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THE OLD CAMPAIGNER.

A STORY.

On the twenty-fifth day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and thirtyty-five, three taps were lighty struck on the fourth-floor door of a house on the Megisserie quay at Paris, one of those tall and ugly tenements that seem to make cross faces down upon the waters of the Seine from morning till night, like so many antiquated and grinning buffoons. The three taps in question caused a young girl, who was seated alone inside of the door to which they were applied, to start rather hurriedly from her seat, and to throw a piece of embroidery on the floor at her feet, believing sincerely, however, that she had put it on the chair beside her. Whether this arose from emotion at the announcement of an unexpected visit, or an expected one, will by and bye appear ; but, in the first place, it is necessary to tell who the damsel was, as the reader cannot be expected to take such interest as we could wish in one yet a stranger to him.

Pierre Bertrand, the father of Marie, was a splendid specimen of the old half-pay captain of the empire, such as that personage, or class of personages, became subsequently to the empire's fall. Rude and rough, though warm-hearted ; retaining the moustache of the soldier, and all the soldiers's habits, among which beer-drinking and smoking held so prominent a place as to swallow almost half his pension ; perpetually grumbling, yet continually jolly ; enormously proud of various scars and cuts, and certain relics in the shape of crosses of honour, hacked sabres, and riddled uniforms ; spending in telling old campaigning stories, and in playing at dominos, all the time that was not spent in drinking and smoking : such was Pierre Bertrand, and such was his way of life. For his family, Pierre had, properly speaking, two children, although one only had a just claim of paternity upon him, as far as blood went. But for his having an adopted child, however, the old campaigner might never have had offspring of his own. On the field of battle, a dying comrade had consigned an infant boy to his arms, and Pierre had received the consignment with as much satisfaction and pride as others might receive a legacy of millions. It was to give this child a mother that Pierre had at first thought of marriage ; and it chanced that this step, when he took it, only proved the means of bringing upon Pierre another dying legacy, his own little Marie. But the veteran bore up bravely under his burdens, and did his duty nobly by both his charges. To the boy Jules he contrived to give a good education, and, six months before the period of our story—six months, in short, before the three taps at the door—Jules, then precisely twenty-three years of age, had completed a course of legal studies, and had been entered a member of the bar of the Court Royal of Paris.

It was a proud day for the old captain when Jules donned the barrister's black cap and robe. Marie was then eighteen, and as pretty a blue-eyed, merry-faced maiden as could be seen, with a heart warm and open as the sunny sky. Pierre had long settled in his own mind that his two "marmots," as he called them, should be married, and that the union should take place on the day that Jules pleaded his first cause. About the feelings of the parties themselves he had never thought much, and, in truth, they had given him no cause for any uneasiness on this score.

One day, immediately after Jules had passed the legal ordeal, old Bertrand was seated in his lofty but neat domicile, smoking silently and furiously, as he always did during any meditations of special importance, when a letter was brought to him. Letters were rare things with the veteran, and he looked long at the postmark, which was that of his native province. Opening it finally, he read thus :—"Sir, I hasten to announce to you the death of M. Joseph Bertrand, your cousin-german, proprietor of the foundry here. He has left a fortune valued at a million of francs. No direct heir presenting himself here on the paternal side, it is presumable that to you reverts the sum of 500,000 francs, the half of the whole succession, and which the law destines to that branch of the deceased relatives. Of course you will take the necessary steps to secure your rights." This epistle bore the signature of a provincial justice of peace, and gave other particulars of the case.

Bertrand was struck dumb for five minutes, and then broke out, by way of thankfulness, into a few of his common conversational phrases, which were composed of some three or four thousand bombs, one or two hundred pieces of cannon, and a proportional quantity of thunders. "Five hundred thousand francs !" at length cried he ; "Marie, my girl ! read—read this. Read, my darling ! Five hundred thousand francs ! Yes, units, tens, hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands ! All right, Marie, my girl ! Hurrah for the emperor ! Hurrah !" All was indeed right—and yet all proved not right in the end. Bertrand, soon after receiving the letter, set out for his native place, concluding that he had but to appear and take possession. But the collateral relations had taken advantage of his absence from the spot, and had prepared unexpected obstacles for him. They had stirred and intrigued most actively, and had bought four or five consciences at some few thousand francs a-piece. In short, it was found that Bertrand could not establish his degree of relationship to the deceased. Certain extracts of birth and baptism, with other indispensable documents, could not be procured, notwithstanding the lengthened researches of the old clerk of the registry, to whom Bertrand gave five thousand francs to prove his titles—which sum, by the bye, in addition to twenty thousand received from the other side, made the affair a very profitable one for the old fox. The necessary documents, however, could not be found, and Pierre returned to Paris totally disheartened, and smoking furiously.

