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# THE COLONIAL PEARL.

POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

"FANCY AND FACTS—TO PLEASE AND TO IMPROVE."

VOLUME FOUR.

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NUMBER THREE.

For the Pearl.

## CITADEL HILL—HALIFAX.

The breeze comes up the bright and rippling bay;  
Quickly before it moves a home-bound bark;—  
On many a little cape white bursts the spray,  
And rushes arrowy past the wharf piles dark.  
There rise the steeples, but their bells are still,  
For 'tis not sabbath;—and from city ways  
Calls, cries, and labour clangs ascend the hill,—  
Where the tall signal staff its flag displays,—  
And the mute warder pores with practised skill  
For other sails along the wavy maze.  
And on the grassy counterscarp, at will,  
Some grotesque goats are browsing;—while reclined—  
Where the sweet herbage waveth in the wind,  
A soldier group enjoy the subject scene,  
Of town, and field, and ocean. Memory, kind,  
Mayhap recalls the line of battle vast,—  
Or vanished comrades who so true had been,—  
Or that lov'd home, where life's glad morn was past,  
Ere they knew ought of care or clarion blast.

## WYOMING.

Enthusiast of the woods! When years apace  
Have bound thy lovely waist with woman's zone,  
The sun-rise path, at morn, I see thee trace,  
To hills with high magnolia overgrown,  
And joy to breathe the groves, romantic and alone.

During our brief sojourn in this valley of deep and varied historical interest, we had the pleasure of forming some acquaintance with a lady of the Slocum family—distinguished for its sufferings in the scenes of the revolutionary war, and recently brought more conspicuously before the public in connexion with a romantic tale of a lost, but discovered sister.

Mr. Slocum, the father of the subject of the present narrative, was a non-combatant—being a member of the Society of Friends. Feeling himself therefore safe from the hostility even of the savages, he did not join the survivors of the massacre in their flight, but remained quietly upon his farm—his house standing in close proximity to the Willkissarré. But the beneficent principles of his faith had little weight with the Indians, notwithstanding the affection with which their race had been treated by the founder of Quakerism in Pennsylvania—the illustrious Penn—and long had the family cause to mourn their imprudence in not retreating from the doomed valley with their neighbours.

It was in the autumn of the same year of the invasion by Bulwer and Gi-en-gwah-toh, at mid-day, when the men were laboring in a distant field, that the house of Mr. Slocum was suddenly surrounded by a party of Delawares, prowling about the valley, in more earnest search, as it seemed, of plunder, than of scalps or prisoners. The inmates of the house at the moment of the surprise were Mrs. Slocum and four young children, the eldest of whom was a son aged 13, the second was a daughter, aged nine, the third, Francis Slocum, aged five, and a little son, aged two and a half. Near by the house, at a grindstone, engaged in grinding a knife, was a young man named Kingsley, assisted in the operation by a lad. The first hostile act of the Indians was to shoot down Kingsley, and take his scalp with the knife he had been sharpening.

The girl nine years old seems to have had the most presence of mind, for while the mother ran into the edge of a copse of wood near by, and little Francis attempted to secrete himself behind a stair-case, the former at the moment seized her little brother, the youngest above mentioned, and ran off in the direction of the fort. True, she could not make rapid progress, for she clung to the child, and not even the pursuit of the savages could induce her to drop her charge. The Indians did not pursue her far, and laughed heartily at the panic of the little girl, while they could not but admire her resolution. Allowing her to make her escape, they returned to the house, and after helping themselves to such articles as they choose, prepared to depart.

The mother seems to have been unobserved by them, although with a yearning bosom, she had so disposed of herself that while she was screened from observation she could notice all that occurred. But judge of her feelings at the moment they were about to depart, as she saw little Francis taken from her hiding place, and preparations made to carry her away into captivity, along with her brother 13 years old, (and who had been restrained from attempting flight by lameness in one of his feet,) and also the lad who had been assisting Kingsley at the grindstone.—The sight was too much for maternal tenderness to endure. Rushing forth from her place of

concealment, therefore, she threw herself upon her knees at the feet of her captors, and with the most earnest entreaties pleaded for their restoration. But their bosoms were made of sterner stuff than to yield even to a mother's entreaties, and they began to remove. As a last resource the mother appealed to their selfishness, and pointing to the maimed foot of her crippled son, urged as a reason why at least, they should relinquish him, the delays and embarrassments he would occasion them in their journey. The lad was left behind, while deaf alike to the cries of the mother, and the shrieks of the child, little Francis was slung over the shoulder of a stalwart Indian with as much indifference as though she was a slaughtered fawn.

The long, lingering look which the mother gave to her child, as her captors disappeared in the forest, was the last glimpse of her sweet features that she ever had. But the vision was for many a long year ever present to her fancy. As the Indian threw her child over his shoulder, her hair fell over her face, and the mother could never forget how the tears streamed down her cheeks, when she brushed it away as if to cast a last sad look on the mother, from whom, her little arms outstretched, she implored assistance in vain. Nor was this the last visit of the savage to the domicile of Mr. Slocum. About a month after, another horde of the barbarians, rushed down from the mountains, and murdered the aged grandfather of the little captive, and wounded the lad, already lame, by discharging a ball which lodged in his leg, and which he carried with him to his grave more than half a century afterward.

These events cast a shadow over the remaining years of Mrs. Slocum. She lived to see many bright and sunny days in that beautiful valley—bright and sunny, alas, to her no longer. She mourned for the lost one, of whom no tidings could be obtained. After her sons grew up, the youngest of whom, by the way, was born but a few months subsequent to the events already narrated, obedient to the charge of their mother, the most unwearied efforts were made to ascertain what had been the fate of the lost sister.—The forest between the Susquahanna and the great lakes, and even the more distant wilds of Canada, were traversed by the brothers in vain, nor could any information respecting her be derived from the Indians. Conjecture was baffled, and the mother, with a sad heart sunk into the grave, as also did the father, believing with the Hebrew patriarch that "the child was not."

The years of a generation passed, and the memory of little Francis was forgotten, save by the two brothers and sister, who, though advanced in the vale of life, could not forget the family tradition of the lost one. Indeed it had been the dying charge of their mother that they must never relinquish their exertions to recover Francis. It happened that in the course of the year 1835, Colonel Ewing, a gentleman connected with the Indian trade, and also with the public service of the country, while traversing a remote section of Indiana, was overtaken by the night, while at a distance from the abodes of civilized man. Becoming too dark for him to pursue his way, he sought an Indian habitation, and was so fortunate as to find shelter and a welcome in one of the better sort. The proprietor of the lodge was opulent for an Indian—possessing horses, skins, and other comforts in abundance. He was struck in the course of the evening by the appearance of the venerable mistress of the lodge, whose complexion was lighter than that of her family, and as glimpses were occasionally disclosed of her skin beneath her blanket robe, the Colonel was impressed with the opinion that she was a white woman. Colonel E. could converse in the Miami language, to which nation his host belonged, and after partaking of the best of their cheer, he drew the aged squaw into conversation, which soon converted his suspicions that she was only an Indian by adoption. Her narrative was substantially as follows:

"My father's name was Slocum. He resided on the banks of the Susquahanna, but the name of the village I do not recollect. Sixty winters and summers have gone since I was taken a captive by a party of Delawares, while I was playing before my father's house. I was too young to feel for any length of time the misery and anxiety which my parents must have experienced. The kindness and affection with which I was treated by my Indian captors, soon effaced my childish uneasiness, and in a short time I became one of them. The first night of my captivity was passed in a cave near the summit of a mountain, but a little distance from my father's. That night was the unhappiest of my life, and the impressions which it made were the means of indelibly stamping on my mind my father's name and residence. For years we led a roving life. I became accustomed to, and fond of, their manner of living. They taught me the use of the bow and arrow, and the beasts of the forest supplied me with food. I married a chief of our tribe, whom I had loved for his bravery and humanity, and kindly did he treat me. I dreaded the sight of a white man, for I was taught to believe him

the implacable enemy of the Indian. I thought he was determined to separate me from my husband and our tribe. After being a number of years with my husband he died. A part of my people then joined the Miamis, and I was among them. I then married a Miami, who was called by the pale faces the deaf man. I lived with him a good many winters, until he died. I had by him two sons and two daughters. I am now old and have nothing to fear from the white man. My husband, and all my children but these two daughters, my brothers and sisters, have all gone to the Great Spirit, and I shall go in a few moons more.—Until this moment I have never revealed my name, or told the mystery that hung over the fate of Francis Slocum."

Such was the substance of the revelation to Colonel Ewing. Still the family at Wyoming knew nothing of the discovery, nor did Colonel Ewing, know any thing of them. And it was only by reason of a peculiarly providential circumstance, that the tidings ever reached their ears. On Colonel Ewing's return to his own native home, he related the adventure to his mother, who with the just feelings of a woman, urged him to take some measures to make the discovery known, and at her solicitation he was induced to write a narrative of the case, which he addressed to the postmaster at Lancaster, with a request that it might be published in some Pennsylvania newspaper. But the latter functionary, having no knowledge of the writer, and supposing that it might be a hoax, paid no attention to it, and the letter was suffered to remain among the accumulations of the office for the space of two years. It chanced then, that the postmaster's wife, in rummaging over the old papers, while putting the office in order one day, glanced her eyes upon this communication. The story excited her interest, and with the true feeling of a woman, she resolved upon giving the document publicity. With this view she went to the neighbouring editor. And here, again, another providential circumstance intervened. It happened that a Temperance Committee had engaged a portion of the columns of the paper to which the letter of Colonel Ewing was sent, for the publication of an important document connected with that cause, and a large extra number of papers had been ordered for general distribution. The letter was sent forth with the temperance document, and it yet again happened that a number of this paper was addressed to a clergyman who had a brother residing at Wyoming. Having, from that brother, heard the story of the captivity of Francis Slocum, he had no sooner read the letter of Colonel Ewing than he enclosed it to him, and by him it was placed in the hands of Joseph Slocum, Esq., the surviving brother.

We will not attempt to describe the sensations produced by this most welcome, most strange, and most unexpected intelligence. This Mr. Joseph Slocum was the child, two years and a half old, that had been rescued by his intrepid sister, nine years old. That sister also survived, as also did her younger brother, living in Ohio. Arrangements were immediately made by the former two, to meet the latter in Ohio, and proceed thence to the Miami country, and reclaim the long lost and now found sister. "I shall know her if she be my sister," said the elder sister now going in pursuit, "although she may be painted, and dressed in her Indian blanket, for you, brother, hammered off her finger nail one day in the blacksmith's shop, when she was four years old." In due season they reached the designated place, and found their sister. But, alas! how changed! Instead of the fair-haired and laughing girl, the picture yet living in their imaginations, they found her an aged and thorough squaw in every thing but complexion. But there could be no mistake as to her identity. The elder sister soon discovered the finger mark. "How came the nail of that finger gone?" she inquired. "My older brother pounded it off when I was a little girl, in the shop," she replied. This circumstance was evidence enough, but other reminiscences were awakened, and the recognition was complete. But how different were the emotions of the parties! The brothers paced the lodge in agitation. The civilized sister was in tears. The other, obedient to the affected stoicism of her adopted race was as cold, unmoved, and passionless as marble.

