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For the Pearl.
STANZAS.

"There is another and a better world."

1.

"Another and a better world!"
What comfort to the heart,
What gladness to the troubled mind
Does that high truth impart!
"Another and a better world!"—
How pure the soul must be
That dares in humble faith to hope
That better world to see!

2.

Perchance from that immortal sphere
Beyond the darkened tomb,
A single star, but dimly seen,
May light us through the gloom.
But, oh! how soon would Reason fail,
Without that brighter ray,
To guide us to that better world
Along so dark a way!

3.

I hear a deep mysterious voice
That oft the heart has stirred;
It tells of songs of endless joy
By mortal ears unheard;
It tells the Pilgrim darkling here
To fix his weary eye
Upon that land of living light,
That "better world" on high!

Queen's County, 1840.

J.

From *Loiterings of Travel*, by N. P. Willis.

CLIMATE OF ENGLAND.

It is almost a matter of course to deery the climate of England. The English writers themselves talk of the suicidal months; and it is the only country where part of the livery of a mounted groom is his master's great-coat strapped about his waist. It is certainly a damp climate, and the sun shines less in England than in most other countries. But to persons of full habit this moisture in the air is extremely agreeable; and the high condition of all animals in England, from man downwards, proves its healthfulness. A stranger, who has been accustomed to a brighter sky, will, at first, find a gloom in the grey light so characteristic of an English atmosphere; but this soon wears off, and he finds a compensation, as far as the eye is concerned, in the exquisite softness of the verdure, and the deep and enduring brightness of the foliage. The effect of this moisture on the skin is singularly grateful. The pores become accustomed to a healthy action, which is unknown in other countries; and the bloom by which an English complexion is known all over the world is the index of an activity in this important part of the system, which, when first experienced, is almost like a new sensation. The transition to a dry climate, such as ours, deteriorates the condition and quality of the skin, and produces a feeling, if I may so express it, like that of being glazed. It is a common remark in England, that an officer's wife and daughter follow his regiment to Canada at the expense of their complexions; and it is a well-known fact, that the bloom of female beauty is, in our country, painfully evanescent. The climate of America is, in many points, very different from that of France and Great Britain. In the middle and northern states, it is a dry, invigorating, bracing climate, in which a strong man may do more work than in almost any other, and which makes continual exercise or occupation of some sort absolutely necessary. With the exception of the "Indian summer," and here and there a day scattered through the spring and the hot months, there is no weather tempered so finely that one would think of passing the day in merely enjoying it, and life is passed, by those who have the misfortune to be idle, in continual and active dread of the elements. The cold is so acrid, and the heat so sultry, and the changes from one to the other are so sudden and violent, that no enjoyment can be depended upon out of doors, and no system of clothing or protection is good for a day together. He who has full occupation for head and hand (as by far the greatest majority of our countrymen have) may live as long in America as in any portion of the globe—*vide* the bills of mortality. He whose spirits lean upon the temperature of the wind, or whose nerves require a genial and constant atmosphere, may find more favourable climes; and the habits and delicate constitutions of scholars and people of sedentary pursuits generally, in the United States, prove the truth of the observation. The habit of regula-

exercise in the open air, which is found to be so salutary in England, is scarcely possible in America. It is said, and said truly, of the first, that there is no day in the year when a lady may not ride comfortably on horseback; but with us, the extremes of heat and cold, and the tempestuous characters of our snows and rains, totally forbid, to a delicate person, any thing like regularity in exercise. The consequence is, that the habit rarely exists, and the high and glowing health so common in England, and consequent, no doubt, upon the equable character of the climate, in some measure, is with us sufficiently rare to excite remark. 'Very English-looking,' is a common phrase, and means very healthy-looking. Still our people last; and though I should define the English climate as the one in which the human frame is in the highest condition, I should say of America, that it is the one in which you could get the most work out of it. Atmosphere, in England and America, is the first of the necessities of life. In Italy, it is the first of its luxuries.

LIFE AT WASHINGTON.

The paradox of "the more one does, the more one can do," is resolved in life at Washington with more success than I have seen it elsewhere. The inexorable bell at the hotel or boarding house pronounces the irrevocable and swift transit of breakfast to all sleepers after eight. The elastic depths of the pillow have scarcely yielded their last feather to the pressure of the sleeper's head, before the drowse is rudely shaken from his eyelids, and with an alacrity which surprises himself, he finds his toilet achieved, his breakfast over, and himself abroad to lounge in the sunshine till the flag waves on the Capitol. He would retire to his chamber to read during these two or three vacant hours, but the one chair in his pigeon-hole creaks, or has no back or bottom, or his anthracite fire is out, or is too hot for the size of the room; or, in short, Washington, from whatever cause, is a place where none read except those who stand up to a padlocked newspaper. The stars and stripes moving over the two wings of the Capital at eleven, announce that the two chambers of legislation are in session, and the hard-working idler makes his way to the senate or the house. He lingers in the lobby awhile, amused with the button-hole seizers plying the unwilling ears of members with their claims, or enters the library, where ladies turn over prints, and enfilade, with their battery of truant eyes, the comers-in at the green door. He then gropes up the dark staircase to the senate-gallery, and stifles in the pressure of a hot gallery, forgetting, like listeners at a crowded opera, that bodily discomfort will unlink the finest harmony of song or oratory. Thence he descends to the rotunda to draw breath and to listen to the more practical, but quite as earnest, eloquence of candidates for patents; and passes, after a while, to the crowded gallery of the house, where, by some acoustic phenomena in the construction of the building, the voices of the speakers come to his ear as articulate as water from a narrow-necked bottle. 'Small blame to them!' he thinks, however: for behind the brexia columns are grouped all the fair forms of Washington; and in making his bow to two hundred despotic lawgivers in feathers and velvet, he is readily consoled that the duller legislators who yield to their sway are inaudible and forgotten. To this upper house drop in, occasionally, the younger or gayer members of the lower, bringing, if not political scandal, at least some slight resumer of what Mr. Somebody is beating his desk about below; and thus, crammed with the day's trifles, or the day's business, and fatigued from heel to eyelid, our idler goes home at five to dress for dinner, and the night's campaign, having been up and on his legs for ten mortal hours. Cold water and a little silence in his own room have rather refreshed him, and he dines at six with a party of from fifteen to twenty-five persons. He discusses the vital interests of fourteen millions of people over a glass of wine with the man whose vote, possibly, will decide their destiny, and thence hurries to a ball room, crammed like a perigord pie, where he pants, elbows, eats supper, and waltzes till three in the morning. How human constitutions stand this, and stand it daily and nightly, from the beginning to the end of a session, may well puzzle the philosophy of those who rise and breakfast in comfortable leisure. * * * Some eccentric mechanic has presented the President with a sulky, made entirely (except the wheels) of rough-cut hickory, with the bark on. It looks rude enough, but has very much the everlasting look of old Hickory himself; and if he could be seen driving a high-stepping, bony, old iron-grey steed in it, any passer-by would see that there was as much fitness in the whole thing as in the chariot of Bacchus and his reeling leopards. Some curiously twisted and gnarled branches have been very ingeniously turned into handles and whip-box, and the vehicle is compact and strong.

Aside from Society, the only amusement in Washington is frequenting the Capitol. If one has a great deal of patience and no-

thing better to do, this is very well; and it is very well at any rate till one becomes acquainted with the heads of the celebrated men in both chambers, with the noble architecture of the building, and the routine of business. This done, it is time wearily spent for a spectator. The finer orators seldom speak, or seldom speak warmly; the floor is oftentimes occupied by prosing and very sensible gentlemen, whose excellent ideas enter the mind more agreeably by the eye than the ear, or, in other words, are better delivered by the newspapers, and there is a great deal of formula and etiquetical sparring which is not even entertaining to the members, which consumes time 'consumedly.'—Now and then the Senate adjourns when some one of the great orators has taken the floor, and you are sure of a great effort the next morning. If you are there in time, and can sit, like Atlas with a world on your back, you may enjoy a front seat, and hear oratory, unsurpassed, in my opinion, in the world.

OPENING CONGRESS.

"The republican procession, consisting of the presidents and their families, escorted by a small volunteer corps, arrived soon after twelve. The General and Mr. Van Buren were in the Constitution pheaton,* drawn by four greys, and as it entered the gate, they both rode uncovered. Descending from the carriage at the foot of the steps, a passage was made for them through the dense crowd, and the tall white head of the old chieftain, still uncovered, went steadily up through the agitated mass, marked by its peculiarity from all around it. I was in the crowd thronging the opposite side of the court, and lost sight of the principal actors in this imposing drama, till they returned from the Senate Chamber. A temporary platform had been laid, and laid in on the broad stair which supports the portico, and, for all preparation to one of the most important and most meaning and solemn ceremonies on earth—for the inauguration of a chief magistrate over a republic of fifteen millions of freemen—the whole addition to the open air, and the presence of the people, was a volume of Holy Writ. In comparing the expressive simplicity of this consummation of the wishes of a mighty people, with the ceremonial show which embarrasses a corresponding event in other lands, it was impossible not to feel, that the moral sublime was here—that a transaction so important, and of such extended and weighty import, could borrow nothing from drapery or decoration, and that the simple presence of the Sacred Volume, consecrating the act, spoke more thrillingly to the heart than the trumpets of a thousand heralds. The crowd of diplomatists and senators in the rear of the columns made away, and the Ex-President and Mr. Van Buren advanced with uncovered heads. A murmur of feeling rose up from the moving mass below, and the infirm old man, emerged from a sick chamber, which his physician had thought it impossible he should leave, bowed to the people, and, still uncovered in the cold air, took his hat beneath the portico.—Mr. Van Buren then advanced, and with a voice remarkably distinct, and with great dignity, read his address to the people. The air was elastic, and the day still; and it is supposed that near twenty thousand persons heard him from his elevated position distinctly. I stood myself on the outer limit of the crowd; and though I lost occasionally a sentence from the interruption near by, his words came clearly articulated to my ear. When the address was closed, the Chief Justice advanced and administered the oath. As the book touched the lips of the new President, there arose a general shout, an expression of feeling common enough in other countries, but drawn with difficulty from an American assemblage. The sons and the immediate friends of Mr. Van Buren then closed about him; the Ex-President, the Chief Justice, and others, gave him the hand in congratulation, and the ceremony was over. They descended the steps, the people gave one more shout as they mounted the Constitution carriage together, and the procession returned through the avenue, followed by the whole population of Washington. Mr. Van Buren held a levee immediately afterwards, but I endeavoured in vain to get my foot over the threshold. The crowd was tremendous. At four, the diplomatic body had an audience; and in replying to the address of Don Angel Calderon, the President astonished the gold coats, by addressing them as the democratic corps. The representatives of the crowned heads of Europe stood rather uneasily under the epithet, till it was suggested that he possibly meant to say diplomatic. * *

* "Made of the old wood of the frigate Constitution. It has a seat for two, with a driver's box, covered with a superb hammercloth, and set up rather high in front; the wheels and body are low, and there are bars for baggage behind; altogether, for lightness and elegance, it would be a creditable turnout for Long Acre. The material is excessively beautiful—a fine-grained oak, polished to a very high degree, with its colours delicately brought out by a coat of varnish. The wheels are very slender and light, but strong, and, with all its finish, it looks a vehicle capable of a great deal of service. A portrait of the Constitution, under full sail, is painted on the panels."

NINA SFORZA,—A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

BY R. ZOUCH C. TROUGHTON.

Nina Sforza is the only daughter of a noble Venetian, beautiful, innocent, and happy, not knowing the world and quite unknown to it, when the tragedy opens. Raphael Doria and Ugone Spinola at that moment arrive in Venice, on a visit to her father. They are the sons of two powerful houses in Genoa, whose contest for the Captainship of the People has ended in the supremacy of Doria and the death of the elder Spinola, in an apparent reconciliation between the rival families, and in the seeming mutual attachment and friendship of the young men. Raphael Doria is heedless, wilful, and passionate; somewhat pampered and petulant withal; and for various indiscretions has been banished from Genoa by his father: Spinola follows him in his banishment, and is the means of introducing him to the house of Sforza. The relations of these associates to each other, subtly placed between friendship and dependence, confidence and scorn, are marked in the first scene of their appearance with a careless and admirable ease. Doria carries the pride of the victor faction, with its impetuous blood of careless and self-indulgence; Spinola the deference of the vanquished, with its cold and hardy temperament of self-subjection and restraint.

Doria's first adventure after his arrival in Venice is to save from drowning a young girl, whose gondola had been struck by a market-boat in the Lagoons. This is Nina Sforza, and with the passion that springs up between them the first act closes. The sudden elevation of the character of Doria by means of this passion, the sudden expansion of the mind and manners of Nina, the dreary and malignant action on the cold and resolute Spinola, are the materials of the second act of the tragedy; which closes with the recall of Doria to Genoa to assume the state of his dead father. Nina accompanies him as his bride, and Spinola as his friend.