Jules was the receptacle of the veteran's complaints. The young advocate was not slow to pronounce that chicanery and roguery must have been at work, and persuaded Pierre to pursue the matter at law. Within a few months the cause came on before the provincial court of B——. Jules, whose activity and researches had been unwearied, appeared for the first time as a pleader. While the case was going on, Marie Bertrand was in a state of feverish impatience. She knew not the issue on the evening of the 25th day of December, 1835. It was *then* that she heard the three taps at the door of her father's dwelling, and started from her seat to open it.

Jules entered. Marie sat down on her chair in silence, after one glance at his countenance, which wore a downcast expression. "You have lost the cause then, Jules ?" said she at length. "No Marie, it is gained ; you are rich," was the reply. The damsel raised her eyes in surprise, and exclaimed, "Gained ! what then means this—this——." Jules interrupted her. "Marie, I quit Paris this evening, and I come to bid you farewell. You will be wealthy, and happy. Yes, I go—but you will sometimes think of me, will you not ?"

The young girl looked at Jules to see if he spoke seriously, and was stunned to behold his eyes filled with tears. At this moment Bertrand entered. Jules went up to him, and placing a massive pocket-book in his hands, said, "My kind friend, justice has been done to you ; here are five hundred bank-notes, of one thousand francs each—the part of your cousin's heritage which fell to you, and which I received, as authorised by you." Bertrand looked at the papers, which Jules displayed to him ; then the veteran looked at Marie, who was struggling to hide her tears ; and, finally, he looked at the pale face of Jules. "Why, what is this about ?" cried he. "Why do you weep, Marie ? Why do I not find you happy and joyful at such a moment ? Jules, what have you been saying ? Wont you answer me ? Marie ! Jules ! Thunder, there is something here—Marie, girl, tell me why you weep !"

The veteran's daughter made a desperate effort to compose herself. "He is going away, father," said she , "he departs this evening—he quits us—through pride, perhaps. He loved us while we were poor, and does so no more since we have become rich." After this effort, Marie laid her head on her father's shoulder, and wept more than ever.

"I hope, Jules," said Bertrand, "that you will explain this. May I be shot if I understand a word of what this little whimperer means !" "My father," replied Jules, "I depart this night." "You depart—ah, well—how long will you be away ?" was Pierre's answer. "A long time, father," said the young man, "a long time—for ever, perhaps ! You have nurtured me, you have given me a place and station in life—I ought to be no more a charge to you ! I leave Paris ——." "Jules, you are insane !" returned the old soldier. "Quit Paris ! and at this moment, above all others, when you have won a cause that will ring in the courts ! It is folly, and I don't comprehend it. Besides, it is impossible that you can go away. I have arranged matters otherwise."

Marie gently raised her head, and cast on her father a look so sweet, that Jules felt himself enfeebled by its influence.

"Yes, continued Bertrand, "I have had my plans arranged, and for a long time too. Only, I thought I could bestow on you nought but the *pearl* ; but you shall now have the *setting* along with it, my lad ! It won't do you any harm, will it, to have twenty-five thousand livres a-year to keep you *going ?* Come, it is settled. Embrace him, Marie ; I am pleased with him. Come, and let us off directly to the notary !"

"My father, it is impossible !" cried Jules, in accents which proved the struggle he was undergoing. "It is impossible ! Already do my friends, the court, all Paris, declare that my labours, my researches, my journeyings, have all been for this money ! Oh, Marie ! pardon me—I love you ! Yes, I love you to idolatry ! But were you now to be my wife, all men would point the finger at me, as one who would not take the poor girl, but snatched at the rich heiress—snatched at her, as soon as she had become so, and ere she could have an opportunity of seeing other suitors, more worthy of her condition, at her feet ! Oh, why did I gain this cause !"

Jules was proceeding in this passionate strain, when Bertrand, who had in the meantime taken the pocket-book into his hands, brought the young advocate to a pause by thus addressing him. "It is, then, this parcel of papers which renders you so scrupulous, my boy ? It is this bundle of stuff," continued he, holding up the pocket-book, "that prevents you wedding my little girl ? Ah, well, young man, I admire your delicacy. But *I* will not be less generous than you !" So speaking, old Pierre turned to the window, which he had previously opened, and with all the force of a vigorous arm, cast the valuable pocket-book far out into the deep and muddy waters of the Seine !

