandfather," cried the girl with an energy which shown in her flushed face, trembling voice, and impassioned gesture, "I am not a child in that I think, but even if I am, oh hear me pray that we may beg, or work in open roads or fields, to earn a scanty living, rather than live as we do now."

"Nelly!" said the old man.

"Yes, yes, rather than live as we do now," the child repeated, more earnestly than before. "If you are sorrowful, let me know why and be sorrowful to; if you waste away and are paler and weaker every day, let me be you nurse and try to comfort you. If you are poor, let us be poor together, but let me be with you, do let me be with you, do not let me see such changes and not know why, or I shall break my heart and die. Dear grandfather, let us leave this sad place to-morrow, and beg our way from door to door."

The old man covered his face with his hands, and hid it in the pillow of the couch on which lay.

"Let us be beggars," said the child passing an arm round his neck, "I have no fear but we shall have enough, I am sure we shall. Let us walk through country places, and sleep in fields and under trees, and never think of money again, or any thing that can make you sad, but rest at nights, and have the sun and wind upon our faces in the day, and thank God together. Let us never set foot in dark rooms or melancholy houses any more, but wander up and down wherever we like to go, and when you are tired, you shall stop to rest in the pleasantest place that we can find, and I will go and beg for both."

The child's voice was lost in sobs as she dropped upon the old man's neck; nor did she weep alone.

POOR KIT.

Without relaxing his pace or stopping to take breath, this mysterious individual dashed on through a great many alleys and narrow ways until he at length arrived in a square paved court, when he subsided into a walk, and making for a small house from the window of which a light was shining, lifted the latch of the door and passed in.

"Bless us!" cried a woman turning sharply round, "who's that? oh! It's you Kit!"

"Yes, mother, it's me."

"Why, how tired you look, my dear!"

"Old master an't gone out to-night," said Kit; "and so she hasn't been at the window at all." With which words, he sat down by the fire and looked very mournful and discontented.

The room in which Kit sat himself down in this condition was an extremely poor and homely place, but with that air of comfort about it, nevertheless, which—or the spot must be a wretched one indeed—cleanliness and order can always impart in some degree. Late as the Dutch clock showed it to be, the poor woman was still hard at work at an ironing-table; a young child lay sleeping in a cradle near the fire; and another, a sturdy boy of two or three years old, very wide awake, with a very tight night-cap on his head, and a night-gown very much too small for him on his body, was sitting bolt upright in a clothes-basket, staring over the rim with his great round eyes, and looking as if he had thoroughly made up his mind never to go to sleep any more; which, as he had already declined to take his natural rest, and had been brought out of bed in consequence, opened a cheerful prospect for his relations and friends. It was rather a queer-looking family; Kit, his mother, and the children, being all strongly alike.

Kit was disposed to be out of temper, as the best of us are too often—but he looked at the youngest child who was sleeping soundly, and from him to his other brother in the clothes-basket, and from him to their mother, who had been at work without complaint since morning, and thought it would be a better and kinder thing to be good-humoured. So he rocked the cradle with his foot, made a face at the rebel in the clothes-basket, which put him in high good-humour directly, and stoutly determined to be talkative and make himself agreeable.

"Ah mother!" said Kit, taking out his clasp knife and falling upon a great piece of bread and meat which she had had ready for him, hours before, "what a one you are! There an't many such as you, *I* know."

"I hope there are many a great deal better, Kit," said Mrs. Nubbles; "and that there are, or ought to be, accordin' to what the parson at chapel says."

"Much *he* knows about it," returned Kit contemptuously. "Wait till he's a widder, and works like you do, and gets as little, and does as much, and keeps his spirits up the same, and then I'll ask him what's o'clock and trust him for being right to half a second."

"Well," said Mrs. Nubbles, evading the point, "your beer's down there by the fender, Kit."

"I see," replied her son, taking up the porter pot, "my love to you mother. And the parson's health too if you like. I don't bear him any malice, not I!"

"Did you tell me just now that your master hadn't gone out to-night?" inquired Mrs. Nubbles.

"Yes," said Kit, "worse luck."

"You should say better luck, I think," returned his mother, "because Miss Nelly won't have been left alone."

"Ah!" said Kit, "I forgot that. I said worse luck, because I've been watching ever since eight o'clock, and seen nothing of her."

"I wonder what she'd say," cried his mother, stopping in her work and looking round, "if she knew that every night, when she—poor thing—is sitting alone at that window, you are watching in the open street for fear any harm should come to her, and that you never leave the place or come home to your bed, though you're ever so tired, till such time as you think she's safe in hers."

"Never mind what she'd say," replied Kit, with something like a blush on his uncouth face; "she'll never know nothing, and consequently, she'll never say nothing."

Mrs. Nubbles ironed away in silence for a minute or two, and coming to the fireplace for another iron, glanced stealthily at Kit while she rubbed it on a board, and dusted it with a duster, but said nothing until she had returned to her table again, when holding the iron at an alarmingly short distance from her cheek, to test its temperature, and looking round with a smile, she observed:

"I know what some people would say, Kit—"

"Nonsense," interposed Kit, with a perfect apprehension of what was to follow.

"No, but they would indeed. Some people would say that you'd fallen in love with her, I know they would."

To this, Kit only replied by bashfully bidding his mother "get out," and forming sundry strange figures with his legs and arms, accompanied by sympathetic contortions of his face. Not deriving from these means the relief which he sought, he bit off an immense mouthful from the bread and meat, and took a quick drink of the porter, by which artificial aids he choked himself and effected a diversion of the subject.

"Speaking seriously though, Kit," said his mother, taking up the theme afresh, after a time, "for of course I was only in a joke just now, it's very good and thoughtful, and like you, to do this, and never let anybody know it, though some day I hope she may come to know it, for I'm sure she would be very grateful to you and feel it very much. It's a cruel thing to keep the dear child shut up there. I don't wonder that the old gentleman wants to keep it from you."

"He don't think it's cruel, bless you," said Kit, "and don't mean it to be so, or he wouldn't do it—I do consider, mother, that he wouldn't do it for all the gold and silver in the world. No no, that he wouldn't. I know him better than that."

"Then what does he do it for, and why does he keep it so close from you?" said Mrs. Nubbles.

"That I don't know," returned her son. "If he hadn't tried to keep it so close though, I should never have found it out, for it was his getting me away at night and sending me off so much earlier than he used to, that first made me curious to know what was going on. Hark! what's that?"

"It's only somebody outside."

"It's somebody crossing over here"—said Kit, standing up to listen, "and coming very fast too. He can't have gone out after I left, and the house caught fire, mother!"

The boy stood for a moment, really bereft, by the apprehension he had conjured up, of the power to move. The footsteps drew nearer, the door was opened with a hasty hand, and the child herself, pale and breathless, and hastily wrapped in a few disordered garments, hurried into the room.

"Miss Nelly! What is the matter!" cried mother and son together.

"I must not stay a moment," she returned, "grandfather has been taken very ill. I found him in a fit upon the floor—"

"I'll run for a doctor"—said Kit, seizing his brimless hat. "I'll be there directly, I'll—"

"No, no," cried Nell, "there is one there, you're not wanted, you—you—must never come near us any more!"

"What!" roared Kit.

"Never again," said the child. "Don't ask me why, for I don't know. Pray don't ask me why, pray don't be sorry, pray don't be vexed with me, I have nothing to do with it indeed!"

Kit looked at her with his eyes stretched wide, and opened and

shut his mouth a great many times, but couldn't get out one word.

"He complains and raves of you," said the child; "I don't know what you have done, but I hope it's nothing very bad."

"*I* done!" roared Kit.

"He cries that you're the cause of all his misery," returned the child with tearful eyes; "he screamed and called for you, they say; you must not come near him or he will die. You must not return to us any more. I came to tell you. I thought it would be better that I should come than somebody quite strange. Oh, Kit, what *have* you done? you, in whom I trusted so much, and who were almost the only friend I had!"

The unfortunate Kit looked at his young mistress harder and harder, and with eyes growing wider and wider, but was perfectly motionless and silent.

"I have brought his money for the week," said the child, looking to the woman and laying it on the table—"and—and—a little more, for he was always good and kind to me. I hope he will be sorry and do well somewhere else, and not take this to heart too much. It grieves me very much to part with him like this, but there is no help. It must be done. Good night!"

With the tears streaming down her face, and her slight figure trembling with the agitation of the scene she had left, the shock she had received, the errand she had just discharged, and a thousand painful and affectionate feelings, the child hastened to the door, and disappeared as rapidly as she had come.

STORMING OF ST. SEBASTIAN.

The morning of the 31st broke heavily, a thick fog hid every object, and the besiegers' batteries could not open until eight o'clock. From that hour a constant shower of heavy missiles was poured upon the besieged until eleven, when Robinson's brigade, getting out through the trenches, passed through the openings in the sea-wall, and was launched bodily against the breaches. While the head of the column was still gathering on the strand, about thirty yards from the salient angle of the horn-work twelve men, commanded by a sergeant, whose heroic death has not sufficed to preserve his name, running violently forward, leaped upon the covered way, with intent to cut the sausage of the enemy's mines. The French, startled by the sudden assault, fired the train prematurely, and though the sergeant and his brave followers were all destroyed, and the high sea-wall was thrown with a dreadful crash upon the head of the advancing column, no more than forty men were crushed by the ruins, and the rush of the troops was scarcely checked. The forlorn hope had already passed beyond the play of the mine, and now speeded along the strand, amidst a shower of grape and shells, the leader, Lieutenant Macguire of the 4th regiment, conspicuous from his long white plume, his fine figure, and his swiftness, bounded far ahead of his men in all the pride of youthful strength and courage, but at the foot of the great breach he fell dead, and the stormers went sweeping like a dark surge over his body; many died, however, with him, and the trickling of wounded men to the rear was incessant.

This time there was a broad strand left by the retreating tide, and the sun had dried the rocks, yet they disturbed the order and closeness of the formation; the distance to the main breach was still nearly two hundred yards, and the French, seeing the first mass of assailants pass the horn-work regardless of its broken bastion, immediately abandoned the front, and crowding on the river face of that work, poured their musketry into the flank of the second column as it rushed along a few yards below them; but the soldiers still running forward towards the breach, returned this fire without slackening their speed. The batteries of the Monte Orgullo and the St. Elmo now sent their showers of shot and shells, the two pieces on the cavalier swept the face of the breach in the bastion of St. John, and the four-pounder in the horn-work being suddenly mounted on the broken bastion, poured grape-shot into their rear.

