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COLONIAL PEARL.

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For the Pearl.

THE ASCENSION.

Oh Bethany, how beautiful art thou!
Thou once pure mountain, but polluted now!
Still cool, and calm, still shadowy and lone,
With myrtles fragrant, and with firs o'ergrown:
Still bright at sun-rise, and at evening wet
With lavish dews from lofty Olivet:
Whose dusky summit overhangs thy hill—
Still more august, and more umbrageous still.
And echoes yet do bound from stem to stem
Of busy voices from Jerusalem.
Is there not one who by the moonlight strays
Through thy dark, branchy, unmolested ways,
Whose scents thy lilies at the clear brook side,
Who loves the tone of thy perpetual glide,
Who feels that God is nearer than before
When, counting thy mysterious ages o'er,
He thinks of what was suffered, what was done
Amid thee Bethany? Not one! Not one!
And yet when God on earth in manhood dwelt
This was the mighty sojourn where he knelt!
This was the ground that bore its Maker's knees,
Beside these waters, and beneath these trees!
This was the loneliness that heard him cry
When silence covered earth, and clouds the sky!
Yet all o'er earth his kindest watch he kept
While many eyes that longed for slumber slept:
And many eyes tho' guilty, yet looked glad
At things they sought to have, and oh, they had—
They had them! yet they urged another tear
Another cry from him that watched them here!
And when mortality no more he knew—
When he had entered death, and passed it thro',
When, like a shadow from his sacred tread
Back to the holy sepulchre it fled,
Then thy Creator thou didst once more see,
Oh beautiful and hallowed Bethany!
Not kneeling, now—abasement no more pressed
Tears from those eyelids, sighing from that breast:
That breast now burns with Godhead, those eyes see
Whathath been, what is, and what shall be.
Yet his mild arms of blessing he outspread
O'er his disciples, o'er each bending head,
That bent adoringly, until a cloud,—
Not filled with lightning, flames, and thunders loud,—
To slay them, but a cloud of ether blue,
Of evening softness, close and closer drew!
It shined the Son of God while standing there:
It rose, and he rose with it thro' the air!
Ten thousand cloud-borne angels near him went,
With harps and songs that shook the firmament!
While all the listening worlds that seemed to be
Like islands, rising from eternity,
Returned the seraph-shouts from their bright shores,
"Lift up your heads ye everlasting doors!
"He comes! the conqueror of human sin:
"He comes! the King of glory enters in.
"He cometh who was born at Nazareth:
"He cometh with the keys of hell and death:
"To scatter torments, and to shed rewards,
"For he is King of Kings, and Lord of Lords!"

Charlotte R.

For the Pearl.

GEOLOGY AND REVELATION.

No. 2.

DR. PYE SMITH'S LECTURES.

THE Fifth Lecture was delivered to an undiminished audience on the evening of Tuesday, March 26. Having read 1 Thess. v. 21, the Rev. Doctor remarked upon the duty of a thorough investigation of the word of God as essential to the great end of our existence; namely, a union with Him. Between the works of nature and the word of God, though there may be apparent discrepancy, there can be no real discordance, since both proceeded from the same hand. We want facts correctly stated. We should study the book of nature as if we had not heard of Scripture, and apply ourselves to the word of God as if the book of nature were not open before us. Adverting to various modes of surmounting difficulties, Dr. S. observed, that the manner in which Dr. BUCKLAND had expressed himself on this subject was much to be regretted; though he was sure that that eminent individual could not have intended all that would naturally be inferred from it. Speaking of some apparent discrepancies, he has this sentiment—That if, in this respect, geology seems to require some concession from Scripture, it may afford to concede something in consideration of the services which geology has rendered to revelation. "We have not," said the Rev. Lecturer, "power to concede anything—truth has nothing to concede." The Scriptures must be carefully and grammatically examined; and, in doing so, he

was aware how much suspicion, disapprobation, nay, *horror*, would be excited in some quarters by fearless and impartial exegeses which might present a deviation from *their interpretation* of Scripture, or from hypotheses of their own, which they had regarded as the only possible solution of difficulties; and, while he could not but respect the motive, and highly esteem many individuals expressing such feelings, he must say that it was too often a "zeal not according to knowledge."

Some feel no difficulty: of geological facts they know little, yet persuade themselves they know enough to judge of the whole matter; and, putting their interpretations in the place of inspiration, reckon it among the highest points of the Christian faith that the first sentence of the Bible is not an independent statement, but forming part of a connected detail of occurrences. And should a doubt of this be expressed, it is not to be met by argument, but to be put down by authority. [Here the Rev. Doctor read an extract from the Rev. H. COLE, which excited no little merriment, and of which it was difficult to say whether it were most distinguished by ignorance of every rule of argument, or dogmatical and vulgar assumption, which forcibly contrasted with the courteous and truly Christian terms in which Dr. SMITH adverted to the writer.]

He must protest first, against the assumption which ran through the whole, and the presumption which regarded the Scriptures and his interpretation of them as identical. On his own behalf, as a humble geologist, he must deny, and he must say indignantly deny, the charge of rejecting the divine inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, and affirm his utter abhorrence of the thought of mutilating them. Adverting to certain extracts from the Commentary of LUTHER, which Mr. C. had accompanied with an amusing note of exultation, at the exact coincidence of the sentiments of "This blessed man" with his own, the Rev. Doctor said that, while he would not yield to Mr. COLE in admiration and love of that great man, he could not place much dependence on his views of Natural philosophy. He thought it no disparagement to LUTHER that in his commentary on the 5th chapter of Genesis he should have spoken of the atmosphere in terms which every one now knew to be not accordant with fact; that he regarded every star as taking its light from the sun, and as moving with it round the earth. Citing the language of Mr. COLE, the Rev. Doctor exclaimed, "What a faithful, simple, self-evident exposition this good man was inspired to leave to the world!" (Cheers and laughter.) Dr. SMITH then cited a portion of LUTHER's introduction, in which he observed that little more could be known from the scriptures than the general truth that the world had a Divine origin; that they were rather designed to exhibit general principles than minute details. "So wrote the 'blessed man,' and thus laid down the position on which I rest my remarks."

"I likewise protest," said the Rev. gentleman, "against the constant strain of vituperation in which this gentleman speaks of the friends of science. To represent them as open enemies of revelation; is neither just nor wise, and tends to foster in the minds of such as either disbelieve or doubt the Scriptures, a suspicion that they will not bear the test of scientific scrutiny. This is not to be identified with the 'philosophy and vain deceit' which were the subjects of apostolic reprobation: they were the effusions of Oriental fancy, founded, not on observation, but imagination—idle and visionary speculations, destitute of evidence, and having no practical application. The natural philosophy of our own times, was the opposite of this in its constitution and tendency. Searching out the works of God, it admitted nothing as data without ample evidence, and conducted its researches to a practical end. It may be abused—so may any of the gifts of God, which no one would reject on that account. The practice reprobated is a command of God:—'Consider the works of the LORD.'"

"Further, though their interpretations of the word of God must rest on their own evidence, it is useful to know the opinion of sound and judicious critics whose industry and character entitle them to regard. On this ground, and not as placing an absolute reliance on their opinions, I cite some eminent and excellent authors both ancient and modern, who regarded the declaration forming the first sentence of Genesis as announcing a pre-existent order of things; and, however these may differ from each other or from truth, they concur in separating the first from the succeeding statements. Some of the fathers, as CLEMENS ALEXANDRINUS and ORIGEN, considered that sentence as referring to matters long before created, out of which the heavens and earth were made. AUGUSTINE represents the original creation thus described as bearing the same relation to the details which follow as

a seed bears to the plant, the trunk and leaves of a tree. BASIL and CHRYSOSTOM lay down the principle; that MOSES describes only the sensible appearances of things in language adapted to the knowledge of the Israelites. CALVIN observes of this sentence, that its great design was to establish this truth, that the world was not from eternity, but that it was created by God. And that this was a *grand and independent axiom*. To the same effect were the testimonies of Bishop PATRICK, Dr. JENNINGS, Dr. WARDLAW, and Dr. REDFORD."

The Rev. gentleman then adverted to a publication of the Rev. J. M. BROWN, a clergyman of the Church of England, whom he described as a man of eminent piety and excellence, less vehement than Mr. COLE, but on that account more touching in his censures. He represents "the BUCKLANDS, the SEDGWICKS, and the CONYBEARES" as associated with infidels in undermining the truths of revelation. Like other opponents, he identifies his interpretations with inspired writ. According to this gentleman, our highest notion of creative power is, that of a universe brought into existence in its complete state by the fiat of the moment. The notion of fossils being a sort of mineral creation, found (as we understood) a place in this gentleman's speculations. He also supposes a rapidity in chemical and mechanical forces inconceivably beyond their present character, to account for the various formations of rocks. Granting this however, to the utmost extent, the question relates not to strata only, but to organic remains in them; and the supposition that the various parts of which these remains consist, exhibiting every adaptation of bone and muscle, with internal structure and vehicles of air and food to the obvious wants of the animal, are now in the condition of their first creation, is beyond the range of argument. Let the vast multitude of molluscous and conchiferous shells be examined, and the 4,800 species of fossils; and think whether a notion that so plays into the hands of atheism is worthy to be cherished.

Another of his objections was against the theory of the earth having undergone successive processes of heat and cooling, as placing the inhabitants in continual danger. It may, however, satisfy some to know, that long ago this heat had arrived at the point where the non-conducting power of the earth's crust regulated its permanent temperature, so that in the ordinary course of things a change in temperature would be influenced by the occasions to which it is ordinarily ascribed: that this point was probably reached some time before the creation of man, and was among the arrangements for this comfort. The Rev. Doctor concluded his remarks on Mr. BROWN with deprecating his attempts to smother inquiry.

It was with pain he now felt compelled to advert to a class of geologists not to be ranked amongst unbelievers, who, nevertheless, asserted an actual discrepancy between the facts of science and the statements of revelation. With sentiments of sincere respect for Dr. BABBAGE and Professor POWELL, he could not agree with the former, in supposing that we cannot depend upon our ability to interpret scripture correctly, it having been written in a language the least intelligible of any. Dr. BABBAGE need not have been careful to inform us that he did not understand Hebrew, or he would not have thus spoken of a language distinguished by its simplicity, and to the study of which a knowledge of cognate languages affords great facility.

Nor could he agree with Professor POWELL, who, though he found no difficulty in admitting the intelligible character of Hebrew, yet considered it so highly poetical as to be little relied on in relation to statements of facts. The language of scripture is not generally that of poetry, but of plain, straightforward narrative or precept. A certain dramatic character runs through the whole book in describing the relations of God to man, ascribing to him delight, abhorrence, etc., etc. This mode of expression is obviously adopted in condescension to our capacities, which could make no other subservient to a knowledge of our duty. This principle is sufficient to carry us out of such a difficulty without impugning the narrative of facts. We, equally with him, would deprecate the construction of theories of science out of the scriptures, but feel no need of going to the opposite extreme of supposing them irreconcilably opposed to facts. Let ours be the middle course which neither tortures the scriptures to make them speak the language of science, nor suppresses the facts of nature to meet our interpretations of revealed truth.