It was in vain that they besought their sister to return with them to her native valley, and to bring her children along with her if she chose. Every offer and importunity were alike declined. She said she was well enough off, and happy. She had moreover promised her husband on his death-bed never to leave the Indians. Her two daughters had both been married, but one of them was a widow. The husband of the other is a half breed, named Broullette, who is said to be one of the noblest looking men of his race. They all have Indian wealth, and her daughters mount their steeds, and manage them well. The Slocums live nine miles from Peru, in Indiana. But notwithstanding the comparative comfort in which

they live, the utter ignorance of their sister was a subject of painful contemplation. She had forgotten her native language, and was completely a pagan—having no knowledge even of the white man's Sabbath.

When we left Wyoming, Mr. Joseph Slocum was about commencing a second journey to see his sister, to be accompanied by his two daughters. We have heard that the visit has been performed. Frances is said to have been delighted with the beauty and accomplishment of her white nieces, but resolutely refuses to return to the abodes of civilized man. She resides with her daughters in a comfortable log building, but in all her habits she is as thoroughly Indian, as though not a drop of white blood flowed in her veins. She is represented as having manifested, for an Indian, an unwonted degree of pleasure at the return of her brother; but both mother and daughters spurn every persuasive to win them back from the country and manners of their people. Indeed as all their ideas of happiness are associated with their present mode of life, a change would be productive of little good, as far as temporal affairs are concerned.—*American Paper.*

From a late Austrian paper.

#### LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

It was at Djouni, in Syria, that Lady Hester died, after a long illness, at the age of sixty-four. That reader must be indifferent who reverts not with interest to his recollections of a woman who has expired on the borders of the Desert, amidst the Druses and Turkomans, over whom that noble daughter of the infidels once exercised so strange and so marvellous a sway! The destiny of Lady Stanhope presents one of those features of which not another instance could perhaps be found in the annals of the East. Only imagine forty thousand Arabs suddenly assembled upon the ruins of Palmyra, and these wandering, savage and indomitable tribes, surrounding, in silent astonishment and admiration, a foreign woman, proclaiming her Sovereign of the Desert, and Queen of Palmyra! Convey yourself in thought to the scene of this incredible triumph, and you will then conceive what woman that must have been who imposed silence on Mussulman fanaticism, and created for herself, as it were, by magic, a Sovereignty in the domains of Mohammed!

"Lady Hester Stanhope," says M. de Lamartine, "was a niece of Mr. Pitt. On the death of her uncle she left England, and visited various parts of Europe. Young, handsome, and rich, she was every where received with the attention and interest due to her rank, fortune, mind, and beauty; but she constantly refused to unite her fate to that of her worthiest admirer; and, after spending some years in the principal cities of Europe, embarked with a numerous suite for Constantinople. The real cause of this expatriation has never been known; some have ascribed it to the death of a young English officer, who was killed at that period in Spain, and whom an eternal regret must render forever present in Lady Hester Stanhope's heart; others have imputed her voluntary banishment to a mere love of adventure in a young person of an enterprising and courageous character. However this might be, she departed, spent some years at Constantinople, and then sailed for Syria in an English vessel, which carried also the larger part of her fortune, as well as jewelry, trinkets, and presents of all sorts, of very considerable value."

The vessel encountered a storm in the Gulph of Maori, on the passage to Caramania; the ship was wrecked, Lady Hester Stanhope's property was all lost, and it was as much as she could do to save her own life. Nothing, however, could shake her resolution. She returned to England, gathered the remainder of her fortune, sailed again for Syria, and landed at Latakia, the ancient Laodicea. She had at first thought of fixing her abode at the foot of Olympus; but Broussa is a commercial city, situate on the avenues to the Ottoman capital, and reckoning not less than sixty thousand inhabitants; and Lady Hester Stanhope sought the independence and solitude of the Desert. She therefore selected the wilderness of Mount Lebanon, whose extreme ramifications lose themselves in the sands. Ruined Palmyra—Zenobia's ancient capital—suited her fancy. The noble exile took up her residence at Djouni, prepared for every vicissitude. "Europe," said she, "is a monotonous residence; its nations are unworthy of freedom, and endless revolutions are unworthy of freemen." She applied herself to the study of the Arabic language, and strove to obtain a thorough acquaintance with the character and manners of the Syrian people. One day, dressed in the costume of the Osmanlis, she set out for Jerusalem, Damascus, Aleppo, and the Desert; she advanced amidst a caravan loaded with wealth, tents, and presents for the Scheiks, and was soon surrounded by all the tribes, who knelt to her, and submitted to her supremacy.

It was not solely by her magnificence that Lady Hester had excited the admiration of the Arabs; her courage had been proved on more than one occasion, and she had always faced peril with a boldness and energy which the tribes well remembered. Lady Hester Stanhope knew, also, how to flatter the Mahomedan prejudices. She had no intercourse with the Christians and Jews; she spent whole days in the gratto of a santon, who explained the Koran to her; and never appeared in public without that mien of majestic and grave inspiration which was always unto Oriental nations the characteristic of prophets. With her, however, this conduct was

not so much the result of design as of a decided proneness to every species of excitement and originality.

Lady Hester Stanhope's first abode was but a monastery. It was soon transformed into an Oriental palace, with pavilions, orange gardens, and myrtles, over which spread the foliage of the cedar, such as it grows in the mountains of Lebanon. The traveller to whom Lady Hester opened this sanctuary would see her clad in Oriental garments. Her head was covered with a turban made of a red and white cashmere. She wore a long tunic, with open loose sleeves; large Turkish trousers, the folds of which hung over yellow morocco boots embroidered with silk. Her shoulders were covered with a sort of burnous, and a yataghan hung at her waist. Lady Hester Stanhope had a serious and imposing countenance; her noble and mild features had a majestic expression, which her high stature and the dignity of her movements enhanced.

The day came when all this *prestige*, so expensively kept up, suddenly vanished. Lady Hester's fortune rapidly declined; her income yearly increased: in short, the substantial resources which had at one time sustained the magic of her extraordinary domination were daily forsaking her. The Queen of Palmyra then fell back into the rank of mere mortals; and she who had signed absolute firmans enabling the traveller to visit in security the regions of Palmyra—she whose authority the Sublime Porte had tacitly acknowledged—soon saw her people disown her omnipotency; she was left the title of Queen, but it was but an empty name, a mere recollection; and again the monastery's silence ruled over the solitude of Djouni. A Queen, stripped of her glory of a day, Lady Hester Stanhope has expired, the sport of fate, at the moment the East is convulsed. She has expired in obscurity and loneliness, without even mingling her name with the great events of which it is now the theatre.

#### THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.

The *Turks*, or *Turkomans*, are of Tartar origin, and came from the regions beyond Mount Taurus and Inaus. Like the rest of their nation they were a freebooting tribe, living on plunder and without any permanent residence; but fierce daring and warlike beyond other tribes. These qualities rendering them formidable; one of the caliphs, a descendant of Houron Alraschid, mentioned so often in the Arabian Nights, employed a large body of Turks as his body guard. Like the Prætorian bands of the Roman Empire, these life-guards of the Caliphs soon began to interfere in affairs of state; and, taking advantage of some dissensions between two rival aspirants to the caliphate, seized upon the government themselves. Bagdad was taken by the Turks in 1055. Before the close of the eleventh century we find them on the borders of the Caspian sea. In process of time, extending their conquests daily, the Turks became masters of the whole vast empire of both races of caliphs—the race of Omar, and the Absaidæ, descendants of Mahomet. These extensive territories including Persia, Syria, Egypt, and the northern portion of Africa, now known as the Barbary States, together with the greater part of Asia Minor; and in the reign of Othman, preparations were made to attack the Greek Empire, of which Constantinople was the capital—the last remaining fragment of that stupendous dominion which the Roman power had built up through successions of ages. The threatened invasion was for a time averted by means of an alliance with John Cantacuzenus the Greek emperor, brought about between his daughter and young Ozean, the son of the Turkish Sultan. At length, under Bajazet, surnamed the Thunderbolt, the Turks not only entered the empire, but laid siege to Constantinople itself, which was saved from an immediate fall by the timely interposition of Tamerlane, the descendant of Ghengis-Khan, the founder of the great Tartar or Mogul empire in Asia. This prince, who had already checked the course of the Turks in Syria and Persia, was urgently solicited by the enemies of Bajazet to come to the relief of Constantinople. He harkened to an invitation so flattering to his prowess, and, as a preliminary, sent a polite message to Bajazet, requesting him to raise the siege of Constantinople, and give up immediately all his conquests. This modest proposal being received with the utmost scorn by the haughty Sultan, a battle ensued, in which the mighty army of Bajazet was routed, and he himself made prisoner. Some histories say that the captive monarch was confined in an iron cage, like a wild beast, and that he was made to stand with his body bent to serve as a footstool when his insulting conqueror wished to mount his horse.

The Turkish power, though checked, was not much shaken by this blow. After the death of Tamerlane, their designs against the Greek empire were renewed; and, after various interruptions from the Poles, who were then a powerful people, Constantinople was fully invested by the Turks under Mahomet the Great. This was in 1453. The indolent Greeks made few preparations for defence, trusting to an immense barricade of strong chains, which blocked up the entry to the port, and prevented all access to the enemy's ships. The genius of Mahomet soon overcame this obstacle. He laid a channel of smooth planks for the length of six miles, and in one night's time he drew eighty galleys out of the water upon these planks; and next morning, to the utter astonishment of the besieged, an entire fleet descended at once into the bosom of their harbour. The city was taken by assault, and with it fell the empire of the East, one thousand one hundred and twenty-

three years from the time when Constantinople removed the seat of Government from Rome to Constantinople.

Constantinople became the capital of the Ottoman empire, which soon began to extend itself in Europe. All Greece was theirs, the island of Rhodes fell into their hands, and in a few years afterwards Moldavia, Wallachia, and a great part of Hungary, were subdued by Solymán, surnamed the Magnificent. In 1491, Cyprus was taken from the Venetians; and now the Christian nations of Europe began to be filled with anxious apprehensions of this formidable power. The Pope exerted himself to stop the further progress of these infidels, who carrying their religion on the point of their swords made every place Mahometan which fell under their sway. A league was formed by the holy See with the Venetians and with Philip II. of Spain, then the most wealthy Sovereign in Europe. A great naval armament was fitted out by the allied Powers, under Don John of Austria, consisting of two hundred and fifty ships of war, beside transports. The Turks were not behind in force. The two great fleets encountered each other in the Gulf of Lepanto, and an engagement ensued more memorable than any naval fight that had happened since the battle of Actium. The allied fleet under Don John was victorious—the Turks were wholly discomfited, losing over one hundred and fifty ships, and fifteen thousand slain—Among whom was Ali, their Admiral. This great victory saved Christendom, or at least the whole South of Europe from being over-run by the infidels, and checked the further advance of Turkish power for more than a century.