But this marriage has consummated the secret hatred of Spinola, who had himself conceived a fondness for the young Venetian. He determines to realize at once the oath he had long sworn, to revenge, on the peace and happiness of Doria, the injuries of his race. This character is wrought with a very striking power. It is the cold and fiendish concentration of a terrible and long-enduring hatred. It has none of the common-place attributes or exaggerations of the ordinary stage villain. In all the wrong Spinola practises, in all the wretchedness he makes, he tells no formal lie. With his broken hearted victims at his feet, he might have made heaven the solemn witness of his reverent regard for the ceremonies of truth. The lie is in his heart and in his soul. Neither is he the instrument of a common self-delusion, or pretender to a purity of motive. His cold calm reason never deserts him, and his hatred, uninterrupted by remorse and shame, burns steadily to the last. In many respects, we think this character new to the stage. In the main characteristic we have noted, we think it most masterly, original, and true.

The third act expresses the happiness of Nina and Doria in their wedded life at Genoa. Spinola's efforts have been unavailing for the past, and promise little in the future. Obedient to the influence of Nina's love, all Doria's lighter and wilder passions would seem to have laid themselves finally at rest. But before the act closes, Genoa declares war against the Florentines, and Doria places himself at the head of her troops. The heart of Nina sinks with a sad foreboding, and the mounting spirits of Spinola declare his devilish hopes. Once taken from Nina's side, he knows that there is no solid or enduring constancy in the temperament or mind of Doria.

The campaign is brief, and at the opening of the fourth act Doria is halting on his homeward march in the open country between Genoa and Spezia. Ominous is that halt within the sight of home! Poor Nina, meanwhile, at the first whisper of her husband's advance, has mounted horse to meet him, and suddenly presents herself, in all the freshest fulness of her faith and love, at the tent of Doria.

Spinola. When Nina entered first into the tent
Where then was Doria?

Bizzaro. Stretch'd upon the ground;
Lounging along at Dame Laurana's feet;
Who, bending over him right pensively,
And double-arm'd with beauty and her lute,
Attack'd his soul with music and soft looks.

Spinola. And they were thus when she came in on them
Without announcement?

Bizzaro. Yes. There was a shout;
The tent-cloths parted, and with speed of light,
She darted through them at her husband's neck.

Laurana is a fair Florentine, visiting Genoa with her father under Doria's escort. No guilt has passed between them yet, but Spinola has marked them for his own.

Nina has observed a change in Doria's manner, "not much, and yet perceivable." It is the eagerness, the springing forth of love, she can no longer find in him. But not for that does jealousy, or even one suspicion, intrude into her guileless nature. Few things can be conceived more beautiful than the attitude this tender woman takes in the so sad and silent crisis of her fortune.

Spinola seeks her out on the return to Genoa. He carries with him the proof of her husband's neglect, the fatal suspicion of his infidelity, in an intercepted letter to the frail Laurana. Abhorrence of Spinola has always been with Nina a kind of irresistible instinct, but now, more than ever, she shrinks from his fiendish sympathy.

He bluntly tells her that Doria has betrayed her, and by the ungovernable burst of rage and scorn with which she tramples down the charge, we measure the depths of her innocence, her simplicity, her gentleness and love. Spinola shows the letter, and, sinking into a sudden and scarcely conscious despair, she fearfully recoils from him. It is a master hand which plays along these trembling and terrible chords.

That night, at twelve o'clock, two muffled figures are watching in the streets of Genoa, within sight of the house where Laurana lives. They are Nina and Spinola. With a breathless interest we read what follows.

Spinola. Bear up; 'twill soon be past.
Nina. If Heav'n had ta'en but one all-precious sense,
It would have humbled, but not crush'd me thus!
Yes! Had it quench'd the quick perceiving eye,
That sees the sweets of summer when they bloom;
The stars; kind faces; all things beautiful;
At least, I should have heard him say he loved!
Or had it been the ear, that to the soul
Conveys the natural music of the grove;
And language, thought's most sure interpreter,
I could have seen him smile, and been content!
But to lose all at once, in losing that
Which was the life of all—alas! alas!
Is more than I can bear!

Spinola. Nay, then, let's home;
For now I see thy constancy is gone.
What matters it? Perhaps 'twere better so.
Let him unseen enjoy—

Nina. No, no; let's on!
Spinola. Hush! There's no need; for see, thou much-wrong'd wife,—

See where beneath yon wall thy husband comes:
Did ever felon to a pinfold creep
With such a gait and air? Is that the grace,
The easy carriage, that amazed the gay,
And fix'd the glances of the whole saloon!
Yet that is he!—Have I belied him now?

Nina [*gazing intently off the scene*].
Not that way, Doria; not—and yet he turns!
Oh, sinking death!—fast-coming, cold despair!—
Ungrateful! cruel!—Ah, he stops! Thank Heav'n!
Stand thus for ever fix'd, as yet unsham'd,
If thou canst not repent, be marble, love;
And I will build about thee holy walls,
And fire upon my knees before that form,
Though lost, still loved! still honor'd!—Do not stir!
My heart is in the pavement!—Do not move!
Or, if thou must, pass by that hateful door!—
Pass! Pass! Pass!—Ah!—

The fifth act of the tragedy opens in Nina's sleepless chamber, at the daybreak after that melancholy night, with a soliloquy of deepest pathos. The future in all its lengthened agony, stretches out before her.

This was the longest night I yet have pass'd;
And is the first of many such to come!

A fine scene with Spinola follows. He leaves with her a slow Venetian poison, designed for Doria as he professes, but in reality for her. As she takes the phial from him, he seems for the instant to lose something of his loathsomeness. It is her means of escape, of freedom at once gentle and sure. "So young, so full of life," she had thought, how continued and terrible would be her sorrows in a world her nature was unfitted for. She resolves to take this poison from Doria's unconscious hand; to leave by secret flight her home in Genoa; to return to Venice and enter a sanctuary there, where the slow death will still leave her time, she thinks, to pass away in gradual prayer and quiet, "unheeded and unknown." She then takes the poison and begins her flight.

There is something extremely beautiful, and worked with the utmost delicacy, in the remorse of Doria. It strikes to his heart on the first meeting with Nina after his single crime against her, and before he knows her torture. When this is added to it, he is driven into madness. In this state, while Spinola is hastily following on the path of Nina, tracked with her waiting woman to the skirts of a forest on the slope of the Apennines, Doria springs on his betrayer. Spinola with difficulty escapes a death gripe, and, in answer to Doria's agonised questions for his wife, his Nina, tells him with the cold malice of a fiend to seek her in those stately halls of Genoa which she had so graced, so elevated, so adorned. Surely, he adds, she is there.

Doria. Thou know'st she's not.
Spinola. Not there! Why seek her, then,
In that apartment, to whose quiet bliss
She still retired with such a full content,
As 'twere the only court in which she cared
To live and reign? Go, Doria, seek her there!
There! In the temple where she minister'd
To all thy social joys!

Doria. Thou mocking fiend!
Forbear! forbear!

Spinola [*laughs*]. Hast thou forgotten, too,
It was the place in which she tended thee
In sickness and in sorrow?

Doria. Oh no more!
Spinola. Where, in her fond devotedness, she hoped
To give thee offspring; who, in after time,
Should bear thy name in honour!

Doria. Spare me!
Spinola. No!

Not a half a word.—No! not a syllable,
To buy redemption! Hengst, adult'rous boy!
Doria. Why, then, my grief perverts my aching sense!
Thou art some hellish phantom, not, indeed,
The man I made my friend!

Spinola. Thy friend!—Oh, fool!

Thy father stabb'd my father in the night,
And, with his damn'd destroying myrmidons,
Burn'd to the level of the common earth
A monument of time, which he, nor his,
Hack'd with the wealth of all the living world,
Could e'er rebuild or buy!

This is truly terrible, and, in a like awful spirit the scene is sustained to its close. Spinola will not fight with him; still stretches him on the rack of unutterable mental torture; parries the fierce and sudden thrust he makes at last; flings him back upon the ground; and, in answer to a prayer for death, lowers and removes the point of his sword.

I kill thee? No, not I!
I would not kill thee: I would have thee live,
To bear about with thee, for many years,
The dead heart in thy breast.

He has yet to tell him that Nina is poisoned, and by whose hand.

Spinola. Its nature and its pow'r I know;

I mix'd—

Doria [*rising on his knees*]. And gave it?

Spinola. No! not I!—'twas thou!

Doria. Accursed liar!

Spinola. Nay, but hear me yet.

The cup which thou this morn, at her desire—

Doria. Ah!

Spinola. What! What, see'st already? Art so apt?

Thy worthless love to her was as a soul

By which she lived, and when that life was lost,

The other was mere carrion for the grave!

Death was her refuge; from the hand she loved

She took it with a smile, and deem'd it bliss!

[*Doria falls insensible.*]

What! on the ground, thou lord of Genoa!

On the damp ground, midst draugh and rotting weeds,

Where crawl the earthworm and the slimy newt!

'Tis lying for a prince!—How can he look!

Despair hath lain its finger on his cheek.

I shall not look upon that face again,

Except in thought, and in the dreamy night,

Where I shall see it still!

This is the consummation of Spinola's revenge. He carries off

the sword of Doria, just on his return of sense it might be made the instrument of suicide. With this he is passing through the forest to bid a long farewell to Genoa, when, being met by Doria's friends and retainers, he is slain on the supposition of having murdered him.

Meanwhile, still deeper in the forest, Nina lies on the ground near death, supported by her single attendant. It is not so much the poison, as a broken heart. Its strongest cord had snapped when she bade farewell to her husband's home, and her comfort in this earlier death is that " 'tis nearer Genoa." The shriek of Doria is heard without. Nina utters a faint cry, starts up, and makes toward the sound. Recollecting herself, she turns and tries to fly; but, after a step or two, falls senseless. She wakes at the old first meeting with Doria, when he snatched her from the lagoons of Venice. Inexpressibly touching is all that follows.

Nina. I thank you, signor;
But for your prompt and gallant courtesy,
The waters would have bubbled over us.

It is a mournful fancy so to think,

But I do think it had been better so.

Doria. These are not words she speaks, but arrows barb'd!

They deal out vengeance deep!

Gioconda. Her sweet, sweet mind!

Nina. 'Tis growing dusk, my love; thou dost forget,

We give to-night a joyous festival;

It is our wedding day.—Why gaze ye both

So earnestly upon me? Do ye weep?

Doria. I cannot bear it! This will drive me wild!

Gioconda. See, she recovers.

Doria [*kneeling beside her*]. Speak! oh, speak to me!

Nina. That voice!—Thou here! Ah, wherefore can'st thou

here?

Doria. This must not be!—I—oh, my lord!

Did I deserve this?

Her death is very quiet and calm. Doria has asked why she sighs and turns aside her head, when he finds that life is gone. His friends have entered meanwhile, and the tragedy closes thus. Doria holds still in his arms the dead body of Nina.

I am calm

As I were dead already! Ah! that was

The first cold kiss I ever had of thee!—

Pale wife, I'll wed thee with a second rite

That cannot be disdain'd—no, not by me!

No means!—What, none? Not e'en a tag that's sharp

About us both—Why then—Come hither, friends—

I cannot bear a voice! Speak not, I pray—

Take you this lovely module from my breast;

Lay her, with reverence, in our monument—

And see you leave a space—Why shift you thus

Your looks from one to the other, as you fear'd

I had some purpose to absent myself

From this sad funeral? Fye! You do me wrong

To doubt. I shall be there.

[*They take the body.*]

For thee, D'Estala,

(Most dear, true friend, well loved, but ill requited),

I have a charge. Come close, for not a breath

Must stray from out the keeping of thine ear.

This dear request, which I would make, is one

So near, so absolute, that on it rest

My peace, my life—D'Estala, it is—this—

[*Snatches D'ESTALA'S dagger, stabs himself, and falls.*]

It seems a churlish thing to turn to the less grateful consideration of a fault; but to this we are only prompted by our sincere and cordial admiration of a writer who has thus shown, as we think, the

highest requisites of the dramatic art, and may, by the thorough discipline and cultivation of his power, achieve its greatest distinctions.

The three first acts of *Nina Sforza* are overlaid with words. It is only when the author is hurried along, in spite of his will and by the force of his genius, into the more passionate demands of the scene, that he avoids this grievous error, and in one or two instances not then. The thought will intrude itself where nothing but the feeling should be.

The error of overlaying character with words is peculiar to all young writers, that of encumbering feeling with thought the ablest are the most apt to fall into. We need not add how highly above such errors our admiration rises, or with what real pleasure we shall welcome another work from the author of *Nina Sforza*.—*London Examiner*.