On Thursday March 28, the Rev. Doctor resumed, in a Sixth Lecture, his consideration of the various theories by which the difficulties presented by geological facts were met.

A theory was broached about thirty years ago which had many distinguished advocates, among whom were JAMES PARKINSON,

a man to whom the world was indebted for some excellent contributions to science, Baron CUVIER, (of whose participation in this theory, however, the Doctor did not speak with certainty), also Professor JAMIESON, and since then the Earl of Ross and Mr. SILLIMAN. The position taken up by this class of expositors was, that the term day, as employed in the sacred narrative, was to be understood of an epoch of indeterminable length, leaving as much time for any operation as it might require. They went further, and supposed an exact correspondence between the several successive geological periods and the narrative of the six days' creation. It may be remarked concerning this theory,

1. That more accurate investigation has fully proved, that, however plausible it appears, no such correspondence actually exists. A discrepancy occurs in the details of the theory with the facts of geology. It supposes that vegetable formations were the first of organic remains, which is now quite exploded, and scarcely any are found now to adhere to this notion.

2. Admitting this wide acceptance of the term day, the principle of which is unquestionably just; e. g., a day of vengeance, day of life, day of mercy, etc., yet it will appear that the context invariably determines its figurative or literal application.

Regard must also be had to the sense in which the writer himself uses a particular word. The early part of the book of Genesis consists apparently of several distinct compositions, one closing with the 3rd verse chap. ii. And there is much probability that that the whole was not originally composed by Moses, but that a part was in the possession of AMRAM his father, as a family memorial. Such a view of the case, instead of weakening, rather confirms its credibility, as the reference LUKE makes to the testimony of "eye-witnesses" in no way detracts from the character of his narrative as a veracious and inspired record. And if between this and the statements of another writer an apparent discrepancy exists (in some instances from a different sense put upon the same word), their credibility is rather strengthened, as in the case of the witnesses in court who give substantially the same evidence without a verbal coincidence. Thus in the separate narrative before us, which commences with the 4th verse of chap. ii. (the term *generation* meaning a history), the word "day" is not, as in the former narrative, a simple noun, but a compound, in which a preposition answerable to *when*, is included; and refers to the whole period of the creation.

3. It is manifest on the face of the document, that it is to be taken in its ordinary sense. It is not a poem but a simple narrative, into which the introduction of a figurative phraseology would be in bad taste.

4. If there were no other argument against this "device," the fact that it requires such an unwarrantable extension of the power of figurative phraseology, such a monstrous hyperbole, would be sufficient to discredit it. To this may be added the difficulty presented by the peculiar character of the seventh day, which was set apart and consecrated to an especial service. There is, however, a clergyman (and I hope he is singular in his notion), who gravely suggests that the day or Sabbath is not finished. (A laugh.)

5. A more plausible theory, and one supported by many excellent and sensible men, geologists of the parlour and the study, not of the mountain and the field; viz., that, taking the Mosaic record of six natural days as the term of creation, all the phenomena of the earth's crust are resolvable into changes which have occurred between the creation and the deluge, together with the results of that catastrophe and subsequent accumulations of an alluvial character.

The period elapsing before the flood, has been variously calculated. The Hebrew Pentateuch gives it as 1656 years; the Septuagint, 2262; the archæology of JOSEPHUS, 3155. Taking the last as the rule, it would be found to fall immeasurably short of the requisite time for formations such as these.

1. It deserves to be noticed, that the geological facts for which these gentlemen endeavour to account, are not of their own discovery, but are supplied by the very men whose judgment of their causes is treated with contempt:—men whose profound knowledge of the auxiliary sciences of chemistry, natural history, mechanical forces, etc., eminently qualified them for that practical and personal attention to the subject, which they did not fail, at the sacrifice of personal ease, and often of advantage, to give;—men whose prepossessions were all in favour of hypotheses they are now compelled to reject. What are we to think of the logic which supposes them so mighty to do the greater and so feeble to do the less, that transfers all the power of induction to the hands of men incompetent to furnish the data? Or, that they were unwilling to own that which they knew—that a confederacy of men in distant parts of the world, who never saw each other, should be formed for violating the truth—that some of these should consist of ministers of the Gospel. Such a supposition involves an amount of deliberate baseness, of which the world will hardly furnish a parallel!

2. There is no difficult task to perform. One of this class takes up an alluring book—perhaps LYELL'S Principles of Geology; from this he selects a number of facts, which strike him as most extraordinary and deserving reprobation; which, not having patience carefully to examine in conjunction with all the arguments and details by which they are supported, he runs no small risk of

failing to understand. By omitting a considerable portion, he vitiates the whole body of evidence, and comes out with the discovery of a prodigious discrepancy, not suspecting that it arises from the fragmental character of his investigations. He favours the world with it! And he is surprised and grieved to find that geologists do not adopt it. And this is the true history of many a book on Geology. It is with reluctance and pain that I mention names. GRANVILLE PENN makes no scruple of dealing with Scripture in the most arbitrary manner to support a favourite hypothesis, relative to the ancient strata being the deposits of antediluvian seas. He rejects the topography of the Garden of Eden, and treats it as an interpolation. Mr. FAIRHOLM exercises great ability, and is well versed in more recent natural history, but is unacquainted with the facts of geology. Mr. KIRBY, in his Bridgewater Treatise, has wandered out of his field, and presented his readers with some of the wildest speculations that ever entered the brain of man. He, however, generously relieves our feelings by acknowledging that he does not understand geology!

FAIRHOLM, in an extremely sarcastic and dogmatical tone, supports his theories from certain views expressed by Dr. BUCKLAND, in his *Reliquiæ Diluvianæ*, which he afterwards wholly retracts. Yet Mr. FAIRHOLM publishes his sentiments, as though they were identical with those which he still maintains, taking no notice whatever of his retraction!

Here the Rev. Dr. read an extract from "Historical and Geological Deluges Compared," by Professor HITCHCOCK, of Amherst College, whom he designated not only as a deep student, but as an eminent practical geologist and a man of genuine piety, confirmatory of his own opinions of the treatises of GRANVILLE PENN, Mr. FAIRHOLM, Mr. KIRBY, etc.

The Rev. gentleman then adverted to a publication of the Rev. Prebendary GIBBORNE, on whose temper and ability he pronounced a high eulogium, but whom he designated as very imperfectly acquainted with his subject, etc. The inconsequent reasoning into which this excellent man had unwittingly fallen, is exposed with severe sarcasm, by one of his own brethren, Professor POWELL, who remarks, that "this is not an age in which the dignitaries of the Church should array themselves in hostility to science." Not deterred, however, by this warning, the Dean of CORK, in a few loose pages, in which his almost incredible ignorance of the most obvious facts keeps pace only with his want of common courtesy, boasts of overturning the positions of Dr. BUCKLAND. It is much to be wished that Dr. BUCKLAND would refute the whole *genus*. SHARON TURNER, in the first part of his excellent book, entitled "Sacred History of the World," has some remarks on geology, which, arising from that pleasant, easy, parlour study, to which reference has been made, cannot conduct to safe conclusions. Dr. YOUNG, of Whitby, Mr. RYE, and an anonymous writer who subscribes himself BIBLICUS, must all be classed in the general description already given. Disagreeing as they do in many particulars, they agree in giving garbled statements of the opinions of geologists, in suppressing important portions of their testimony, and in overlooking the equity of argument: not all, however, to an equal extent, and often with the accompaniment of upright intention.

A great contrast to these is furnished in "LYELL'S Principles," which, without pronouncing it faultless, he might affirm to be distinguished by fairness and perspicuity. It is to be regretted he takes so slight a notice of the bearings of his statements on the records of Scripture: he thereby lays himself open to severe animadversions. Some of these speculators affirm that the strata of gneiss and mica schist were formed in *one day!* The testimony of Dr. McCULLOCH (whose treatise on the Divine Attributes is a rich philosophical and theological treasure), remarks, that the formation of these and some other strata must have been an inconceivably slow process.

The Rev. Dr. concluded his lecture with an interesting extract from the present number of the *Christian Observer*, which describes these opponents as a class of people on whom evidence makes no impression. The geologist asks to be heard, and is denied—he is put down, while the infidel stands by and witnesses the proceedings of this Protestant inquisition.

From Dewey's Travels.

JUSTICE IN TURKEY.—As M. Msara finished his explanation, we saw the Cadi on duty. He goes out in the morning without making known his intended route; takes his walk with suitable attendants, and stops at the first bazaar. He seats himself at random in one of the shops, and examines the weights, measures and merchandises. He lends an ear to all complaints, interrogates any merchant accused of infraction of law, and then, without court or jury, and especially without delay, pronounces judgment, applies the penalty, and goes on in quest of other delinquents. In these cases, however, the punishment is of a different character. Notwithstanding the identity of the crime, he cannot treat the offending merchant as a common thief, that would have a prejudicial effect on commerce. The penalty is graduated thus: the mildest, confiscation; the moderate, closing the shop; the severest, exposure. This last is inflicted in a singular manner.—The culprit is placed with his back against his

shop, and is compelled to raise himself on his toes until the weight to his whole body rests on them; his ear is then nailed to the door or shutter of his shop. This punishment lasts two, four, or six hours. It is true, the criminal may abridge its duration, whenever he chooses to let himself down; but the Turkish merchant is jealous of his reputation, and nothing but the last necessity would induce him to resemble a thief by the mutilation of his ears.

I stopped in front of one of these wretches, who had just been nailed up. I was disposed to compassionate his case, but Mohammed told me he was an *habitué*, and that if I would observe his ear closely, I should find it was like a cullender. This changed the current of my sympathies, and, as he was to remain some time longer, I ceased to regret his sufferings, and rejoiced in the opportunity of making a sketch. I drew forth crayons and paper, and begged the rest to continue their route with M. Msara, leaving Mohammed to assist me in any embarrassment. But Mayer would not quit me; so we three remained and the others proceeded on their way.

My picture was composed: the criminal nailed by his ear, was standing stiff and motionless on the extreme points of his great toes; and seated near him, on the sill of the door, was the guard charged with seeing the punishment duly executed, smoking a pipe. The quantity of tobacco in the pipe seemed to be graduated to the time that the punishment was to continue. Around these two personages was a demi-circle of idlers. We took our places at one side, and I commenced my task.

After a time, the culprit, finding he had nothing to expect from the crowd—among whom, perhaps, he recognized some of his customers—hazarded a word to the guard.