The battle of Lepanto was memorable on another account; a soldier there lost his left arm by the stroke of a sabre; but that soldier was *Cervantes*. It is a striking instance of the undying power of genius, that this incident happening to a private in the ranks, has given celebrity to a conflict in which the fate of Christian Europe hung suspended on an uncertain issue; and doubtless there are hundreds who remember Lepanto as the place where the author of Don Quixote was wounded, without calling to mind that Don John of Austria commanded in the battle, or that Ali was slain, and his head stuck on the flag-staff of the Admiral's mast.

After the terrible overthrow of Lepanto, the Turks made no great attempts at conquest in Europe for a hundred years or more, although wars occurred at various times between them and the Venetians, and their other neighbours the Poles and Hungarians. At length about the middle of the seventeenth century, the conquering prosperity of the Ottoman race again broke forth, backed by the whole power of the empire. A mighty array swept over Hungary, and moving up the Danube, penetrated to Vienna, and laid siege to that imperial city. Here success had well nigh crowned their efforts—Vienna was on the point of falling, when John Sobieski, the heroic king of Poland, came to its relief, compelled the Turks to raise the siege, and defeated them in battle with prodigious slaughter. This fearful invasion had been excited and stimulated by Louis XIV. of France, who scrupled not to use the Turks as the instruments of his animosity against the house of Austria.

From this time forward the Turks ceased to be a formidable power in Europe. The energy of the race had expended its ruder force; all internal elements of strength had been developed; the principles of their religion, carried to their full ultimates, had matured the evils inherent therein, and the mighty body of the Ottoman Empire lay like an unwieldy monster relapsing into a state of torpidity. From being the invader, Turkey was now called upon to repel invasions—for the power of Russia was on the increase since the days of Peter the Great, and as the ascending star of that northern colossus rose towards culmination, the crescent drooped and sent forth a paler ray. The essential principle of the Turkish Constitution—that unity of power which concentrates all the energies of the State, and puts them under the guidance of an individual will—however admirably adapted it may be for conquest and military operations, is altogether unsuited to the enlargement and prosperous growth of a nation in peace.

The history of Turkey, from the close of the seventeenth century, exhibits a succession of misfortunes, uninterrupted by any permanent success. Many of her best provinces have been appropriated by Russia; Greece has been torn from her; the Barbary States acknowledge no more than a nominal subjection, and hardly that; while at the present moment, Egypt and Syria, under a rebellious Pasha, so far from confessing allegiance to the Porte, are threatening Constantinople. The effects of Mahmoud's efforts to resuscitate the empire seem to have ceased with his life, as they depended in fact from the first upon his individual energy, which found little response in the thoughts and feelings of his subjects.

Three times has the safety of Christendom been jeopardized by collisions with them. The first great era was when the Saracens, overrunning Syria, Egypt, and Northern Africa, crossed into Spain, and, possessing themselves of the kingdom, (save some mountainous regions where the brave Pelayo preserved the spark of Spanish liberty,) penetrated through the Pyrenees, and marched into the heart of France. Here, between Tours and Poitiers, they were met and defeated by Charles Martel, in one of the bloodiest battles on record. One million men are said to have fallen in the fight. The two other epochs have been already mentioned—one, when the conquests of the Ottoman race were checked at the battle of Lepanto; the other when John Sobieski repulsed the Turks

under the walls of Vienna. It is curious to speculate upon what would have been the aspect of Europe now, if these battles had terminated differently.—*Baltimore America.*

## ANIMAL SAGACITY.

ANECDOTE OF A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.—We last week reported the violent death to which a fine Newfoundland Dog, belonging to a merchant here, was subjected by a decision of the police magistrates, in consequence of being found going about unmuzzled. The following anecdotes of this fine animal are warranted by his owner, and can be corroborated by the testimony of abundance of witnesses—some of which are worthy of a place in a new edition of Captain Brown's work on dogs:—

Almost every person in Perth knew the fondness with which he would accept of a half penny, and run to a baker's shop with it to receive a "farrel." He gained many friends from his tractable nature in this respect, and would approach his benefactors wherever he saw them, and fawn upon them for his accustomed coin, which was seldom refused. On one occasion he received a bad half-penny, and on going to the baker's was refused the "farrel." He carried the half-penny home, and never allowed himself to be cheated in the same manner afterwards, although often tried.

About three months ago he was a short time domiciled in a country village, where, merely from hearsay, his qualities were subjects of general conversation. One evening when such was the case a wager of 10s. was taken by a respectable innkeeper that he would find the baker's shop of the village and bring home a roll. He was immediately presented with a half-penny, and ordered to do so. He walked slowly up the one side of the street, smelling at every shop as he passed until he arrived at the top, where he crossed, and proceeding down the other side still doing the same. He at length arrived at the baker's, where taking a survey of the window, he went in, placing his fore paws upon the counter, and dropped the half-penny. The baker not conceiving what he wanted stood wondering, until the dog perceiving he was not likely to be served, coolly proceeded round the counter and helped himself and brought home the roll.

The story of the dog he dropped over the "North Shore," will bear another telling although noticed in the local Journals at the time:—The antipathy colliers bear to Newfoundland dogs is well known, and their propensity to attack the Newfoundland *only* when a herd of themselves is together. In the present instance a bull dog, from which he had frequently suffered much annoyance, finding itself backed by a companion of the same blood and three colliers, commenced a furious attack upon the Newfoundland at the foot of Speygate. To all observers he was in apparent danger, but the while, he had no doubt a particular achievement in view; for in a moment he shook the whole off him, and appeared with the annoying bull-dog by the throat in his jaws, which he dragged fully a hundred yards, and dropped him over the shore into the Tay.

The two following anecdotes may be the most remarkable, considering he was directed by no impulse but that peculiar to his nature. Last summer when the tide was in, in the Tay, a few boys threw a pup over the bridge, with a stone tied to its neck, but which had become detached when descending. The Newfoundland was passing at the time, and observing the circumstance, he sprung upon the parapet, gave a wild bark, leaped down, not into the water, but on the causeway, rushed down Charlotte Street, and plunged into the river at the "Devil's den," swam for and brought the pup ashore all but dead. Three times did he rescue as many pups from a watery grave.

The last is no less remarkable. On a fine day in June last year, a child had been playing with him apparently wearied or overcome with heat, the dog lay down in the middle of the high street; the child lay beside him, and fell asleep with its arms encircling the dog's neck. They had not lain long together, when a carriage came rapidly down the street: the dog started, and evidently perceived the child's danger, seized it by the waist and carried it safely to the pavement, where, laying it down he licked its face, exhibiting every symptom of inward satisfaction at the good deed he had done. The above anecdotes would scarcely be credited were it not that all of them were witnessed by numerous spectators, and the latter if I am not mistaken, was witnessed by one of the witnesses for the prosecution against him.—*Perthshire Courier.*

ANECDOTE OF MR. COURTTS.—"Mr. Courtts was a remarkably shabby dresser, however; so that the fault does not rest entirely on those who had charge of his wardrobe. He was a tall, thin, spare figure, and his clothes, always ill-fitting, bore that appearance of being 'rubbed at the seams' which reveals the 'business coat' of an office. He was often mistaken for an indigent person, and used to enjoy the mistake of all things. The following is one of many instances:—Mr. Courtts, from his too strict attention to the bank, felt his appetite diminished; and, in order to afford him a little exercise, his physician ordered him to walk daily after the bank had closed to a chemist's, who resided at some distance from the Strand, to have some preparation made up. So quiet and unassuming was he in manners, that he always made way for every one who came while he was at the shop so that the might be served before him; and with his fair, delicate countenance, spare frame, and very simple dress, no strangers guessed they were pushing aside the opulent Mr. Courtts. A kind-hearted, liberal man, a mer-

chant—who used to quit the counting-house about the same time that Mr. Courtts left the bank, and who had chanced to be in the chemist's shop several times at the hour when the latter came there—had remarked him, and, from his retiring, gentle appearance and actions, concluded he was a reduced gentleman, whose mind, was superior to his means. Accordingly, this charitable merchant resolved to administer to the necessities of the shrinking, modest individual; and, one day, having sealed up a sum of money for the purpose, he went to the chemist's shop where he remained a length of time, waiting anxiously for the appearance of the latter, who, however, on that day did not come for the tonic, being probably too much engaged in distributing thousands.—The stranger being at length tired of waiting, and feeling ashamed of occupying a place in the shop so long, told the chemist how the absence of the pale, indigent, elderly gentleman had prevented his intended donation. The chemist in amazement said: "And you really meant to offer pecuniary aid to that person, sir? Have you no idea who he is?" "None," said the other; "but I conclude he is some gentlemanly man in distressed, or, at least reduced circumstances." "You shall judge, sir, as to his circumstances; that unassuming, quiet individual is THOMAS COURTTS!"

WRITERS OF THE FOUR GOSPELS.—The simplicity of the narrative is never violated; there is even no panegyric on the august person they commemorate, nor a single epithet of commendation. When they mention an extraordinary effect of his divine eloquence it is history, not eulogy, that speaks. They say nothing of their own admiration; it is the "people" who were astonished at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth. Again, it was "the multitudes marvelled, saying, it was never so seen in Israel." Again, it was the officers, not the writer, who said "never man spake like this man." In recording the most stupendous events, we are never called to an exhibition of their own pity, or their own admiration. In relating the most soul-moving circumstance, there is no attempt to be pathetic, no aim to work up the feelings of the reader, no appeal to his sympathy, no studied finish, no elaborate excitement. Jesus wept;—no comment. He is hungry;—no compassion escapes them. He is transfigured;—no expression of astonishment. He is agonized;—the narrative does not rise in emphasis. He is betrayed;—no execration to the betrayer. He is condemned;—no animadversions on the iniquitous judge;—while their own denial and desertion are faithfully recorded. He expires;—no remark on the tremendous catastrophe, no display of their own sorrow. Facts alone supply the void; and what facts? The earth quaking, the sun is eclipsed, the graves give up their dead. In such a history, it is very true, fidelity was praise, fact was glory. And yet, if on the one hand, there were no need of the rhetorician's art to embellish the tale, what mere rhetoricians could have abstained from using it.

Thus, it seems obvious, that unlettered men are appointed to this great work, in order that the success of the gospel might not be suspected of owing any thing to natural ability, or to splendid attainment. This arrangement while it proves the astonishing progress of christianity to have been caused by its own energy, serves to remove every unjust suspicion of the contrivance of fraud, the collusions of interest, or the artifices of invention.—*Hannah More.*

THE SCIENCE OF WOOD SAWING.—There are few employments in life, however humble, to which a certain degree of importance is not attached by some one or other. Of this truth we were convinced yesterday. Passing through Royal street we saw a fellow engaged in the scientific work of wood sawing. His "horse" rigged and reeled as if it had got the blind staggers; his saw groaned as if its teeth had been operated on by a dentist, and his clothes shook about him like the bells of a Turkish "jingling jounny." Two brothers of the saw stood on either side of him in a kind of stand-at-ease position, with their saws hung over their shoulders like the harps of wandering minstrels. They seemed to regard the efforts of the active member of the trio with mingled feelings of pity and professional contempt. One of them at length broke silence and addressing the other said, pointing at the same time to the would-be wood sawyer—

"How difficult it is to learn our business, Bill, ain't it?" "Can't never be done, Jim, no how," says Bill, "cept-in-case a fellow goes to it young and has a hextraordinary genius." "I've knowed, aye, as many as twenty to try it myself," says Jim, "but it war a complete failure—no go. They war all obliged to turn to some less scientific business, such as watch making or the likes." "Then that there's the reason," says Bill, "that our business is like banking, there's monopoly in it; why if every feller, such as broken speculators and music masters out of employment could take up the saw, the business wouldn't be worth a follerling." "Well, I pities a feller," continues Jim, "like this here man what's a sawing, who seems anxious to succeed but hain't the ability. Do you think he will ever come to any thing?" "No," replied the other, "it ain't in his natur. He may do very well on pine wood where it hain't got no knots, but he never can succeed at live oak or hickory. The consequence is, that he never can arrive at the top of his purfession no how he can fix it." After this criticism on the merits of wood sawing we withdrew.—*Picayune.*

## ROUSING THE WATCH.

How to ROUSE THE WATCH ON DECK.—From Sea Sketches in the Mercantile Journal.