CAPTURE OF SIR SIDNEY SMITH IN 1796.

BY A TOURIST IN NORMANDY.

The cheers and the clatter of glasses which followed a toast given by one of the guests of the brave commodore, Sir William Sidney Smith, had just subsided. "If," said the Commodore, "I had not occasionally the pleasure to entertain the Captains of neutral vessels, it would be impossible to endure this inactive warfare, this chase, unaccompanied with danger, after a few wretched coasters. To all your healths, gentlemen." Again the glasses rattled.

Thus passed the hours in cheerful converse on the 18th of June, 1796, on board the English frigate *Diamond*, cruising before Havre. At length the copious libations of wine and punch caused the cabin to appear too confined, and the whole party rose and went upon deck. The beautiful sight presented by the setting sun in the open sea passed unheeded by the seamen who were accustomed to it. The company divided into groups, and the liveliest was that formed by the Commodore, a Lieutenant of Marines named Bromley, the Swede, and two or three other captains of neutrals.

While they were thus chatting by the side of the frigate, a French privateer was seen leisurely sailing alongshore under cover of the batteries erected on the beach, and casting anchor near the north pier of Havre. "Those are the enemies that we have now to fight," said Smith, in a half contemptuous tone, pointing to the privateer.

"And yet," replied the Swede, "you are glad enough when you can catch even such a one."

"Why, yes," rejoined Smith; "because it is a pastime for us."
"And because," continued the Swede, "it is just as difficult for a lion to overtake a hare as an elephant."

"They are not exactly hares," observed Lieutenant Bromley; and British seamen must confess that even the smallest French privateer gives them trouble enough, and defends herself while she has a charge of powder left."

"The comparison was not meant literally," replied the Swedish captain. "I know the French, and am ready to do them justice. Besides, I am glad that the privateers do give you so much trouble, for I was long a privateer myself."

"Captain," exclaimed a young Lieutenant of the *Diamond*, "you had then to do with the Russians, and not with the lads of Old England, or you would not have been so bold."

"Just as bold as you privateer that lies before us, and runs out and in without ever asking your permission, gentlemen. What can you do to her?"

"Fetch her out, without asking permission of the garrison and the batteries of Havre," sharply replied the Commodore.

"I should like to see that," rejoined the *ci-devant* privateer.

"And that gratification you shall have," said Smith. "I will bet you a dinner that she is ours by to-morrow morning."

The Swede accepted the challenge, the parties shook hands, and the wager was clenched.

Meanwhile the sun had set, and the darkness of night covered the sea. The party returned to the cabin,—about midnight the company broke up. The boats of the different Captains pushed off one after another, and when the Swede had descended from the frigate into his, he cried out in a satirical tone, "Farewell, Sir William, to-morrow you will stand treat on account of the privateer; so farewell, Commodore, till to-morrow." The strokes of the oars were intermingled with the concluding words.

No sooner had the last boat belonging to the guests quitted the *Diamond* than the whole scene was changed. At the beck of the Commodore the boatswain piped all hands, and awoke the seamen, who had already retired to rest. The *elite* of the *Diamond's* crew were ordered to hoist out the boats, while others fastened pieces of sail-cloth about the oars; and before half an hour had elapsed, before the last of the party had reached their vessels, Sir Sidney leaped into his long-boat and pushed off from the frigate.

The seamen rowed with the utmost caution, and the utmost caution was requisite, for the least noise would have caused fifty or more guns to be pointed at the Commodore's boats, and have at least frustrated his plan. Unperceived and unmolested they reached the privateer; in the next moment the British tars had climbed her side and closed the hatches upon her crew, who were fast asleep below, confiding in the protection of the guns on shore. The privateers were prisoners, the vessel was taken, and the wager won. Smith sent back the boats, and, with a few seamen and Lieutenant

Bromley, who, as a particular friend of the Commodore's, always made one in his daring adventures, remained on board the privateer to carry her at flood-tide to the English station. As the boats pushed off, Smith, in an under-tone, said to one of the men in them, "John, go to the Swede, and tell him to make out his bill of fare."

Till flood-tide it would be two full hours. Meanwhile, the punch and wine, of which they had partaken so freely, weighed down the eyelids of the English, and they were soon as fast asleep as their prisoners.

A French seaman, who had the watch upon the deck, had quietly laid himself down among the cables, and fallen asleep there; he did not wake up till the vessel was in possession of the English. It was now too late to make any resistance, and at first he knew not what better to do than to lie snug and watch what should happen. But when the English were as sound asleep as he had been on their arrival, when their snoring intimated that there was nothing to fear from them, he crept, at the commencement of flood-tide, out of his hiding place, and cut the cable. He knew that the rising flood, which sets up the Seine, would carry the vessel up the river; that it would be difficult, if not impossible, for the English, ignorant of the navigation, to escape without a pilot; and that the garrison of Havre would conclude, from the unsteady motion of the vessel, that something extraordinary had happened. As he had anticipated, so it fell out. The flood drifted the privateer up the Seine, and, when it became light, the seamen keeping watch on the shore soon discovered what was the matter. In a moment the French boats were out, and before the English were thoroughly awake, before they knew what had occurred, the privateer was surrounded by them. Sir Sidney, perceiving at once that resistance was out of the question, was obliged to deliver his sword to Captain Leloup, the commandant of the boats. If Captain Perth had received his message before daybreak, the reckoning was this time made without the host, Smith had lost the wager, and it is a question whether the two seamen ever met again to settle the account.

POETRY.—FROM SHELLEY'S WORKS.

"Poetry is the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds. We are aware of evanescent visitations of thought and feeling, sometimes associated with place or person, sometimes regarding our own mind alone, and always arising unforeseen and departing unbidden, but elevating and delightful beyond all expression: so that even in the desire and the regret they leave, there cannot but be a pleasure, participating as it does in the nature of its object. It is as it were the interpretation of a diviner nature through our own; but its footsteps are like those of a wind over the sea, which the morning calm crases, and whose traces remain only, as on the wrinkled sand which paves it. These and corresponding conditions of being are experienced principally by those of the most delicate sensibility and the most enlarged imagination; and the state of the mind produced by them is at war with every base desire. The enthusiasm of virtue, love, patriotism, and friendship, is essentially linked with such emotions; and while they last, self appears as what it is, an atom to a universe. Poets are not only subject to these experiences as spirits of the most refined organization, but they can colour all they combine with the evanescent hues of this ethereal world; a word, a trait in the representation of a scene or a passion, will touch the enchanted cord, and reanimate, in those who have ever experienced those emotions the sleeping, the cold, the buried image of the past. Poetry thus makes immortal all that is best and most beautiful in the world; it arrests the vanishing apparitions which haunt the interlunations of life, and veiling them, or in language or in form, sends them forth among mankind, bearing sweet news of kindred joy to those with whom their sisters abide—abide, because there is no portal of expression from the caverns of the spirit which they inhabit into the universe of things. Poetry redeems from decay the visitations of the divinity in man. Poetry turns all things to loveliness; it exalts the beauty of that which is most beautiful, and it adds beauty to that which is most deformed; it marries exultation and horror, grief and pleasure, eternity and change; it subdues to union, under its light yoke, all irreconcilable things. It transmutes all that it touches, and every form moving within the radiance of its presence is changed by wondrous sympathy to an incarnation of the spirit which it breathes: its secret alchemy turns to potable gold the poisonous waters which flow from death through life; it strips the veil of familiarity from the world, and lays bare the naked and sleeping beauty which is the spirit of its forms. All things exist as they are perceived,—at least in relation to the percipient. 'The mind is its own place, and of itself can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.' But poetry defeats the curse which binds us to be subjected to the accident of surrounding impressions.—And whether it spreads its own figured curtain, or withdraws life's dark veil from before the scene of things, it equally creates for us a being within our being. It makes us the inhabitant of a world to which the familiar world is a chaos. It reproduces the common universe of which we are portions and percipients, and it purges from our inward sight the film of familiarity which obscures from us the wonder of our being. It compels us to feel that which we perceive, and to imagine that which we know. It creates anew the universe after it has been annihilated in our minds by the recurrence of impressions blunted by reiteration.

THE SEDUCER'S VICTIMS.

We have seldom had to relate a tale more sad, than the present melancholy story. A short two years since Miss Ruth Conger became acquainted with a villain of the name of Montgomery Winant, who professed honourable attentions to her. Under this specious pretext, he despoiled her of her honour, and the result of their illicit connection was an infant daughter, born in the month of July last. Up to her unfortunate attachment to Winant, Miss Conger had sustained an irreproachable character, and was a worthy member of the Rev. Mr. Patton's church. Soon after the birth of her daughter, the unfortunate young woman discovered that Winant was a married man, and consequently that it was out of his power to fulfil his oft repeated promises of making her honourable amends for the injury she had received from him. This and other circumstances preyed upon her mind, and produced serious attacks of despondency; and her despair at her forlorn situation so aberrated her mind that on Wednesday evening she put an end to her life and that of her innocent babe, by plunging into the cistern of the house where she resided.

By the testimony of Mrs. Ely, her sister, with whom she lived at No. 91, Grand street, it appears that she had been in a melancholy mood for some time past. She had once threatened, if read out of the church, to destroy herself. On Wednesday night, as she did not appear at the tea-table according to custom, Mrs. Ely went to seek her. She went to her room, and, finding the door locked, became alarmed, and informed her husband, who broke into the chamber, but Miss Conger was not there. Search was then made at the houses of the neighbours, but no tidings could be gained of her by them.

Mrs. Ely at length thought of the cistern, and taking a pole, she thrust it down, and imagined she felt something at the bottom. Information of these unhappy circumstances was sent to Mr. Charles Jarvis, No. 140, Canal street, who is a relative of the family, and he came instantly to the house, and assisted in getting the bodies out of the cistern. Both the mother and child had been a long time dead.

When taken out of the water the poor little infant was found with its lips placed closely to those of its mother. The thought, perhaps, of her child, never deserted the drowning woman, and her last sensible act was to bestow a final caress on her dying babe.

The atrocious originator of this tragedy cannot but feel compunction and remorse for these sad results of his deceit and falsehood. His mind will conjure up the phantoms of this poor girl and her child through every hour of his existence. They will haunt his dying pillow. What may come after is known but to God alone.—*N. Y. Express*.

SCRAPS FROM THE GERMAN OF JEAN PAUL.

TRANSLATED FOR THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

LIFE.—We get satiated of life, because it never can satiate. Man has been compared to an ephemera, but wrongly, for the little creature of a day emerges from sloth and darkness to a brilliant existence, while we flutter round for a while like winged flies, and then grow dull and heavy, and turn to grubs.

ANOTHER.—We try to deceive ourselves as to the shortness of time, and so we divide and measure it in large portions, years and centuries. The succession of minutes seems like the swift following of waves in a brook, and a year or an age is like a vast sea, the motion of which escapes our notice. In large cities, we tend to forget the shortness of life in its multiplicity, for every man seems to protect his neighbour, just as in an army, we think only of those who survive, not of those who have fallen.

VARIETY OF LIFE.—Not so—there is no such thing as that dull uniformity you complain of. Go to yonder light-house, and visit the keeper, who sees the face of man only once a month, and he will overwhelm you with a history of all the manifold winds, clouds, waves, stars, birds, storms, and distant vessels, which have given interest and variety to his solitary existence.

DEATH.—The prospect of death, if we will only look on it steadfastly, is not unpleasing; the shadow it casts only softens the sharp outlines of our life. The glow of joy and the frosts of sorrow are both subdued when the tomb casts its influence over them, as a lofty mountain makes both summer and winter milder.

IMPROVEMENT.—Nations begin now to throw off their thick coverings of ignorance and prejudice. The fruit strives to burst its shell as it ripens.

£100,000 was left to the University of Oxford by Michael Angelo Taylor, to build a picture gallery and lecture rooms connected with science and arts. A dispute having arisen between his relatives and the trustees respecting the will, the latter, rather than risk a suit in Chancery, have agreed to take £75,000, and have begun clearing the foundation for the building.

ROYAL ACADEMIC SCHOOL.—Alexander Reid, A. M. the gentleman appointed by the Normal School Society of Glasgow, to take the superintendence of the Acadian Institution, arrived last week, in the *Acadian* from Greenock. Mr. Reid has attended the University of Edinburgh for a number of years, and has made himself familiarly acquainted with the Training System, as practised in the Normal Seminary at Glasgow. From the favourable recommendations he has brought along with him, and from his own literary attainments, we are inclined to believe that he will approve himself as an able and efficient teacher of youth.—*Halifax Guardian*.

A SKETCH OF ENGLISH ARISTOCRACY.*

From "Ten Thousand a Year"—Blackwood's Magazine.

THE FAMILY MANSION.