"Brother," said he, "one law of our holy Prophet is, that men should help one another."

The guard seemed to take no exception to this precept in the abstract, and continued quietly to smoke.

"Brother," resumed the patient, "did you not hear me?"

The guard made no other reply than a large puff of smoke that ascended to his neighbour's nose.

"Brother," still persisted the man, "one of us can aid the other, and do a thing acceptable to Mahomet."

The puffs of smoke succeeded each other with a regularity that extinguished the poor fellow's hopes.

"Brother," cried the despondent, with a do'orous voice, "put a stone under my heels, and I will give you a piastre."

No reply.

"Two piastres."

A pause.

"Three piastres."

Smoke.

"Four piastres."

"Ten piastres," said the guard quickly.

The ear and the purse of the man held a parley which was visible in the countenance. At length the pain conquered, and the ten piastres rolled to the feet of the guard, who counted them with great deliberation, put them in his purse, rested his pipe against the wall, and picking up a pebble about as large as the egg of a tom tit, placed it under the man's heels.

"Brother," said the culprit, "I feel nothing under my feet."

"A stone is there, however," answered the guard, resuming his seat and pipe, "but it is true, I selected it in reference to your price. Give me a tatar (five francs) and I will place a stone under you so appropriate to your necessities, that you shall sigh for it when you reach paradise."

The result may be anticipated, the guard had his money, and the merchant his stone. How the affair terminated thereafter I do not know. My drawing was completed in half an hour, and we proceeded on our walk.

YOUNG WIVES.—A writer in Queen Anne's day, speaking of young brides, says it is usual with young wives before they have been many weeks married, to assume a confident look and manner of talking; as if they intended to signify, in all companies, that they were no longer girls, and, consequently, that their whole demeanour, before they got a husband, was all but a constraint upon their nature, whereas, I suppose, if the votes of wise men were gathered, a very great majority would be in favour of those ladies, who, after they were entered into that holy state, rather chose to double their portion of modesty and reservedness. Avoid the least degree of fondness for your husband before any witness whatever, even before your nearest relations, or the very maids of your chamber. This proceeding is so exceedingly odious and disgusting to all who have either good breeding or good sense, that they assign two every unamiable reasons for it; the one is gross hypocrisy, the other has too bad a name to be mentioned. Conceal your esteem and love in your own breast, and reserve your kind looks and language for private hours, which are so many in the four-and-twenty.

SOETY.—No one living thing in society can be independent. The world is like a watch-dog, which fawns on you or tears you to pieces.

From the New York Mirror.

THE WIFE'S PRAYER.

Hear me—Oh! hear me now!
By the red flush upon the wasted cheek,
By the deep tracery o'er thy marble brow,
Hear me!—Bear with me, husband, while I speak!

I've mark'd thee, day by day—
Thine hours are all of anxious, vague unrest—
Thine eye hath caught a stern, unwonted ray—
Thy lip hath lost all memory of its jest.

This wakeful ear hath heard
Thoughts nursed by thee in solitude apart;
Which, like the young of the devoted bird,
Feed on the burning life-blood of thy heart.

Thy wife sits pale beside—
Thy child shrinks back appalled from thine embrace,
Thy menials quail before thy mien of pride—
Thy very dog avoids thine altered face!

Oh! for poor Glory's wreath—
Casting from thee all tenderness and gladness—
Thou track'st a phantom on, whose fiery breath
Driveth the way-fountain, till thou thirst to madness!

My prayer is all for thee—
My life in thine:—by our remembered bliss,
By all thy watchful hours of misery,
What meed hath Fame to render thee for this?

If thou yet lovest me, hear!
Now, while thy feet press onward to the goal,
Turn thee, oh! turn thee, in thy stern career,
And thrust this mad ambition from thy soul!

I ONE.

THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND.

BY MRS. ELLIS.

We feel ourselves personally indebted to the Writer of this work, and such we are persuaded will be the common feeling of the readers of this useful volume; whether they may be Fathers or Mothers, Husbands or Wives, Brothers or Sisters, and by whatever tie they may have been united to the female portion of mankind; and we shall be happy as far as our influence may go, to promote its circulation through every family in the empire. The Writer's best apology will be found in the following most eloquent and lovely paragraph.

FEMALE RESPONSIBILITY.

Gentle, inoffensive, delicate, and passively amiable as many young Ladies are, it seems an ungracious task to attempt to arouse them from their summer dream; and were it not that wintry days will come, and the surface of life be ruffled, and the mariner, even she who steers the smallest bark, be put upon the inquiry for what port she is really bound—were it not that the cry of utter helplessness is of no avail in rescuing from the waters of affliction, and the plea of ignorance unheard upon the far-extending and deep ocean of experience, and the question of accountability perpetually sounding, like the voice of a warning spirit, above the storms and the billows of this lower world—I would be one of the very last to call the dreamer back to a consciousness of present things. But this state of listless indifference, my Sisters, must not be. You have deep responsibilities, you have urgent claims; a nation's moral wealth is in your keeping. Let us inquire then in what way it may be best preserved. Let us consider what you are, and have been, and by what peculiarities of feeling and habit you have been able to throw so much additional weight into the scale of your country's worth.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

There is a principle in Woman's love, that renders it impossible for her to be satisfied without actually doing something for the object of her regard. I speak only of Woman in her refined and elevated character. Vanity can satiate itself with admiration, and selfishness can feed upon services received; but Woman's love is an ever-flowing and inexhaustible fountain, that must be perpetually imparting from the source of its own blessedness. It needs but slight experience to know, that the mere act of loving our fellow-creatures does little towards the promotion of their happiness. The human heart is not so credulous as to continue to believe in affection without practical proof. Thus the interchange of mutual kind offices begets a confidence which cannot be made to grow out of any other foundation; and while gratitude is added to the connecting link, the character on each side is strengthened by the personal energy required for the performance of every duty.

WOMAN'S MORNING SOLICITUDES.

How shall I endeavour through this day to turn the time, the health, and the means permitted me to enjoy, to the best account? Is any one sick, I must visit their chamber without delay, and try to give their apartment an air of comfort, by arranging such things as the wearied nurse may not have thought of. Is any one about to set off on a journey, I must see that the early meal is spread, and prepared with my own hands, in order that the servant, who was working late last night, may profit by unbroken rest. Did I fail what was kind or considerate to any of the family yesterday;

I will meet them this morning with a cordial welcome, and shew, in the most delicate way I can, that I am anxious to atone for the past. Was any one exhausted by the last day's exertion? I will be an hour before them this morning, and let them see that their labour is so much in advance. Or, if nothing extraordinary occurs to claim my attention, I will meet the family with a consciousness that, being the least engaged of any member of it, I am consequently the most at liberty to devote myself to the general good of the whole, by cultivating cheerful conversation, adapting myself to the prevailing tone of feeling, and leading those who are least happy, to think and speak of what will make them more so.

DOMESTIC CHARACTER OF WOMAN.

I have said before, that the sphere of a domestic woman's observation is microscopic. She is therefore sensible of defects within that sphere, which to a more extended vision, would be imperceptible. If she looked abroad for her happiness, she would be less disturbed by any falling off at home. If her interest and her energies were diffused through a wider range, she would be less alive to the minuter claims upon her attention. It is possible she may sometimes attach too much importance to the minutiae of her own domestic world, especially when her mind is imperfectly cultivated and informed: but, on the other hand, there arises from the same cause, a scrupulous exactness, a studious observance of the means of happiness, a delicacy of perception, a purity of mind, and a dignified correctness of manner, for which the women of England are unrivalled by those of any other nation.

WOMAN AS A NURSE.

I am far from wishing them to interfere with the province of the physician. The more they know, the less likely they will be to do this. The office of a judicious nurse is all I would recommend them to aspire to; and to the same department of instruction should be added the whole science of that delicate and difficult cookery which forms so important a part of the attendant's duty.

Nor let these observations call forth a smile upon the rosy lips that are yet unparched by fever, untainted by consumption. Fair reader; there have been those who would have given at the moment almost half their worldly wealth, to have been able to provide a palatable morsel for a beloved sufferer; who have met the inquiring eye, that asked for it knew not what, and that expressed by its anxious look an almost childish longing for what they were unable to supply, not because the means were denied, but simply because they were too ignorant of the nature and necessities of illness to form any practical idea of what would be most suitable and most approved. Perhaps in their well-meant officiousness, they have mentioned the only thing they were acquainted with, and that was just the most repulsive. What then have they done?—Allowed the faint and feeble sufferer to go pining on, wishing it had been her lot to fall under the care of any other nurse.

How invaluable at such a time is the almost endless catalogue of good and suitable preparations with which the really clever woman is supplied, any one of which she is able to prepare with her own hands; choosing, with the skill of the doctor, what is adapted for the occasion, and converting diet into medicine of the most agreeable description, which she brings silently into the sick-room without previous mention, and thus exhilarates the spirits of the patient by an agreeable surprise.

DRESS OF FEMALES.

First, then, and most familiar to common observation, is her personal appearance; and in this case, vanity, more potent in Woman's heart than selfishness, renders it an object of general solicitude to be so adorned as best to meet and gratify the public taste. Without inquiring too minutely into the motive, the custom, as such, must be commended; for, like many of the minor virtues of Woman, though scarcely taken note of in its immediate presence, it is sorely missed when absent. A careless or slatternly Woman, for instance, is one of the most repulsive objects in creation; and such is the force of public opinion in favour of the delicacies of taste and feeling in the female sex, that no power of intellect, or display of learning, can compensate to men, for the want of nicety or neatness in the woman with whom they associate in domestic life. In vain to them might the wreath of laurel wave in glorious triumph over locks uncombed; and wo betide the heroine, whose stocking, even of the deepest blue, betrayed a lurking hole!

It is, however, a subject too serious for jest, and ought to be regarded by all women with earnest solicitude, that they may constantly maintain in their own persons that strict attention to good taste and delicacy of feeling, which affords the surest evidence of delicacy of mind; a quality without which no woman ever was, or ever will be, charming. Let her appear in company with what accomplishments she may, let her charm by her musical talents, attract by her beauty, or enliven by her wit, if there steal from underneath her graceful drapery, the soiled hem, the tattered frill, or even the coarse garment out of keeping with her external finery, imagination naturally carries the observer to her dressing room, her private habits, and even to her inner mind, where, it is almost impossible to believe that the same want of order and purity does not prevail.

It is a prevalent but most injurious mistake, to suppose that all women must be splendidly dressed to recommend themselves to general approbation. In order to do this, how many, in the sphere

of life to which these remarks apply, are literally destitute of comforts both in their hearts, and in their homes; for the struggle between parents and children, to raise the means on the one hand, and to obtain them either by argument or subterfuge on the other, is but one amongst the many sources of family discord and individual suffering, which mark out the excess of artificial wants as the great evil of the present times.