"You know, shipmates," said Jack, "that some of our West India traders, belonging to 'down east,' are very apt to neglect keeping a 'look out ahead' during the night time. I once belonged to the brig Nonsuch, Captain Seagull, and we sailed from Portland, bound to Demerara, with a cargo consisting of lumber and Yankee notions—and we had the sleepest set of men that ever I met with, and I have fallen in with some pretty persevering sleepers in my day. But I verily believe that some of these long-limbed, yawning Yankees, from 'down east' would sleep with their heads in a bucket of water, especially if it was their watch on deck.

One night, about ten days after leaving port, we were crossing the pleasant latitudes of the trade winds, with all sail set, closely hauled, when the captain took it into his head to go on deck. It was about four bells in the middle watch—he found the old brig, under the influence of a light breeze, comfortably ploughing her way along towards the south, at the rate of two or three knots—and every man on deck was fast asleep!

The mate, and he was a smart fellow enough too, when he was awake, was enjoying a right royal nap on the weather hencoop—the "man at the helm" desirous of following such a laudable example, had nipped the tiller rope with a rope yarn—and stretched himself comfortably on the quarter deck—and the other two men of the watch had deposited their carcasses on a couple of soft white pine boards, and were snoring away like good fellows, as if sleeping for a wager!

The captain saw with a glance the lay of the land—and being a funny dog withal, resolved to have some sport. He went quietly to work, and unrove the tiller rope, *unshipped the tiller*, and quietly placed it in the small boat at the stern. He then took from the companion-way his large speaking-trumpet, which was only used on extraordinary occasions, went forward, and passing out to the end of the flying gib-boom, hailed the brig with the whole strength of his lungs—and his voice was none of the smallest—"Brig ahoy-oy!" said he—"Hard up your helm! Hard up! Hard up, or I shall run you down!"

His horrible bawling awakened the watch—and the men, who were enjoying themselves on the soft pine boards when they should have been keeping an eye ahead and under the lee, half frightened out of their senses, and imagining of course, that it came from on board a strange vessel, about coming down upon them, repeated the order—"Hard up your helm!"

The mate jumped off the hen-coop, and without stopping to rub his peepers, screamed out like a madman, "Hard up your helm!"

By this time the helmsman himself had recovered his wandering senses, and had raised himself upon his legs. He loudly responded to the general cry of "Hard up your helm!" and sprang with unwanted energy to execute the energy—but his astonishment may be more easily imagined than described, when he found that the "helm" had disappeared.

The captain was meanwhile bawling out from the end of the flying gib-boom, until he was black in the face, "Why don't you put your helm hard up! Hard up! Hard-a-port at once, or I shall cut you to the water's edge!"

The men in the waist repeated the orders "Hard up;" and ran forward to see what was to pay.—The mate turned to assist the helmsman, shouting out, "Hard up your helm," you sleepy headed lubber! "Hard up at once!" But he was thunder-struck when he found the tiller was missing, and floundered about like a struck dolphin.

By this time the watch below, of which I was one, came running on deck to see what was the cause of such a hallabulloo—and a scene of alarm and confusion ensued, which went a league beyond any thing I ever saw, before or since. It was, however, at last put an end to by captain Seagull, who came in from the jib-boom, in an agony of laughter. As soon as he was able to speak, he soundly rated the watch for their neglect of duty—and he never had occasion to complain of a failure to keep a good look-out afterwards.

George the Second being informed that an impudent Printer was to be punished for having published a spurious King's Speech, replied that he hoped the punishment would be of the mildest sort, because he had read both, and, as far as he understood either of them, he liked the spurious speech better than his own.

How do you like the new furniture, carpets, &c. my dear, said a wife to her husband on his return from a voyage, "don't you think I've made a great change for the better?" "Very pretty, very fine indeed, my dear," said Benedict, feeling his emptied purse, "but how much change did you take to make it?"

WATCH LIGHT.—It is ten to one an ordinary candle will gutter away in an hour or two, sometimes to the endangering the safety of the house:—This may be avoided by placing as much common salt, finely powdered, as will reach from the tallow to the bottom of the black part of the wick of a partly burnt candle, when if the same be lit, it will burn very slowly, yielding a sufficient light for a bed chamber; the salt will gradually sink as the tallow is consumed, the melted tallow being drawn through the salt and consumed in the wick.

For the Pearl.

## SCENES AND SCENERY IN NOVA-SCOTIA.

I.

A stranger pilgrim from a distant clime,  
Takes up a fond, but long neglected, lyre;  
Runs o'er its chords to strike a measured rhyme,  
And fain to wake its numbers would aspire:—  
But harsh neglect has quenched its wonted fire—  
One single touch—one farewell note essaying  
An old unmeasured strain—a broken wire  
Recalls emotions which have long been straying,  
And wakes neglected feelings of repressed desire.

II.

It is not that on classic ground we stand,  
It is not that of Attic games we sing,  
No sculptured marbles grace this foster-land,  
Or Delphian temple, or Parnassian spring:  
Not here, Apollo strikes the heavenly string,  
Yet thoughts of bygone glories brightly burn:  
The past—has charms of brilliant hues to bring,  
And though inscribed not on the storied urn,  
Hearts keep those thoughts as food for fond imagining.

III.

Even here, although no fabled altars shine,  
No musty chronicle of ancient lore,  
Though fair Acadia boasts no sainted shrine  
Where bearded sages votive offerings pour;  
Yet, even here, a spell rests on the hour  
Which tells in witching numbers of the past,  
Tradition lends its soul-entrancing power,  
Restores the hues which time was fading fast,  
And holds its mirror to the past in Fancy's bower.

IV.

A century since, these scenes were widely changed;  
No city then marked Haligonian's plain,  
No merchant shipping at her wharves arranged,  
No pride of commerce, and no lust of gain—  
Nor military trappings marked the train  
Of British enterprise or British power—  
But where her proud fleets sweep a wide domain,  
And ocean now adds tribute to earth's dower,  
The birch canoe alone held undisputed reign.

V.

Where the throned representative of state  
And regal office, guards our liberty—  
Palaced in wigwam—and accounted great—  
The Indian savage, wild, untutored, free—  
Here claimed a monarch's native right to be.  
Barbarian spoils were his—the forest's lair  
Sweeping Chebucto's shores, proclaimed that he  
Alone, with human song, broke silence there,—  
Till Britain's golden influence gemmed the Western sea.

VI.

Our song commenced—years have passed away—  
We leave a busy Town for vista's green—  
Where groves of birch-trees shield from summer's ray  
The cavalcade, approaching fast between;  
A distant mansion on the hill is seen,  
Thither with hasty tread, the train advancing,  
Show in their midst a form of noble mien,  
Whose conscious war-horse by his lofty prancing  
Shows, as he enters there, a master's step, I ween.

VII.

Anon the scene is changed—the mirror'd hall  
Spreads the rich banquet by the torches' glare:  
A hundred guests obey a welcome call,  
A hundred servitors their master hear.  
Now the brimmed wine-cup sparkles in the air:  
Each guest has risen—hearts with fealty bounding  
Shout in one chorus—all the rapture share,  
Health to the noble host—the pledge is sounding—  
Edward the royal Duke—and England's prince—is there.

VIII.

Another change is past. Time's Chronicler,  
Sage scribe of the events of ages gone,  
Hath on his record numbered many a year  
Of joys departed and of pleasures flown.  
Full fifty suns have on the forest shone,  
And fifty winters those old trees have whitened;  
The harp of ancient days hath lost its tone,  
Death the deep sorrows of lone hearts has lightened,—  
All scenes its changes feel, all hearts its sceptre own.

IX.

Ruin now reigns where revel once was held;  
Decay is rife where riot's roof-tree sprung;  
Few things remain as they were found of old—  
The greater need their glory should be sung.  
The same blue skies are on this spot o'erhung,  
The same bright birches are the same road shading,  
Birds of bright hue are still the trees among;  
And what though hearts and hands and eyes are fading  
In such a glorious scene, thought ever will be young.

X.

Those rooms are desolate which once were filled,  
The mantling ivy decks "The Prince's Hall,"  
The gardens now rich fruits no longer yield,  
The stables scarce are traced with vacant stall,  
Hills no more echo to the huntsman's call,—  
Choked are the fountains erst like chrystal streaming,  
Mimic Pagodas into ruin fall,—  
Music is hushed and still—no lights are gleaming,  
Rotunda—Lodge—Park—Gardens—lie in ruins all.

XI.

Yet 'midst the changes which Time's hands have wrought,  
Seasons and pastimes change not—these still move  
In circles—still our hardy sons are taught  
The customs of their ancestors to love.  
Hail then, Adopted Country! 'twould behoove  
A firmer hand than mine in graceful measure,  
To sketch, in lines which time should ne'er disprove,  
The gems of pastime and the scenes of pleasure  
Won on the watery lake, or sought in leafy grove.

XII.

Stern winter reigns—on every branching pine  
Innumerable brilliants deck the spray,  
Droop pendant from the boughs that intertwine,  
Or overhang the snow-white beaten way;  
The frozen waters of the harbour lay  
A winter pathway—and a starlit glory,  
Lights midnight hours with splendor more than day,  
And gems the scene—which winter stern and hoary  
Has with a magic wand cast into rich array.

XIII.

Hark! 'tis the merry bugle on the hill,  
A train advances—not in warlike mien,  
Or trifling pastime—but as nearer still  
They come, the Tandem Club—through vista's green,  
The winter pride of all the land is seen;—  
The merry sleigh-bells through the woods are ringing,  
The fur-clad troop glisten with winters sheen,  
The neighing steeds are through the snow-drift springing,  
While laugh and merry shout enliven all the scene.

XIV.

But months have rolled along, the ice and snow  
Have vanished all before the solar ray,  
While torpid nature seems to undergo  
A fierce convulsion ere its functions play—  
The heaving earth—long frost-bound, breaks away  
The crumbling cliff—bright life from death is waking—  
And, as though vegetation brook'd delay,  
Nature in haste its verdant robe is taking,  
All scenes are full of life, and all Creation gay.

XV.