The Aubreys are a Yorkshire family. Their residence, Yatton, is in the north-eastern part of the county, not above fifteen or twenty miles from the sea. The hall is one of those old structures, the sight of which throws you back nearly a couple of centuries in our English history. It stands in a park, crowded with trees, many of them of great age and size, and under which some two hundred head of deer perform their capricious and graceful gambols. You strike off the great North road into a broad by-way; after going down which for about a mile, you come to a staggling little village called Yatton, at the further extremity of which stands an aged grey church, with a very tall thin spire; an immense yew-tree, with a kind of friendly gloom, overshadowing, in the little church yard, nearly half the graves. A little behind the church is the vicarage house, snug and sheltered by a line of fir-trees. After walking on about eighty yards, you come to the high park-gates, and see a lodge just within, on the left hand side, sheltered by an elm tree. You then wend your way for about a third of a mile along a gravel walk, amongst the thickening trees, till you come to a ponderous old crumbling-looking gateway of the time of Henry VII., with one or two deeply-set stone windows in the turrets, and mouldering stone-capped battlements peeping through high-climbing ivy. There is an old escutcheon immediately over the point of the arch; and as you pass underneath, if you look up you can see the groove of the old portcullis still remaining. Having passed under this castellated remnant, you enter a kind of court, formed by a high wall completely covered with ivy, running along in a line from the right-hand turret of the gateway till it joins the house. Along its course are a number of yew-trees. In the centre of the open space is a quaintly disposed grass plot, dotted about with stunted box, and in the centre stands a weather-beaten stone sundial. The house itself is a large irregular pile of dull red brickwork, with great stacks of chimneys in the rear; the body of the building had evidently been erected at different times. Some part is evidently in the style of Queen Elizabeth's reign, another in that of Queen Anne: and it is plain that on the site of the present structure has formerly stood a castle. There are tracts of the old moat still visible round the rest of the house. One of the ancient towers, with its small deep stone windows, still remains, giving its venerable support to the right hand extremity of the building. The long frontage of the house consists of two huge masses of dusky-red brickwork, (you can hardly call them wings,) connected together by a lower building in the centre, which contains the hall. There are three or four rows of long thin deep windows, with heavy-looking wooden sashes. The high pitched roof is of slate, and has deep projecting eaves, forming, in fact, a bold wooden cornice running along the whole length of the building, which is some two or three stories high. At the left extremity stands a clump of ancient cedars of Lebanon, feathering in evergreen beauty down to the ground. The hall is large and lofty: the floor is of polished oak, almost the whole of which is covered with thick matting; it is wainscoted all round with black oak; some seven or eight full length pictures, evidently of considerable antiquity, being let into the panels. Quaint figures these are to be sure; and if they resembled the ancestors of the Aubrey family, these ancestors must have been singular and startling persons! The faces are quite white and staring—all as if in wonder; and they have such long legs, ending in sharp pointed shoes—just such as were worn in the reign of Edward III. or even Richard II. On each side of the ample fireplace stands a figure in full armour; and there are also ranged along the wall old swords and lances, the very idea of welding and handling which makes your arms ache, while you exclaim, "they must have been giants in those days!" On one side of this hall a door opens into the drawing room, beyond which is the library; on the other side a door leads you into a noble room, now called the drawing room, where stands a very fine organ. Out of both the dining room and drawing room, you pass up a staircase contained in an old square tower, two sides of each of them opening on the old quadrangle, and into which all the bedrooms open. But I need not go into further detail.

OLD MRS. AUBREY.

Altogether it is truly a fine old mansion. Its only constant occupant is Mrs. Aubrey, the mother of Mr. Aubrey, in whose library we are now seated. She is a widow, having survived her husband, who twice was one of the county members for fifteen years. Mr. Aubrey is her first-born child, Miss Aubrey her last; four intervening children she has followed to the grave,—the grief and suffering consequent upon which have shaken her constitution, and made her, both in actual health and in appearance, at least ten years older than she really is—for she has, in point of fact, not long since entered her sixtieth year. What a blessed life she leads at Yatton! Her serene and cheerful temper makes every one happy about her; and her charity is unbounded, but dispensed with a most just discrimination. One way or another, almost a fourth of the village are direct pensioners on her bounty. You have only to mention the name of Madame Aubrey, the lady of Yatton, to witness involuntary homage paid to her virtues. Her word is law; and well indeed it may be. While Mr. Aubrey, her husband, was to

the last stern in his temper, and reserved in his habits, bearing with a spotless and lofty character, she was always what she still is, meek, gentle, accessible, charitable, and pious. On his death she withdrew from the world, and has ever since resided in Yatton—never having quitted it for a single day. There are in the vicinity one or two stately families, with ancient name, sounding title, and great possessions; but for ten miles round Yatton, Madame Aubrey, the Squire's mother, is the name that is enshrined in people's kindest and most grateful feelings, and receives their readiest homage. 'Tis perhaps a very small matter to mention, but there is at the hall a great white old mare, Peggy, that for these twenty years, in all weathers, hath been the bearer of Madame's bounty. A thousand times hath she carried Jacob Jones, (now a pensioned servant, whose hair is as white as Peggy's) all over the estate, and also beyond it, with comfortable matters for the sick and poor. Most commonly there are a couple of stone bottles, filled with cow-slip, currant, ginger, or elderberry wine, slung before old Jones over the well-worn saddle—to the carrying of which Peggy has got so accustomed, that she does not go comfortably without them. She has so fallen into the habits of old Jones, who is an inveterate gossip, (Madame having helped to make him such by the numerous enquiries she makes of him every morning as to every one in the village, and on the estate, and which enquiries he must have the means of answering,) that slow as she jogs along, if ever she meets or is overtaken by any one, she stops of her own accord, as if to hear what they and her rider have to say to one another. She is a great favourite with all, and gets a mouthful of grass or hay at every place she stops, either from the children or the old people. When old Peggy comes to die, she will be missed by all the folk round Yatton. Madam Aubrey, growing, I am sorry to say, very feeble, cannot go about as much as she used, and betakes herself oftener and oftener to the old family coach; and when she is going to drive about the neighbourhood, you may always see it stop at the vicarage for old Dr. Tatham, who generally accompanies her. On these occasions she always has a bag containing Testaments and prayer-books, which are distributed as rewards to those whom the parson can recommend as deserving them. For these five-and-twenty years she has never missed giving a copy of each to every child in the village and on the estate, on its being confirmed; and the old lady looks round very keenly every Sunday from her pew, to see that these Bibles and prayer-books are reverently used. In manner she is very calm, and quiet, and dignified. She looks all that you could expect from what I have told you. The briskness of youth, the sedate firmness of middle age, have years since given place, as you will see with some pain, to the feebleness produced by ill health and mental suffering—for she mourned after her children with a fond and bereaved mother's love. Oh! how she doats upon her surviving son and daughter! And are they not worthy of such a mother? Mr. Aubrey is in his thirty-sixth year; and inherits the mental qualities of both his parents—the demeanour and person of his father. He has a reserve that is not cynical, but only diffident, yet it gives him, at least at first sight, an air of hauteur, if not austerity, which is very far from his real nature, for within is, indeed, the rich "milk of human kindness." He has the soft heart and benignant temper of his mother, joined with the masculine firmness of character which belonged to his father. Sensitive he is, perhaps to a fault. There is a tone of melancholy or pensiveness in his composition, which has increased upon him from his severe studies, ever since his youth. He is a man of superior intellect, though not perhaps of the highest or most brilliant order; and is a most capital scholar. At Oxford he plucked the prize from a host of strong competitors, and has since justified the expectations which were entertained of him. He has made some really valuable contributions to historic literature—indeed, I think he is even now engaged upon some researches calculated to throw light upon the obscure origin of several of our political institutions. He has entered upon politics with uncommon ardour—perhaps with an excessive ardour. I think he is likely to make a considerable figure in Parliament; for he is a man of very clear head, very patient, of business-like habits, and, moreover, has a very impressive delivery as a public speaker. He is generous and charitable as his admirable mother, and careless, even to a fault, of his pecuniary interests. He is a man of perfect simplicity and purity of character. Above all, his virtues are the virtues which have been sublimed by Christianity—the cold embers of morality warmed into religion. He has looked for light from above, and has heard a voice saying—"This is the way, walk thou in it." His happiness is the real source of that happy consistent dignity, and firmness, which have earned him the respect of all who knew him, and will bear him through whatever may befall him. He who standeth upon this rock cannot be moved, perhaps not even touched, by the surges of worldly circumstances of difficulty and distress. In manner Mr. Aubrey is calm and gentlemanlike; in person he is rather above the middle height, and of slight make—too slight, perhaps, to be elegant. His countenance, though not to be called handsome, has a serene manliness about it when in repose, and an acuteness and vivacity when animated, which are delightful to behold: it often beams with energy and intellect. His hair is black as jet, and his forehead ample and marked.

(To be continued.)

He who thinks his place below him should prove that he is above his place.

FEMALE COURAGE.

AN EXCITING INCIDENT.

A striking trait of courage in a lady forms the subject of conversation at present of the French metropolis. Madame Aubry lives in a solitary chateau, not far from the town of —. The family consisted only of M. Aubry, his wife, a child about a year old, and one maid servant. In the little town, every light is out by ten o'clock, and of course the most perfect solitude reigns at that hour in their houses, which lies off the road, and is completely hidden by trees. One night last winter, Madame Aubry was sitting alone, reading. Her husband had left her in the morning to visit a friend some six or eight miles off, and, as he expected to bring home a considerable sum of money, he had taken the usual precaution of arming himself with a pair of pistols. About six o'clock the lady went up to her room to put her child to bed. Her apartment was a large room on the first floor, filled up on one side by an old-fashioned chimney, and on the other by a deep and spacious alcove, near which stood her infant's cradle. The night was a gloomy one, cold and dark, and every now and then a dash of rain beat against the gothic windows. The trees in the garden bowed to the wind, and their branches came sweeping against the casement; in short, it was a night in which the solitude of the mansion was more complete and melancholy than usual. Madame Aubry sat down on a low chair near the fire, which by its sudden flashes, cast an uncertain light over the vast apartment, throwing its antique mouldings and carvings into brighter relief or deeper shade. She had her child on her lap, and had just finished preparing it for the cradle. She cast her eyes towards the alcove, to see if the cradle was ready to receive its little occupant, whose eyes were already closed. Just then, the fire flashed up brightly, and threw a strong light on the alcove, by which the lady distinguished a pair of feet, cased in heavy nailed shoes, peeping out under the curtain in front of the bed. A thousand thoughts passed through her mind in an instant. The person hidden there was a thief, perhaps an assassin—that was clear. She had no protection, no aid at hand. Her husband was not to return till eight at soonest, and it was now only half past six. What was to be done? She did not utter a single cry, nor even start on her seat. The servant girl probably would not have had such presence of mind. The robber probably meant to remain quiet where he was till midnight, and then seize the money her husband was to bring with him; but if he should find he was discovered, and that there was no one in the house but two women, he would not fail to leave his hiding place, and secure their silence by murdering them. Besides, might not the girl be the robber's accomplice? Several slight causes of suspicion occurred to her at once, and all these reflections passed through her mind in less time than we take to write them. She decided at once what she would do, which was, to send the girl out of the room:

"You know that dish my husband likes," said she, without betraying her alarm by the least change in the tones of her voice, "I ought to have remembered to have got it ready for his supper. Go down stairs, and see about it at once."

"Does not madame require my help here, as she generally does?"

"No, no, I will attend to every thing myself. I know my husband would not be pleased, if he was to come home after his ride, in such bad weather, and not find a good supper ready."