POWER OF KIND WORDS.—Mr. King, a respectable Missionary in Palestine, mentions a remarkable instance of the effect of pacific words, which operated to preserve his own life and the lives of a considerable party, when assailed by a more powerful band of Arabs on the plain of Esdracian. The party of Mr. King had lost a trunk, which had been stolen, as they supposed, by some Arabs. In consequence of this, they seized two Arabs, and bound them together with cords, believing them to be the robbers. These they took along with them, on their journey, contrary to the wishes of Mr. King. Soon the whole party were attacked by a band of Arabs, who set their brethren at liberty. Great was the alarm; but one of the party of Mr. King being about to fire on the Arab, Mr. King objected, and others interposed in season to prevent the evil intended. Every part of the Kofila was soon attacked, and Mr. King observes,

"It was no time to parley. All was confusion. No one knew whether he expected life or death. The latter, however, seemed to stare us in the face."—"Our baggage was at length cut off; there seemed to be a little cessation on the part of the Arabs, and I hoped that, contented with our baggage, they would let us go in peace. But in a moment I saw them coming on again; and I thought that probably all was lost, and that, as they had stopped our baggage, they now intended to take our lives. It was an awful moment. I could only say 'Heaven defend us.' I was in front of the Kofila, and a little distance ahead, when an Arab Sheik came flying up to me on his steed with a large club in his hand. Making a halt, I addressed him, calling him brother; and said, 'Do me no harm, I have not injured you.'

"I spoke to him words of peace and gentleness. Upon this he let down his club which he had been brandishing, halted, listened, and presently turned away; and soon after I saw him driving back some of our pursuers, and the cry of *ayman* (safety) was heard by us; and I need not say it was a welcome sound to our ears.

"The baggage too, to my surprise, was soon after permitted to come on.—The attack was a gallant one, and made by the Arabs as if they were determined to carry their point through life or death. And I have no doubt that had one of their party fallen by our hands it would have been the signal for the slaughter of us all."

Such facts as these are worth recording, and they particularly deserve the attention of all who read them; for they are adapted to correct the barbarous policy by which many human lives are thrown away. Mr. King, in speaking of the attack, very properly observes;—"I was unarmed. If I had had arms, I should not have used them. I came here not to fight; but to bring the gospel of peace." Had Mr. King but attempted to deter the Arab by harsh or opprobrious language, or by assuming a menacing attitude, he would doubtless have lost his life; but by peaceably and kindly calling the Arab brother, he disarmed him of his hostile feeling and purpose. If Asiatic Arabs and American savages may be disarmed by kindness, let us hope that the principle may be safely applied to people who profess to be civilized christians. Millions of lives have been lost by acting on the opposite principle.

ABSURDITIES.—To attempt to borrow money on the plea of extreme poverty. To lose money at play, and then fly into a passion about it. To ask the publisher of a new periodical how many copies he sells per week.—To ask a wine merchant how old his wine is. To make yourself generally disagreeable, and wonder that nobody will visit you, unless they gain some palpable advantage by it. To get drunk, and complain the next morning of a headache. To spend your earnings in liquor, and wonder that you are ragged. To sit shivering in the cold because you won't have a fire till November. To suppose that reviewers generally read more than the title page of the works they praise or condemn. To judge of people's piety by their attendance at church. To keep your clerks on miserable salaries, and wonder at their robbing you.—Not to go to bed when you are tired and sleepy, because "it is not bedtime." To make your servants tell lies for you, and afterwards be angry because they tell lies for themselves. To tell your own secrets, and believe other people will keep them. To expect to make people honest by hardening them in jail, and afterwards sending them adrift without the means of getting work. To fancy a thing is cheap because a low price is asked for it. To say that a man is charitable because he subscribes to a hospital. To keep a dog or a cat on short allowance, and complain of its being a thief. To degrade human nature in the hope of improving it. To expect your trades-people will give you long credit if they generally see you in shabby clothes. To arrive at the age of fifty, and be surprised at any vice, folly, or absurdity their fellow-creatures may be guilty of.—*Anon.*

From Bentley's Miscellany for May.

TO LEONORA.

"Quand un lis verginal penche et se décolore,
Par un ciel brûlant desséché,
Sur l'urne qui l'arrose il peut renaitre encore ;
Mais quand un ver rougeur dans son sein est caché,
Quel remède essayer contre un mal qu'on ignore."

DE LA VIGNE.

More dear, Leonara, more loved art thou now
Than thou wert in thy happiest years,
Though the paleness of death overshadows thy brow,
And I gaze on thy beauty with tears.

I feel thou art stealing away from my arms
To the cold silent rest of the tomb ;
Yet I know not what grief has thus prey'd on thy charms,
And wither'd their brightness and bloom.

My white dove lies bleeding and torn at my feet,
But no trace of the arrow is seen !
My lily is broken,—but where can I meet
With a proof who the spoiler has been ?

Whate'er be thy sorrow, oh ! turn from the thought,
And repose on a heart that is thine ;—
With falsehood and peril if others are fraught,
Come, dear one ! for shelter to mine.

In grief or in gladness, in shame or in pride,
Unchanged my devotion will be.—
I ask not the secret thou wilt not confide ;
But in silence I suffer with thee.

M. T. H.

Translated from French Works.

ANECDOTES OF CELEBRATED PERSONS.

Henri IV.—As his majesty was one day hunting in the Vendomois, he lost sight of his retinue, and was about to return alone, when he saw a peasant seated under a tree ; "Well, and what are you doing here, my good man?" said the king. "Faith, I am waiting to see the king go by, sir."—"Oh, is that all," replied Henri, "then get up behind me, and I will take you somewhere where you will be able to see the king at your ease." The boor mounted, and held himself on the horse, by twining his arms round the monarch. "But I say, sir, how shall I be able to know the king from the others?"—"Very easily; he will be the only one who will not take his hat off." Presently they were discovered by the gentlemen of the suite, who all uncovered themselves, and paid their respects to the monarch. "Well, and who now is the king?" said Henri, mildly. "Why," replied the peasant, "it must be either you or I; for I don't see any but we two with our hats on."

At the time of the war with Spain, Henri thus wrote to Sally: "I am close upon the enemy, and yet I have not a horse worth mounting. My shirts are all gone to rags, and my doublets are out at elbows. For the last four or five days, I have dined here and there, for I have nothing wherewith to purchase food."

Gibbon.—This celebrated man's prodigious bulkiness was no hindrance to his gallantry. One day, as he sat enjoying a most comfortable tête-à-tête with Mad. de Cronzas, it suddenly occurred to him, that the opportunity was one of the most favourable he could ever meet with, to make a declaration. Acting accordingly, the historian threw himself on his knees before the lady, and expressed his feelings in most glowing language. Mad. de Cronzas somewhat surprised, replied in such terms as were, she thought, calculated at once to put an end to a scene so ridiculous. But no, 'twas unavailing; and Gibbon remained on his knees, regardless of all injunctions. "Sir," said the baffled lady, "I beg you will rise." "Alas! madam," replied the unwieldy suitor, "I cannot." His corpulency utterly prevented him from rising without assistance; Mad. de Cronzas, therefore, rang the bell, and upon its being answered, said, "Lift up Mr. Gibbon!"

Voltaire.—The philosopher was exceedingly disagreeable at table. He seemed to be in a continual passion, and called out to the servants at the top of his voice, which was so loud as to repeatedly startle his guests.—An Englishman, who was on his way to Italy, could in no wise prevail upon himself to pass Ferney without visiting him. He luckily chose a fortunate moment, and was received by the philosopher with every possible demonstration of respect and pleasure. This reception so highly delighted our Englishman, that in his exultation next day, he declared his intention to spend six weeks at the castle. "You are not quite like Don Quixote," remarked Voltaire, "he mistook inns for castles, you mistake castles for inns."

Klopstock.—The celebrated author of the "Messiah" desired to be introduced to me, and came. I was alone with my niece, when in came a little, lame, ugly man; I rose, and conducted him to a chair, in which he sat at first as if absorbed in deep thought; he then thrust himself comfortably into it, and assumed the appearance of one who was determined to make a stay of no short duration. With a loud, high-pitched voice, he then suddenly put me the question, "Which, madam, in your opinion, is the best prose writer, Voltaire or Duffon?"

Scarron.—The wit thus addressed the king, in his preface to Don Japhet: "I will prove to your majesty, that far from doing yourself any injury by doing me more good, you will, on the contrary, much conduce to your happiness, likewise to that of the country at large. For then I should be a deal more light-hearted, and consequently write better plays. And if I wrote good plays, your majesty would be well entertained; so that, by being entertained, your majesty's money will not be wasted. By good plays, too, the people's admiration will be excited, and cause hosts of them to frequent the theatres; money will thus circulate, and there is no telling where the matter may not end."

Mezeray.—This celebrated old French historian was excessively susceptible of cold. A friend meeting him on a very frosty day, asked him how he fared in this weather. "I am come to L," answered Mezeray, running home as fast as his legs could well carry him, that he might enjoy the delights of his fire-side. This riddle was for a long time inexplicable; till at last it was one day solved by a friend, who lived on the most intimate terms with the eccentric historian. It appears that Mezeray had always a dozen pairs of stockings behind his chair, severally labelled from A. to M. According to the number of degrees indicated by the thermometer, he put on a corresponding number of pairs of stockings; so that having this key to the enigma, it was evident that on the day above mentioned, the poor-chilly Mezeray had come to the last degree.

Louis XIV.—A robber, who had managed to effect his way into one of the royal apartments of Versailles, was in the act of placing a small ladder against the wall, to possess himself of a beautiful time-piece, when the king came in and disturbed his plans. The robber, however, undaunted, made a low bow, saying, "I was going to take that time-piece down, but I am afraid the ladder will slip." His majesty, thinking the man had orders to repair the clock, offered his assistance, and held the foot of the ladder, while the fellow took it down. A few hours afterwards the general talk was of a most beautiful time-piece having been stolen, which the king happening to overhear, said, "Hush! I am one of the parties, I held the ladder to help the man to get it."

Napoleon.—He was in the habit of playing with his son as childishly as if he himself were no more than a mere child six or seven years of age. Sometimes he would take the young king under the arms, and toss him up in the air, exciting his little majesty's delight to such a degree as to make him shed tears. Then he would carry him before a glass, making the most ridiculous grimaces imaginable; often, too, the poor little fellow would shed tears of actual pain, for the game became sometimes too rough; the emperor would then exclaim: "Oh! oh! a king crying! he, he! that is very ugly, very ugly!"

One day, when the prince was but a twelvemonth old, the emperor took off his sword, and fastened it on his son, completing the child's toilette by placing his three-cornered hat on its head; thus equipped, it may be supposed it found no little difficulty in keeping itself on its legs, and the care with which the emperor watched his every step, would have delighted any one to witness.