The roaring freshet rushes down the steep,  
With sound of woodman's axe the forests ring,  
Where sleighs were gliding—loaded waggons creep,  
And vagrant birds now wheel on restless wing;  
The lovely May-flower, herald of the Spring,  
Sweet nursling of the snow—Acadia's flower—  
With lowly welcome doth its tribute bring,  
And as first occupant of Elora's bower  
Hails the young season with its fragrant blossoming.

XVI.

Like the Aurora's glory—often streaming  
A down this firmament—a short lived sight,—  
So summer comes and goes, while man is dreaming  
Days ne'er more will be brief—skies always bright:—  
Sudden it bursts with rainbow radiance dight—  
Its path is strewn with wild but lovely flowers,  
Here—humming-birds stay—sip—resume their flight,  
There—varied notes ring through the forest bowers,  
And every scene is gay and every heart is light.

XVII.

Now the shrill grasshopper exerts his song,—  
The fire-fly glances like an evening star,—  
The loaded fruit-trees bend their boughs along,  
Tempting the hand to reach the bounty rare,—  
The ripened cornfields pay the anxious care  
Of patient husbandman—who long foreboded  
A scanty harvest—but whose plenteous share  
Is seen in rounded stack and garners loaded,  
While grateful praise to Heaven succeeds his fervent prayer.

XVIII.

Then comes the time—when to the gentle breeze  
The snow-white sails unfurl, and contest, mild,  
But vigorous, marks the strife where all would seize  
The palm of the Regatta—each has toiled,  
Amateur, Mariner, and Indian wild,—  
And all are pleased, and wearied all, I ween;  
And now that festive mirth has time beguiled,  
A gorgeous sunset ends the lively scene,  
That sun, which all the day on the blue waters smiled.

XIX.

Summer now yields to Autumn's russet dress,  
And doffs her emerald robe of shining green,—  
A magic hand with passing loveliness  
Has clothed the fading woods in brilliant sheen;  
Had fancy struck her wand—this had not been,—  
Had artist sketched them, 'twere a fiction deemed;  
But, as though clouds were prisms held between  
The forests and the sunlight—so it seemed  
With every rainbow hue to have decked the transient scene.

XX.

Then, like the echo of a well-loved strain  
Round which hang recollections of the past,  
A chord we ne'er may hear so touched again,  
So, on the verge of autumn, ere 'tis cast  
On the rude charity of winter's blast,  
A second summer, with Italian skies,  
Not long to bloom, and far too bright to last,  
Wears a brief diadem—then fades and dies  
When hoary frosts speak winter's cold approaching fast.

XXI.

Now rude boreas shakes the rustling trees,  
The faded ground with yellow leaves is strewn,  
(Like lines upon a cenotaph—so these  
Speak of departed joys and pleasures flown)  
Storms now howl o'er the ocean with a tone  
Which speaks of danger, and the falling shower  
Of flaky snow, precedes the gusty moan  
With which stern winter ushers in its power,  
To mark a season icebound, dread, deserted, lone.

XXII.

The task of song is o'er—the harp is still,  
Another hand than mine may wake its strains,—  
And when another spring shall clothe the hill  
With verdure, other seasons deck the plains,  
Death's firmer tie may hold in icy chains  
The heart whose plaintive sighs these strings have swept,  
Yet have I sung—and ceased—though much remains,  
Lest, if I had not sung—I had not kept, [tains  
Thoughts of some scenes whose memory the feeble song re-

## WATERLOO.

I have trodden many of the spots remarkable in the history of Napoleon's career. I have stood where in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, a Corsican soldier of fortune placed upon his own head—seizing it from the Roman pontiff, whom he had summoned to grace his inauguration—the imperial crown of one of the richest realms of Europe. I pictured to my mind the gay train of obsequious courtiers, and the stern phalanx of hardy warriors, who then encircled him; and I was dazzled at the splendour of that imperial soldier's destinies.

I have sat in the little room, in his favourite palace of Fontainebleau, where he was compelled to sign away, as it seemed forever, his authority, and then to bid, as it was thought, a last adieu to the comrades with whom he had victoriously traversed half the world; and I could not but feel somewhat for the humiliation of that mounting spirit; for terrible must have been his agony as he tore himself from the the veterans who adored him, and kissed with streaming eyes the eagles that he had guided so often to their quarry.

But I have wandered over the field of Waterloo—the bloody stake of the last act in the tragic drama of his career, where his single and unprincipled ambition carried lamentation and wee into thrice ten thousand homes. The selfish, unbridled passion of one man placed again the world in arms, and consumed, in perhaps the shortest campaign on record, more victims than probably were ever sacrificed before in such a little space.

I went into the quiet, country-looking church of Waterloo. The walls on each side are covered with tablets to the memory of the brave who fell in the battle.—Then I walked on to Mont St. Jean. Almost every house I passed had a history belonging to it. Some distinguished person had either lodged there before the engagement, or had been brought hither after it to die.—In one, about the best looking in the place, the Duke of Wellington had slept, my guide told me, for two nights, June 17th and 18th. To another, some way further on, Sir William de Lancey had been carried mortally wounded. Oh, what tales of thrilling woe those walls, if they could speak, would tell! There was not a more gallant spirit than Sir William de Lancey. He had won renown while yet quite young,—and, with high hopes and happy prospects, had married just two months before. His poor wife was at Brussels. She hurried to the house where he lay—it is a neat, pleasant-looking cottage;—and there, on the third day, she closed his eyes. Hers was one of the many sad hearts into which every peal that celebrated that glorious victory must have struck a desolate chillness.

The guide who accompanied me was an intelligent man. He described with civil minuteness the terrors of that awful time. Most of the inhabitants of Waterloo and its neighbourhood had left their habitations, and fled to the woods; and though it was the Sabbath, no chime on that day called the people to the house of prayer.—He himself was a farm servant at Mont St. Jean; and he pointed out, on the left of the road, nearly the last house, the place where he lived. It was just behind the English line; and

into it the wounded were conveyed in crowds, and it was his business to attend on them. He said that if he looked out he could see nothing of the battle; a sullen cloud of smoke enveloped the armies: but the noise was most terrific. And clearly, amid the roar of artillery and the tumult of charging squadrons, he could hear the shrieks of the wounded and dying. One or two balls fell upon the farm-house of Mont St. Jean, but little damage was done to it. From this farm there is a slight descent, in the middle of which stands a ruinous looking hut. It was there in the battle, but the shots passed over it. Then the ground rises again, and in a minute or two we stood on the brow of the hill, and saw the whole field of Waterloo stretched before us. Along this ridge, and in the little hollow behind it, the English army was posted. There was a gentle slope, then a narrow plain, and beyond that a range of hills like that we stood on; there were the mighty hosts of France. The high road ran from the point where we were to the opposite eminence; a little below us was La Haye Sainte; on the extreme left La Haye; about a mile off, in front, we saw La Belle Alliance, and on the right was the chateau of Hougomont. The field looked calm and quiet; corn was growing on most parts of it—and it was difficult to realize the fact, that here so many thousand bodies were waiting the last trump, to stand again upon their feet. The guide had been employed to bury the dead. Large pits were dug, and the corpses were hastily thrown in; but it was twelve days ere the field was cleared; and long before that time, so dreadful was the effluvia, that many of the country people engaged in the pestilential task of interring them, died.

I crossed over to Hougomont. Here was indeed a scene of desolation; the once-beautiful grounds were lying waste; the gates were gone—and the walls of the house and outbuildings were shattered and crumbling. But the chapel presented the most striking appearance. Many of the wounded, during the heat of the action were placed there; and then, when it was nearly full of these poor helpless creatures, it was fired. The blackened walls, and scorched image of the Virgin, tell an awful tale. I never had such a vivid perception of the misery war really inflicts, as while I wandered through the desolate habitation. Truly, the sword is well described as one of God's "four sore judgments." Ezek. xiv. 21.) It is said that, the night after the battle, as the Duke of Wellington rode solitarily back to his quarters at Waterloo, he could not restrain, even in that hour of his glory, an agony of tears, when he thought of the gallant friends he had that day seen stricken down in such numbers by his side.

How corrupt must be the nature, how fallen the condition of men, who, instead of cultivating, like children of one common parent, the ties of amity, can imbue their hands in blood, and call it honour!

Slowly, and with many a backward look, I quitted the plain of Waterloo. I remember no day in my life in which more peculiar trains of thought were called forth. And though the time passed rapidly while exploring the field, yet it seemed in the retrospect at night, as if a long long period had been lived that day.—*The Church of England Magazine.*

#### A GAMBLER'S STORY.

Having by this operation well replenished my pockets, I invested my cash, small as was the amount, in safe speculation, and by a series of fortunate manœuvres, I managed to scrape together, in the course of a couple of months, the snug little sum of a thousand dollars. With this I concluded to return to my Northern friends and repose upon my laurels. Well, Sir, I took passage for Pittsburgh on board the steamer Firebrand, Captain Dodge. Say what you may old habits will cling to a man, and my natural recklessness nearly involved me in an ugly scrape before we had proceeded a hundred miles upon our journey. Soon after we left port, a gentleman with whom I had been acquainted invited me to a game of poker. I asked him if he knew the company with whom he intended to play, and he replied that there were but two others, an intimate friend of his, and a person named Jones, to whom he had been introduced in the "Crescent City," who was apparently a gentleman and a man of honor. Without more ado, we seated ourselves at the table, and plunged immediately into business.

For a couple of hours there was but little lost or won, altho' we were playing a tolerably heavy game. Skill and fortune seemed to be very equally divided among us. After that time, however, I was picked up by Jones on several bets, which in ordinary cases would have been considered specially safe, and by dinner time I found I was a loser to the amount of about three hundred dollars. Familiarity with the changes of fortune had led me to look upon such reverses with a considerable share of coolness, and instead of "crying for spilled milk," I set to work devising means for redeeming the disaster. Appearances convinced me there was foul play on the part of Jones, and at dinner the Captain assured me that he was a notorious blackleg, and that from the indiscreet manner in which I had exhibited my money, he particularly noticed that Jones had a dead set at my pile.

After dinner I went to the bar and purchased two packs of cards, and invited a friend, upon whom I could rely in any emergency, to my state-room. I then selected a hand to suit myself from the two packs, and handed it to my associate, directing him to seat himself near me, and upon a given signal, to exchange hands, giving me the one I had selected. I then borrowed what spare cash he

had in his possession, some three or four hundred dollars, and after the different messes had eaten their dinners, and the table was removed, the same party seated itself for the afternoon's work. I very soon divined Jones' game, and prepared myself for it. During the first hour I had no difficulty in winning about a hundred dollars, in small sums. Presently Jones dealt the cards, and on examining mine, I found he had given me four queens and a king, the largest hand but two in the pack. We were playing with twenty cards. I was very well satisfied that he had secured a better hand for himself. I nevertheless bet one hundred dollars upon mine. He affected to hesitate, but finally covered my hundred dollars, and bet one hundred more. His manner convinced me, and while I pretended to fumble for money with one hand, I passed my cards to my friend at my side, who was apparently watching the progress of the game, and received the hand which I had previously selected. This was fortunately managed without observation, and I threw down two hundred dollars, betting one hundred more than my adversary, the other two hands having passed out. Jones again feigned to hesitate, and said—

"I'm a little afraid of you, stranger; but as I never back out, I shall have to call you, and bet one hundred more."