After some delays, which increased in the lady's mind, that suspicion she was forced to conceal, the girl left the room. The noise of her steps on the stairs, died away gradually, and Madame Aubrey was left alone with her child, with those two feet motionless at their post, still peeping out under the curtain. She kept by the fire, with her child on her lap, continuing to caress it and sing to it almost mechanically. The child cried: it wanted to be put to bed, but its cradle was near the alcove—near those dreadful feet, how could she find courage to go near them! At last, she made a violent effort. "Come, my child," said she, and got up. Hardly able to stand erect, she walked towards the alcove, close to the robber. She put the child in the cradle, singing it to sleep as usual. We may imagine how much inclination she had to sing. When the child fell asleep, she left it, and resumed her seat by the fire. She did not dare to leave the room; it would arouse the suspicions of the robber, and of the girl, probably his accomplice. Besides, she could not bear the thought of leaving her child, even if it was to purchase her own safety. The clock pointed to seven. An hour yet, a whole hour, before her husband would come! Her eyes were fixed on those feet, which threatened her with death at any moment with a sort of fascination. The deepest silence reigned in the room. The infant slept quietly. We do not know whether even an Amazon, in her place, would have been bold enough to try a struggle with the robber. Madame d'Aubry had no arms; besides, she made no claims to valour, but only to that passive courage, founded on reflection, which is far the rarer of the two. Every few minutes she would hear a noise in the garden. In that noise, a ray of hope shone on her for an instant—it was her husband, it was deliverance! But no—it was only the wind and rain, or the shutters cracking. What an age every minute seemed to be. Oh, heavens! the feet moved! Does the thief mean to leave his hiding place? No. It was only a slight, probably involuntary movement, to ease himself by changing his position. The clock strikes—only once, it is the half hour only—and the clock is too fast, besides! How much anguish, how many silent prayers, in these trying minutes! She took up a book of devotion and tried to read, but her eyes would wander

from the page to fix on those heavy shoes. All at once a thought arose that chilled her to the heart. Suppose her husband should not come! The weather is stormy, and he has relatives in the village to which he went. Perhaps they have persuaded him it was unsafe to travel at night with so large a sum of money about him: perhaps they have forced him, with a friendly violence, to yield to their urgent invitations to wait till morning. It is striking eight, and nobody comes. The idea we have alluded to, appears to her more and more probable. After two hours of such agony, the unhappy lady, whose courage had been kept up by the hope of final rescue, feels her strength and hope fail her. Soon she hears a noise under the window, and listens, doubtfully. This time she is not mistaken. The heavy outer door creaks on its hinges, and shuts with clamour; a well-known step is on the stairs, and a man enters, a tall, stout man. It is he, it is he! At that moment, if he had been the worst of all husbands, he would have been perfection in his wife's eyes. He had only taken off his wet cloak and put away his pistols, and delighted at again seeing what he loves most on earth, opens his arms to embrace his wife. She clasps him convulsively, but in a moment, recovering her self-possession, puts her finger on his lips, and points to the two feet peeping out under the curtain.

If M. Aubry had been wanting in presence of mind, he would not have deserved to be the husband of such a woman. He made a slight gesture to show he understood her, and said aloud, "Excuse me, my dear, I left the money down stairs. I'll be back in two minutes." Within that time he returned, pistol in hand. He looks at the priming, walks to the alcove, stoops, and while the fore-finger of his right hand is on the trigger, with the other hand, he seizes one of the feet, and cries in a voice of thunder, "Surrender, or you're a dead man!" He drags by the feet into the middle of the room a man of most ill-favoured aspect, crouching low to avoid the pistol which is within an inch of his head. He is searched, and a sharp dagger found on him. He confesses that the girl was his accomplice, and had told him M. Aubry would bring a large sum home that night. Nothing remains now, but to give them over to the authorities. Madame Aubry asked her husband to pardon them, but the voice of duty is louder than that of pity. When M. Aubry heard from his wife all she had gone through, he could only say, "Who would have thought you so courageous!" but, in spite of her courage, she was attacked that night with a violent nervous fever, and did not get over her heroism for several days.

From Miss Pardoe's Beauties of the Bosphorus.

A TURKISH APARTMENT.

"The moveables were prodigally rich;
Sofas 'twas half a sin to sit upon,
So costly were they: carpets every stitch
Of workmanship so rare, that made you wish
You could glide o'er them like a golden fish."

ByRON.

Nothing can exceed the beautiful cleanliness of a Turkish harem, save its order: not a grain of dust, not a footmark, sullies the surface of the Indian matting that covers the large halls whence the several apartments branch off in every direction; while the furniture of the rooms themselves is always rich, and scrupulously arranged. The ceilings are elaborately ornamented; and in the houses of the rich, where the apartments are of great size, a curtain of tapestry is frequently used as a mean of reducing their extent. The windows are always closely set together, and very numerous; and where the room chanced to be situated in an angle of the building, the three unconnected sides have very much the appearance of a lantern.

At the lower end of each apartment are large closets for the reception of the bedding (for none are appropriated exclusively as sleeping chambers), and the slaves of the household no sooner ascertain that the visitor has risen, than half a dozen of them commence removing every vestige of the couch, and depositing within the closet the mattresses of embroidered satin, the sheet of gauze, or worked muslin, the half-dozen pillows of brocaded silk, and the wadded coverlets, rich with silver fringe, and gay with party coloured needle work, which have formed the bed. A low sofa or divan runs round the three other sides of the apartment, luxuriously supplied with cushions, and richly covered with cut velvet or embroidered satin; and the floor is invariably spread with soft and handsome carpets.

It is an amusing fact, that an idea of impropriety is attached by Europeans who have never visited the East, to the very name of a harem; while it is not less laughable, that they can never give a reason for the prejudice! How little foundation exists for so unaccountable a fancy must be evident at once, when it is stated that the harem, or women's apartments, are held so sacred by the Turks themselves, that they remain inviolate even in cases of popular disturbance, or individual delinquency; the mob never suffering their violence to betray them into an intrusion on the wives of their victims; and the search after a fugitive ceasing the moment that the door of the harem separates him from his pursuers.

It is also a fact, that although a Turk has an undoubted right to enter the apartment of his wives at all hours, it is a privilege of which he rarely, if ever, avails himself. One room in the harem is appropriated to the master of the house, and therein he awaits the appearance of the individual with whom he wishes to converse, and who is summoned to his presence by a slave. Should he, on pass-

ing to this apartment, see slippers at the foot of the stairs (a token that a female visitor is in the harem), he cannot, under any pretence whatever, intrude himself into her presence; it is a liberty which every woman in the empire would resent; and when guests are on a visit of some days, he sends a slave forward to announce his approach, and thus gives them time and opportunity to withdraw.

Every good harem has a commodious bath, and a garden gay with flowers and fountains attached to it, where the women may wander at will among the leaves and birds, or dream the sultry hours in their pretty kiosques overhanging the Bosphorus; where from behind the shade of their latticed casements they can breathe the cool air from the water, and mark the arrowy speed of the graceful caiques, as they fly along the channel.

The amusements of the harem are few and simple;—the bath is the greatest luxury, the remainder of the day being spent in lounging on the divan, listening to the music of the zebec, played by one of the slaves, and accompanied by the voices of others; in the arrangement of the jewels worn upon the turban; in playing with the birds whose gilded cages glitter upon the walls; in spoiling all the children within reach; in eating sweetmeats, and drinking water; or amid the cool shadows of the garden, hearkening to the fall of the fountains and the whisperings of the leaves, or listening to the wondrous tales of the Massaldjhe, ever a welcome guest in the harem, where her marvellous narratives are received with a deep attention and a perfect faith eminently inspiring. Then there is the namaz or prayer, five times a day, never neglected by Turkish women; when deeply veiled, as unworthy to appear before Allah with a bare brow, they spread their prayer-carpet, and, turning their faces Mecca-ward, they humbly and earnestly perform their devotions. These are their home-occupations; but it is a great fallacy to imagine that Turkish females are like birds in a cage, or captives in a cell;—far from it; there is not a public festival, be it Turk, Frank, Armenian, or Greek, where they are not to be seen in numbers, sitting upon their carpets, or in their carriages, surrounded by slaves and attendants, eager and delighted spectators of the revel. Then they have their gilded and glittering caiques on the Bosphorus, where, protected by their veils, their ample mantles, and their negro guard, they spend long hours in passing from house to house, visiting their acquaintance, and gathering and dispensing the gossip of the city.

All this may, and indeed must appear startling, to persons who have accustomed themselves to believe that Turkish wives were morally manacled slaves. There are, probably, no women so little trammelled in the world; so free to come and to go unquestioned, provided that they are suitably attended; while it is equally certain that they enjoy this privilege like innocent and happy children, making their pleasures of the flowers and the sunshine; and reveling like the birds and bees amid the summer brightness, profiting by the enjoyment of the passing hour, and reckless or thoughtless of the future.

THE ROSE AND THE GAUNTLET.

Low spake the Knight to the peasant maid,
"O! be not thus of my suit afraid!
Fly with me from this garden small,
And thou shalt sit in my castle hall."

"Thou shalt have pomp, and wealth, and pleasure,
Joys beyond thy fancy's measure;
Here with my sword and my horse I stand,
To bear thee away to my distant land."

"Take, thou fairest, this full-blown rose,
A token of love that as ripely blows."
With his glove of steel he plucked the token,
And it fell from the gauntlet crushed and broken."

The maiden exclaimed—"Thou see'st, Sir Knight,
Thy fingers of steel can only smite;
And like the rose thou hast torn and scatter'd,
I in thy grasp should be wrecked and shatter'd."

She trembled and blushed, and her glances fell,
But she turned from the Knight, and said, "farewell!"
"Not so," he cried, "will I lose my prize,
I heed not thine words, but I read thine eyes."

He lifted her up in his grasp of steel,
And he mounted and spurred with fiery heel;
But her cry drew forth her hoary sire,
Who snatched his bow from above the fire."

Swift from the valley the warrior fled,
But swifter the bolt of the cross-bow sped;
And the weight that pressed on the fleet-foot horse,
Was the living man, and the woman's corse."

That morning the rose was bright of hue,
That morning the maiden was sweet to view;
But the evening sun its beauty shed
On the withered leaves and the maiden dead."

—Blackwood's Magazine.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN SKETCHES.

THE FIRE JUMP.

When crossing the mountains from Toas into Santa Fe, we passed along the brink of a frightful precipice, called the "Fire Jump," about which our guide told us the following story:—Col. Tom was half bred, well known a few years ago through all the village of Toas—living at times with the Indians—a shrewd, cunning fellow, not brave, but exceedingly wicked. He was the son of an American trapper, who perished in the snow one night in the mountains, while Tom was yet an infant. Tom obtained the title of Colonel from the Americans, on account of a martial and commanding manner which he was fond of assuming. He spoke Spanish, and knew enough of English to mingle with the traders, and be useful to them as an interpreter, being also conversant with the language of his Indian mother. Though known to be a great rascal, he was tolerated by the Americans and Spaniards on account partly for his usefulness when he chose to make himself serviceable, and partly for his reckless and humorous disposition, but the Indians hated him with deadly hostility. His superior intelligence made him feared among them, and they were jealous of the white blood that ran in his veins. Living under the Spanish rule they could not kill him without being punished for it, and this made their hatred the more bitter. He knew well the hostile feelings of the Indians with whom he mingled, and the delight of his existence seemed to consist in planning schemes of devilry and rascality to aggravate them. He would steal from the whites whiskey enough to make a whole Indian town drunk, and in the midst of the carousal he would drive off the horses and sell them to the Spaniards. He would interpret for the Indians when selling their skins to the traders, and always contrive to make to himself one half the advantage of the trade.

At length his depredations became so notorious and of so villainous a nature, that the Spaniards would no longer protect him, and the Indians commenced hunting him for his life. He had been chased a whole day through the valley and up the mountain side, by a band of the Apachus Indians, when his horse gave out just at this spot, now known as the "Fire Jump." The animal fell near the edge of the precipice, and to prevent the Indians discovering him by his fallen steed, he exerted his strength and actually pushed the poor dying horse over the rock into the gulf below. A hollow log lay near the spot; he heard the approach of his pursuers, and jumping into the log, he turned it over, and lay concealed, as he thought, beneath it.

But the Indians had seen the action, and fiendish revenge entered their heads. They came to the spot, pretending to believe that their prey had escaped them, and manifesting great vexation and disappointment. They dismounted, and seating themselves upon the log, rehearsed to each other what they had intended to do with Colonel Tom had they caught him. Thus the cunning savages sat till night was dark around them, when they gathered dry branches and leaves, and commenced building their fire against the hollow log where the enemy was hidden. The wretched victim then knew too well that he was discovered, and a horrid death was designed for him. He peeped from beneath the log, and saw that each man had his arrow in his bow, ready for use.

The fire kindled rapidly, and the Indians laughed aloud as the flames curled over the rotten log. Tom was not brave, but it would seem as if the miserable wretch had, while lying there, formed the desperate resolution of dying by the fire rather than give them the delight of killing him with their arrows. This, however, was a feat not in human nature to perform, and after enduring the torture to the last moment, the doomed wretch dashed off the burning log, and sprang to his feet with his deer skin dress wrapt in a sheet of flame. He threw himself upon the ground and rolled, but the fire still clung to him. The Indians yelled with delight. He rose again, and rushing to the precipice, sprang over the brink. A dozen arrows pierced him at the moment, and with a frantic scream of agony he sped like a lightning flash into the dark gulf below. The Indians threw themselves upon their faces and peeped over into the gulf to see the burning body dash from rock to rock until it disappeared beneath a projecting crag, hundreds of feet down the frightful ravine; after which they calmly smoked their pipes around the still blazing log; and the terrible precipice, whose brink is almost the very summit of the mountain, has ever since been pointed out to travellers as "the Fire Jump."