At breakfast, the emperor made it a practice to dip his finger in wine and make his son suck it; sometimes he would dip his finger in sauce, and spot the young king's chin and nose with it; this amusement was among the most pleasing to the child.

THE BRIDEGROOM'S STAR.

In nights calm and clear, 'mid the bright orbs I try
To trace her bright home in the beautiful sky;
And I gaze on some star, till in fancy I see
The far-shining Spirit still smiling on me.—MIRRON. ASON.

*** It is the fifth, and on the fifteenth I shall be the happiest of mortal men. Ten short days!—no, ten long, long days! must fade into longer nights, before I can call my Marion mine. Ten days!—why, there are more than two hundred,—almost three hundred hours to be passed; but will not hope lighten them, will not gentle Sleep enclose some of them within her forgetful curtains, and every moment of time bring me nearer and nearer to the goal of all my wishes and all my prayers? Yet I am wretched with the excess of Joy,—the excess of Joy, at whose approach Fear has grown into excess greater still. Ah! how like to far travel is the journey of life! While distant from its object and its home, the mind feels but languid longings for their attainment, shadowy and unabiding presentiments of possible evil; but as we near them, as the intervening space diminishes, as the thousand miles shorten into one, how beats the pulse as the blood rushes through every vein! how throbs the heart to bursting! how weary seems the way! how dreadfully arise the spectres of unheard-of change or fatal accident! The last brief tide is the voyage round the world,—the last few hours is the sum and history of human existence.

*** And well might Henry Sturmond thus dwell on the date of his appointed union; for if ever angel were embodied in an earthly form, it was in the idol of his devoted affections. Marion was the loveliest of the lovely, the sweetest of the sweet: so bright, and yet so soft; so wise, and yet so simple; so noble, and yet so tender; that whilst ardent passion bent in holy warmth before the blooming girl, a feeling allied to adoration hallowed the

presence of the perfect woman. What a countenance was hers,—the model fixed, but the expression ever varying! On her ample brow sat Intellect enthroned; and round that throne what radiance of auburn gold. In her deep hazel eye now lightened the glance of spiritual essence, now swam the dewy moisture of pity, now rose and fell the indescribable meanings of love. On her rosy lips the smile of playful innocence was cradled; nor did the suckling leave its treasure-bed unless exiled for a moment by the advent of sympathy for sorrow, or of sorrow for misery. Such was Marion Delmar in face, nor was she in person less admirable. Nature had set her seal upon the most precious casket that ever enshrined an immortal gem—the setting the proudest and most glorious production of earth, the brightness within an emanation of Heaven.

*** And old Time wore on; wore on, as from the creation, regardless alike of the sighs of love, the pangs of disappointment, the delights of pleasure, the shrieks of pain, the shouts of mirth, the groans of woe, the revels of sport, the terrors of death.

*** Of the ten days, eight were flown; and whither had they flown, laden with all these millions of blessings and curses? They had flown back in mystery while they seemed to hurry onward,—they had returned to that abyss of eternity from which they sprung, and darkness covered them.

*** "To-morrow, Henry," said Marion, clasping his hand in hers, and looking with measureless confiding into his watchful eye, "to-morrow I would be alone." To a glance that seemed of the kindest reproach, she replied, "Yes, my dearest Henry, on the next morn I will be yours for life and unto death. It is a solemn act—an act I will fulfil with a devotedness of heart and soul that would satisfy the most avaricious miser of love; but let me only have this one day to prepare myself to be worthy of you, to seek that aid which alone can truly make our fate what every human promise tells us it will be,—a fate of lasting affection, and peace and joy. Indeed, my dearest Henry, I would to-morrow be alone!"

"Then give me now, for my consent, one more, one last eve of wandering bliss: let us visit together the spots sacred to our loves,—the grove ringing with the song of birds ere they seek their downy nests, the bank redolent of flowers, and the stream gurgling its music in requital for their odours, the romantic fall where first I breathed my vows of eternal truth, and the ruined abbey that o'ertops the scene where these vows were accepted and ratified by her to whom I owe life—more than life; all that can make life acceptable, what life can never repay."

*** The dawn of morning! On a bed of sickness, of agony, lay Marion Delmar. Writhing in the torture of that fell disease before whose appalling might youth and strength were swept away as grass before the scythe of the mower. Alas, for Henry! the stern commands of skill forbade him even to approach that bed of infection and of death. Brief was its awful struggle. Distorted were the ghastly features of matchless loveliness, but last night beaming with intelligence and hope; the rosy tints of health were gone, and that pure colour which had marked the streams of vital principle, like violets strewed among roses on a wreath of snow, no longer natural in motion, had usurped the livid corpse.

*** The tenth day arrived. The village church was decked with boughs and blossoms; for the dismal tidings had not reached the aged sexton, and he was surveying his cheerful work with an approving glance, when, lo! the summons came to prepare an immediate grave. In that grave, within an hour, was deposited the remains of Marion Delmar, hardly attended to their final abode by the dead-stricken living, whom terror kept from the plague-spotted couch, and whom terror slew in their flight from the danger.

*** Not even Henry Sturmond was there to see laid in the cold clay, her whom at that very hour he was to have led to the bridal altar. But it was not fear that detained him; it was not despair. The blow had stunned him into utter insensibility; and to have embraced, and kissed, and endeared the horrible wreck of all he loved, or to have witnessed it hurriedly shrouded and tossed into the foul ground, had been the same to him. Reason was dead.

*** But not for ever. She gradually resumed her empire, and with her came images of Marion, full of life and warmth, and perception, and thought, and grace, and love—of Marion struck with disease, tormented, dying, passive, dead,—dead even to his love. "To-morrow is here," he exclaimed, "to-morrow is here, and she is alone!"

*** The shades of the evening had descended upon the jocund grove, the enamelled bank, the murmuring river, the splashing fall, the mouldering ruin, and Henry trod the paths of yesterday, but he trod them alone.

"Oh, God! oh, God!" he cried aloud in his agony, "is there another and a better world?"

He flung himself upon the broken stones, once the tomb of a warrior knight, and scattered near the shrine where kings and abbots had knelt in splendid worship—he flung himself down, and he essayed to pray. But his lips were parched and powerless, and his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. If he prayed, it was the voiceless aspiration of the crushed and overburthened soul.

*** As if awaking from a hideous dream, he cast a look to-

wards the calm and starry heaven, and amazement! to his sight was revealed a new and dazzling Star, bright, and soft, and sweet, and lovely, serene and glorious as his Marion, whom it so splendidly resembled in every attribute and quality. "It is my Marion!" he gasped, "it is herself. She is not lost,—she is not alone! We are together—we are together, for ever and for ever. Come to me, darling of my breaking heart, or take me to thyself. Come."

* * * In an instant the orb, the new and brilliant lustre of the sky, burst from the sphere, and sunk to the earth, leaving a long white gleam of light behind. It was but an exhalation of the air, a vision for the moment, more unreal and transitory than the mortal brightness which distempered fancy had elected it to restore.

Prone fell the lover to the dust;—the spark of life, like the perished Star, was extinguished.

* * * Were they united for ever and for ever? They slept together, side by side, in the same village churchyard, and on a single marble tablet was sculptured—"A FALLING STAR."

THE SPANISH ROBBER.

BY GEORGE HOGARTH.

A noted Spanish brigand a short time ago, at Madrid, expiated on the scaffold the atrocities of his life. His history, as it transpired on his trial, is sufficient to furnish the ground-work of a romantic tale or melo-drama, according to the most approved fashion of the day; though its incidents are of themselves wild and strange enough, even without any aid from fiction.

The name of Beltran Labrador had long spread terror through the country round Madrid. He was not content with the vulgar crimes of robbery and murder, but took a fiend-like pleasure in putting his victims to the most horrible tortures. All the inventions of the ruffians who, under the name of *chauffeurs*, perpetrated such horrible cruelties in France during the Revolution, were poor and common-place compared to his devices for protracting the agony of the wretches who fell into his hands. At the head of a band of followers as ruthless as himself, he suddenly surprised the unsuspecting inmates of some peaceful dwelling, and, having done his work of plunder and death, disappeared, leaving no clue by which his footsteps could be traced. His security was no doubt owing to his exterminating policy; for he always took care to leave behind him no living witness of his crimes.

In the village of Alameda del Valle, near Madrid, there lived a respectable farmer of the name of Ramon Espinosa, who passed for a man of substance, and was understood to keep in his house a considerable sum of money. He lived, with his wife, his daughter, and his son, a child of eight years old, in a house at some short distance from the other houses of the village. One day he had brought home some oranges, and, wishing to put them out of the little boy's reach, he laid them on the top of a large press which stood in the kitchen; but this difficulty was not sufficient to balk the appetite of a boy of that age. In the evening, finding himself left alone for a few minutes, he began to scramble to the top of the press, in order to get at the oranges, and had just reached it when he heard the door open. Afraid of being caught in the act of theft, and not having time to get down, he laid himself flat on the top of the press, concealed by the ledge which ran along its front. His mother and sister came in and noticed his absence, but without uneasiness, thinking he had gone into a neighbour's house; and they were preparing to go for him, when they heard a knocking at the house-door. They both ran to open it, when three men, masked and armed, rushed in and seized them, threatening them with instant death if they uttered a sound. The ruffians then commanded the women, with horrible threats and imprecations, to show them where Ramon kept his money. There either was none, or the women did not know where it was kept, and they accordingly protested their ignorance. The robbers beat them savagely, and set about ransacking every place they could think of, even the press on the top of which the poor child lay trembling, but without being able to discover the object of their search. Their disappointment rendered them furious. Labrador, finding a pair of pincers, began using it as an instrument of torture to compel the women to speak. They continued to protest their ignorance of any money being in the house; and the robber, thrusting the pincers into the fire, heated them red-hot, and with them tore the flesh in large pieces from the bones of his victims. Even this horrid cruelty failed in its effect. The miserable women in their agony could only cry that they had nothing to tell; and, to complete the tragedy, the miscreant, having put a vessel of oil on the fire, poured the boiling liquid on the most tender parts of their bodies, till they expired under the violence of their torments.

The ruffians, thinking themselves now without witnesses, set about their work of plunder, having previously taken off their masks; so that the little boy, who had escaped their search almost by a miracle, and had witnessed the whole dreadful scene, obtained a view of their hideous faces. They packed up the most valuable articles they could find, and departed.

The poor child, half dead with grief and horror, crept down from his hiding-place, and gave the alarm. A pursuit immediately

took place, but without effect. It was discovered that the robbers had entered Madrid; but at the gates of the city all traces of them were lost. Descriptions of their persons and of their horses were given to the police; strict search was made in all the inns and stables of Madrid; but for a considerable time every effort at discovery was fruitless.