Thus scourged with fire from all sides, the stormers, their array broken alike by the shot and by the rocks they passed over, reached their destinations, and the head of the first column gained the top of the great breach; but the unexpected gulf below could only be passed at a few places where meagre parcels of the burned houses were still attached to the rampart, and the deadly clatter of the French musquets from the loop-holed wall beyond soon strewed the narrow crest of the ruins with dead. In vain the following multitude covered the ascent, seeking an entrance at every part; to advance was impossible, and the mass of assailants, slowly sinking downwards, remained stubborn and immoveable on the lower part of the breach. Here they were covered from the musketry in front, but from several isolated points, especially the tower of Las Hornos, under which the great mine was placed, the French still smote them with small arms, and the artillery from Monte Orgullo poured shells and grape without intermission.

Such was the state of affairs at the great breach, and at the half bastion of St. John it was even worse. The access to the top of the high curtain being quite practicable, the efforts to force a way were more persevering and constant, and the slaughter was in proportion; for the traverse on the flank, cutting it off from the cavalier, was defended by French grenadiers who would not yield; the two pieces on the cavalier itself swept along the front face of the opening, and the four-pounder and the musketry from the horn-work, swept in like manner along the river face. In the midst of this destruction some sappers and a working party attached to the assaulting columns endeavoured to form a lodgment, but no artificial materials had been provided, and most of the labourers were killed before they could raise the loose rocky fragments into a cover.

During this time the besiegers' artillery kept up a constant counter-fire which killed many of the French, and the reserve brigades of the fifth division were pushed on by degrees to feed the attack until the left wing of the ninth regiment only remained in the trenches. The volunteers also who had been with difficulty restrained in the trenches, "calling out to know why they had been brought there if they were not to lead the assault," these men, whose presence had given such offence to general Leith that he would have kept them altogether from the assault, being now let loose, went like a whirlwind to the breaches, and again the crowded masses swarmed up the face of the ruins, but reaching the crest line they came down like a falling wall; crowd after crowd were seen to mount, to totter, and to sink, the deadly French fire was unabated, the smoke floated away, and the crest of the breach bore no living man.

Sir Thomas Graham, standing on the nearest of the Chofre batteries, beheld this frightful destruction with a stern resolution to win at any cost; and he was a man to have put himself at the head of the last company, and died sword in hand upon the breach rather than sustain a second defeat, but neither his confidence nor his resources were yet exhausted. He directed an attempt to be made on the horn-work, and turned all the Chofre batteries and one on the Isthmus, that is to say, the concentrated fire of fifty heavy pieces upon the high curtain. The shot ranged over the heads of the troops who now were gathered at the foot of the breach, and the stream of missiles thus poured along the upper surface of the high curtain broke down the traverses, and in its fearful course shattering all things, strewed the rampart with the mangled limbs of the defenders. When this flight of bullets first swept over the heads of the soldiers a cry arose, from some inexperienced people, "to retire because the batteries were firing on the stormers;" but the veterans of the light division under Hunt being at that point, were not to be so disturbed, and in the very heat and fury of the cannonade effected a solid lodgment in some ruins of houses actually within the rampart on the right of the great beach.

For half an hour this horrid tempest smote upon the works and the houses behind, and then suddenly ceasing the small clatter of the French musquets shewed that the assailants were again in activity; and at the same time the thirteenth Portuguese regiment led by Major Snodgrass, and followed by a detachment of the twenty-fourth under Colonel Macbean, entered the river from the Chofres. The ford was deep, the water rose above the waist, and when the soldiers reached the middle of the stream which was two hundred yards wide, a heavy gun struck on the head of the column with a shower of grape; the havoc was fearful but the survivors closed and moved on. A second discharge from the same piece tore the ranks from front to rear, still the regiment moved on, and amidst a confused fire of musquetry from the ramparts, and of artillery from St. Elmo, from the castle, and from the Mirador, landed on the left bank and rushed against the third breach. Macbean's men, who had followed with equal bravery, then reinforced the great breach, about eighty yards to the left of the other, although the line of ruins seemed to extend the whole way. The fighting now became fierce and obstinate again at all the breaches but the French musquetry still rolled with deadly effect, the heaps of slain increased, and once more the great mass of stormers sunk to the foot of the ruins, unable to win; the living sheltered themselves as they could, but the dead and wounded lay so thickly that hardly could it be judged whether the hurt or unhurt were most numerous.

It was now evident that the assault must fail unless some accident intervened, for the tide was rising, the reserves all engaged and no greater effort could be expected from men whose courage had been already pushed to the verge of madness. In this crisis fortune interfered. A number of powder barrels, live shells, and combustible materials which the French had accumulated behind the traverses for their defence, caught fire, a bright consuming flame wrapped the whole of the high curtain, a succession of loud explosions were heard, hundreds of the French grenadiers were destroyed, the rest were thrown into confusion, and while the ramparts were still involved in suffocating eddies of smoke the British soldiers broke in at the first traverse. The defenders bewildered by this terrible disaster yielded for a moment, yet soon rallied, and a close desperate struggle took place along the summit of the high curtain, but the fury of the stormers, whose number increased every moment, could not be stemmed. The French colors on the cavalier were torn away by Lieutenant Gethin of the eleventh regiment. The horn-work and the land front below the curtain, and the loop-holed wall behind the great breach were all abandoned; the light division soldiers, who had already established themselves in the ruins on the French left, immediately penetrated to the streets, and at the same moment the Portuguese at the small breach, mixed with British who had wandered to that point seeking for an entrance, burst in on their side.

Five hours the dreadful battle had lasted at the walls, and now the stream of war went pouring into the town. The undaunted governor still disputed the victory for a short time with the aid of his barricades, but several hundreds of his men being cut off and taken in the horn-work, his garrison was so reduced that even to effect a retreat behind the line of defences which separated the town from the Monte Orgullo was difficult. Many of his troops flying from the horn-work along the harbor flank of the town broke through a body of the British who had reached through the vicinity of the fortified convent of Santa Teresa before them, and this post was the only one retained by the French in the town.

Three generals, Leith, Oswald, and Robinson, had been hurt in the trenches, Sir Richard Fletcher, the chief engineer, was killed, and colonel Burgoyne, the next in command of that arm, was wounded.

The carnage at the breaches was appaling. The volunteers, although brought late into the action, had nearly half their number struck down, most of the regiments of the fifth division suffered in the same proportion, and the whole loss since the renewal of the siege exceeded two thousand five hundred men and officers.—*Napier's History of the Peninsular War.*

AN ADVENTURE.

At the period when Murat was about to invade Sicily, the Chevalier R——, paymaster-general of the Neapolitan forces, was travelling through Calabria for the purpose of joining the army, having been to Naples to make arrangements for the transmission of a quantity of specie. He had sent on his servant before him, to prepare his quarters at the town of ——, expecting to arrive there himself at night-fall; but the day being very sultry, he had loitered on the road, and at nine o'clock in the evening, found he was still a considerable distance from the proposed end of his journey. He was so much harassed and fatigued, that he determined to put up for the night at the first convenient house. He at length entered an old romantic building on the road-side, inhabited by a man and his wife, the former a stout, muscular figure, with a swarthy countenance, almost wholly shrouded in a mask of bushy whiskers and mustachios. The traveller was received with civility, and after partaking of a hearty supper, was conducted up an old crazy staircase, to his apartment for the night. Not much fancying the appearance of the place, and finding no lock on the door, he fixed a chair against it; and, after priming his pistols, put them carefully under his pillow. He had not been long in bed when he heard a noise below, as of persons entering the house; and, some time afterwards, was alarmed by the sound of a man's footstep on the staircase. He then perceived a light through the crevice of the door, against which the man gently pressed for admittance, but finding some resistance, he thrust it open sufficiently to admit his hand, with extreme caution removed the chair, and entered the apartment. The chevalier then saw his host with a lamp in one hand and a huge knife in the other, approaching the bed on tiptoe. The chevalier cocked his pistols beneath the bed-clothes, that the noise of the spring might not be heard. When the man reached the side of the bed, he held the light to the chevalier's face, who pretended to be in a profound sleep, but contrived nevertheless, to steal an occasional glance at his fearful host.—The man soon turned from him, and after hanging the lamp on the bed-post, went to the other end of the room and brought to the bed-side a chair, on which he immediately mounted, with the tremendous knife still in his hand. At the very moment that the chevalier was about to start up from the bed and shoot him, the man in a hurried manner cut several enormous slices from a piece of bacon that was hanging over his bedstead, though it had been wholly unnoticed before by the agitated traveller. The host then passed the light before his eyes again, and left the room in the same cautious way in which he had entered it, and unconscious of the danger he had escaped, returned to a crowd of new and hungry guests below stairs, who were of course not very sorry to perceive that he had *saved his bacon*.

Lord Brougham, in his discourse on natural theology, says that 'Plato and other theists enumerate three kinds of blasphemy, all three of which are, in the republic of Plato, made equally punishable with death. The first species is denying the existence of a deity, or of Gods; the second, admitting their existence, but denying that they care for men; the third kind of blasphemy was of men attempting to propitiate the gods towards criminal conduct, as slaughters and outrage upon justice, by prayers, thanksgivings, and sacrifices; thus making those pure beings the accomplices of their crimes, by sharing with them a small portion of the spoil, as the wolves do with the dogs.'

Occupation is an infallible specific for many of the imaginary and real ills of life. In cases where the mind is sinking under the influence of its own weight, and the fancy is allowed to dwell uninterruptedly on the ideas of its own creation, until the individual believes himself to stand apart from all the world, the very personification of misery and human wretchedness, the physician can recommend no better remedy than constant and steady occupation for the mind and body. Burton concludes his able work on Melancholy with this valuable piece of advice:—"Be not solitary; be not idle." Dr. Reid recommended a patient, labouring under a great mental depression, to engage in the composition of a novel; which, during the time he was occupied in the task, effected much good. By interesting himself in the distresses of fictitious beings, he diverted his attention from sufferings which were no less the offspring of the imagination.

ORIGINAL.

CRITIQUES ON SHAKSPEARE'S DRAMAS.

(Continued from page 228.)

VII. MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

When we reflect upon the elements out of which this piece is composed, our state of mind is much the same, as when in some anatomical treatise we find magnesia, iron, chloris, oxygen and hydrogen, indicated as the components of that wonderful piece of workmanship the human frame. Our wonder is hardly greater that these rude minerals, these stinking gases, should in combination form man, than it is to see the events and personages of a remote antiquity, the characters and ideas of modern days, the fantastic beings of the imaginary world, smelted into one harmonious (homogeneous) whole. The elements seem as dissimilar, as incapable of producing the result, in the one case as in the other.