Bertrand then turned from the window, and showing one single bank-note to the astonished and thunderstruck youth, observed coolly to him, "I have kept this one thousand francs, you see ; it will serve for the expenses of the nuptials ; for you will not draw back now, Jules ?" He continued in a severe tone—"A few moments ago, my daughter was rich, immensely rich, and you refused her hand—like a madman, I must say. She is now poor as yourself, for I know she would have been miserable with riches which she could not share with you. To-morrow you will marry her, if you are a man of honour. If not—but I shall leave you together. *Marie will inform me of your reply.*" Bertrand then left the room, shutting the door behind him with a shock that betokened an angry excitement of mind in the old campaigner. But, after all, the recent loss of fortune seemed not long to trouble the veteran, as, on sitting down soon after to a game of dominos with a boon companion, the latter declared he had never seen Pierre so merry in all their intercourse, or so given to burst into *peals of laughter on the slightest incitement.*

Jules was completely staggered by Bertrand's act, but, when left alone with Marie, he soon recovered. The sensibility of the young advocate to the public voice was no affected sentiment, nor was his love for Marie ; and the pair speedily pledged themselves to each other, hand and heart. They sat long together, yet Bertrand considerately staid out of the way, and ere he returned, Jules had departed. It would be peering too curiously, perhaps, into poor weak human nature, to ask if Jules did not cast a self-reproachful glance into the Seine that night as he passed it on his way homewards. If he did look wistfully on the waters, however, the future comforts, to do him justice, of Marie and her father, formed the cause of his feelings at the moment. The case was hopeless at all events. A hundred years' dragging might not have brought up that book from these deep and muddy waters.

The nuptials of Jules and Marie took place a day or two after these events. Bertrand took upon himself the orderment of the marriage-festival, and he made it so splendid a one, that the single bank-note of the heritage must have deeply felt the inroad. All the friends of the family were present ; and amongst them, the majority, at least of the gentlemen, were deficient in some prominent member of the body, from the nose to the right limb. But the defects of these friends of the veteran were honourably compensated by medals, and crosses, and other badges of renown. After dinner, an enormous cold tart, or pie, which Pierre publicly declared to be a new dish of his own invention, was produced with the dessert. All eyes were turned to the dish, the task of opening which fell to the pretty hands of the bride. Marie blushingly began to the duty, but her first incision fell upon a hard substance, which made her declare her father's fine dish to consist of something totally indivisible and indigestible. "Ah ha !" cried Pierre triumphantly, "cut it out !" Marie did so, and the company beheld a new red morocco pocket-book, well-stuffed, and marked in gilded letters with the words, "Four hundred and ninety-nine thousand francs."

Pierre roared with rapture and delight, as well he might. The sly old campaigner had thrown into the Seine nothing but the worthless old pocket-book !

Jules did not require his worthy father-in-law's laughter to tell him what meant the pocket-book in the pie. As soon as it was brought out, and the lettering read, the veteran's ruse was clear. Jules now enjoys his twenty-five thousand livres of rent, and loves his wife as much as if she had only brought him her heart for a-

dowry. As to his *scruples*, he now says he ought to have been glad to get Marie, although she had been a queen.

Jules is at this day a distinguished and honoured advocate.

Chambers's Journal.

For the Pearl.

QUACKERY A SCIENCE.

FREE TRANSLATION FROM THE ITALIAN OF GIUSEPPE DEOGHLIO.

No. 3.

There is an enlightened, educated, condition of mankind daily increasing in extent which is beyond the influence of the Quack,—that is, a condition in which the elements of quackery do not exist:—the progress of education is, therefore, dangerous to this science, and must in the end circumscribe its sphere,—if not obliterate it from the page of human knowledge;—fortunately, however, for the Quack, this era is not likely to arrive in the present day. And there is plenty of time still left for a few generations of successful quackings. In the meantime, it is the intent of the Quacks as a body to oppose the political movements of the school master;—in fact, he is the cancer which eats into the vitals of the quack constitution; nor will it be easy to find a panacea, how universal soever it may be, to remedy the evil. But my object is to prove the *being*—the *existence* of quackery, not to show its defects—itself must remedy its own disease. Let Quacks, however, not be *too* confident—their master Paracelsus made a very curious error in spite of *himself*—that is of the first of philosophers! It happened that he never for a moment doubted the life-eternizing influence of his elixir proprietatis—the question which troubled him was, how long he should render the continuance of life by it! This puzzled him a thousand times more than the discovery itself; indeed he so far forgot himself that he actually died whilst pondering over this most secondary consideration! Even here there is a purpose for the Quack to work on—a hint for him on both sides of the mouth.