"I'll see that," replied I, "and one hundred better."

"I can't call," said he; "so here's a couple of hundred dollars more."

By this time quite a circle was gathered around the table, attended by the most lively betting. I counterfeited agitation, drew money first from one pocket, then another, and during the progress of the game, I had plucked a pistol from its hiding place, and laid it upon the table beside me; my vest was also thrown open, and the ivory handle of a formidable Bowie-knife displayed itself conspicuously among the folds of my shirt-bosom. Altogether the scene was extremely picturesque. Jones and myself had deposited upon the table the sum of twelve hundred dollars. On producing the last hundred, I remarked that it was the last of my friend's, that I should bet more if it was in my possession, and that I would simply call his hand. If his cards were better than mine, he was welcome to the money.

"You may beat me," said Jones; "my cards are very good—indeed, some people call this an *invincible* hand."

"Turn over your cards," said I.

"There they are, sir, I don't think you need be very anxious to see them—*four aces and a king—the best hand in the pack*—can you beat it?"

A triumphant smile rested upon his countenance, and various accents of surprise circulated through the crowd which had gathered around us, while he reached forth his hand to grasp the pile of money.

"Don't be in haste, my good friend," said I, "you have not seen my hand; let the money lie until the matter is fairly settled. Did you deal the cards?"

"I did, sir."

"And dealt them fairly and honestly?"

"The man who says these cards were dealt otherwise is a lying scoundrel."

"There is no necessity for threats—I do not mean to insinuate that there has been foul play—I merely wished to know if you were satisfied with the deal.—*THERE ARE FIVE ACES*," remarked I, with provoking coolness, as I spread my hand before him upon the table.

The colour deserted his countenance, and he exclaimed, furiously,

"You can't come that game, stranger."

"Don't get into an unnecessary passion, my worthy fellow," said I, "this little difficulty can be settled without any hard words. Gentlemen," continued I, appealing to the crowd, "you all heard Mr. Jones say that the cards were fairly dealt *by himself*. Now I leave it for you to decide, Captain Dodge, whether or not five aces will not beat four aces and a king?"

"Just exactly beat them Sir, every body can discover that."

"But," said the black-leg, "here are *nine* aces to one pack of cards."

"Can't help it," returned I, "you denounced any man who should dare to question the fairness of your deal, of course I shall not run the risk of being called a lying scoundrel."

The fellow glanced at my ostentatious display of bowie knives and pistols, and offered no resistance as I gathered up the money and wadded it into my pocket. After finishing this important operation, I addressed him as follows:

"You permitted no man to call in question your honesty, under penalty of being condemned as a liar and a villain. All I have to say to you is that if you pretend to accuse me of foul play, or even to utter such an insinuation, I will have you brought before the court of Judge Lynch, soundly flogged, branded upon the forehead, and set on shore."

The lookers-on testified their approbation by a hearty cheer, and the chop-fallen black-leg landed at the next port.

I forgot to tell you, added my new acquaintance, by way of finishing his story—that my name is John Smith. That Sir, was John's Smith's last adventure, although it has been currently reported; that he was lately seen upon the great Kanawha river in Virginia, using Brandreth's Pills in boring for salt. I am happy to inform you that such is by no means the case. I returned im-

mediately home; bought the farm upon which I now live; paid the cash for every rod of land; married a buxom lass; and in spite of my wife, am one of the happiest men in existence. As for the moral to my story, you can easily find it out. I am persuaded that you are now thinking about that gambling scrape, and you are going to say that it was not precisely in accordance with safe moral principle. I will acknowledge that it was wrong, but it was simply cutting the fellow's throat with the weapon which he had prepared to cut mine. Few people who mingle in such scenes escape contamination so easily as myself. Most of those who are once drawn into the vortex of dissipation, find certain destruction: The black-legs upon the Mississippi, with all their fashionable exterior, and gentlemanly appearance, and fine address, are as graceless a set of scoundrels as have escaped the gallows. They are a source of the grossest moral pollution, and breed a nuisance more pestilential than arises from any other cause within the cognizance of society. The true way to exterminate them is, to compel them to prey upon each other, by excluding them from all other resources.—*New York Spirit of the Times.*

#### SCOTCH DROVERS AT BARNET FAIR.

A fair is held annually at Barnet, on the great north road, in the vicinity of London, for the cattle and horses collected in the north of England and Scotland in the early part of the season. The fair of 1839, was well attended; upwards of 45,000 head of cattle and 10,000 horses having changed owners. Since the introduction of steam vessels to the northern parts of Scotland, especially in the Moray Firth, the transit of cattle to the metropolis has become a matter of easy accomplishment, but it will be a long period before journeys by land are superseded. The majority of the dealers who attend Barnet Fair, generally reside in some of the rich and fertile counties on the borders of England and Scotland, and when the opening spring revives nature in all its beauteous forms, these enterprising men proceed northwards, in some instances as far as the Kyle of Sutherland, before they commence operations. In their progress southward, they collect the beautiful small Highland breed of cattle that had been purchased the previous season by the active agriculturists of these districts. The markets are so excellently arranged throughout Scotland, that by the period of the dealer meeting at Falkirk Tryst they have generally collected a very large stock. The cattle are then formed into lots of about 1000 each, and entrusted to a number of Scottish drovers, and the dealer sees no more of them until he meets the whole at Barnet. The journey from Keith to Barnet occupies thirty-four days; the average number of miles travelled each day being sixteen. The pay of a drover is two shillings per day and the expenses of his bed. When he crosses the Tweed he is allowed what is termed night wages to the amount of one shilling extra from the owner, and one shilling from the grazier who supplies food for the cattle. The amount realised by a drover for the whole journey is about £8, and from ten to fifteen shillings for return money. The majority of the drovers return by land, in parties of twenty, and accomplish the distance in thirteen days, at an average expense of one shilling per day, including food and lodging. And yet one of these men, whose whole wardrobe would not fetch fourpence in Rosemary Lane, is entrusted with from seven to eight hundred pounds to pay the expenses of the food required by the cattle, and the tolls to be passed in their journey. The number of Scottish drovers who visit Barnet Fair annually is about 1500. Last year about 300 thimble-riggers were present, and, by sleight of hand, succeeded in winding a large sum from them. This would have been a sad tale to tell their wives and friends in the north, and but a poor excuse for the loss of their hard-won earnings—they therefore watched the motions of the pea and thimble gentry, and being convinced that cheating was the order of the day, on a given signal they surrounded, the thimble-riggers, and compelled them to return them all their money. A gentleman residing in the neighbourhood, who was present on the occasion, was so well pleased with the thrashing the gamblers got, that he gave the Scotsmen three sovereigns to purchase beer.—*Inverness Herald.*

LANGUAGE OF LAWYERS.—If a man would, according to law, give to another an orange, instead of saying, "I give you that orange," which one would think would be what is called, in legal phraseology, "an absolute conveyance of all right and title therein," the phrase would run thus:—"I give you all and singular my estate and interest, right, title, and claim, and advantage of and in that orange, with all rind, skin, juice, pulp, and pips, and all right and advantage therein, with full power to bite, cut, suck, or otherwise eat the same, or give the same away, as fully and effectually as I the said A. B. am now entitled to bite, cut, suck, or otherwise eat the same orange, or give the same away, with or without its rind, skin, juice, pulp, and pips, any thing, heretofore, or hereinafter, or in any other deed or deeds, instrument or instruments, of what nature or kind soever, to the contrary in any wise, notwithstanding;" with much more to the same effect. Such is the language of lawyers; and it is very gravely held by the most learned men among them, that by the omission of any of these words, the right to the said orange would not pass to the person for whose use the same was intended.

## FINE ARTS.

**WORKS IN PROGRESS.**—The art of line engraving is almost abandoned by British engravers. At the present moment there are only four works of high character and importance in progress "in the line manner;" two are after paintings by Edwin Landseer; one "The Highland Drovers;" the other "The Highland Still;" a third "The Interview between Napoleon and the Pope;" the fourth is Eastlake's picture of "Pilgrims arriving in sight of Rome." We except those of the Scottish Societies, and those that will appear in Messrs. Finden's Gallery of British Art. Our more eminent line engravers have been forced to adopt mezzotinto. For some years, Mr. Cousins has been almost alone in this branch of the profession. He has been gathering an abundant harvest, while men of equal, or perhaps, greater ability, have been almost without employment. The fact is seriously to be deplored. No one questions the vast superiority of line over mezzotinto, yet we have the humbling proof that the publishers hardly dare venture upon undertaking a plate in the higher style of art,—there being but little hope that the large expense they necessarily incur will be met by corresponding public support. The consequence naturally follows: our best engravers are now employed upon works in mezzotinto. Publishers will, of course, employ their capital only upon works that afford a reasonable prospect of remuneration; the higher walks of art, will, consequently, be soon deserted, unless some new plan be started to rescue us from a degraded position.

**THE EXAMINATION OF SHAKESPEARE.**—A more admirable or more interesting work than this "Examination of Shakspeare," has rarely been submitted to the notice of the reviewer. It tells a striking story; the immortal poet stands before his accusers—the evidence of his guilt is on the floor of the old hall; he bows meekly but firmly to the great man who would have been forgotten but for the notoriety acquired by the after vengeance of his prisoner's pen. Beside the poet is his hound, looking, like his master, somewhat proudly, yet with due consciousness of the perilous position in which both are placed. The angry game keeper states his proofs—his witnesses, the falconer with his staff, and the man at arms with his partisan, are by: and at the entrance is the young wife of the youthful culprit, leading by the hand the poet's child. The secretary sits at a table in the centre, the "book" open before him. Sir Thomas Lucy, in whose view slaying a deer was a far heavier atrocity than killing a man, listens to the accusation; while behind his chair a page and two fair women look on with sympathy, in which the wrathful knight has no share.

Martin has received a commission from his Grace the Duke of Sutherland, to paint a large picture of "The Assuaging of the waters after the Deluge." The subject is admirably calculated to display the peculiar powers of the accomplished artist. Since his gorgeous work of "Nineveh," Mr. Martin has produced nothing worthy of his genius.

Mr. David Roberts' portfolio of "Sketches in Egypt, Syria," &c. Of their exceeding beauty, interest and value, there can be no doubt. The estimable and excellent artist was precisely the person best suited to convey to us accurate notions of the grandeur and peculiar character of the Holy Land. In the Literary Gazette there is a brief notice of the rich store which Mr. Roberts has gathered.—"Not to mention the glorious antiquities of Egypt, her no less glorious river, and her splendid mosques, we may tell of pictures of the Holy Land, of the wild and picturesque Mount Sinai, of Horeb, of Jerusalem, of many spots to which the Christian and Jewish world turn with the deepest affection and veneration; and when we add to these the majestic ruins of Baalbec, the Desert, the vast Christian convent with its small train of monks, the daring Arab the caravan, the caravanserai, we have merely hinted at the noble series of subjects never before so beautifully and accurately represented by the skill of the pencil." A curious prohibition was annexed to the leave most liberally granted to Mr. Roberts by Mehemet Ali, to enter all the mosques, and make drawings of their interiors. He was accompanied by a janissary (being also himself in the Arab dress), and forbidden to use bristles of the unclean beasts. They must be of camel's hair.