When the different parts of a piece are apparently in harmony, the critic may be allowed to exclaim if any one, upon minuter inspection, should be out of keeping. For instance, he would have reason to censure the introduction of "the national anthem" into a play whose epoch was that of Richard III. But where there is not even a pretension to such a harmony, censure must more properly be directed against the design than the execution. It may be allowable to impugn Shakspeare when he makes Troilus quote Aristotle, inasmuch as the piece wherein this happens has something like an air of regularity; but to attack the anachronisms of this one would be to censure, not scattered passages or separate characters, but the very essence and design. Its eccentricity is not the result of accident, but of calculation. It is not the imagination breaking loose from the reason, but the imagination secretly led and regulated by the reason. Still, were it possible to decompose these two elements, and to state the proportions in which they enter, the former would be found to predominate.

Philosophy made a great stride towards truth, when she banished such formulas and divisions as those which portioned off the mind into separate parts, and when in their place she adopted that view, that the faculties are but the same mind under different phases. Agreeably to this, we can now, without a paradox, look upon the imagination as but the reason subtilized, the reason, accompanied by emotion, under a state of excitement. Still if we understand the *thing*, there is no harm in employing the ancient modes of expression. And so employing them, we pronounce this piece to be the *achmé*, the master-piece of Shakspeare's fancy, as we regard Hamlet the chef d'œuvre of his matured reason. Theseus, with his Amazon spouse Hippolyta, and his title of duke--a title which, by the way, he bears in *Chaucer*, and in the tales of the middle age in which he figures, thrown into company with fairies and hobgoblins of a pure English breed, and rude artisans of the same nation, is certainly enough to frighten those puny literateurs who cannot go beyond the form, whose talk is of decency, convenance, and the laws of time and place.

This seems to be the fittest occasion to say a word as to Shakspeare's nature. In general his duties as a dramatic writer forbid his expatiating at length upon natural scenery, and therefore we are in most cases forced to collect our opinions of his talent in this way, from the short but brilliant passages besprinkled here and there throughout his dialogue. In this instance his duties were less rigorous, his character and action required little exposition, and he was at liberty to abandon himself, as he has done, to a style of poetry almost purely lyric, almost throughout picturesque. His nature resembles much more that of the older than the modern poets. His is not a vague and general picture of some of her larger aspects, brought in rather as accessories than for themselves, but a living reflection of her in a thousand of her lovely and most delicate phases--proving an ocular and familiar acquaintance with the objects he depicts, and a heart intoxicated with their charms. He does not speak of the breath of flowers, the warbling of birds, the murmuring of fountains---but he names his flowers, he shews you them tipped with dew, you hear his birds sing each after his kind, and his fountains murmur each after its manner. He is precise, without being tame---actual, but never prosaic. Virgil and Delille often remind you of a versified herbary, or a collection of dried plants and flowers; here, the veil of poetry, the gauze of the most painted style of diction, is cast over the processes of nature. His landscapes are quite as fresh and quite as natural as those of Chaucer, but, unlike his, they are never tame or long drawn out. Language fails us often, but never more than when we essay to define the charm which natural objects possess, when we see them decked in the naive and somewhat quaint style of our older poets. We know of no description, whether in Latin, Italian, or French, in which the language and the object appear to us in such exquisite harmony.* Our modern poets seem to us often to look at nature from a window, or to observe her in a hot-house; but there was a line of bards, beginning with Chaucer, and ending, we suspect, with Thomson, who, with less parade of words, but with more real tenderness, have described her as she is, proving that they had dwelt and lingered over and felt their inspiration in the scenes themselves. In this line Shakspeare, as in each one which he has attempted, holds the first place. Endeavours have been made to continue and improve upon their style. In our own days a groupe of little men have seated themselves among some of the fairest spots in our island, where they watch nature, if we are to believe their own accounts, with a most praiseworthy attentiveness, comparing and correcting their observations together. From time to time they send forth a statement of their operations to the public. But it has been affirmed, and we think with all justice, that that inspiration to which they pretend is forced, that they are minute philosophers and microscopic poets, who are altogether unworthy to tread in the footsteps of their forefathers.

There is a strong resemblance between the colouring of this piece and that of Milton's poetry; especially the lyric portions of it, which convince us that he must have drawn largely from his great forerunner.

We have here four groups of personages, which are sometimes separate, but more frequently in contact, interesting in both aspects, but most amusing when together, on account of the vivid contrasts which arise from their contact. Theseus and Hippolyta—the lovers—the craft's-men, and the supernatural personages. As in all his pieces, the action is abundant and even complicated, but without the slightest entanglement. The fairies greatly assist in carrying forward the plot, and all the while that they are performing this useful labour, enchant us by the graces of their motions, the philanthropy of their natures, and the charming spells, and incantations which they utter. After the intrigue is unravelled, and the fate of the principal characters decided, there is still a new call upon our interest in the masque performed by the amusing mechanics. This engrafting of a play upon a play, of which the present is not the only instance in his writings, reminds us of the somewhat similar practice of the old romancers, of inserting a story within the main one. There is this difference, however, that in the latter case the episode leads off the attention from that within which it is inserted.

(Here might be placed some remarks on the origin and nature of the ancient Masque, of which this piece is an example.)

It has many features in common with the *Tempest*, which we think it excels, in splendour of poetry at least. The *Tempest*, however, possesses one character, that of Calliban, to which this can present no equal. It is impossible to imagine more lively or more humourous contrasts than this exhibits. The graceful shapes of the fairy-world set in opposition with the grossest beings in this---Titania, and Bottom the Joiner. His fairy-world is composed out of the current of popular superstitions, brought into England by our Saxon ancestors. We enter into no comparison between these and the ancient mythology, but when we read the brilliant poetry of this piece we do not envy Homer or Virgil their Satyrs, their Fauns, their Naiads, or their Sylphs. These superstitions have, no doubt, undergone a very considerable transformation in his mind ere they could assume so vivid a form. He has done for them what Hesiod did for the ancient mythology. The dialogue never fetters him here; he interweaves upon it long descriptive passages, almost as if the poem were not of a dramatic character.

The structure of his verse is more regular than in almost any of his pieces--few careless lines—numbers of singular strength and melody. And yet the piece is not altogether fantasy. There are not a few passages containing the deepest meaning, and keen insight into the heart, which characterize his later works.

(We shall speak of his lower orders hereafter.)

The devices of the craftsmen, to fit up their play as well as many parts of the play itself, probably have a double design. They, no doubt, contain an indirect allusion to those *green-room scenes*, to which Shakspeare had been lately introduced, and whose absurdities he wished to ridicule. We see throughout his plays, passages that prove him desirous to give a higher character to the stage than it then possessed.

* See "Les enfans d'Edouard" of Casimir Delavigne.

For the Pearl.

SONG.

Away, away, where all is free,
Beneath the sky's blue dome—
Far o'er the deep dark-heaving sea
In gallant guise we roam.
The freshening gales swell out our sails,
And proudly on we steer,
To those fair isles where Nature smiles
Serenely all the year!

The boundless sea, the circling sky,
Are all we now can view,
Save yon bright orbs hung out on high
Amidst the ethereal blue;
Yet on our way through ocean's spray
In gallant guise we go,
To those fair isles where Nature's smiles
No dark'ning winter know!

J.

THE GREEN LANE.

MAY.

It is a fine glowing evening, towards the end of May; a fresh breeze is stirring among the tree tops; the throstle is perched upon some favourite spray, singing sweet hymns to the setting sun; and that magnificent luminary is sinking in the west, begirt with deep-dyed splendours, like the departing spirit of some great good man, that catches a glimpse of the other world as it takes its leave of this, and passes from earth encircled with the glory of opening heaven.

Leave we the dusty highway to dip into the freshness of this verdant lane!

Match me, ye climes which poets love to laud!
Climes of the beautiful! ye classic realms! Greece! Italy! match, if you can, the Green Lanes of Old England!

This singularly interesting feature of landscape scenery is peculiarly our own. It is essentially English. We cannot meet with it in any other country on earth. America may boast her sea-like rivers and lakes; her far-stretching prairies; her pathless and interminable forests: but where are her green lanes? In vain we seek them among the cornfields and vineyards of sunny France, leading from farm to farm, and from village to village—bowery, verdant, and refreshing. Switzerland, with her mighty hills and sweet valleys, cannot exhibit them. Nor shall we find them in the land of song—the classic land of Italy—the land of the fair—so renowned for the loveliness of her scenery. Good reason have we to pride ourselves on this bewitching feature of our landscape—the leafy, green, and cotted lane—which has given birth to some of the sweetest pictures our painters have produced, and some of the most exquisite descriptive passages to be met with in the writings of our authors. To poets, and such-like lovers of nature, the lane has ever possessed an indescribable charm. They have delighted to pursue the pleasant windings of its rutted road, beneath green hedgerows and embowering trees; by cot, and farm, and village; by mossy well and tinkling streamlet; schooling their minds amid its quiet and seclusion, and feasting on the many beauties that adorn their path.

Here is a sonnet from the pen of William Howitt. *He*, it seems, loves a ramble through the rural lane. Listen to what he sweetly says:

When I go musing, in this happy time—
The opening of a late, but shining May—
Through winding lanes, which over me display
High banks, with the wood-sorrel's flowers in prime,
And rich luxuriant herbage, with the rime
Of night-dews slightly silver'd; when the gay,
Light, young-leaf'd branches all around me sway;
And when I hear the old familiar chime
Of chaffinch and wood-creeper, and that voice
Of summer nights, the cowering corn-crake's call;
I can no more keep down the sudden leap
Of my touched heart, thus bidden to rejoice,
Than I could charm back nature into sleep,
And chill her bosom with a wintry pall.

Beautiful! Long, long may he continue to perambulate our green lanes, and cogitate those charming works which have yielded us so much delight!

Hear also the Bard of the Sofa—Cowper; these same lanes had a fascination for him. He says:

For I have *loved the rural walk through lanes*
Of grassy sward, close cropp'd by nibbling sheep,
And skirted thick with intertexture firm
Of thorny boughs.

And Leigh Hunt, in an elegant Sonnet to Hampstead, written while in prison, beautifully sings:

Sweet upland! to whose walks, with fond repair,
Out of thy western slope I took my rise,
Day after day, and on these feverish eyes
Met the moist fingers of the bathing air—
If health, unearned of thee, I may not share,
Keep it, I pray thee, where my memory lies,
In thy *green lanes*, brown dells, and breezy skies,
Till I return and find thee doubly fair.