REMARKABLE CURE OF LOCK-JAW IN A MARE.—Owing to the adoption of a remedy suggested in the columns of the Hereford Journal, a good while ago, a valuable mare, the property of Mr. Stanbury, supervisor, Ludlow, was recently effectually saved from death by lock-jaw by mal-treatment for sand-crack. We give the detail of the circumstance in the words of the owner of the animal: "In consequence of one of the tendons being injured by the smith, lock-jaw ensued; the best advice was procured, but it proved of no avail; the mare gradually sunk, day by day, for upwards of a fortnight, and all attempts to support nature failing, my distress at seeing a creature which had been my companion for years suffer so much, induced me at last to give directions that she should be shot. I left home at nine o'clock in the morning, and mentioned the circumstance to a friend who is a subscriber to the Hereford Journal, and to my surprise he pointed out a case of cure of lock-jaw mentioned in an old number of the paper. Many minutes did not

elapse before I was on my road home to countermand the destruction of the animal, and the proposed remedy was immediately put in operation. Between two and three hogsheds of water were thrown upon her spine, and repeatedly I thought she must sink under it, but, persevering, I at length perceived her skin as it were to creep upon her; this over, she was well wrapped up in blankets, and by kind treatment and diligent attention to her, with nourishing diet and gruel, she recovered, and has since been as well as ever she was, which circumstance is well known to nearly the whole of Ludlow." The owner of the animal is naturally anxious that the case should be made known for the benefit of the public, and because he thinks this is a striking proof of the utility of the hints frequently given in the newspapers.—*Hereford Journal*.

MORAL MUSIC.—Pure and surpassing music may be made on the same instrument, which under an ignorant and purposed touch will send forth discords in prodigious varieties. He who has become acquainted with the instrument, though not a master of it, well knows how to avoid those combinations of sound which are painful to the ear, and often tend to disturb feelings and passions. What tones are sweeter than those produced by the gentle breeze of heaven in passing over the strings of the Æolian harp? The reason is, those notes are so attuned as that their vibrations will not respond except in notes of harmony; but only disorder the strings, by increasing the tension of some and decreasing that of others, and the sweetest zephyrs will produce nothing but the vilest discords, resembling angry passions. Let us then, in our journey through the year on which we have entered, acquire, as much as possible, a knowledge of the science and the art of social and domestic moral music. Let us learn to measure our time with care, to cultivate our voices, that they may lose all harshness; let each stand to his part, and strive to excel in that. Let us consider our feelings, passions and dispositions, as the strings of the harp; if the ordinary events and these strings—our feelings, passions and dispositions—are in proper tune—under due regulation, and preserving a just relation, each to all the others, we have then all the elements of moral music, domestic and social, and in a few weeks, by due regard to all the principles and arrangements above mentioned, we shall soon be good scholars, giving and receiving all that pleasure which harmony can afford, and as the sober autumn advances, our taste for this kind of music will be more and more ripened towards perfection; and when the cold Decemberly evenings shall arrive, we can listen to the angry music of the elements abroad, full of discordant strains, sweeping by our peaceful homes, while within them all may be the music of the heart, in its gentle movements.

CONSCRIPTS ON THE SHORES OF THE DEAD SEA.—One third of the conscripts, I am told, on an average, die in a few years; some pine away with grief, and others, worn by the hardships of the service, leave their bones to whiten upon the deserts of Arabia. Sometimes an infirm old man, or a youth broken down by sickness, blinded with ophthalmia, or disabled with wounds, finds his way back, after a long absence, to his native village, a pitiable object of infirmity and destitution. Such are the horror and disgust felt by the poor inhabitants at the idea of entering the pacha's army, and such their desperation from the fear of being torn from their homes and families, and draughted into the military service, that some have broken out their teeth in order that they might not be able to bite a cartridge, others have cut off the fingers of their right hand, so that they cannot use a ramrod or draw a trigger, and some have knocked out an eye or blinded themselves with a red-hot needle. Nay, to such a pitch of desperation have even women been driven, that mothers whose extreme fondness for their children in this country I have often witnessed, have actually blinded their young male children, in order to prevent them from being separated from the paternal roof when they grow up, and to save them from the miseries of a military life. Men have been shot by the orders of the pacha for thus mutilating themselves, mothers have been executed for mutilating their children; but these terrible examples have not altogether repressed the practice, and the traveller is in every part of the country astonished by the vast number of blind people that he constantly meets with.—*Metropolitan Mag.*

THE FIRST LIGHT HOUSE.—The first light house ever erected for the benefit of mariners, is believed to be that built by the famous architect Sostratus, by command of Ptolemy Philadelphus, King of Egypt. It was built near Alexandria on an island called Pharos, and there were expended upon it about eight hundred talents, or nearly a million of dollars. Ptolemy has been much commended by some ancient writers for his liberality in allowing the architect to inscribe his name instead of his own. The inscription reads: "Sostratus, son of Dexiphanes, to the protecting deities, for the use of seafaring people." This tower was deemed one of the seven wonders of the world, and was thought of sufficient grandeur to immortalize the founder.

It appears from Lucian, however, that Ptolemy does not deserve any praise for disinterestedness on this score; or Sostratus any great praise for his honesty, as it is stated that the latter, to engross in after times the glory of the structure, caused the inscription with his own name to be carved in the marble, which he afterwards covered with lime and thereupon put the King's name. In process of time the lime decayed, and the inscription on the marble alone remained.

A SMALL BUDGET OF AMERICANISMS.—The following are a few among many instances of the misuse of English words in this country, cited in a Grammar recently published at Philadelphia:

Got and get, signify mere possession; as, Have you got a knife? instead of, Have you a knife?

Hadn't ought, for ought not; as, You hadn't ought to.

Clear out, for go away, is very vulgar.

Hold on, for wait or stop, is very vulgar.

If for though; as, I feel as if it was so.

So as to, awkwardly combined; as, He did it so as to, for, he so did it as to.

Such a large, for so large a; as, Such a large company, for so large a company. Such and a ought to be separated.

Community, for the community. The word has not yet become technical so as to admit of being used with the article. It is proper to say, injurious to society; but not proper to say, injurious to community.

DEATH FROM FRIGHT.—On Wednesday afternoon, as Miss Susan Shiply, a maiden lady of independent fortune, residing at No. 28, Devonshire Place, New Road, was walking in the Regent's Park, a large dog of the Newfoundland species, in a fit of playfulness, sprang up and put his paws on her. Such was the alarm created that she immediately fainted, and fell upon the pavement. On recovery she gave her address, and was placed in a hackney-coach and conveyed to her residence. On her arrival she appeared much excited, and shortly after getting in doors was seized with violent fits. She continued getting gradually weaker, and medical aid was called in, but in the course of a few hours she died. Information of the occurrence has been forwarded to the coroner, but no one has been found who saw the deceased at the time the animal jumped at her.

THE PLANT INSECT.—At a very late meeting of the London Zoological Society, a communication was read from Mr. Mackey, of the British consulate at Maracaibo, on a plant called *Projojoy* in the country from which it is derived, and which attains the condition of a plant from the strange metamorphose of an insect. In the insect which was described some of the legs have already changed into roots, and in that state it was presented to the contributor. It was announced that a similar insect had lately been discovered in North Carolina. When the creature assumes the form of an insect or animal, it is about an inch in length, and must resemble a wasp in appearance. After it has reached its full length it disappears under the surface of the ground and dies, soon after which, the two fore legs begin to sprout and vegetate, the shoots extending upwards, and the plant in a short time reaching a height of six inches. The branches and the leaves are like trefoil, and at the extremities of the former there are buds which contain neither leaves nor flowers, but an insect which, as it grows, falls to the ground, or remains on its parent plant, feeding on the plant till the leaves are exhausted, when the insect returns to the earth, and the plant shoots forth again.

SLAVERY.—Let not the slaveholder take courage from the hope that our efforts will prove ineffectual. His iron despotism shall not continue. By the pledged word of the Almighty—by the voice of all history—by the upward tendencies of man's immortal nature—by the ever-accumulating sense of wrong among three millions of our countrymen in chains—by the deep vows of vengeance from the victims of the infernal slave traffic, in the slave ship and the coffee—by the father's curse upon the ravisher of his child—the son's upon the ruffian scourger of his mother—by all that can goad and stimulate the heart to a deed of desperation,—we tell the slaveholder that he cannot have peace in his guilt. Peace! there can be no peace between the slave and his master. There is none at this moment, from the Potomac to the Sabine. Or, if the treacherous calm at present be called peace, it is that which exists between two mortal combatants, when the foot of one is planted upon the breast of the other.—*Pennsylvania Freeman*.

MONASTERIES IN THE METROPOLIS.—It is not generally known that there are several religious establishments for Catholic ladies in London and its immediate vicinity, where they devote their lives to the education of the children of the indigent, the largest of which is in Clarendon square, where 240 girls are clothed, fed, and brought up as good and trustworthy servants. A monastic institution is now erecting in Bermondsey, adjoining the new Catholic Chapel, for the Order of the Sisters of Mercy. The ladies who are about to take possession of this establishment are pledged to visit and administer to the wants of the sick and poor of the neighbourhood, regardless of their religious creed, their sickness and poverty being their only recommendation to the good offices of the nuns. A similar institution is to be instituted at Whitechapel, about Christmas next.

THE RICH MAN AND THE POOR.—A rich man was passing along the road in a splendid coach, when a cur rallied out, snarling and biting, and trying to stop his horses by getting before them. A beggar was sitting by the road side, gnawing a bone, and apparently half-famished, while his clothes were falling from him in rags. The cur, seeing him thus employed, ran towards him, and fawned at his feet. "You should teach your dog better manners," said the rich man. "He is not mine," said the other. "Why, then, does he bark at me, and fawn on you?" "Don't you see I've got a bone to throw away," replied the beggar.

ALLGEMEINE ZEITUNG is common in newspaper intelligence. "We learn from the Allgemeine Zeitung," says a daily paper, "that Prince Metternich is at present in a declining state of health, and intends visiting," &c; or, "It is confidently reported by the Allgemeine Zeitung, that an important meeting is shortly expected to take place between the ambassadors of the leading European powers at Toplitz," &c. &c. The term Allgemeine Zeitung is, in short, constantly before the public; every body has seen it hundreds of times; there is no end to it. But who knows exactly what it means? Is it the name of a newspaper, a magazine, or a human being—what is it? We shall explain. The Allgemeine Zeitung is a newspaper published daily in the German language at Augsburg, in Bavaria. The name signifies Universal Gazette or Intelligence, the word Zeitung being from the same root as our English word Tidings. The Allgemeine Zeitung is to Prussia, Austria, and various other continental powers, what the Times or Morning Chronicle is to England, with the superior attraction of being written upon a plan of more general interest. It is, we believe, the best newspaper in Germany, and is particularly celebrated for the correctness of its intelligence from Turkey and the adjacent countries. The Allgemeine Zeitung has existed for upwards of forty years, and is now or was lately the property of Baron Cotta, who employs regular correspondents in Constantinople, Athens, Cairo, Smyrna, and all the chief capitals in Europe; also in America. It is occasionally made use of by Austria and other states as a kind of demi-official organ, and therefore exerts an influence to a certain extent in continental politics. It is small in size, cheap in price; and its circulation, it is believed, is not above five thousand copies. People in Germany care little for newspapers, and grudge spending money for them.

DISASTERS AT SEA IN THE YEAR 1839.—A record has been kept at the office of the American Seaman's Friend Society, during the year just closed, as in past years, of disasters at sea, so far as they could be ascertained, which resulted in a total loss of the vessel. The following is the result:

The whole number of vessels lost is 442.

Of these there were ships and barks, 74; brigs, 124; schooners, 187; sloops, 16; steamboats, 9; unknown, 32.

Of these there were lost towards the close of 1838, but were reported in 1839, 52.

Added to the above entire and known losses, there has been reported 37 missing vessels during the year, which with their crews, have most probably been entirely lost. 537 lives have been reported as lost, but the loss of life is undoubtedly greater than this, as many vessels were reported as abandoned, or bottom up, where the crew was missing, and no intelligence has been received from them. The above statements speak a language concerning the sorrows of seamen not to be misunderstood, and they should be most solemnly pondered by those who have a heart to feel and a heart to relieve.—*Sailor's Magazine*.

A GREENWICH PENSIONER'S DESCRIPTION OF SIR SIDNEY SMITH.—"Why, sir, after we skivered the mounseers away from Acre, Sir Sidney was looking as taut set up as the mainstay by a new first lieutenant; but for all that, Sir Sidney was a weaselly man—no hull, sir—none; but all head, like a tadpole. But such a head! it put you in mind of a flash of lightning rolled up in a ball; and then his bleak curly nob—when he shook it, made every man shake in his shoes!" "Was he then handsome?" "Blest if I can tell! You know, sir, as how we don't say of an eighteen pounder, when it strikes the mark at a couple of miles or so, that's handsome, but we sings out 'beautiful!' though, arter all, it's nothing but a lump of iron. You're laughing, sir. And so you think I'm transmogrifying Sir Sidney's head into a round lump of iron shot. Well! I'm off like one. All I can say is, that he was most handsome when there was the most to do."—*Memoirs of Sir Sidney Smith*.