**THE CATECHISM.**—We have had "The Covenanters' Baptism," "The Covenanters Preaching," and "The Covenanters fighting at Drumclog." The print in progress is intended to class with them; and, skipping over a century, exhibits to us an assemblage of the descendants of the great men who fought for freedom and achieved it. The picture represents the interior of a village school-room; a congregation of red-headed rogues display their knowledge before their parents, and the venerable pastor and his lady—those being ever watchers, and these patient judges of the progressive improvement of the pupils which the schoolmaster desires to exhibit. In the centre stands the Dominie; ranged on a table are four children, answering all questions put to them; to the right is a band of playful and mischievous urchins, some having passed the ordeal, others waiting anxiously for the trial. On the left sits the pastor and his dame, while the village elders throng around their chairs. The picture is a very crowded one, but it is arranged with exceeding skill.

## THE PARTHENON.

By the Author of Letters from the Old World.

Notwithstanding all I have heard and read of the immaculate purity of conception, and the almost celestial harmony of propor-

tions exhibited in Minerva's shrine, I came here a sceptic; but the moment I found myself within the sphere of its influence, I became a convert. There is one sure test of perfection in all that pertains to beauty and harmony of proportions, in dimensions and ornaments, which the eye soon acquires by attentive observation.

How often you must have perceived, when dwelling on an object of art, say a statue or a picture of the great masters, which contained some striking fault in mould or drawing, that the eye would first rest upon the blemish, and that all the beauties in the work had not sufficient power to prevent it from constantly reverting to the fault with pain. But when no fault exists, all the emotions produced by the contemplation of the beautiful object harmoniously accord, and not a single intruding regret ruffles the tranquil but joyous current of the feelings.

View that paragon of perfection, the Parthenon, in any and every way, the eye glides over its immense surface without being arrested by one salient line or angle, or obtrusive beauty claiming attention beyond the rest, all is modest grace, severe perfection, and studied harmony.

Such were the strength and solidity of this temple, that, had Time been its only enemy in this fair clime where the sun is

"One unclouded blaze of living light,"

so far from now seeing its lines broken, its angles destroyed, and its ornaments defaced or pillaged, we should behold its foundations, its superstructure and adornments defying the toothless rage of the general destroyer, and promising to run the course of future ages, until it and Time should be together engulfed in eternity.

"These Cærops placed; this Pericles adorn'd,  
That Hadrian reared when drooping science mourned."

But, by the accidents of war and invasion the fane was rent asunder, and most of its colonnade overturned. "Alaric and Elgin did the rest."

The Goth sacked and pillaged her interior treasures, and the Briton despoiled her of her outward ornaments.

Besides all the beauties of the Parthenon, which have so often been told, and those which remain yet unsung, there is that about it which attests how greatly superior in mechanical talents were its builders over all those who had preceded, as well as all who have followed them. Its gigantic masses of white Pentelican marble are laid up without cement or any other substance between the stones; yet such is the precision with which they are cut, that the point of a penknife cannot be inserted in their almost imperceptible joints. On examining the blocks of some of the overturned pillars, I found that the joining surfaces of all of them were polished as highly as the external portions, in order to produce a more perfect junction.

Every part and detail of the structure, that which was never intended to meet the eye when in its place, as well as the most exposed, is finished with a justness, precision, and lavish exercise of skill and labour, only equalled in perfection by the mysterious members of the time, detecting chronometer.

## NEW YEAR'S NIGHT.

**THE NEW-YEAR'S NIGHT OF AN UNHAPPY MAN.**—An old man stood on New-Year's Night, at the window, and with alarm and despair on his countenance, looked by turns up to the immovable, eternal, blue heaven, and down upon the quiet earth, of all whose inhabitants none were then so joyless and so helpless as he. For his grave lay before him, not adorned with youth's sweet verdure, but covered over with the cheerless snows of age, and he had brought with him from the beautiful, rich life, naught but error, sin, disease, a wasted body, a desolated mind, a breast full of poison, and an old age of repentance. The pleasant days of his youth passed like spectres before him, and carried him back to that bright, sunshiny morning when his father bade him good speed upon the road of life—which, on the right, through the foot-path of virtue, brings the assiduous traveller into a wide and peaceful country, teeming with golden harvests, and forever lighted by a noon-day sun; but, on the left, with the mole-worm's pace of vice, drags him imperceptibly, but surely, down to a dark, dreary cave, filled with noisome sultry vapours, darting snakes and ever dropping poisons.

Alas! the snakes hissed in his ears, and drew tight their slimy folds about his breast, the poison-drops fell thick upon his blistering tongue, and he knew well where he was.

Wild with fright and unspeakable grief, he cried to Heaven, 'Give me my youth once more. O, father! place me but once again at the beginning of life's road, that I may choose more wisely.' But his father and his youth were long since and forever gone.

He saw the will-o'-wisp dance fitfully along the marshes, and disappear over the burying ground, and said, bitterly, 'They are my foolish days.' He looked upward, and saw a bright star quit the clear wintry sky and fall, lighting up, for a moment, all around it, until it melted away over the earth. 'Such am I,' said his bleeding heart, and the serpent teeth of repentance dug deeper into its wounded core.

His fevered fancy people the adjacent roofs with night walkers creeping and tottering on the eaves—the wind-mill raised menacingly its arms upon the contrite one, and as he looked into the dead house at the skeleton of one who had been there left to moulder the grinning skull resumed gradually its features. Suddenly, in the midst of his frantic struggle, with the horrors which thickened thus upon him, sweet music, like a far-off church-hymn, fell upon

his ear. It proceeded from a neighbouring tower, and was the song of happy ones rejoicing for the New-Year. He became more gently agitated. He looked around the horizon, and down upon the wide earth. He thought of the friends of his youth, who, now happier and better than he, instructors of the world, fathers of good children, blessed men were, and he said sorrowfully, 'I could, also, like you, this birthnight of the year pass in peaceful slumbering, and with tearful eyes if I had so willed it. O! how happy could I have been, my beloved parents, if I your New Year's wishes had accomplished, by heeding the wise counsels by which they were ever accompanied!

These recollections of his youthful days fevered his imagination, and it appeared to him that the skeleton now clothed with his own features raised itself slowly up in the dead house, and finally with the aid of that superstition which on New-Year's night, peoples the world with spirits and discloses to its votaries the hidden future, became a living youth, fair favoured and infinitely graceful as he was himself when life was yet in the bud, and ere the canker worm of vice had robbed the blossom of its fragrance and destroyed the timely fruit.

He could see it no more—he closed his eyes, and thousands of hot tears fell hissing upon the snow. Comfortless, he insensibly murmured, in a voice broken by low, deep groans, 'Come again, sweet days of youthfulness, come again.'

And they did come again; for it was but a frightful dream which had visited him on New Year's night, and he was still a youth. But his errors were not a dream, and he thanked God that he was still young, and could turn back from the impure current of vice, and seek out and follow the foot-path of virtue, which leads to the land of purity and peace.

Turn back with him, young man, if thou like him standest in error's way.—Translated from the German of Jean Paul.

## SCRAPS.

**FACTS ON LONDON.**—London is one of the largest and richest cities in the world, occupying a surface of 32 square miles, thickly planted with houses, mostly three, four and five stories high; it contained in 1831 a population of 1,471,941. It consists of London city, Westminster city, Finchbury, Marylebone, Tower Hamlets, Southwark, and Lambeth districts. In the year before last there entered the port of London 3786 British ships, 1280 foreign ships; 2639 were registered as belonging to it, with 32,786 seamen. The London Docks cover 20 acres. The two West India Docks cover 51 acres; St. Katharine's Dock covers 24 acres. There are generally about 5000 vessels and 3000 boats in the river, employing 8000 watermen, and 4000 laborers.

**"THOU GOD SEEST ME."**—As the chaplain in the Wethersfield State Prison, says the New Haven Record, was passing the cell of a culprit, who was reading his bible, he was accosted thus; "If I had only known these words before I had committed crime, I would not have been for twenty-eight years a tenant of the State's prison." "What words," said the chaplain. "Why these in Gen. xvi. 13; the words of Hagar, 'Thou God seest me.' And he was not the only prisoner who made similar statements to the chaplain. A number told him that they found it impossible to perpetrate the crime for which they were sent there until they had brushed the thought of the omniscient and omnipresent God from their minds.

**TOPICS FOR THOUGHT.**—Give no quarter unto those vices which are of thine inward family, and having a root in thy temper plead a right and propriety in thee. Examine well thy complexional inclinations. Raise early batteries against those strongholds built upon the rock of nature, and make this a great part of the militia of thy life. The politick nature of vice must be opposed by policy, and therefore wiser honesties project and plot against sin; wherein, notwithstanding, we are not to rest in generals, or the trite stratagems of art. That may succeed with one temper which prove unsuccessful with another. There is no community or commonwealth of virtues, every man must study his own economy and erect these rules unto the figure of himself.—Sir Thomas Brown.

**ELECTION TACTICS.**—The late Charles Mathews had a good electioneering story. At an election, in a certain corporate town, there were two rival candidates, one of whom we shall venture to call Mr. Humdrum. A stranger, who was anxious to witness the progress of the contest, introduced himself into the committee-room of Mr. Humdrum's antagonist, and had not been there long before a printer's boy came with a roll of hand-bills, wet from the press, bearing the following inscription in large and legible characters:—"No Humdrum---No. Bullock's Liver." At the head of the table sat a respectable tradesman, (the chairman of the committee and alderman of the borough,) to whom the stranger addressed himself for explanation. 'Pray sir,' said he, 'what is the meaning of this--what connexion is there between Mr. Humdrum and bullock's liver?' 'Why, really,' replied the chairman, with undisturbed gravity, 'I can't pretend to say; but we've had them bills printed because they'll make him very unpopular.'

**ORIGIN OF THE WORD "FARM."**—In the Saxon's time the estate which the Lords of Manors granted to the freemen were but for years, with a tender or a rent, which in those days were of corn or of victuals, and thence the leases so made were called farms or farmes, which word signifieth victuals;—but subsequent times





## THE INFIDEL'S DEATH-BED.

Mr. W. from his first settlement in life, had been industriously and successfully engaged in agricultural pursuits, and had in this way amassed an ample fortune. He possessed a vigorous and discriminating mind, a kind and benevolent heart.

Ten days before his death, I was called to visit him. No apprehension was at that time felt of a speedy dissolution. He had no fever, and his mind was usually clear and vigorous.

When I entered his sick room, a scene of moral sublimity was presented which I can never forget. A venerable old black man—one of his own slaves—stood at his bed side grasping his master's hand, and pointing him to his Saviour. "There Sir," said the sick man, "You see a faithful old servant who has answered the end of his being far better than I have—he is a Christian, I am a lost sinner, I would rather now be what he is, than what I am, though I possessed the wealth of the East-Indies. I have been a wretched disciple of Paine; and what is worse, I have endeavoured to make others as bad as myself. Will you pray for me?" With this affecting request I complied, surrounded by his weeping family and friends.