And what says the contemplative Wordsworth on this subject? the "Prince of the bards of his time!" Have the green lanes of his native country no charm for him! Has the pen of Wordsworth recorded no love for the many beauties with which they abound! Listen! Speaking of himself in "The Excursion," he says:

I, whose *favourite school*
Hath been the fields, the roads, and *rural lanes!*

So they have been his favourite school! and the heart of every man of warm poetic temperament, young or old, must have a liking for the beautiful scenery of the English lane.

Reader! here, then, is one of those same lanes, sequestered and still, pleasantly winding among the farms and fields. Let us plunge into its shadiness, and pursue its sinuosities by the side of this tinkling runlet, and beneath the o'erarching green of these trees. How cool, how refreshing after that hot walk along the straight and dusty highway! And what a stillness! No sound reaches us from the throng of rattling vehicles we have left behind. We are, as it were, out of the world, amid the profound quiet of the cloister-shade. Here might the meditative man muse undisturbed, and the poet "revolve his orbed thoughts," without interruption or annoyance. How delightful the young breeze that flutters among these branches, and keeps its original coolness in this leafy prison! How lovingly it greets our cheek! How softly it kisses the clustering blossoms of the snowy stitchwort on that grassy bank! How gently it stirs the sunlit foliage of these embowering trees! Let us inhale this delicious puff of fragrance from the hawthorn bloom! On either side, the hedges are covered with its odorous flowers. The air is laden heavily with its sweets. As some one says:

The breeze doth rob the odorous hawthorn bush,
Nor cares to keep it secret; for the deed
To all is blazoned by the plunder shed.

See how those large bunches of blossom whiten in the shade of yon oak! Let us draw near and observe their beauty. What a profusion of flowers! How thickly the slight branches are covered with them! How fair they are! How delicate in colour, yet, at the same time, how unpretending! with something of a *rusticity* in their appearance, yet with how fragrant a breath! And what a busy buzzing crowd of bees are fluttering in them! Keats has charmingly sung of

A bush of May-flowers, with the bees about them.

Soft!—'tis the lowing of a cow. And there she is—beautiful creature!—straying from her pasture, and cropping the daisied greensward of the lane. Here over the hedge, is her fellow. Knee deep she stands in rich verdure and golden buttercups, lifting her amiable face as we approach, and

> Looking up aslant,
> With sleepy eyes, and meek mouth ruminant.

How happy she seems! How much she enjoys the bounty of nature! How contented she appears with her lot! No aspirations, no ambition, to be other than she is! Paul Potter, at his best, skilful though he was, would have failed in delineating her beauty. He could never have produced her like. What a rich purple gleam of hyacinth is on this old bank! What an affluence of vegetation, fresh and green! The tiny runlet glides a long unheard, buried in the emerald depths of grasses and feathery fern. A fine study this for the landscape painter; a sweet corner for his picture.

Stand we a moment in the gloom of this old magnificent oak, stretching its arms over our heads as if to bless us.

Such tents the patriarchs loved.

Mossy is its trunk, and encinctured with a twine of ivy to its central branches. The small birds love to nestle therein, and sport among the glossy leaves. Look up! How green the twilight imprisoned there! How intricate and involved the timber! What an exuberance of foliage! What ruddy scatterings of apple-fruit here and there, peeping through the green! What a delightful choir for the heart-stirring songsters of May! Sweet it were to rest here at early dawn, couched in the solemn shade, on the soft moss, breathing the hawthorn-scented gale, and listening with enraptured ear

> To every lay
> Which comes down from the green boughs, yet away
> Startles no stillness.

JUNE.

Or, suppose it to be an evening closing "the leafy month of June," or at the beginning of July, on which we take our stroll through the verdant lane. The hedgerows are then dressed in their loveliest attire, and are truly delightful to look on, covered with a profusion of gay flowers: the pink and white clusters of the wild rose; the purple blossoms of the night-shade and vetch; the large creamy bunches of elder-bloom; the snowy hemlock; campion stars, crimson and white; the cerulean flowers of the speedwell; and the odorous honeysuckle, gadding from bush to bush; these are radiantly conspicuous, amid a host of minor beauties, charming the heart of every beholder, from the little child, burthened with a posy as big as himself, and the love-sick youth, who culls a nosegay for his mistress fair, to the hoary old man, leaning on his staff, who has crawled forth into the green lane while it is yet day, to feel, upon his withered cheek, the freshness of the summer breeze; to bask in the rays of the declining sun; to rejoice—though he himself is fast sinking into the tomb—in all the life, and loveliness, and joy that are around him; to catch a backward glimpse of the bright days of his youthful years, when the flowers which grace his path, though still a pleasure to behold, possessed, to his young fancy, a charm and a fascination, a richness and intensity of beauty, of which they seem now bereft; and

> Though nothing can bring back the hour
> Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;

though the halo which has passed away from the earth can never again be restored to his vision, yet he is cheerful amid the bloomy affluence, the deep luxuriant vegetation, that encircle him on every side; cheerful in the bounty and beneficence of that great good Being whom he worships night and morn—whose hand, with lavish prodigality, has strewn his path with nature's beauties, and encompassed him with the promise of good to come; cheerful, perhaps, in the recollection of a life well spent, in the memory of virtuous deeds and endearing charities; cheerful in the prospect of a bright future, in a world where life knows no change of season, where summer's sun sets not, nor declines from its meridian splendour, and where the beautiful flowers of summers know not what it is to fade.

Reader! this is indeed a pleasant path. We will stroll gently along, and keep an observant eye upon every object of interest we meet with, for a store of delight is in the perspective, a golden harvest awaits the gathering.

A WELL.

Step aside! what have we here, in this leafy nook? To what "secret" of the lanes will this small footpath through the greensward, hollow and worn, introduce us? How umbrageous a corner! how cool! The taper leaves of this knot of willows quiver in the breeze, and the woodbine trails its sweet flowers over the aged thorn. What a multitude of roses! what a profusion of gay foxgloves! And see how this green nook teems with the delicate harebell, and the glowing stars of the red campion! Here is a corner for ferns; and the broad magnificent leaves of burdock! and this bushy canopy of hawthorn, willow, and umbrageous elm, overshadows a well. Yes, 'tis a well, mossy; but not deep—

> Whose patient level peeps its crystal eye
> Right upward, through the bushes, to the sky.

Look down! how green! how cool! how delicious would be a long draught of its clear water! And how beautiful is the bit of heaven reflected in its "crystal eye," that tiny cloudet sailing across the blue!

In the eastern world, from the remotest period, a well of sweet waters has been held as an inestimable treasure, of far greater value than heaps of silver or precious stones; and the individual who digged a well, was considered worthy to be holden in lasting remembrance, as having conferred a benefit on his species. In the Old Testament times, the digging of a well was looked upon as a matter of sufficient moment to be recorded in history.

In this saucy little island of Britain, where the earth is so prolific of its springs of sweet water, a well, and the digging of a well, are matters of far less consequence than they have at any time been in the east. No one signalizes himself here by boring a few yards into the earth in search of water. Alas for the *fame* of the deed! well-digging has become an everyday *trade*, and the persons who make it their constant occupation are very commonplace people indeed. But even in this our country, a well of pure water is a treasure. In some parts, a single well supplies the needs of an entire village. And, in strolling through the green lanes and rural roads of Old England, whenever we meet with a well by the wayside, we invariably find near it or at no great distance, a hamlet or cluster of cottages, sending up its blue smoke quietly from among the trees, and enriching the landscape with its beauty. Children are fond of playing about a well, greatly to the terror of their watchful mothers; dabbling in the spilt water that, around its edge, lies sometimes in little pools; swinging on the windlass; or making mud of the crystal spring with pebbles: and many a charming group have we seen thus employed, which the pencil of a Gainsborough would have made immortal. To us, a well is at all times, in itself, a pleasure to behold; and we love, in our summer-eve ramblings through the verdant lanes, *dearly* love to stumble upon one, nooked in some leafy, lush recess, fern-fringed, and mossy to the bottom, whose clear and bubbling waters tempt us to uncoil the rusty chain, and fetch up a bumper cool as the polar ice, and grateful as cool. We have said, it is a certain indication of the near proximity of those picturesque abodes—those snug, suckle-wreathed, rose-embowered, romantic dwellings, for which "Merre England" has long been famed—the cottage homes of her peasantry. And here, turning this crook of the lane in which we are wandering, and passing through the shade of this brotherhood of trees matted over our heads, we come somewhat abruptly, on a cluster of sweet cots, standing, in social fellowship, side by side.

COTTAGE HOMES.

Oh, ye charming habitations, that seem the favorite abodes of peace and happiness! long, long may ye be at a distance from the great and noisy world—

The crowd, the hum, the shock of men!

Long may the cares, and troubles, the vices and follies, the heartlessness and hollow deceit of the world, be unknown in your embowered walls, beneath your mossy and tree-sheltered roofs! May the toiling slaves of commerce, the thunder of forge and loom, never scare away that healthy quiet which abides with you in this verdant and sequestered locality! May the gale of heaven, now bearing on its wings the sweet spoil of your garden-plots, the fragrance of the new-mown hay, the delicious odours of the bean and clover blossom, never be contaminated with any of the noisome smokes and smells of crowded cities, stretching in foul overgrowth across the face of the land, and converting the daisied meadow into a wretched court, the green lane into a close and squalid alley, the rustic dwelling of the peasant into a workshop for the mechanic; but (as Goldsmith beautifully says) may every breeze breathe health, and every sound be but the echo of tranquillity! O peace! that preferest the humble habitation of the cottager to the mansion of the rich and great, forsake not these quiet abodes! Let them ever be sacred to thee, and to the joys which are thine offspring! Preserve them in the entirety of their loveliness; protect them from desecration; and may the charm that now hangs around them in their beauty, abide with them for ever!

> Mine be a cot beside a hill;
> A bee-hive's hum shall soothe mine ear;
> A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
> With many a fall shall linger near!