Two officers laid claim to a supposed invention of a "sweep piece," applied to the gun carriages of ships of war. While this mighty question was pending, and proofs on both sides collecting, Colonel Paisley fished up from the wreck of the Royal George, a lower deck gun carriage, having the new sweep attached to it! As the ship was sunk some years before either of the aspirants for fame were born, they could neither be the copyists nor the inventors!—*Hampshire Telegraph*.

The catalogue of last autumn's book fair at Leipsic, which may be regarded as a fair index of the literary and scientific activity in Germany during the last six months, announces 4,071 new works published by 518 booksellers. The number published in the summer half year of 1829 was about 3,600, and that of the corresponding period in 1819 only 1,300. It is said that this increase, judging from the business which is doing by printers and booksellers, will still go on in a similar proportion.

A HINT TO GIRLS.—Rev. Mr. Morrison, of New Bedford, in his Peterborough centennial sermon, says:—"Early in our history, the hand card, the little wheel and the loom, with the hand shuttle, were almost the only instruments of manufacture in the place. The grandmother of Governor Miller paid for four hundred acres of land in fine linen, made entirely (except getting out the flax) by her own hands."

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 25.

CELEBRATION OF THE QUEEN'S MARRIAGE.—Soon after the official announcement of her Majesty's marriage, with Prince Albert, of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, the Charitable Irish society resolved on celebrating the occasion, immediately subsequent to the solemnities of Lent; other societies in Halifax came to similar conclusions. On Monday morning last, Easter Monday, the Charitable Irish society met, according to arrangement, at Mason Hall, each member wearing the national badge (a gold harp and crown on a green ground) and marriage favours (white ribbons.) The society proceeded to St. Mary's Church, where High Mass was celebrated, and a discourse delivered by the Rev. Mr. O'Brien.

The reverend gentleman's discourse was founded on the following passage, in St. Paul's Epistle to Timothy: "I exhort, therefore, that first of all supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, be made for all men;—for kings, and for all that are in authority; that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life, in all godliness and honesty. For this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour."

The discourse was a specimen of fervid and argumentative oratory. The duty of praying for her Majesty was urged,—from Sacred Scripture,—from the interest which all had in good government and national prosperity,—from the nature of the British constitution, of which the Queen is the head,—from the fact that Irishmen were notably loyal and kind even to bad sovereigns, in evil times,—and from the merits of her Majesty. During the discourse the Rev. gentleman adverted to the greatly improved circumstances of the present period,—the importance of maintaining public order, the falsehood of the insinuation that R. Catholics owed the slightest allegiance to any foreign power,—their freedom, consistently with their religious faith, of opposing the Pope to the greatest extremity in temporal matters,—and the appropriateness of works of charity to the celebration of the day.

The Society returned to the Hall, when J. B. Uniacke Esq, the President, read the address to her Majesty, that had been prepared. It passed unanimously, and after three cheers for the Queen, the society formed in procession, in the following order,—the Band and drums of the 20d Regt,—the President and Vice President of the Society,—the green flag of the society, with appropriate devices,—members, two and two, with badges,—the flag of Nova Scotia,—members, as before,—the flags of the old 8th Regt,—members, as before,—the green flag, with harp and other emblems, prepared for the coronation festivities,—the Vice Presidents. In this order, with Band playing national airs, and accompanied by a multitude of persons, the society proceeded to Government House, and delivered their address, which was as follows, to his Excellency.

"To the Queen, &c. &c.—We, Subjects of your most Gracious Majesty, on behalf of the Irish population of this Province, humbly approach your throne to offer our sincere congratulations to your Majesty upon the auspicious event which has united you in marriage to the illustrious Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg and Gotha.

"The sentiments of loyalty and affection for your Majesty's Person and Government, deeply implanted in our bosoms, causes us gladly to participate in the joy extended over your Majesty's widely extended Empire,—and we assure your Majesty, and your Royal Consort, that in no part of your dominions is your happiness more fervently prayed for, than in your Loyal Province of Nova Scotia, once the favoured residence of your virtuous Sire, whose memory is embalmed in the affections of its grateful inhabitants.

"Remote from the capital of the Empire, your Majesty is only known to us by acts of grace, liberality, and good Government, which make us proud to live beneath the sway of your sceptre, and determined to defend your throne to the last extremity.

"Appreciating the advantage of our Sovereign being united to the object of her affections, we earnestly hope that, through the dispensation of a merciful Providence, your Majesty may long reign over a happy and loyal people, whose attachment to your illustrious house has made your empire the most powerful among nations."

His Excellency received the address at the entrance of the building, and returned the following answer:

"Gentlemen—The sentiments expressed in this your address to our gracious and beloved Queen, on the happy occasion of her Marriage to Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, evidently flows from the hearts of a loyal and affectionate people.

"I shall have pride and pleasure in transmitting it to be laid at the foot of the throne, and hearing my public testimony that, during the six years which I have administered the government of this happy Province, the conduct, order, and regularity, of her Majesty's Irish Subjects resident in it, have been most praiseworthy and conspicuous."

After three cheers for the Queen, the procession proceeded along Barrington street, southward, past Hon. Michael Tobin's, where a splendid Union Jack floated in the breeze,—along Hellis, Granville, Water, Brunswick, and Barrington streets, to the Asylum on Spring Garden Road.

The Society entered the yard of the Asylum, and made about half an hour's delay. Several of the members walked through the

room where the poor were assembled to partake of an excellent and plentiful dinner, provided by the Society. Old and young were seated, clean, cheerful, and all ready, at tables bending with roast beef, plum pudding, and other substantial. The signal was given, the Band struck up "the Roast Beef of Old England," the carvers handled their weapons, and a hearty set-to commenced.—Thence the Society proceeded in order to the Hall, deposited the colours, gave three cheers for the Queen, three for Prince Albert, three for the land we live in, three for old Ireland; three for Daniel O'Connell, and separated. The weather was extremely favourable. A re-assemblage occurred in the evening, when about 150 sat down to a splendid supper, and closed the proceedings with toasts, speeches, songs, and the usual aids to conviviality.

On Tuesday the North British and Highland Societies, went, united, in procession, from Mason Hall to Government House, wearing badges, and some of the members dressed in national costume. The President of the North British, A. Primrose, Esq., read and presented the following address, for transmission to the foot of the throne:

"To the Queen, &c. &c.—We, your Majesty's loyal and dutiful Subjects, the Members of the North British Society, established in Halifax, in Nova Scotia, in 1768, now residing in that colony, warmly participating in the universal joy which your Majesty's union with Prince Albert has diffused among our fellow subjects in every part of your widely extended dominions, humbly beg leave to approach your Majesty's throne with our sincere congratulations on this auspicious event, and with one heart and voice proffer our fervent prayers to the Giver of all Good, that this union so eminently conducive to your Majesty's personal comfort, and so highly acceptable to all classes of your Majesty's Subjects, may, to your Majesty and Prince Albert, during many happy years, be attended with the richest enjoyment and felicity, and prove lastingly beneficial to your Majesty's people.

"Some of our number still remember the noble bearing and independent spirit of his late Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, while residing in this part of the Empire, and we all hailed with delightful sensations the accession of his daughter, Your Most Gracious Majesty, his only descendant, and an inheritor of his virtues, to the Throne of your ancestors; and we beg to assure your Majesty, that not only from a sense of duty and interest in this the land of our nativity or adoption, but from an ardent affection to your Majesty's person, and sincere attachment to the Government under which we have the happiness to live, we will ever defend and uphold the dignity of the Crown, the integrity of the Empire, and our Birthrights, as Britons, with as much steadfastness and ardour as our fellow countrymen have evinced, at every crisis, in the land of our fathers."

James McNab, Esq. President of the Highland Society, read the address of that body, as follows:

"To the Queen, &c. &c.—Your Majesty's Loyal and Faithful Subjects, the Highland Society of Nova Scotia, beg leave to assure your Majesty of their devoted attachment to your Majesty's Person and Government.

"Taught by the precept and example of their ancestors to honor and respect the authority, and to rejoice in the happiness, of their Sovereign, the Highland Society of Nova Scotia, in common with the Subjects of that great Empire which is blest by your Majesty's rule, felt the deepest interest in the auspicious event of your Majesty's Royal Alliance in Marriage with his Royal Highness Prince Albert.

"In no Colony has this happy occurrence been hailed with greater enthusiasm and delight than by the Inhabitants of this Province, which has long been distinguished for its loyalty and devotion to the Crown.

"The Highland Society of Nova Scotia, although in this distant portion of the Empire, cherish all the faithful attachment to the Throne for which their ancestors have been celebrated in the annals of history; and they beg humbly, but earnestly, to express to your Majesty their best and most heartfelt congratulations, and to offer their sincere prayers that uninterrupted happiness may attend your Majesty's Union, and that your Majesty, and your Royal Consort, under the blessing of Divine Providence, may enjoy for many years the affections and sympathies of your Majesty's numerous and attached subjects."

His Excellency returned the following answer:

"Gentlemen—I shall have great pleasure in laying at the foot of the Throne those animated and loyal Addresses of the respective Societies, which you represent, conveying their expressions of joy and congratulation on the happy event of her Majesty's Marriage with Prince Albert, of Saxe Coburg.

"What renders that pleasure still more gratifying to me is, that the addresses convey the sentiments of so highly respectable a body of my countrymen, who are second to none in their attachment to the Throne, and the glorious Constitution under which they live and prosper."

After several hearty cheers the Society returned to Mason Hall.

On Thursday the St. George's Society met, and formed a procession, in the following order: The Band of the 8th Regt.—Officers of the Society,—the Society's Banner, (a splendid white silk flag, beautifully painted, by Smithers,—on one side St. George encountering the Dragon, on the other the national arms,—each staff

surmounted by a wreath of flowers.) Members two and two, with the Society's badge, and the Rose, emblematic of England,—two military flags,—and the members and officers, as before. The display was very beautiful, notwithstanding the heavy rain which fell incessantly during the procession. The Rev. Mr. Cogswell read prayers,—and the Ven. Archdeacon Willis delivered a very impressive discourse, from the words of St. Peter, "Fear God, Honour the King."

The following were the prominent topics of the sermon: The duty of brotherly kindness,—the gradations of society,—the nature and consequences of the fear of God,—the duty of honouring the Sovereign,—subordination, and charity. After the conclusion of divine service, the fine choir of St. Paul's sang with excellent effect three verses of the "National Anthem," arranged as follows: (several of the congregation joined in the anthem.)

"God save our gracious Queen!
Long live our noble Queen!
God save the Queen!
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us!
God save the Queen!

ALBERT, thy wedded love,
Oh, may be faithful prove
Ever to thee!
In every trying hour,
Should threatening storms e'er low'r,
May every blessing shower
On him and thee!

Thy choicest gifts in store
On her be pleased to pour!
Long may she reign!
May she defend our Laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the Queen!

The Society proceeded to Government House with their address, and thence to the Hall,—where they again met, in the afternoon, to partake of a splendid dinner.

The Nova Scotia Philanthropic Society is to celebrate the event of the Queen's Marriage, on 1st of May, Friday next. An interesting part of the programme will be occupied by the Indians of the neighbourhood: a small remnant of that most interesting race, to whom the white men of America owe much, by way of recompense as well as christian charity.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.—English dates have been brought to March 25 by the ship Acadian.

A fleet had sailed from China, to demand reparation for insult, indemnity for losses, and protection for the future.

Rumours indicative of a war between Great Britain and the U. States, respecting the Boundary, are afloat, but they happily want confirmation, and are scarcely kept in countenance by any manifestations of disposition in either country.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—Mr. John Chamberlain, delivered a lecture on Geology, last Wednesday evening. Internal fire was the theory advocated; it was supported ingeniously.

One objection which we heard urged, and which may be mentioned here, seems strong. We give the objection without any intimation of the slightest disrespect for the views of the lecturer, but as a matter of interesting enquiry.

Theory of the Lecturer, as understood. The outer crust of the earth (supposed to be) ten miles thick,—diameter of the mass of red hot matter (say) 7900 miles.

Objection. The quantities of hot and temperate matter, relatively considered, would about bear the same proportion, in size and effect, that a red hot cannon ball would, to a sheet of writing paper, placed on its surface. What is to prevent the paper or the crust of earth, from being instantaneously and destructively affected by the fiery mass?

An answer would be readily inserted in the Pearl, (if not too lengthy.)

Next Wednesday evening is to be the last of the session. Doctor Grigor will deliver an address. On the first Wednesday evening in May the election of officers for the ensuing year will take place.