At last, in the night of the 19th November 1836, Don Francisco Huerta the commandant of the city patrol, making his rounds, and going along the Passage of the Conservatory (*Travesia del Conservatorio*), observed near the door of one Gabriel Catalan, a working mason, a quantity of stable-litter, which had not been swept away. The commandant entered this man's house to reprove him for his negligence, when Catalan said he had no horses. This denial appeared suspicious; and, being urged and threatened by the commandant, the man at length confessed that he had three horses in his stable, of which he delivered up the key. The horses were recognised as belonging to Labrador and his gang; and Catalan, being closely pressed, declared that one of them belonged to Jose Perez, a Galician, who lived in the street of the *Panaderos*, at No. 14, in the second floor; another to Leandro Portigo, in the street Santa Brigitta; and the third to a Catalonian, whose residence he could not point out. He added that, four days before, these men had returned from the country with their horses, and that they were in the habit of taking frequent journeys.

Having obtained these particulars, Don Francisco Huerta immediately repaired to the residence of Jose Perez, whom he arrested. Perez denied that he possessed any horse, but his servant admitted that he did. He was carried to prison, and judicial investigations set on foot. On being examined, he declared that his name was Jose Perez, and that he was born at Oviedo. All the parish registers of that city and its neighbourhood were searched, but no entry of any such name was found in them; and in the course of the proceedings he was identified by several persons as the famous robber Beltran Labrador, a Frenchman by birth, and a tinker by trade. He was also recognised as having been formerly condemned, on one occasion to four years' imprisonment, and on another to the same punishment for ten years, though he had on both occasions found means to make his escape. But his career was now ended. After a long time spent in collecting the necessary evidence, he was at length brought to trial, and condemned to die by strangulation (*el garrote vil*.) On the 27th of October last this sentence was executed.

This man's fate inspired none of the compassion usually felt even for great criminals, when they are about to expiate their misdeeds by a shameful death. The ferocity of his countenance excited disgust; his small and hollow eyes gleamed with extraordinary brightness; and his whole deportment was marked with brutal indifference, which showed that he was capable of committing every enormity without emotion and without remorse.

His deportment in his last hours was marked by several characteristic traits. When his sentence was read to him in prison, he continued smoking with great calmness, and heard it to the end with indifference. When it was finished, he declared that his name was not Beltran Labrador, but Jose Perez; that he was no Frenchman, but a Spaniard, born and baptized at Orense. Some moments afterwards he appeared to be suddenly excited, and uttered several indecent and blasphemous expressions, but almost immediately resumed his usual quiet and careless manner. He was visited by a priest, who began to exhort him to penitence and amendment. "Amendment!" cried he laughing; "what is the use of resolving on amendment? I shall not sin any more; they won't give me time for that now." The priest endeavoured to rouse him by describing the eternal tortures of the damned. "I hope," was his answer, "that I shall get a discount of the two years I have been kept in prison; for there," he added, laughing again, "I have been in hell to all intents and purposes, and have seen the very devils themselves. They came to me every Saturday, in the shape of officers and alguazils—a set of as ugly devils as there are in hell!"

The day before his execution he was in a somewhat better frame of mind. He confessed his crimes, and recouated a fearful tissue of enormities. The priest endeavoured to persuade him to marry a woman who had lived with him a long time, and by whom he had a daughter, sixteen years old. He obstinately refused, till he was about to proceed to the scaffold, when he gave his consent. A delay of a few hours was obtained, a notary was sent for, the marriage ceremony was performed, and the certificate drawn up and signed. This solemnity seemed to have some effect on the ruffian's mind; and he now declared that his real name was Bertrand Bue, and that he was a native of a small village in France.

When the moment of his departure for the scaffold was come, he walked with a firm step, and an air of the utmost composure. He took leave of his companions in prison with some appearance of feeling, requesting them to pray for him, and to say a "salve" to the Virgin for the repose of his soul. When he was mounted on the ass (according to the usual manner in which criminals in Spain are conveyed to the scaffold) he adjusted himself carefully in his seat, and then, turning to the escort, said to them, "Now, gentlemen, let us move on, if you please." He maintained the

same demeanor to the last, and, without the slightest change of countenance, yielded his neck to the executioner.

This man met his fate with a semblance of courage and firmness worthy of a martyr to some great or holy cause. His very jocularity actually brings to mind the last moments of Sir Thomas Moore. How little is to be gathered from mere manner! A monster, whose life was stained with the blackest and basest crimes, and whose mind must really have possessed the cowardice which is constantly allied to cruelty, could not have had a glimmering of the sentiments which have enabled so many of the best and bravest of men to conduct themselves, in outward show at least, precisely as he did. In this, as in other things, extremes may meet, and brutal insensibility may assume the semblance of exalted virtue.

THE ASIATIC JOURNAL. April 1839; No. cxii.—The number for this month contains many important notices of the progress of society in the East, together with several highly interesting translations; among them the following tale, abounding in that beautiful allegory, pathos and sentiment, so predominant in the works of Asiatic writers—it is entitled:

The Famine: a tale from the Bostan.

There raged, one year, such a famine in Damascus, that friends forgot the ties of friendship.

So niggardly had the heavens become towards earth, that neither sown-field nor palm-tree had their lips refreshed with moisture.

The ancient fountains were dried up, and no water remained but the orphans' tears!

If any smoke arose from a chimney, it was but the widow's sigh!

I saw the trees stript and bare, like the destitute Darwesh: the strong-of-arm relaxed, and the vigorous reduced to distress.

No verdure on the mountain—no green shoot in the garden: the locust had devoured the orchard, and man the locust.

In this state, a friend appeared before me, with nothing but skin left upon his bones.

I was struck with amazement, inasmuch as he was a person of rank, and ample means, and substance.

To him I said, "Oh, worthy friend, tell me what calamity has befallen thee?"

He was offended, and replied, "Whither is thy reason fled? When thou knowest, and yet askest, thy question is to be blamed.

"Seest thou not that distress has come to its height—that calamity has reached its summit?"

"Neither does the rain fall from heaven, nor the sigh of him who crieth for help mount up thither."

I said to him, "At the worst, cause for anxiety you have none: the poison is mortal only *there*, where the antidote is not at hand:

"Though others are perishing of inanition, you are wealthy. What has a duck to fear from a deluge?"

The enlightened man gazed on me with that look of pity and concern which a sage bestows upon a simpleton.

"O my friend," said he, "although a man be on shore, he reposes not at ease while his comrades are sinking in the wave.

"It is not on account of my own destitution that my face is pallid: it is sympathy with the destitute that has blanched my cheek.

"The man of feeling likes not to behold a sore on the body of a fellow-creature, any more than on his own.

"Praised be God, that although I am myself unscathed, my frame trembles with emotion when I behold a wound upon my neighbour!

"The enjoyment of him that is sound in health is troubled, by whose side is stretched the enfeebled victim of disease.

"When I see that the poor Darwesh has not eaten, the morsel turns, on my own palate, to poison and pain.

"How can he, whose friends are in a dungeon, any longer find enjoyment in his garden?"

FASHIONABLE SOCIETY.—It is far beyond our power, and we believe much higher powers than ours, to penetrate the secret motives and latent causes that govern the different phases, aspects, and changes that influence the orbits of fashionable society. Why one star is to-day to be lord of the ascendant, and to-morrow struck from its course; why one dignitary is all powerful in one set, and totally powerless in another; what rivalries are occasioned by what causes:—wit, taste, politics, party warfare, birth, and precedence, court favour, to say nothing of beauty and mental accomplishments—all these have their influence, and divide the world under different chiefs. One great lady is *touchante*; another is *piquante*; another a poetess; another a blue; most of them fine. Among the gentlemen, there is the high courtier; the high whig; the giver of dinners; the giver of balls; the affable; the supercilious; the sayer of good things; the sayer of nothing; the lady's man; the talking man. Among all these, both men and women, there may be acquaintance, but no amity; intercourse, but no identity; they are separated by jealousy, avoid intimacies, and, among the fine class, covet, or as the case may be, have a horror of introductions.

SONNET.

How do I bear thine absence? Ah! my love,
 What sleepless nights! what dull and cheerless days!
 I reason with myself, and would remove
 The serpent Jealousy, which fiercely preys
 And eats into my soul, but have no power
 To tear it from my bosom. It lies there,
 Whispering to me, alas! that every hour
 Of thine is pass'd amid the gay and fair,
 While I am absent. Oh! thou false of heart!
 Do others charm thee? Dost thou gaze around
 With roving eyes, inconstant as thou art!
 Forgetting me,—where fairer may be found?
 Return! return! In absence I may hate;
 But love must still on thy dear presence wait.

M. T. H.

VARIETIES.

EXTRAORDINARY EGYPTIAN STONE COFFIN.—There is now on board of the brig Elizabeth Ann, Captain Ellis, lying at the north end of the Queen's-dock, a remarkably ancient Egyptian stone coffin, recently imported from Alexandria, in the vessel called the Hope, whence it has been transhipped, to be taken to the British Museum. It is eight feet six inches in length, measured outside; and three feet six inches in width. It is covered with curious carvings of human figures, hieroglyphics, and emblematical devices. It was discovered far in the interior of Egypt, and has been sent to England by our consul at Alexandria. The cost of its conveyance it is supposed will reach £1,000., owing to the want of roads in Egypt, and the necessity of employing men, chiefly as carriers.—*Liverpool Paper.*

Augustus, having ordered a purple robe, complained to the maker, when he brought it, of the dullness of the colour. "You will not think it dull," said the man, "if you will hold it up to a bright light."—"What, then," said the emperor, "will it be always necessary for me to sit in a bright light when I wish to appear well dressed?"—*Macrob. Sat. II. 4.*

EDWARD MOORE.—(Author of a periodical paper called *The World*.)—It is rather extraordinary, that though this gentleman was totally ignorant of every language but his own, it has been universally allowed, that few men wrote better in prose or verse, or showed more knowledge of the classics in applications and allusions to them.

NAPOLÉON.—A stranger having entered the apartment where the Emperor Napoleon was shaving himself, when in a little town in Italy, he said, "I want to see your great Emperor—what are you to him?" The Emperor replied, "I shave him."

The method used by the Tartars, for the preservation of butter, consists in fusing it in a water bath, at a temperature of a hundred and ninety degrees of Fahrenheit; retaining it quiescent in that state, until the gaseous matter has settled, and the butter become clear; it is then decanted, passed through a cloth, and cooled in a mixture of salt and ice, or spring water; after which it is put in close vessels, and kept in a cool place. It is stated that butter prepared in this manner, will keep for six months as good as when first made.