Let us sit upon this rude stile, in the shade of this fine umbrageous sycamore, and contemplate, for a few moments, the charms of the cottage group before us. How sweetly the evening sun looks upon them in their beauty, shedding his golden light upon thatch and wall, and streaming through the flower-fringed lattice, with a blaze and brilliancy like to a conflagration! How lovely the cluster of lilacs nodding over that mossy roof! And those branching oaks, still higher, beside which the thin blue smoke curls slowly and gracefully to the bluer sky! How charming the old elder, by yon cottage paling, bedight with creamy bunches of blossom—the promise of a delicious cordial for winter nights! By the by, the picture of an English cot would be incomplete without this appendage: it cannot dispense with the elder tree, growing by the little wicket, or nooked in a corner of the garden. The characteristic must not be overlooked. And see, around that humble door, the bowery screen of thick nasturtium, with its vivid-green leaves, round and smooth, and flamy orange-colored blossoms! How very beautiful the crowd of roses blushing on yonder white-washed wall, and soaring to the roof! They bring to recollection the words of Coleridge—

> ——Our tallest rose
> Peep'd at the chamber window.

Brightly that little casement looks out from the coil of woodbine with which it is enwreathed, like a joyous and glittering eye!—How snug is you cottage porch, with its leafy walls, and one rude seat! How sweet a place to sit in, after the toils of the day; breathing the freshness of heaven's pure breezes; listening to the loud-voiced thrush—the fall of distant waters—the ringing voices of playful children; inhaling the fragrance of flowers—the breath of new-mown hay; gazing on the blue sky's witchery—the grandeur of the stately cloud—the magnificent sunset—the gentle rising of the silver moon—the first faint appearance of the stars; soothed by the soft hush of evening, and partaking largely of that peace which lies around!

COTTAGE GARDENS.

Step nearer, and let us peep over those palings into the little garden-plot so redolent of sweet odours. See! in yonder corner, the cottager is at work, turning up the soil. Hark to the tinkle of his spade as its hits against the pebbles! and with what a ring the light dry earth leaves it, as he labours with might and main to accomplish his bit of digging before nightfall! How he nerves himself to the task! No shuffling—no straight backs! He has evidently made up his mind what to do, and to do it quickly; and it is fine to behold the activity of his brawny arms, and the play of his lusty sinews.

How neat the flower-border round the cottage wall, edged with daisies! The good man prides himself in keeping it orderly and trim. There you perceive a knot or two of choice pinks; bunches of sweetwilliams, in rich varieties; lupines; the elegant larkspur; candytuft; crowds of glowing poppies; and the Frenchman's darling—fragrant mignionette. Here is the flaming orange-lily, in all its glory; the double marygold; the clustering pansy, "rich and rare;" nasturtium, with its host of blooms; and the queen of flowers, the rose. Beside the window towers the lofty hollyhock; and sweet-pees conspire to keep the open lattice in leafy bondage.

Under the hawthorn, on the bank by the wicket, Tabby, the cottage cat, has couched herself in the sun, keenly alive to every motion in the long grass and leaves around her; whilst the restless magpie, in the wicker cage that hangs beside the door, looks cunningly about him, and chatters, voluble and loud.

COTTAGE CHILDREN.

Stroll we on a few paces to where the children are at play in the lane.

Bless them! We love to hear their sweet voices ringing cheerily and clear under the open sky. We love those noisy games of which they are so fond—the mirth that startles Echo from her sleep—

And shows the native gladness of their hearts.

Here they are, bareheaded, and some of them barefooted, but health blooming upon their cheeks, and rapture sparkling in their eyes. Look at the little party gambolling on the greensward.—Over they go—heels over head! What care they for the hard knocks they get in falling! And how delighted they are—what a shout of merriment is set up—when one of their number rolls into the ditch!—Happy children, tumble on!—gambol whilst ye may!—the days are coming when you must *toil* for the poor pittance that buys you daily bread; when the cares of life will weigh heavy on your hearts, *now* so bounding and so elated! Enjoy the blissful present, then, as much as you can—there is no time to be lost. Over again!

See that young urchin, with red cheeks and flaxen curls, paddling in the runnel that bustles along under yon hedge-side! How he loves to feel the cool water dance over his toes! How eagerly he pounces upon the minnow that darts from beneath the mossy stone before him, or comes flitting down the stream! How he flogs the tall weeds with his stick; and delights in making a puddle of the crystal brooklet!—*Paul Palette.*

Revolutionary Anecdote.—Mr. B., a merchant of Providence, R. I. was owner of a most fortunate Privateer, which sailed out of the port of Providence. On one occasion, when she had just unshipped a cargo of sugar, &c. taken from a very rich prize, in rolling it into the yard, one of the hogsheads stove, and a quantity of sugar fell out. A poor woman in the neighbourhood seeing the disaster, run and filled her apron. Mr. B. from the loft of his store called out, 'What are you doing there?' The poor woman looking up answered, 'Privateering, sir.' The retort was so forcible, that the merchant immediately made her a present of the entire hogshead.

Faults of Teachers.—Teachers are too apt to lay down great principles, and lose sight of small matters: like the polar star, which guides a man on a journey round the world, but not in his daily walks.

When we are alone, we have our thoughts to watch—in our families, our tempers, and in society, our tongue.

SABBATH RECOLLECTIONS.

BY JAS. T. FIELDS.

That grassy lane! how oft 'twill rise
In memory bright before mine eyes;
In dreams I sometimes see the spot;
In busy life 'tis ne'er forgot;
Across my path a ray it flings,
And fills my soul with better things.

My thoughts are of a school-house there,
Of morning hymns, and evening prayer,
Of cheerful looks and voices kind,
Of Sabbath bells borne on the wind:
And lips, long hushed, have still a tone
In fancy's ear, though years have flown.

I see the grave-yard now, as when
We read the tombstones in the glen,—
Yes! every scene is pictured fair,
As when we all were seated there;
All, all were present to my sight.
Their forms come near my bed at night,
And seem to chain me with a spell
To pleasant thoughts I love so well!

The Bower of Prayer.—How sweet and delightsome to the christian mind, is the bower of prayer. How heavenly is the leafy grove to the reflecting man who sits in its shades, and takes a retrospective view of his past life, and the scenes that have left him to return no more. The cords of his tender heart vibrate as the variegated foliage flaps in the wind, and the gorgeous shrubbery shakes its gentle locks to the passing wind. How sweetly undulates the ocean of his soul, as the melodious harp of some distant pine strikes upon his ear, and rolls its mellifluous notes on the mellow breeze. While the whole grove thus sings in harmonious choir, and the gentle blades of the growing grass nod at his feet, and beat the notes of the melodious chant, how throbs his bosom with gentle emotions, how motionless he sits, as the hum of the musical zephyrs strikes on his ear, and binds him fast with their enchanting strains. 'Tis in a grove like this, in scenes like these, when nature's choir harps the praise of its pristine author, that the soul of the devout man stands elevated high, and bows in deep reverence to the throne of his Maker. How far removed from the world and its vanities, do his thoughts then travel. Unchained and far distant from earth's trifling toys, they mount on steady wing, plume their sparkling pinions, and glide gently on in the race-way that leads to nobler things; and oftentimes does a gentle tear roll down the Christian's cheek and drop silent on the ground beneath, as he meditates on the grandeur and simplicity of the God he worships.

Extraordinary Model of Man in Anatomy.—Dr. Bedford, of this city, has just received from Paris, one of the most extraordinary works developing the anatomy and physiology of man —and beautiful woman too—that ever has reached this country. It is called L' Anatomie Elastique, and is prepared by Dr. Azoux of Paris. This curious piece of mechanism is a full length representation of the human form, with all the bones, sinews, nerves, ligaments, and every other part and parcel of the internal or external region of the human system, coloured and fashioned exactly as they are in the living subject. Each part can be taken apart—the whole frame from top to bottom can be dissected, without any of the horror or disagreeable which accompany the real subjects. Yesterday we had an opportunity of seeing a great portion of this piece of mechanism taken apart, piece by piece, limb by limb, ligament by ligament, till we discovered the whole internal arrangement of the human body, heart, lungs, &c. from the brain to the great toe. In half an hour we acquired a more correct and comprehensive knowledge of the mysteries of anatomy than could otherwise be accomplished in years of study. Altogether, this model presents one of the most chaste, beautiful and classical modes of studying anatomical science that has yet been discovered. The model was made in Paris for the Russian government, but Dr. Bedford has at great expense procured it for his own use, and for the advancement of science, in the study of which he is an enthusiast. We trust that he will deliver a course of lectures on the subject.—They will be invaluable.—*N. Y. Paper.*

A Word in Season.—How often has a word spoken in season turned the course of conversation, when it has been running into profaneness and impurity! How often has one short remark led on a discourse, wherein some great truth has been happily cleared, some giant objection removed, some favourite vice exposed, and its opposite virtue established, and the hearts of the company surprised into a love of virtue, enlightened, warmed, and made better and happier all their days.

One good word or motion, in apt time and place, hath been known to grow up into a public benefit or a wide-extended charity; and a man of little or no note has laid the foundation of happiness to millions of his fellow creatures by the mere breath of his mouth.

In short, a question asked, a proof demanded, a steadfast countenance, an expressive silence, a truth explained, an instance applied and a motion made, in due season, hath availed to silence the scorner, to confound the skeptic, to abash the profane, to dash a wicked greatness, to convict a triumphant calumny, to recover the stray, and to bring a blessing upon mankind.—*Fletcher.*

Franklin's Monument in Park Street Church Yard.—A paragraph in Saturday's Gazette suggests the expediency of removing the small tree from the front of this elegant and costly monument, as it is now entirely concealed by the foliage, although it is twenty-five feet above the level of the side walk. On the east side is the name of Franklin in large bronze letters, and beneath it a tablet on which is engraved the original inscription which Franklin placed over the graves of his parents nearly a century ago, viz: "Josiah Franklin and Abiah his wife lie here buried. They lived lovingly together in wedlock fifty-five years, and without an estate or any gainful employment, by constant labour and honest industry (with God's blessing) maintaining a large family comfortably, and brought up thirteen children and seven grand children reputably. From this instance, reader, be encouraged to diligence in thy calling, and distrust not Providence. He was a pious and prudent man; she a discreet and prudent woman. Their youngest son in filial regard to their memory places this stone. J. F. born 1665; died 1744, aged 89. A. F. born 1667; died 1752, aged 85.'