During the afternoon and evening he made many such remarks as the following; "What have I gained by all the deistical works of which I was once so fond? Nothing but the horror and distress of mind which I now suffer—they are the cause of my misery—now they seem to me as the poison of the serpent. I despise—I renounce them all." On the next morning he said, "when I am cold in the dust, tell the people from the pulpit all I have said to you—give them a full history of my case, tell them I have made full proof of infidelity, and that I found it when I came to die, as a basket without a bottom. It will not do in death."

Two of his old friends and associates called to see him, who, he supposed, still entertained the sentiments he had just renounced. He was much affected at seeing them—addressing himself to them he said, "I hope you will not be displeased; we once held the same opinions—I hold them no longer, I renounce that creed, I cannot die an infidel; I beg you to renounce it also. He continued to speak to them with great penitency and force."

This open and unqualified renunciation of infidelity was accompanied by symptoms of unaffected repentance. He was not overwhelmed with fear; but seemed to be wholly engrossed with its intrinsic vileness. A very common expression of his was, "all that I can say is, God have mercy upon me a poor, mean, vile sinner."

At another time he spoke substantially as follows: "I am aware that my acquaintance have always considered me a very upright moral man; a good citizen; and they love me a good deal more than I deserve. But had they known what a heart I had they would have thought very differently. With all my outward morality, I have been at heart a vile sinner." Smiting on his breast, he exclaimed, here have rested thousands of sins which no eye has seen but that of God.—*Middlebury Free Press.*

THE FEMALE CHARACTER.—If we glance at those domestic relations which woman sustains, she appears in attitudes highly interesting.

Is she a daughter? She has a strong hold on the parental bosom. By her kind, discreet, obedient, dutiful conduct, she contributes greatly to the happiness of those who tenderly love her and who are her natural guardians and guides. Or by the opposite conduct she disappoints their hopes, and pierces their hearts with sorrow.

Is she a sister? If intelligent and virtuous, she sheds the most kindly influence on the little circle of kindred spirits in which she daily moves.

Is she a wife? The relation is most endearing, and its duties most important. Taken originally from a place near man's heart, she is ever to be his most kind, affectionate and faithful partner. To contribute to his happiness is always to be her first earthly care. It is hers, to be his intelligent companion, and counsellor; his second self; his constant and substantial helper, both as to the concerns of this life, and to his eternal interest. She is to do him good all the days of her life. And by so doing to dwell in the vicinity of his heart, till separated by death.

Is she a mother? It is hers in no small degree to form the character of the next generation. Constantly with her children, having the chief care of them in infancy and early childhood; the most susceptible, the former period of life; to her in an important sense, are committed the character and the destiny of individuals and nations. Many of the most distinguished and of the most excellent men this or any country has produced, were indebted under God for their weight of character, chiefly to the exertions of their mothers during their early childhood.

Thus viewed in her domestic relations, woman appears in a highly interesting light. See her taking an active part in various benevolent associations; there she exerts an influence in the cause of humanity and of religion, the most powerful and beneficial. Like an angel of mercy on the wing, she performs her part with promptitude and compassion.—*American Spectator.*

HAYDN'S SURPRISE SYMPHONY.—This universally known beautiful composition had its origin, not "with a view of waking the sleeping English at concerts," as has been stated, but Haydn, as he himself confessed, wanted to dazzle the public with something out of the way, that he might not be outdone by his scholar Pleyel

who at that time, presided over an orchestra in London. Drognetti told me, that, on one occasion, when this symphony was played at Dover, there was no kettle drum to be had; so the bass drummer belonging to the regiment in the garrison was requested to attend for the purpose of giving the surprise stroke. Unfortunately, the man did not know a single note of music, so he was desired to watch the leader, who was to give him the signal when to give the bang. The drummer was placed behind, between two bassoon and two horn players; and so anxious was he to acquit himself well, that he flourished the stick in his right hand, watching the motions of the leader; and when the pre-concerted signal was given, the drummer nearly knocked the eye of the bassoon player out, and, in his eagerness, he missed the drum, and sent both the horn players rolling along the floor, which not only produced surprise, but roars of laughter from the whole house.

THE DAYS OF CHILDHOOD.—We have nothing in the whole range of poetry, ancient or modern, more beautifully expressed on this subject than the following lines by the late Charles Lamb, the inimitable and excellent hearted Elia.—*English paper.*

"In my poor mind it is most sweet to muse  
Upon the days gone by—to act, in thought,  
Past seasons o'er; and be again a child.  
To sit, in infancy, on the turf clad slope,  
Down which the child would roll;  
\* \* \* \* \* To pluck gay flowers,  
Make posies in the sun, which the child's hand  
(Childhood, offended is soon reconcil'd)  
Would throw away, and straight take up again,  
Then fling them to the winds; and up the lawn  
Bound with so playful and so light a foot,  
That the press'd daisy scarce declin'd its head."

SWIFTESS OF BIRDS.—The smallest Bird, says M. Virey, can fly several leagues in an hour; the hawk goes commonly at the rate of a league in four minutes, or above forty miles an hour. A falcon of Henry II. was flown from Fontainebleau, and found, by its ring, at Malta next day. One sent from Canaries to Andalusia, returned to Teneriffe in sixteen hours, a distance of near seven hundred miles, which it must have gone at the average rate of twenty-four miles an hour. Gulls go seven hundred miles out to sea, and return daily; and frigate birds have been found at twelve hundred miles from any land. Upon their migration, he states, as a known fact, that cranes go and return at the same date, without the least regard to the state of the weather, which shows no doubt, if true, a most peculiar instinct; but these, and, indeed, all facts which we find stated by a writer so much addicted to painting and colouring, must be received with a degree of suspicion, for which no one but M. Virey is to be blamed. The accounts, however, of the swiftness of birds, I can well credit, from an experiment which I made when travelling on a railway. While going at the rate of thirty miles an hour, I let fly a bee; it made its circles as usual, and surrounded us easily. Now, if there was no current of air or draft to bear it along, this indicated a rate of ninety miles an hour; and even allowing for a current, the swiftness must have been great. I should, however, wish to repeat the experiment, before being quite sure of so great a swiftness in so small an insect.—*Lord Brougham's Dissertations on Science.*

RIVERS.—Rivers all over the world are rich in remembrances. To them are attached all the poetry and romance of a nation. Popular superstition clings around them, and every mile of their course is celebrated for some incident—is the scene of a desperate adventure, a mournful legend, or an old song. What a swarm of pleasant thoughts rise upon the memory at the sole mention of the Rhine!—what a host of recollections are recalled by the name of the Danube, the Rhone, the Garonne, the Meuse, the Seine, the Loire, the Tagus, the Guadalquivir!—even the low-banked and unpicturesque Elbe and Scheldt are dear as household things to the neighbouring people. Their praises are sung in a hundred different idioms, and the fair maidens who have dwelt upon their banks, and become celebrated for their beauty, their cruelty, or their woe, have their names mingled with that of the river in the indissoluble bands of national song. To the man who has a catholic faith in poetry, every river in Scotland may be said to be holy water. Liddell, and Tweed, and Dee—Tiviot, and Tay, and Forth—and doleful Yarrow, sanctified by a hundred songs. Poetry and romance have thrown a charm around them, and tourists from every land are familiar with their history. Great writers have thought it a labour of love to collect into one focus all the scattered memoranda and fleeting scraps of ballads relating to them, until those insignificant streams have become richer than any of our isle in recollections which shall never fade. "And what has been done for these, shall none be found to do for thee, O Thames?"—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

GRIMALDI'S LEAVE OF THE STAGE.—On the last occasion, the 27th of June, 1828, in a state of severe pain and decrepitude, he dressed himself as clown, and acted a song from a chair! At the termination of the pantomime he appeared in his private dress, and spoke the following address, written expressly for him by Mr. Hood.

There is a little too much point for such a painful moment; but there are, at the same time, some truly affecting touches in this farewell:—"Ladies and Gentlemen, In putting off the clown's garment, allow me to drop also the clown's taciturnity, and address you in a few parting sentences. I entered early on this course of life, and leave it prematurely. Eight-and-forty years only have passed over my head, but I am going as fast down the hill of life as that older Joe, John Anderson. Like vaulting ambition, I have overleaped myself, and pay the penalty in an advanced age. If I have now any aptitude for tumbling, it is through bodily infirmity, for I am worse on my feet than I used to be on my head. It is four years since I jumped my last jump, filched my last oyster, boiled my lost sausage, and set in for retirement. Not quite so well provided for, I must acknowledge, as in the the days of my clownship, for then, I dare say, some of you remember, I used to have a fowl in one pocket and sauce for it in the other. To-night has seen me assume the motley for a short time—it clung to my skin as I took it off, and the old cap and bells rang mournfully as I quitted them forever. With the same respectful feelings as ever, do I find myself in your presence—in the presence of my last audience—this kindly assemblage so happily contradicting the adage that a favorite has no friends. For the benevolence that brought you hither, accept, ladies and gentlemen, my warmest and most grateful thanks, and believe, that of one and all, Joseph Grimaldi takes a double leave, with a farewell on his lips, and a tear in his eyes,—Farewell! that you and yours may ever enjoy that greatest earthly good—health, is the sincere wish of your faithful and obliged servant. Heaven bless you all."

ANECDOTE.—We heard the other day a very good anecdote of a certain eccentric preacher, in a neighbouring State; a shrewd talented man without, and of unbounded influence among his people. One long warm summer afternoon his congregation got drowsy, and not a few went off in a regular doze; the orator went on apparently undisturbed by the apathy, and finished his discourse; he paused—the silence, as is often the case, after the humdrum of a not very animated speaker—roused up the congregation, some rubbed their eyes, and all stared, for there stood the priest, sermon in hand, he waited till he saw them all fairly awake, and then very calmly said: "My good friends, this sermon cost me a good deal of labour, rather more than usual; you do not seem to have paid it quite as much attention as it deserves. I think I will go over it again;" and he was as good as his word, from text to the exhortation.—*Boston Traveller.*

THE AGED MAN.—A pious writer gives the following representation of this stage of human life, when employed and occupied as it ought to be, and when life has been drawn to its close by a course of virtue and religion. To the intelligent and virtuous, says our author, old age presents a scene of tranquil enjoyment, of obedient appetites, of well-regulated affections, of maturity in knowledge, and of calm preparation for immortality. In this serene and delightful state, placed as it were on the confines of two worlds, the mind of a good man reviews what is past with the complacency of an approved conscience, and looks forward with humble confidence in the mercy of God, and with devout aspirations towards his eternal favour.

TITLE OF THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.—The title of Czar—the pronunciation of which is better represented by the spelling, *Tzar*, *Tsar*—is not, as has been supposed, a corruption of the word *Cesar*, but a Slavonic term, signifying *king*. Voltaire suggests that it may have come from the *Tschas* of Persia.

VALUE OF A "PRINCE."—Hundreds of "Princes" may be seen in Russia not worth a rouble. In fact, the title is altogether misapplied. It is a wrong translation of a Tartar word, descriptive of rank very different from our notions of a prince. All who bear it are of Tartar origin.

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