The base measure all men's marches by their own pace.—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

In Venice they have a law relating to bankrupts which is singularly severe—"If a member, of either council, become a bankrupt, he is immediately degraded, and from that moment is rendered incapable of holding any post under government, until he shall have discharged all the just demands of his creditors; even his children are subjected to the same disgrace, and no citizen can exercise any public employment whatsoever, while the debts of his father remain unpaid."—*Sketches of the Natural, Civil, and Political State of Switzerland. By William Cox, M. A.*

At Basil, one of the Swiss cantons, they have a very singular custom, of keeping their clocks always an hour too fast—and so tenacious are they in maintaining this prejudice, that notwithstanding some of the inhabitants have more than once attempted to set them right, the magistrates were compelled to have the clocks set again as usual.—*Ibid.*

MODERN XENOPHON.—An Irish adventurer, O'Bryne, some thirty or forty years ago, got himself insinuated into the very highest circles, and was visited by the first people in the land, on account of his address at play. Sitting down one night to play in private at piquet, with a certain person whose name there is no occasion to mention, he found himself the winner of a hundred thousand pounds. Being aware of the inability of his antagonist to pay the whole of the sum, and suspecting that, if he could not pay the whole, he might pay none, he designedly suffered him to recover all he had won from him, except ten thousand pounds, which he received.—In consequence of this masterly manœuvre, the witty Mr. Hare gave him the name of "Xenophon O'Bryne," from his retreat with ten thousand.

DOCTOR BENTLEY.—In his life of this literary Thraso, the editor has omitted to insert an anecdote which is worth preserving if it were only for the pun which it embalms. Robert Boyle, after-

wards earl of Cork, having, as it was generally thought, defeated Bentley in a controversy regarding the authenticity of the letters of Phalaris, the doctor's pupils drew a caricature of him, when the guards of Phalaris were thrusting him into the brazen bull for the purpose of burning him alive, while a label issued from his mouth with the following inscription, "Well, well! I had rather be roasted than *Boyled*."

A BORE.—A new elected M. P. lately consulted his friend as to the occasion that he should select for his maiden speech. A very important subject was suggested, when the modest member expressed a fear that his mind was hardly of sufficient calibre to embrace it. "Pooh! Pooh!" said his friend, "don't be under any apprehension about your calibre; depend upon it, they will find you *bore* enough."

INFLUENCE OF THE WEATHER ON TEMPER.—I do not say that the state of the weather will always point out the condition of a man's temper, because there may be counteractions in the state of his health or affairs; but I do say, that whatever may be his peculiar situation in those respects, he will be more or less affected by the secret influence of the condition of the atmosphere and the direction of the wind. Consequently, if we know what will be the probable effect of the weather upon certain temperaments, we must look to that effect as well as to other peculiar circumstances in selecting a proper time to make our advances.

RIGHTS OF SCENE-PAINTERS.—The Court Royale of Paris has decided on an appeal in a case of the scene painters and decorators of the French Opera, prosecuting the directors for refusing them their right of admission behind the scenes and decorations from a principal part of spectacle at the opera, these artists are to be placed on the same footing as authors, and to enjoy the right of admission which had been contested.

THE BEST WE HAVE SEEN.—"Be collected," as the printer said to a huge batch of old newspaper bills vat vaen't paid, lying scattered over the bottom of his desk.

MATRIMONY.—Matrimony is a state which admits of no compromise between authority and obedience. Pompey and Casar could not rule under the same meridian, nor can man and wife.

GENIUS, strictly speaking, is only entitled to respect when it promotes the peace, and improves the happiness and comfort of mankind. What should we think of the Gardiner who planted his flower-bed with henbane and deadly nightshade? What should we think of the General, who being intrusted with an army, and a plentiful supply of military stores, applied these powers to degrading and enslaving his own country? He would be visited with scorn, and punished as a traitor. And why should the man who directs the artillery of his genius, delegated to him for high and holy purposes, to sinking those foundations on which the happiness of his species rests, and who applies the divine spark within him to the kindling of low and debasing passions, be allowed to hear his plaudits swelled in proportion as his powers of doing mischief become apparent. Talent is always accompanied with the responsibility of using it rightly; and the neglect or pity of the virtuous is the penalty which the child of genius pays, or ought to pay, for its abuse.

However splendid talents may compel our admiration, they have no right to claim the general esteem of mankind when their possessor exercises them without regard of what is due to the well-being of society and himself.

CANDLE BOXES VS. KNOWLEDGE BOXES.—Not long since, the school committee of a certain New England city, discovered that one of the masters they employed, spent as many hours, each day, in making candle boxes, as he spent in school; or, as he might possibly have stated the case, he worked six hours a day on his own work, and six hours on theirs. This being discovered, the committee summoned the master before them for solemn admonition. After being arraigned, and hearing his indictment, and being expected to plead guilty and promise amendment, he replied to the following effect: "Gentlemen, it is an old saying, that like begets like. The smallness of your hearts begets the smallness of my salary, and the leanness of your souls begets the leanness of my bones. If I spent all my time in attempting to fill the knowledge boxes of your children, without making candle boxes for myself, my soul would not have the means of keeping its earthly box together six months longer."—*Common School Journal.*

I saw a pale mourner stand bending over the tomb, and his tears fell fast and often. As he raised his humid eyes to heaven, he cried, "My brother!—oh! my brother!"

A sage passed that way, and said,
 "For whom dost thou mourn?"

"One," replied he, "whom I did not sufficiently love while living; but whose inestimable worth I now feel."

"What wouldst thou do, if he were restored to thee?"
 The mourner replied that he would never offend him by an unkind word, but would take every occasion to show his friendship, if he could but come back to his fond embrace.

"Then waste not thy time in useless grief," said the sage; "but if thou hast friends go and cherish the living, remembering that they will, one day, be dead also."—*Port Folio of an Ex-Man of Letters.*

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 31, 1839.

THE NEW ART OF SUN PAINTING.—A late number of the *Magazine of Natural History* contains a very interesting paper by Dr. Golding Bird, a distinguished botanist, on the application of the photogenic art to botanical purposes. We have been sadly puzzled ourselves to obtain an intelligible view of the new art of photogenic drawing. The treatise of Dr. Bird is, however, so plain and easy to be understood, that we feel assured our readers will receive much satisfactory information on the subject from the annexed extracts. The new mode of fixing the images of the camera obscura, and copying engravings by means of the chemical action of light on paper prepared with a solution of chloride of silver, will be of immense service to the botanist, by enabling him to procure beautiful outline drawings of many plants, with a degree of accuracy which, otherwise, he could not hope to obtain. The proportions in which Dr. Bird uses the ingredients employed in the preparation of his sensitive paper are as follows—

"I have performed a set of experiments on this subject, and can recommend the following proportions as the most effective and economical:—200 grains of common salt are to be dissolved in a pint of water, and sheets of thin blue wove post paper saturated with the solution, which, for this purpose, should be poured into a dish, and the paper being immersed, the application of the solution to every part should be ensured by the use of a sponge. The paper is then to be removed, drained of its superfluous moisture, and nearly dried by pressure between folds of linen or bibulous paper.

"240 grains of fused nitrate of silver are then to be dissolved in 12 fluid ounces of water, and this solution is to be applied by means of a sponge to one side of each sheet of the previously prepared paper, which side should be marked with a pencil, so that when the paper is fit for use the prepared side may be distinguished. The sheets of paper are then to be hung upon lines in a dark room to dry, and when nearly free from moisture, their marked sides are to be once more sponged over with the solution of silver, and finally dried; they are then to be cut into pieces of convenient size, and preserved from light, or even too much exposure to air, by being wrapped up in several folds of brown paper, and kept in a portfolio.

The manner of using the sensitive paper is thus described—

"To use this paper, the specimen of which a drawing is required is removed from the herbarium, placed on a piece of the paper, and kept *in situ* by a pane of common glass pressed by weights: a piece of plate glass, however, is preferable, as it is sufficiently heavy to press the plant close to the paper. The whole is then placed in the sunshine, and in less than a minute all the uncovered parts of the paper will assume a rich brown tint. The paper should then be removed from the direct influence of the sun, and placed in a book until the drawing be rendered permanent; the specimen, quite uninjured by the process, may then be replaced in the herbarium, and the drawing of another be taken, and so on. So rapidly is this process executed, that twenty-five or thirty drawings may be obtained in an hour, providing we are favoured with a direct sun-beam; if, however, we have only the diffused day-light, five or ten minutes, and sometimes even more, are required to produce a drawing with well-defined outlines.

"If drawings of recent plants be required, specimens of proper size should be cut, and if not too rigid, placed on a piece of the paper, and kept in a proper position by means of a pane of glass, as in the case of dried specimens; but if the plant be rigid, the specimens should be placed for twenty-four hours between folds of blotting-paper, under a heavy weight, before placing them on the sensitive paper.

"Having obtained as many drawings as are required, the next thing is to fix them, so that their otherwise evanescent character may not deprive them of their value. For this purpose place them in a dish, and pour cold water over them; allow them to soak for ten minutes, and then transfer them to, or sponge them over with a solution, made by dissolving an ounce of common salt in half a pint of water, to which half a fluid ounce of the tincture of the sesqui-chloride of iron has been added. The drawings thus prepared may be dried by pressure between folds of linen, and exposure to the air; and may then be examined without danger. On looking at them every one must be struck with the extreme accuracy with which every scale, nay, every projecting hair, is preserved on the paper; the character and habit of the plant is most beautifully delineated, and if the leaves be not too opaque, the venation is most exquisitely represented; (this is particularly the case with the more delicate ferns, as *Polypodium Dryopteris*.) Among those classes of plants which appear to be more fitted than others for representation by this process, may be ranked the ferns, grasses, and unbelliferous plants; the photogenic drawings of the former, are indeed of exquisite beauty.

"The fact of the object being white on a brown ground does not affect the utility of this mode of making botanic drawings; indeed, I almost fancy that their character is better preserved by this contrast of tint, than by a coloured outline on a white

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

The never-tiring and ever-fascinating Boz seems determined to convince the world the resources of his inventive genius are inexhaustible, by the late numbers of his "Nicholas Nickleby," which are full of the most amusing and exhilarating incidents: we here select two or three rich bits, told in the author's peculiar manner.

MRS. NICKLEBY'S SUITORS.

"Oh yes!" said Kate, "I remember. I was going to ask, mamma, before you were married, had you many suitors?"

"Suitors, my dear!" cried Mrs. Nickleby, with a smile of wonderful complacency. "First and last, Kate, I must have had a dozen at least."

"Mamma!" returned Kate, in a tone of remonstrance.