The marble tablet bearing the above inscription having been delapidated by the ravages of time, a number of citizens, entertaining the most profound veneration for the memory of the illustrious Benjamin Franklin, and desirous of reminding succeeding generations that he was born in Boston in 1707, erected this obelisk over the graves of his parents in 1827.—*Post.*

Superiority of Intellect.—We ought gratefully to remember that we possess a large and noble sample of so much of their complex being as is capable of an earthly permanence; for intellect alone can put on a shape of earthly immortality, and become an irrefragable witness of its own reality. Neither poets, nor painters, nor sculptors, nor even historians, can erect living monuments to any but themselves. The exactest copy of the fairest face, or the loveliest soul, becomes, in a few days, a mere ideal, only commendable as it expresses universal beauty or absolute goodness. Only the painter's or the poet's art is really perpetuated. All, but the mind, either perishes in time, or vanishes out of time into eternity. Mind alone lives on with time, and keeps pace with the march of ages. Beauty, ever fleeting, and continually renewed, does its work, then drops like the petels of the blossom when the fruit is set. Valour and power may gain a lasting memory, but where are they when the brave and the mighty are departed? Their effects may remain, but they live not in them any more than the fire in the work of the potter. Piety has a real substantial immortality in heaven; its life is laid up with God; on earth its record is a tale that is told. But intellect really exists in its products, its kingdom is here. The beauty of the picture is an abiding concrete of the painter's vision. The Venus, the Apollo, the Laocoon, are not mere matter of history. The genius of Homer does not rest, like his disputed personal identity, on dubious testimony. It is, and will be, while the planet lasts. The body of Newton is in the grave; his soul with his Father above; but his mind is with us still. Hence may we perceive the superiority of intellect to all other gifts of earth,—its rightful subordination to the Grace that is in heaven.

Titles.—We are not amongst those who are of opinion that there is no substantial good in an aristocracy. We think, on the contrary, that a bright line of transmitted honours confers a benefit, not wholly intangible, upon a country. The history of great deeds is preserved in their escutcheons; their armorial distinctions are types of achievements, and stimulants to the rising ambition of the commonalty. A people's pride is reflected in that class which presents the concentrated rewards of courage, devotion, power, and genius. Whatever changes may darken the character of an aristocracy, it cannot be forgotten that it had, or is presumed to have had, its origin in distinguished worth; and that the titled orders were originally instituted to mark out a place of honour for individuals who had served their country, their sovereign, or the broad interests of humanity, with zeal and utility. The traditions of these ancestral glories survive the tumult of temporary feuds, and exercises a beneficial influence in consolidating the moral force of a nation.—*Lon. Atlas.*

Answer your Letters.—Time that has once passed the corner, can never be overtaken, and anything that can be as well performed to-day, as at a future time, is deprived of one of the chances of its accomplishment that can never be restored. An observance of the maxim here inculcated is very important in the answering of letters. The prompt man of business, who makes it a rule to reply to a letter immediately on its receipt, or as soon after as the nature of its contents will admit, never offends others, and is never borne down with the weight of his correspondence. The procrastinator, on the other hand, is constantly giving umbrage by neglecting other people's business, or by slighting the requirements of friendship, and is besides often obliged to resort to whole paragraphs of lame apology, and sometimes to falsehood, to conceal what his correspondent very soon learns to place to proper account. And besides this, his unanswered letters are constantly haunting him, and operate like a dead weight upon his comfort.—*Philadelphia Gazette.*

Indolence.—Indolence is a stream which flows slowly on, but yet undermines the foundation of every virtue. It were as little hazard to be in a storm as to lie thus perpetually becalmed; and it is to no purpose to have within one the seeds of a thousand good qualities, if we want vigour and resolution necessary for exerting them. Death brings all persons back to an equality; and this image of it, this slumber of the mind, leaves no difference between the greatest genius and the meanest understanding.—*Spectator.*

Figurative.—John Neal tells of a Baltimore lawyer, who being employed to defend a man charged with cutting timber on his neighbour's land, burst out in the following strain of indignant eloquence:—" Look at him, gentlemen of the jury. There he stands, walking about, with the cloak of hypocrisy in his mouth, trying to withdraw three oak trees from my client's pocket."

Life.—We should make our life like a polar winter. Like that, it is cold and cheerless, but its long night is lighted up with brilliant appearances in heaven; and the iceberg and the avalanche which kill and destroy, as well as the bright blue and never-dying stars which attract, alike lead us to think of what is above, not of what is around us.

When Dr. Johnson courted Miss Potter, whom he afterwards married, he told her that 'he was of mean extraction, that he had no money, and that an uncle of his had been hanged.' The lady, by way of reducing herself to an equality with him, replied 'that she had no more money than himself, and that though none of her relations had ever been hanged, she had *fifty* who *deserved* hanging.'

The best dowry to advance the marriage of a young lady, is when she has in her countenance mildness; in her speech wisdom; in her behaviour modesty; in her life virtue.

Women's Opinions.—Women are slower to change their opinions than men, exactly because they are adopted on less consideration. Man's opinions are founded on reason, and if you convince his reason, the opinion goes with it; but women's are founded on feeling, and therefore part of themselves, and not easy to change. Men derive theirs from without, women from within. With our sex they are but adopted children; with the other, their own.

There is a grape vine at Castleton, Ireland, which is 100 feet in length, and so luxuriantly productive, as to make it necessary for the gardener to thin it, by cutting of 2000 bunches, leaving 3,500 bunches on the vine.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 1.

Party Names.—*Log Cabinism.*—Tastes differ in nations as well as individuals; but, on certain points, the "great Yankee nation" seems to be more peculiar than any other, and very distinct from the cotemporary masses into which the inhabitants of the world are divided. To a philosopher, the study of these masses, in outline, must be highly interesting. A number of human beings living on one planet, and actuated by similar general principles and feelings, might be expected to exhibit as much uniformity, as any of the species of inferior animals. But man has found out many inventions, and each nation has its distinguishing phenomena, as if, almost, each belonged to a different species. The people of the United States seem distinguished above all their two-legged brethren, for a fruitfulness in public parties, a slang connected with these parties, and a perseverance in party slang. Many of their every-day epithets appear, to strangers, a mystical jargon,—childish in sound and signification, and a kind of serious play pushed to an extreme only known to full-grown children. The child-in-years occasionally pursues his animal-play, or his mimicry of man's business or pleasure, to exhaustion;—but the night's sleep allays the fever of the blood, and he wakes to the simplicity of nature. Not so the childishness of thirty or forty years; the cobwebs spun from the excited brain, are delighted in, and traversed, day after day, as if they were, indeed, ways of paradise. Among the maze of party names which are displayed on the broad sheets of the Union—confusing and disgusting to the eyes of a stranger, who cannot enter into such joys or sorrows of a people—the epithet which heads this article has lately become prominent. Soon after General Harrison's nomination for the Presidency, the terms, Log-cabin, Log-cabinism, Log-cabin-raising, and all the modifications of the words, struck the eye of the reader of American papers, and puzzled many who wished to understand as they perused. We imagine that we see the meaning of this part of our neighbours' cabalistic art, and impart the discovery for the advantage of all whom it may concern.

General Harrison is an old soldier, whose name is connected with several of the American battle fields. His warmest partisans cry up his exploits as those of a second Alexander,—while, so doubtful is the matter, some of his opponents show that "his victories" were either "backings out," or a "fighting shy" which, however prudential, are not always the most glorified by those who seek "the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth." His friends reply, that

although accounts of bloodshed and loss of life make battle fields notorious, the true aim of the commander is to accomplish his purpose without such dreadful expenditure. However this view of the question may be decided, one of the General's fields of action, has made the name Tippacanoe notorious, as a signal word for paragraphs and banners,—while the candidate himself is styled old Tip, and his partisans Tips.

The Log-cabin epithet obtained its rise from the civil life of the hero. Some of his first supporters, as a demonstration of the simple manners of the General, and his fitness for democratic honours, stated that he resided on his farm, in a log cabin;—or some of his early opponents described his dwelling as a log cabin, out of ridicule: we know not which gave the title its prominence,—so lost in the dust of partisanship is the real origin of things. The name attached to the humble residence, however, was adopted as a distinguishing appellation by the General's friends, and abundant fac similes of the supposed domicile, were given, in paper and printer's ink, and in more tangible materials. Log cabins were erected in various parts of the country, *as places of rendezvous for the Harrisonians*, where they could hold meetings, and discuss politics and "hard cider." The last term, by the bye, has also been exalted into a watch word,—and seems almost as distinguishing of Harrisonianism, as Tippacanoe, or Log-cabin. Thus it is that party names multiply from the various ramifications of party, until a wordy labyrinth grows up, adding to the bulk of the language if not to its richness.

The propriety of the Log-cabin epithet, however, is partially denied, as appears from the following scrap, cut from the letter of a traveller, published in a New York paper:

"As we approached the residence of General Harrison, all in view of the river, and yet some distance from it, he remarked that there was his dwelling, and he added that when in ridicule it was called a log cabin, *the starters of the story had more of fact to found their jeer upon than many were aware of*, for in the range (and the residence is a collection of small houses, all comfortable and neat) of one of the buildings is a bona fide log cabin, now well boarded through and well painted, which he had kept, and connected with the others, on account of some attachment he had formed for it, it having been the residence of some of his family. A beautiful lawn is before the house, sloping toward the river, and directly in front is a fence of hewn posts connected by plain iron rods. The cattle were grazing about the lawn in front, and among them several milch cows as 'fat as butter.' A flock of sheep were on the other side of the lawn, just over a creek, now swollen by the back water of the Ohio—and the barns and outhouses are in the rear of the dwellings. The farm and dwellings have the appearance of many in the valley of Virginia, and of some in New England, though land there is more precious, and farms more subdivided among children. All looked like a good substantial farmer's home, who had all of the necessaries, and many of the comforts, though but few of the luxuries of life."

ANOTHER TREE.—We scarcely think that it would be carrying respect to an extreme if a sylvan obituary were provided, in which to should be recorded the deaths, violent or natural, of the few trees which are within the civic precincts. A city interspersed with trees, is like life,—not all dogged and dusty, but blest with its gleams of hope and enjoyment, amid the prison walls of care and toil. These green clusters, casting a lovely tint, and a refreshing shade, around, making every object in the foreground doubly picturesque, and delightfully embellishing the perspective,—remind of the pieces of azure which sometimes relieve an else monotonous and forboding sky, and which are full of beauty and promise.

But, another tree has fallen,—not by the thunderbolt, or the rush of the tempest, or the decay of nature;—man's hand has been the agent, the axe was laid to its roots! The portly willow which, on last Sunday morning, shaded the old chapel entrance in Barrington street,—on Thursday swept the dust of the road with its green honours! Its foliage, lowered to the lowest, was soon torn piecemeal by men and boys,—as the gallant steed which falls afar in the chase, is mangled by the wild foxes and the ravens of the desert.