ERRATA.—In last Novascotián, the paragraph describing the celebration of the Queen's Marriage, by the Charitable Irish Society, had Wednesday instead of Monday. The society celebrated the event on Easter Monday.

Some of the expressions of the Rev. gentleman who preached in St. Mary's on that day were misunderstood. Instead of the words, "The Pope's opinion could not be consistently opposed," &c. we understand that the following was the substance of what was said on that point:—In matters merely civil, Mr. O'Brien said that the Pope should be treated as the Prince of any foreign country; while even in those relating to religious opinion, he (the Preacher) would teach—and still incur no note either of heterodoxy or indiscretion—that the Pope was liable to err. It was never an article of C. faith, that even in matters purely spiritual, the Pope was infallible.

ROHAN AND LONG RED.

FARMERS disposed to cultivate those Potatoes, will be supplied with small quantities of them, on application at the Gazette office. April 25.

For the Pearl.

STANZAS.

Did Hope that fails the righteous never
No light beyond the grave impart—
Did Death divide our souls for ever,
How sad were each surviving heart!

There is a land of life unending
Where all who seek its shores shall meet;
A land where soul with soul is blending,
Where hearts are pure and love is sweet.

Though here by countless sorrows riven,
Though here each prospect cheats our eyes,
To faith the glorious hope is given
Of boundless bliss beyond the skies.

Then, let us, our intent declaring,
With steadfast faith and constant prayer,
The ills of life with patience bearing,
For that eternal rest prepare!

1840.

J. McL.

POPULAR TITLES.

TOWER HAMLETS.

"ALBERT SOUP."—In Chelsea, an enterprising ringlet torturer exhibits a placard in his window, to the following effect:—"Hare cut and curled in the Hahlurt stile of fashion, only 3d." In that highly respectable and salubrious thoroughfare, the New Cut, Lambeth, a locomotive vender of those smoking delicacies, "baked taters, all hot," displays an inscription on his machine, setting forth that he is "patronised by Queen Victoria and his Majesty Prince Albert." In the vicinity of Clare market an antiteetotal cobbler advertises that he renovates old shoes on the "Albert principle;" and "last, not least," in a by street, running from the Commercial road, the plaintiff in this case, one Josiah Crawley, has the honour of being sole proprietor of a cheap cook-shop, where he accommodates her Majesty's loyal and hungry lieges, with what he term "Albert soup," at the low charge of two-pence a basin, "including bread." Probably the illustrious young prince feels any thing but flattered at the "base uses" his name is put to, but it certainly evidences his popularity, and John Bull, like a peevish child, must have a plaything, and the prince's name will serve for this purpose for the time being.

The plaintiff, Josiah Crawley, a little red-faced man, whose coat indicated that he had been a "traveller in grease," summoned the defendant, an insolvent costermonger, for the sum of 1s. 6d. the alleged value of divers basins of "Albert soup," and other edibles, with which he had regaled himself, well knowing that his finances were at such a low ebb at the time as to utterly preclude the possibility of his paying for the same.

Plaintiff—This here man, sir, wot I never seed afore in my life, comes into my shop and has a plate of biled beef and taters, arter vich he calls for four basins of "Albert soup," one arter 'otther.

Commissioner—What did he do with all this?

Plaintiff—Devoured the 'ole lot on it. Vy, I never seed any body heat in sich a way afore. I should say he'd bin a month on the *starving system* in some poor-law workus.

Commissioner—What might you charge a basin for your soup?

Plaintiff—Tuppence, perwiding they has bread; warout that ony three ha'pence; and then I finds mustard and winegar for nuthink. One basin's generally enough for a moderate heater.

Commissioner—I have no doubt of that; but did he refuse to pay for what he had eaten?

Plaintiff—Yes, he did. Arter he'd blowed his kite out he bawls out "waiter," jist as himportant as if he'd been Wiscount Melbourne, or, for the matter o' that, Prince Albert hisself, and axes wot's to pay. "Eighteenpence," says I. "Werry sorry," says he, "but I arn't got no tin jist now, but I'll pay you the next time I comes this way." "Never gives credit," says I; "you've had the wittles and I wants the money, so dub up." Well, sir, I soon finds that he had no money watsunever; and knowing I couldn't get blood out of a post, I lets him go, arter he'd told me where he lived, and then summoned him for the money.

Commissioner (to the defendant)—Why don't you pay this man what you owe him?

Defendant (with an air of *nonchalance*)—Got no money just now; besides, his wittles warnt't the thing not by no means.

Commissioner—What was the matter with it?

Defendant—Vy, in vun o' the basins o' soup I found a lump o' red herrin; in another summot wot looked werry much like a puppy dog's tail. (Laughter.)

Plaintiff—What a howdacious willin to try to ruin my caracker in this here way. Allow me, sir, to send you a basin of "Albert soup," to judge for yourself.

Commissioner—I would rather not, thank you. (To the defendant); Pray, how do you get your living?

Defendant—Like other people, the best way I can.

Commissioner—No doubt; but what is your trade or calling?

Defendant—I've left off *calling* entirely ever since I sold my donkey; afore then I used to do a little in the *coster-mongering* line; but that arn't what it used to be, wedgytables is so werry dear.

Commissioner—Then you are out of employment altogether now, are you?

Defendant—Yes, I am; so I thinks about turning Chartist.

Commissioner—I think you will find that a very bad trade.

Defendant—Can't be woser off nor wot I am now; when a man's got no money nor no wittles he gets desperate. Going aroud grub this cold weather makes you feel very queer. I knows that, cos I've tried it.

Commissioner—Nobody need starve in this country who chooses to work? how will you pay this debt?

Defendant—I can't pay it at all, as I arn't got a single shot in the locker.

The plaintiff here intimated that he would have forgiven him the debt but for the unfounded insinuation thrown out against the "Albert soup," touching the puppy dog's tail; upon which one of the Commissioners called him aside and remonstrated with him, which eventually induced him to forego his claim.

The humane proprietor of the "Albert soup," whose resentment appeared to have entirely vanished, as he left the court told the bankrupt costermonger that he would make him a present of a basin every day while he continued so "hard up"—an offer which the other promised to avail himself of.

PARIS TROUBADOUR.

A few days back, a chubby-faced fellow, of the name of Folignon, was call up, on the charge of having sung without a license in the streets of Paris.

The poor fellow was dressed in sky-blue trowsers, with copper (not silver) lace; a red jacket, with grey-coloured frogs; and a low cap, ornamented with a wisp of straw in the guise of a tassel; and when asked what he had to say for himself, he smilingly replied that he was a minstrel; that he had solicited a licence which had not been granted him; and that he had sung, because singing served to kill time, and to procure him a mouthful of bread.

On being told by the President that he must find some other means of livelihood till a license was granted him, Folignon stated that he could do nothing else; that his father had done nothing else during 60 years, and that at his death he had left him but his guitar and three-quarter's rent to pay; that he had disregarded the legacy of the rent, but had accepted the musical instrument, and had employed it to charm his own existence and the ears of his fellow citizens.

Unfortunately, this was not the only charge against Folignon, for he was accused of having insulted the agent who arrested him. To this Folignon replied, that he was singing one of his very best songs, and that the last note was dying in his throat when a man came up and asked him to sing again for his particular pleasure. "Upon this," said the minstrel, "I tuned my guitar, hemmed and recommenced, but had scarcely sung three lines when he told me to follow him. Not knowing that he was a wolf in sheep's clothing, I asked him whether I should take my guitar with me, and his answer showed me that I had fallen into the hands of the Philistines. I can assure you I was much dissatisfied with his conduct, and I told him a bit of my mind."

The President observing that he should not have said any thing to the Police-agent, who did but his duty, the minstrel replied, "What is done cannot be undone—but grant me a license, and return me my guitar, and I never will insult him again." This promise had no effect. Folignon was sentenced to a week's confinement and costs. "Costs," uttered the poor fellow, "I cannot pay; but I will sing you something instead."

ENGLISH SCENERY,

BY AN AMERICAN.

(County of Norfolk.)

For my own part, I must acknowledge that I never saw any thing to be compared with a goodly portion of this neighborhood. I have passed fifty cottages to day, I verily believe, the tallest of which did not exceed six feet from the door step to the blossoming eaves—and most of them are literally half smothered in foliage, the convolvulus tri-color, the grape and the woodbine. They were all nestling by the way-side within reach of the traveller; and all the roads, whether broad or narrow, hereabouts, are overshadowed by the most luxuriant and beautiful hedges I ever saw, from six to ten feet high, here of generous wild shrubbery, and there of thorn, large portions of which I do believe, exceeded the average growth of our white birch in New Hampshire. At times, as I wandered about, mile after mile, through these green paths, and silent, solitary lanes, the only public roads they have, I could see nothing at all of the country for hours together. On my right hand and on my left were walls of living verdure, like the walls of that sea through which the children of Israel worked their passage, and they kept turning and closing before and behind me at every step, much as I suppose the sea would if it were repelled from every side by a trampling host. Yet were there a plenty of little nooks and shadowy dim cavities and baby-houses along the whole way, and here and there I had a glimpse of a white gate; or a lawn, perhaps rolled and shaven beautifully smooth, and grouped with clumps of trees and patches of low shrubbery; or a stream of bright water, with deer loitering along the sides, and pricking up their ears at the approach of a stranger's foot-fall, and staring him out of coun-

tenance with their large laming eyes—eyes, by the by, which always remind me of hers—and—by the way—what an astonishing girl she is? I never did see any body like her. So young, so gifted, so accomplished, so child like, and so womanly. And yet—some how or other—I know it is wrong, and I ought to be ashamed of myself to say so, after all that has happened—and yet I am not altogether satisfied.

Dorking Church, after nightfall, is one of the loveliest pictures I ever did see, that's fact. Were I called upon to describe it in the fewest words, I should say it was a sort of cathedral in miniature—a village cathedral. There were troops of young children, laughing, and romping, and chasing one another about among the tombs, and tumbling over the graves; and some with little babies in their arms were playing bo-peep as merry as grigs. Many of the tombs are covered with planks lettered. The fences about here strike me as the most remarkable I have met with; and I am quite a connoisseur in fences, having counted no less than sixty-three varieties in riding from my old father's to Newburyport—New England—a distance of only forty-five miles at most. These are of oak, about as thick as our New Hampshire shingles, and they are always mended up, as we should mend a flour barrel, with a sort of thin oak staves. Wood must be confounded scarce here—at this rate how much would a toothpick come to? I must be careful of mine—not that I am likely to have occasion for it long; but it was given to me by father, and for his sake I should be sorry to part with it. Most of these fences look old and weather-worn, and are covered with patches of beautiful moss, growing in the sunshine, rich, abundant shrubbery, set thick with blue and yellow flowers all along the way side.

TURKS IN A STEAMER.—Some negroes and Turks were squatted on deck, examining with wonder an astonishment the movements of the engine. The boards were covered with carpets, upon which sat groups of cross-legged Mussulmen, smoking their long pipes and taking not the slightest notice of any thing around them. Others were preparing to dine, and among them three big-wigs on the quarter deck. Numerous black slaves first appeared with ewers of water and towels, the hands of the eaters were washed and wiped, and the dinner was then placed on the carpet, around which they sat cross-legged, all helping themselves out of the same dish, with the forefinger and thumb. The repast finished, a basin of water was brought, and each person was occupied for about ten minutes in washing down his beard, mouth, and moustachios; then going to the side of the vessel, each threw off his slippers, one slave brought a machine very like a large coffee pot, from which he spouted water over the gentleman's feet, another slave was ready with a towel, and another presented his slippers. The thrum, or small carpet, was then arranged for prayer, and the three grave Turks, erect and turning towards the east, with folded hands commenced their devotions. In a short time they knelt upon the carpet, and prostrated themselves three times touching the deck with their foreheads; for minutes they muttered their prayers, utterly inattentive to the shifting of the sails and the noise of the sailors, and again and again bent their foreheads, lowly and reverently to the planks. At last they rose, the slaves arranged the tharms or carpets, and the three were again seen seated together; one set of slaves handed round coffee in small cups, placed in chased silver stands, others handed pipes, and enveloped in clouds of smoke without addressing a single syllable to each other, they seemed lost to all around them.—Addison's *Damascus and Palmyra*.

PIGEONS.—The markets are literally filled with them. Hundreds of thousands have been brought here since the river opened. The last two boats from Newburgh brought down *twenty-five thousand*. They are sold from 37½ to 75 cents a dozen.

Audobon says, in his journal, that at certain seasons they visit a particular region of Kentucky in such quantities as to break down with their weight branches of the largest trees. He supposes that millions congregate within the space of a mile or two on these occasions.—*N. Y. Star*.

THE COLONIAL PEARL,

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

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HALIFAX, N. S.: Printed at The Novascotian office.