"I had indeed, my dear," said Mrs. Nickleby; "not including your poor papa, or a young gentleman who used to go at that time to the same dancing-school, and who would send gold watches and bracelets to our house in gilt-edged paper, (which were always returned,) and who afterwards unfortunately went out to Botany Bay in a convict ship—a convict ship I mean—and escaped into a bush and killed sheep, (I don't know how they got there,) and was going to be hung, only he accidentally choked himself, and the government pardoned him. Then there was young Lukin," and Mrs. Nickleby, beginning with her left thumb, and checking off the names on her fingers—"Mogley—Tipslark—Cabby—Smifser—"

Having now reached the little finger, Mrs. Nickleby was carrying the account over to the other hand, when a loud "Heu!" which appeared to come from the very foundation of the garden wall, gave both herself and her daughter a violent start.

Declaration of love by the gentleman next door to Mrs. Nickleby.

As Kate rose from her seat in some alarm, and caught her mother's hand to run with her into the house, she felt herself rather retarded than assisted in her intention; and, following the direction of Mrs. Nickleby's eyes, was quite terrified by the apparition of an old black velvet cap, which, by slow degrees, as if its wearer were ascending a ladder or pair of steps, rose above the wall dividing their garden from that of the next cottage, (which, like their own, was a detached building,) and was gradually followed by a very large head, and an old face, in which were a pair of most extraordinary grey eyes, very wild, very wide open, and rolling in their sockets with a dull, languishing, and leering look, most ugly to behold.

"Mamma!" cried Kate, really terrified for the moment, "why do you stop, why do you lose an instant?—Mamma, pray come in!"

"What do you want, sir?" said Mrs. Nickleby, addressing the intruder with a sort of simpering displeasure. "How dare you look into this garden?"

"Queen of my soul," replied the stranger, folding his hands together, "this goblet sip."

"Nonsense, sir," said Mrs. Nickleby. "Kate, my love, pray be quiet."

"Won't you sip the goblet?" urged the stranger, with his head imploringly on one side, and his right hand on his breast. "Oh, do sip the goblet!"

"I shall not consent to do anything of the kind, sir," said Mrs. Nickleby, with a haughty air. "Pray, begone."

"Why is it," said the old gentleman, coming up a step higher, and leaning his elbows on the wall, with as much complacency as if he was looking out of window, "why is it that beauty is always obdurate, even when admiration is as honourable and respectful as mine?" Here he smiled, kissed his hand, and made several low bows. "Is it owing to the bees, who, when the honey season is over, and they are supposed to have been killed with brimstone, in reality fly to Barbary and lull the captive Moors to sleep with their drowsy songs? Or is it," he added, drooping his voice almost to a whisper, "in consequence of the statue at Charing Cross having been lately seen on the Stock Exchange at midnight, walk arm-in-arm with the Pump from Aldgate, in a riding habit?"

"Mamma," murmured Kate, "do you hear him?"

"Hush, my dear!" replied Mrs. Nickleby, in the same tone of voice, "he is very polite, and I think that was a quotation from the poets. Pray, don't worry me so—you'll pinch my arm black and blue. Go away, sir."

"Quite away?" said the gentleman, with a languishing look, "Oh! quite away?"

"Yes," returned Mrs. Nickleby, "certainly. You have no business here. This is private property, sir; you ought to know that."

"I do know," said the old gentleman, laying his finger on his nose with an air of familiarity most reprehensible, "that this is a sacred and enchanted spot, where the most divine charms"—here he kissed his hand and bowed again—"waft mellifluousness over the neighbours' gardens, and force the fruit and vegetables into premature existence. That fact I am acquainted with. But will you permit me, fairest creature, to ask you one question, in the absence of the planet Venus, who has gone on business to the

Horse Guards, and would otherwise—jealous of your superior charms—interpose between us?"

"If you will conduct yourself, sir, like the gentleman which I should imagine you to be from your language and—appearance, (quite the counterpart of your grand-papa, Kate my dear, in his best days,) and will put your question to me in plain words, I will answer it."

"If Mrs. Nickleby's excellent papa had borne, in his best days, a resemblance to the neighbour now looking over the wall, he must have been, to say the least, a very queer looking old gentleman in his prime. Perhaps Kate thought so, for she ventured to glance at his living portrait with some attention, as he took off his black velvet cap, and exhibiting a perfectly bald head, made a long series of bows each accompanied with a fresh kiss of the hand. After exhausting himself, to all appearance, with this fatiguing performance, he covered his head once more, pulled the cap very carefully over the tips of his ears, and resuming his former attitude, said,

"The question is—"

Here he broke off to look round in every direction, and satisfy himself beyond all doubt that there were no listeners near. Assured that there were not, he tapped his nose several times, accompanying the action with a canning look, as though congratulating himself on his caution; and stretching out his neck, said in a loud whisper,

"Are you a princess?"

"You are mocking me, sir," replied Mrs. Nickleby, making a feint of retreating towards the house.

"No, but are you?" said the old gentleman.

"You know I am not, sir," replied Mrs. Nickleby.

"Then are you any relation to the Archbishop of Canterbury?" inquired the old gentleman with great anxiety, "or to the Pope of Rome? or the Speaker of the House of Commons? Forgive me, if I am wrong, but I was told you were niece to the Commissioners of Paving, and daughter-in-law to the Lord Mayor and Court of Common Council, which would account for your relationship to all three."

"Whoever has spread such reports, sir," returned Mrs. Nickleby, with some warmth, "has taken great liberties with my name, and one which I am sure my son Nicholas, if he was aware of it, would not allow for an instant. The idea!" said Mrs. Nickleby, drawing herself up, "niece to the Commissioners of Paving!"

"Pray, mamma, come away!" whispered Kate.

"Pray, mamma! Nonsense, Kate," said Mrs. Nickleby, angrily, "but that's just the way. If they had said I was niece to a piping bullfinch, what would you care? But I have no sympathy"—whispered Mrs. Nickleby, "I don't expect it, that's one thing."

"Tears!" cried the old gentleman, with such an energetic jump, that he fell down two or three steps, and grated his chin against the wall. "Catch the crystal globules—catch 'em—bottle 'em up—cork 'em tight—put sealing wax on the top—seal 'em with a cupid—label 'em 'Best quality'—and stow 'em away in the fourteen binn, with a bar of iron on the top to keep the thunder off!"

Issuing these commands, as if there were a dozen attendants all actively engaged in their execution, he turned his velvet cap inside out, put it on with great dignity so as to obscure his right eye and three fourths of his nose, and sticking his arms a-kimbo, looked very fiercely at a sparrow hard by, till the bird flew away, when he put his cap in his pocket with an air of great satisfaction, and addressed himself with a respectful demeanour to Mrs. Nickleby.

"Beautiful madam," such were his words—"if I have made any mistake with regard to your family or connexions, I humbly beseech you to pardon me.—If I supposed you to be related to Foreign Powers or Native Boards, it is because you have a manner, a carriage, a dignity, which you will excuse my saying that none but yourself (with the single exception perhaps of the tragic muse, when playing extemporaneously on the barrel organ before the East India company) can parallel. I am not a youth, ma'am, as you see; and although beings like you can never grow old, I venture to presume that we are fitted for each other."

"Really, Kate, my love!" said Mrs. Nickleby faintly, and looking another way.

"I have estates, ma'am," said the old gentleman, flourishing his right hand negligently, as if he made very light of such matters, and speaking very fast; "jewels, light-houses, fishponds, a whalery of my own in the North Sea, and several oysterbeds of great profit in the Pacific Ocean. If you will have the kindness to step down to the Royal Exchange and to take the cocked hat off the stoutest beadle's head, you will find my card in the lining of the crown, wrapped up in a piece of blue paper. My walking stick is also to be seen on application to the chaplain of the House of Commons, who is strictly forbidden to take any money for showing it. I have enemies about me, ma'am," he looked towards his house and spoke very low, "who attack me on all occasions, and wish to secure my property. If you bless me with your hand and heart, you can apply to the Lord Chancellor or call out the military if necessary—sending my toothpick to the

commander-in-chief will be sufficient—and so clear the house of them before the ceremony is performed. After that, love, bliss and rapture; rapture, love and bliss. Be mine, be mine."

Repeating these last words with great rapture and enthusiasm, the old gentleman put on his black velvet cap again, and looking up into the sky in a hasty manner, said something that was not quite intelligible concerning a balloon he expected, and which was rather after its time.

"Be mine, be mine," cried the old gentleman. "Gog and Magog, Gog and Magog. Be mine, be mine!"

"It will be sufficient for me to say, sir," resumed Mrs. Nickleby, with perfect seriousness—"and I am sure you'll see the propriety of taking an answer and going away—that I have made up my mind to remain a widow, and to devote myself to my children. You may not suppose I am the mother of two children—indeed many people have doubted it, and said that nothing on earth could ever make 'em believe it possible—but it is the case, and they are both grown up. We shall be very glad to have you for a neighbour—very glad; delighted, I'm sure—but in any other character it's quite impossible, quite. As to my being young enough to marry again, that perhaps may be so, or it may not be; but I couldn't think of it for an instant, not on any account whatever. I said I never would, and I never will. It's a very painful thing to have to reject proposals, and I would much rather that none were made; at the same time this is the answer that I determined long ago to make, and this is the answer I shall always give."

In the year 1457, a proclamation was issued by Henry the Eighth, "that women should not meet together to babble and talk, and that all men should keep their wives in their houses."

Aaron Burr's Opinion of the English.—In England you see no expression painted on the visage at a concert. All is sombre and grim. They cry bravo! bravissimo! with the same countenance as they curse their servants and their government.

A cube of gold, of little more than five inches on each side, contains the value of £10,000 sterling.

Apples marked with the impression of a leaf are sold in the bazaars of Persia. To produce this impression, a leaf of some flower or shrub is glued or fastened with a thread on several parts of the fruit, while yet growing; the apple gradually ripens, and all that the sun reaches becomes red; the parts covered by the leaves remaining of a pale green or yellow colour.

Poetry often the Precursor and Nurse of Science.—To them that, professing learning, inveigh against poetry, may justly be objected, that they go very near to ungratefulness, to seek to deface that, which in the noblest nations and languages that are known, hath been the first light given to ignorance, and first nurse, whose milk, by little and little, enabled them to feed afterwards of tougher knowledge.—*Sir Philip Sydney.*

A Narrow Come-off.—Sheridan having declined walking out with an elderly maiden lady, on the pretence of bad weather, was met by the lady afterwards walking by himself. "So Mr. Sheridan," said she, "it has cleared up." "Yes, madam," said he, "enough for one, but not enough for two."

Pleasure a Cheat.—We should have a care of drinking too much: for pleasure, to deceive us, marches before, and conceals her train.—*Montaigne.*

The alphabets of different nations contain the following letters:—English, 26—French, 23—Italian, 20—Spanish, 27—German, 26—Slavonic, 27—Russian, 41—Latin, 22—Greek, 24—Hebrew, etc., 22—Arabic, 28—Persian, 32—Turkish, 33—Sanskrit, 50—Chinese, 214.

The first Almanac was made in 1474, by Regiomontanus.

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