There is much, however, to temper lamentation in the present case; the ancient ornament has perished to make room for another of a more valuable kind. A spacious school house, for the education of the poorer classes, is to be erected on the site alluded to. The Seminary established in the Roman Catholic Glebe House, requires the use of the school room, heretofore devoted to the children of those who cannot afford to pay much, or anything, for their instruction. The congregation, with their usual liberality, promptly resolved that a school house should be erected on the glebe premises, and subscribed the requisite funds. A tree has fallen,—but a school house rises! Regret is thus turned into triumph!

TO-DAY'S SELECTIONS.—"The Green Lane," an article on our fourth page, affords some sweet pictures of rural life in England. The shady labyrinths, winding through parks, and pastures, and corn fields,—specked with groups of cattle, and children, and cottages, —and embellished with all the details of flower and foliage,—are delightfully conjured before the reader. True it is, that these pastoral features are peculiar to England, at least in their most palmy state. Ireland has its "bohreens," some of them, in their honeysuckle and hawthorn and primrose richness, rivalling anything that its sister island can boast,—where the foliage is as verdurous, and the water as crystal, and the shade as luxurious, and the sun-beams as golden, as those of any vale in Arcady;—but they are few and far between, compared with the other side of the channel, and do not mark the country so as to be a well-known, and regularly sought for characteristic, as in more pastoral England. One fine feature of English character is, that they do not merely take an animal delight in the beauties of nature, but attach a rational value to them, —cultivate their growth, and defend their possession, as they would more personal matters. As an instance, we were delighted recently, at seeing a notice of a society for protecting the public right, to the "bye-ways" or "fields paths, of the country. These are foot paths, through the farms and domains, delightful and convenient to the pedestrian, rendered public by long usage, but sought to be closed by the selfishness of proprietors.

Contrasted with the "Green Lanes,"—the storming of St. Sebastian, forms a picture of fearful intensity. Man, raging like a demon, strong to destroy, and glerying in the shrieks and death sobs of his mangled fellows! Too horrible would be the picture, were it not too true, and did we not know that several considerations tend to give the horrors a bearable aspect. Many a rustic has gone from the "Green Lanes" to those dreadful fields, which were mowed *by the thundering ordnance, and saturated with life blood.* Many a cottage, and a lordly castle, also, have in vain watched for the return of their young men. The white-sailed ships, indeed, brought back the miserable remnants of the once proud hosts,—but the looked-for were among the spoils of war, sleeping afar on the battle fields of a stranger land.

Some selections from the last number of "Master Humphrey's Clock," will enable our readers to judge how Dickens performs his new task. Rumour has intimated, that the fine intellect of this popular author was on the wane, and that insanity was dreaded. We trust that this is mere rumour, produced by criminal license of speech, or worse malice,—and that Dickens only nods occasionally, as even Homer did, while his intellectual resources are productive as ever. Certainly, judging from some late numbers of Master Humphrey's Clock, we would say that their author nodded too often and too profoundly, as regards all outline, and beauty of general drawing, although some of his details are graceful as ever,—but we trust these defects will pass away,—and that he will shine gently and beautifully again, like the sun of his own island.

An article on our eighth page affords a striking contrast to the present times. The Morice dancer, and his drunken comrades, would be either run-over by stage coaches and locomotives, or be locked-up as troublesome vagrants. The dancing from London to Norwich, strongly reminds of the times when roads were indeed rural, and the slow moving waggon, or horseman, were the only signs of business and intercourse between distant places. Now these lines are like the connecting wires of the electric or galvanic battery, and the object is to make transmission as instantaneous as possible.

The Governor General left Halifax for Quebec on Tuesday last. A Ball was given to his Excellency on Monday evening, at Mason Hall.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We have not had an opportunity of reperusing the article alluded to, some weeks ago, by our correspondent: It is not usual, except under peculiar circumstances, to republish what appears in any paper of the town.

"Beauty's Bower and Beauty's Power" has smooth lines, but the thoughts are either very indefinite, or very hacknied.

ROYAL ACADIAN SCHOOL.—The annual examination of the above valuable institution took place on Monday last, before a large and respectable audience. The appearance of a large number of children, all clean and orderly, and the highest degree of discipline and quietness manifested in their whole deportment, was very pleasing, and speaks highly in favour of the exertion and energy displayed by the present superintendent, Mr. Reid, who has been enabled, in so short a time, to accomplish so much, and holds out the promise of still greater advantages, from the introduction of the moral training system, as pursued in the Normal Seminary of Glasgow, and on the continent of Europe.

The School was opened by singing and prayer, after which the Bible Training commenced. The portion of Scripture selected was pictured out to the children by *analysis, illustrations*, and *parallel* passages, produced by the children themselves.

Geography—Explained on maps, on which the children traced the different Continents, Rivers, Islands, &c. a mode of teaching eminently calculated to impress the subject on the mind of the child.

Grammar—The elements of Grammar were then gone over, with reference to the grammar of other languages, and more especially to that of the Saxon. In this manner Grammar is rendered pleasing and interesting, instead of a dry and repulsive task.

The highest class was examined on the Properties of Matter, the Laws of Motion, and Attraction. Chambers' Introduction to the Sciences was the text book used as the groundwork of general knowledge, the Pestalozzian plan of elucidation being employed. In this department, the children evinced by their answers, that they did not possess a mere superficial knowledge of the subjects brought under consideration, but from their mode of reasoning, they seemed to have a full understanding of the simple phenomena of nature, and the laws that regulate the material world.

It is the intention of the Executive Committee, on the opening of the school after the vacation, to make it the Normal or Training Seminary for the Province, accessible to all who may wish to avail themselves of the instruction to be there obtained.—*Guardian.*

Arithmetic is not enumerated in the foregoing notice, but it forms a prominent part of each day's school exercises.

MARRIED.

At Annapolis Royal, on Sunday the 29th June, by the Rev. Edwin Gilpin, Micah Kent, Esq. to Sarah Jane, eldest daughter of Mr. Stephen Beals, of Clements, N. S.

On Thursday, 16th inst, by the Rev. Mr. Loughnan, Mr. Peter Morrisey, to Mrs. Ellen Buckley.

On Tuesday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Uniacke, Capt. William Aarestrup, of Bermuda, to Miss Eliza Cutlip, of this town.

On the 4th June, at West Wickham, Kent, John L. Phillips, Esq. late Captain of the 23d Royal Welsh Fusileers, to Charlotte, eldest daughter of the late Christopher Clarke, Esq. of East-end House, Hampshire.

On the 23d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Manning, Rev. J. M. Harris, of Kennebunk, Maine, formerly of Cornwallis, to Eunice Eliza, third daughter of Mr. Charles Chipman, of Cornwallis.

DIED.

At Dartmouth, very suddenly, on Saturday evening last, Mr. Michael Murphy, aged 40 years, an industrious and worthy man.

At Antigonish, on the 20th July of Scarlet Fever, within twelve hours of each other, William Henry, aged 6 years and 8 months, and Harriet Jane, 2 years and 1 month, children of Mr. John D. Cunningham.

Sunday, after an illness of two days, in the 37th year of his age, Mr. Wm. Cormick, a native of Banff, North Britain.

Yesterday morning, Mr. Marsden Selig, in the 27th year of his age.

On Saturday, 25th inst., as Mr. Josiah Stewart was shingling a barn belonging to Mr. Wm. Annand, (Upper Musquodoboit,) he was precipitated from the scaffold to the ground, a distance of 32 feet. He was so extremely bruised, that notwithstanding all possible exertions, he expired about eight o'clock the same evening, after some hours of extreme pain, which he bore with christian fortitude and humble resignation. He has left behind him a wife and six children, and an aged parent who has witnessed the interment of two of her children in a short time, and numerous connections, to lament their bereavement. The cause of the accident was owing to the mode of preparing the staging on the roof.—*Com.*

BRITISH AND NORTH AMERICAN ROYAL MAIL

STEAM SHIPS OF 1200 TONS AND 440 HORSE POWER.

Under Contract with the "Lords of the Admiralty."

BRITANNIA, Captain HENRY WOODRUFF,
ACADIA, Do. ROBERT MILLER,
CALEDONIA, Do. RICHARD CLELAND,
COLUMBIA, Do.

For Liverpool, G. B.

THE BRITANNIA, will leave Halifax for Liverpool, G. B. on Monday the 3rd August. For passage apply at the office of

S. CUNARD & CO.

The ACADIA will be despatched from *Liverpool, G. B.* for Halifax and Boston, on the 4th August.

The Halifax, St. John, P. E. Island, Pictou and Miramichi papers, will discontinue the former advertisement, and insert the above.

Halifax, July 25.

SAINT MARY'S SEMINARY.

Under the special patronage of the Right Rev. Dr. Fraser.

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

PROFESSORS.

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

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

Theology and Scripture..................Rev. R. B. O'BRIEN.
Moral Philosophy and Mathematics . Rev. W. IVERS.
English Composition, Reading and Elocution.......................... Rev. R. B. O'BRIEN.

In addition to these enumerated above, the Classes already advertised occupy a due portion of attention.

The French Class has just been opened, and persons wishing to avail themselves of the advantages which it affords, would do well to make an early application.

Pupils for the Spanish Class will please to have their names entered at the Semihary within the next ten days.

The Philosophy Class also has been opened—Latin is the language of this Class.

Terms for Boarders—£38 per annum.

☞ The Library of the Seminary contains very nearly 2000 volumes of the most select authors, in Theology, Canon Law, and Ecclesiastical History. There is also a good collection of Scientific and Classical Books, all of which are at the service of the Students of the Establishment.

None but Catholic Pupils are required to be present at the religious exercises or religious instructions of the Seminary.

June 20.

ST. MARY'S SEMINARY.

BOARDERS will furnish themselves with a Mattrass, 2 pair of Sheets, Blankets, a Counterpane, one dozen shirts, half dozen towels, a knife, fork, and spoon. Uniform for Summer: Blue Jacket, Cap, &c. light Trowsers.

June 20.

HOME.

My heart is with my Father-land,
Though far from its fields I roam,
On hills where the breezes soft and bland
Waft the scent of the bright flow'rs home,
By tropic gales are my temples fanned,
Yet I sigh for the breath of my Father-land!

Though nature does all her pomp unfold,
To catch my wandering eye;
I turn from her charms with feelings cold,
Or pass them unheeded by;
While the light of memory's magic spell
Hallows each scene in my native dell.

The birds flit by in joyous flight,
On wings of the rainbow's hue;
Or glittering round like gems of light,
Sip from each flower the dew;
But no warbling sweet from their throats arise,
Like the wood notes wild of my native skies.

The lofty palm with its shadowy plumes,
Waves in the sun-bright air:
The earth is rich with its gorgeous blooms,
And star-light flowers are there:
But a sweeter breath the flowers exhale,
That drink the dews in my native vale.

Though each mountain path is arched across
By the ferntree's feathery spray;
And the velvet hues of the verdant moss
Gleam bright in the rock-hewn way:
O'er each craggy slope of my native dells,
The purple heath shakes its fairy bells.

Though from the foliage-shaded hills,
The sparkling waters rush;
And gleaming round, a thousand rills
In the rays of the morning blush!
There's many a torrent, rainbow spanned,
Glides over the rocks of my native land.

Though the midnight skies are burning bright
With many a dazzling star,
The softer gleam of my own moonlight
To me is dearer far,
When its faint and silvery hues are cast
O'er hills where the days of my youth were past.

For what are these scenes so soft and fair,
The gales that sweetly blow;
The blossoms of earth or the birds of air,
Or the skies in their moon-bright glow:
If the lonely heart must at distance pine
From those on whom all its hopes recline?

The grass that springs on our father's graves,
Full many a thought endears;
There's a spell in the humblest shrub that waves
Near the home of our infant years,
Yea, the simplest leaf does our fondness share
If its parent bud expanded there.

Oh, thus! though far on a foreign strand,
My lonely lot is cast;
Still, still for thee, my Father-land,
The pulse of my heart beats fast;
While many a vision, soft and bland,
Bears me back to thy shores, my Father-land.

DANCE FROM LONDON TO NORWICH.

The Camden Society have just printed, "Kemp's Nine Daies Wonders, preformed in a Daunce from London to Norwich." It is a rude and curious picture of the manners of the age; and throws much light upon the dramatic profession, of which he was a member, and a cotemporary of Shakspeare. "William Kemp," the introduction tells us, "was a comic actor of high reputation. Like Tarlton, whom he succeeded, 'as wel in the favour of her Majesty, as in the opinion and good thoughts of the general audience,' he usually played the clown, and was greatly applauded for his buffoonery, his extemporal wit, and his performance of the jig." The dance, which is prefaced by a woodcut of Kemp in his morris gear of cap and bells, &c. and his taborer piping and drumming before him, is minutely described in the narrative. Every stage he danced, by what numbers accompanied, by whom and how he was entertained; with the various incidents which befel him on this singular expedition, are all set forth as in the most orderly diaries of tourists and travellers. From this it appears, that crowds of thousands attended him from London to Bow, Ilford, and Romford; that he was elsewhere, in populous places, met and accompanied by the people in masses like aeronauts in our day, he was welcomed by men of worship and estate, feasted by mayors and corporations, and, what aeronauts are not, was often handsomely rewarded for the entertainments his frolic afforded. He set out on the first Monday in Lent from the lord mayor's of London, and danced with rapid motion all the way to Norwich; so rapid indeed that good pedestrians could not long keep up with him, and as for whirling dervise companions, when any offered, he speedily danced them to a stand-still with fatigue and exertion. Of this the examples are so numerous that we shall extract some as specimens of the book, but we must copy a paragraph illustrative of the customs of the time:—"The multitudes were so great at my comming to Burntwood, that I had much a doe, (though I made many entreaties and staies) to get passage to my Inne. In this town two cutpurses were taken, that with the other two of their companions followed me from London (as many better disposed persons did:) but these two dy-doppers gaue out when they were apprehended, that they had laid their wagers and betted about my journey; whereupon the officers bringing them to my Inn, I justly denyed their acquaintance, sauing that I remembred one of them to be a noted cutpurse, such a one as we tye to a poast on our stage, for all people to wonder at, when at a play they are taken pilfering. This fellow, and his half brother, being found with the deed, were sent to jayle: their other two consorts had the charity of the towne, and after a dance of Trenchmore at the whipping crosse, they were sent back to London, where I am afraide there are too many of their occupation. To bee short, I thought myselfe well rid of foure such followers, and I wish hartily that the whole world was cleer of such companions." Now for the morris companions:—"At Chelmsford, a Mayde not passing fourteene yeares of age, dwelling with one Sudley, my kinde friend, made a request to her Master and Dame that she might daunce the Maurice with me in a great large roome. They being intreated, I was sonne wonne to fit to her with the bels; besides she would have the old fashion, with napkin on her armes; and to our jumps we fell. A whole houre she held out; but then being ready to lye downe I left her off; but thus much in her praise, I would haue challenged the strongest man in Chelmsford, and amongst many I thinke few would have done so much. * * * In this towne of Sudbury there came a lusty, tall fellow, a butcher by his profession, that would in a Morrice keep mee company to Bury: I being glad of his friendley offer, gaue him thankes; wee set out; but ere wee had measur'd half a mile of our way, he gaue me ouer in the plain field, protesting, that if he might get a 100 pound, he would not hold with mee, for indeed my pace in dauncing is not ordinary. As he and I were parting, a lusty country lasse being among the people, cal'd him faint hearted lout, 'If I had begun to daunce, I would haud held out one myle, though it had cost my life.' At which words many laughed. 'Nay,' saith she, 'if the Dauncer will lend me a leash of his bels, Ile venter to tread one mile with him my selfe.' I lookt upon her, saw mirth in her eies, heard boldness in her words, and beheld her ready to tucke vp her russet petticoate; I fitted her with bels, which [s]he merrily taking, garnisht her thicke short legs, and with a smooth brow bad the Tabrer begin. The Drum strucke; forward marcht I with my merry Maydemarian, who shooke her sides, and footed it merrily to Melford, being a long myle. There parting with her, I gaue her drinke, and an English crowne to buy more; for, good wench, she was in a pitious heate; my kindness she requited with dropping some low courtsies, and bidding blesse the Dauncer.

I bade her adieu; and to giue her her due, she had a good care, daunst truly, and wee parted friendly."

It seems that considerable sums of money depended on the performance of the exploit; and Kemp complains that some of it came but slowly in.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF YORK MINSTER.

This majestic fabric was erected at different periods, and on the site of former buildings, which have again and again been destroyed by fire. The first Christian church erected here, which, however, appears to have been preceded by a Roman temple, was built by Edwin, King of Northumbria, about the year 630. It was damaged by fire in 741, and rebuilt by Archbishop Albert about 780. It was again destroyed by fire in the year 1069, and rebuilt by Archbishop Thomas. It was once more burnt down in 1137, along with St. Mary's Abbey and 39 parish churches in York. Archbishop Roger began to build the choir in 1171; Walter Gray added the south transept in 1227; John de Romayne, the treasurer of the cathedral, built the north transept in 1260. His son the Archbishop laid the foundation of the nave in 1291. In 1330, William de Melton built the two western towers, which, however, were finished by John de Birmingham in 1402. Archbishop Thoresby, in 1361, began to rebuild the choir, in accordance with the magnificence of the nave, and he also rebuilt the lantern tower. And thus, by many hands, and with the contributions of many of the first families in Yorkshire, and also of multitudes who were promised indulgences for their liberality, this magnificent fabric was completed; of which it is said, in an inscription in the Chapter House:

"Ut rosa phlos phlorum,
Sic est domus ista domorum."
"As the rose is the flower of flowers,
So is this the house of houses."

More elegantly, but less literally rendered:

"The chief of houses, as the rose of flowers."

York Minster.—The nave is supported by eight clustered columns on each side, between which are five pointed arches of equal span. The columns are composed of circular piers, each surrounded by twelve attached cylindrical columns, and they have uniform foliated capitals and octagonal bases. The vaulted ceiling was constructed of fine ribs of oak, forming graceful arches, and at every junction a boss or tie carved with some scriptural history in device or relief. The wood of which the roof was constructed was given by Robert de Percy, Lord of Bolton. The windows of the side aisles are filled with the richest stained glass, which, as those aisles were not burnt, remain almost uninjured. The splendid west window, with its extremely rich and beautiful mullions, and its exquisite painted glass, was saved by the thickness of the walls and by its height from the ground, though the falling roof swept immediately in front of it, and though the walls below it are much scorched. The greatest injury received by York Minster in modern times was when set on fire by the insane Jonathan Martin, on the night of Sunday, the 1st of February, 1829. At that time the whole choir and ladye chapel were burnt, the splendid organ, the tabernacle work, and the roof from the lantern tower to the east end of the building. The flames in that case were kindled from below, and, gradually mounting upwards, seized upon the roof, which was destroyed. In the present case, the fire was in the opposite end of the Minster, and the fire proceeded first from the roof (of course after the wood-work in the south-west tower); and as the timbers must have been much eaten away by the fire before they fell, and there was no furniture or combustible material in the nave to feed the flames, it is reasonable to suppose that the walls will be far less injured than were those of the choir at the former conflagration. On the former occasion the side aisles did not suffer materially, and the great east window escaped; many of the monuments were shattered. In the nave there is scarcely any monuments, or any thing to receive injury, except the great columns and the pavement. In both cases the great lantern tower stopped the progress of the flames. It will be remembered that Jonathan Martin was tried at York (on the 32st March, 1829,) and acquitted on the ground of insanity, but afterwards confined for the remainder of his life in Bedlam, where he died some time since.

A Strong Cement for Glass, Wood, &c.—Steep isinglass twenty-four hours in common white brandy, then gently boil and keep stirring until the composition is well mixed, and a drop, if cooled, will become a strong jelly. Then strain it through a clean linen cloth into a vessel to be kept closely stopped. A gentle heat will dissolve this glue into a colourless fluid. Dishes of wood, glass, or earthen, if united with this cement, will break elsewhere rather than separate in the old break. In applying the cement, rub the edges which are to be united, then place them together, and hold them for two minutes, and the work is done, and incomparably better than any thing else for the purpose.

Inflammation of the Throat cured by Alum.—Powdered alum applied by the finger to the part afflicted, very seldom fails to cure inflammation of the throat in a few days. Employed the first, second, third, or fourth day, while there is yet no abscess in the tonsils, it arrests all symptoms as it were by enchantment; the fever abates, and the swelling diminishes; the appetite returns, and the convalescence is quickly decided and complete.

Antidote to Arsenic.—Dr. Brown, of Somerset Co. Niagara, has used the following recipe successfully as an antidote for arsenic: "A table spoonful of sweet oil, mixed with fresh burnt charcoal, finely pulverized. The dose repeated as often as there is any vomiting. New milk given in the interim exclusively as a constant drink."

Worthy of Attention.—Persons struck by lightning, if deprived of their senses, and discovered before they recover animation, should immediately have one or two buckets of water dashed upon them. People who have been considered dead, have frequently been restored by this expedient.

THE COLONIAL PEARL,

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

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