I have now, I think, shown that the facts, data, elements, or whatever they may be called, are abundantly dispersed through the gradations of society to afford the most ample means for the formation of a science;—it may be shown that some other sciences have not half the materials for their foundation, yet are esteemed *ornaments* of our knowledge. To the Quack, therefore, we are indebted for the cultivation of this ground; and to his saving from utter waste and decay a mass of circumstances in the human character which are well deserving the attention of philosophy. How many things are useless that are only so for want of occupation?—what a mass of useless steam has passed off from tea kettles and been disregarded till machinery gave it occupation?—what useless rivers rolled to the sea till grist and saw-mills gave them occupation?—what useless whales roamed the ocean till lamp light gave them occupation?—what useless winds blustered round the spheres till ships and wind-mills gave them occupation?—and so of a thousand other apparently useless things;—and to perorate this illustration, how many credulities, prejudices, weaknesses, sillinesses, obliquities, contraries, obfuscatories of the human brain have not Quacks reclaimed by giving them occupation? *None but the Quack knows the extent of these under the instigations of ignorance or disease!* * * * *

"Parlatemi della Filosofia, e degli affari del tempo." The Quack with great tact and circumsception never permits a sense of etiquette, honor, or false pride, to interpose betwixt him and his business. He knows that the world is composed of elements peculiarly its own; and though made up of a most heterogeneous mixture of ideas and feelings; yet in spite of the many opposites of its composition a common character distinguishes it to some few peculiarities of which, he, with the plastic suavity of a most cunning and shrewd observer adapts himself. He is never disqualified by an education and training, which in many respects is foreign to the associations of the world—(for I must observe, that the Quack is not, like the Poet, born to his calling,—he *acquires* his profession from observation and experience, and is, therefore, a graft on the world, and not a growth of any primitive root of himself),—he studiously divests himself of all the unwieldy learning of the schools,—he permits no discipline to cramp his operations,—he indulges no reveries of a rich and flowing imagination to confound his success or reward,—he plainly pursues the path that is so broadly open before him, and he steadily goes forth with a countenance of unshaken resolution and confidence. Learning, manner, and affected superiority of caste, never embarrasses his progress or inflates him with the luring visions of a pompous standing in society: He draws his resources—his *conclusions* from the living mass of men, he mingles in its movements, familiarizes himself with its conceits and prejudices,—and so far from attempting to pause, or, to stem the current of life, he exerts every limb to hasten its course—perceiving that the faster it runs the more bubbles rise floating on the surface—the more eddies and whirlpools appear swelling around him,—and he skims the sparkling foaming element gaily gathering his wealth, his dulce decus, and his reward.

What though he thinks himself the cleverest fellow in the world, he does not indulge this idea, like gentlemen of the faculty, in conceited silence and reserve! He boldly tells the world that he is so. He addresses himself to acquaintances and strangers alike; for he very well knows that if but one in every hundred will take him at his own word his success will meet his expectation. Instead of permitting the world, therefore, to laugh at him in consequence of *his* vanity and infallible pretensions, he laughs outright in the very face of the world in consequence of his accurate estimate of the shallowness and ignorance of *its* character. Yet whilst enjoying himself thus, the luxurious pleasures of self-esteem never trouble him; his pleasures with admirable tact, like the good Samaritan's, are in pleasing others,—like one of his nostrums he is ready to do and accomplish any thing for any body—he knows perfectly with whom he deals, that he has to work upwards, and is, therefore, *above* nothing! The world is his rule, and he measures himself in every direction by its dimensions;—and nothing amuses him more than to see a stiff-necked disciple of Esculapius endeavouring with all his art and theoretical skill to take the dimensions of the world by those of himself,—as if he were by imperial act to be the gage of all that passes in his neighbour's house, his man servant, his maid, his ox, and his ass! Such folly—to use an appropriate phrase—is not to the piercing judgment of an experienced philosopher like the Quack. With *none* of that cumbrous load and burden of professional armour about him, he swims with vigour and buoyancy where the heavy disciplined Doctor sinks, like a blue pill, to the bottom. With a certain cast of his eye he tells the bystanders that the medical gentry are no match for him—

> With his powder, his plaster, and pill,
> He can cure every ache, every ill;
> With his newspaper paragraphs printing,
> He can cure you of stammer and squinting:
> He will take out your liver and lights—
> And make you complete in your tights!
>
> * * * *
>
> And make even the oldest grey gander,
> Look young gosling like in his wander!

It would be unjust to confine my observations to medical quacks solely, since there are clerical quacks, lawyer quacks, political quacks, mercantile quacks;—in short, almost every occupation has its quacks; they prevent vacua taking place, or, excess of pressure in society,—or, they may be likened unto safety-valves that let off a great deal of gas that might endanger life. * * *

The clerical has not as much of the tact of the medical Quack as the others, but none of them approach him in excellence and success. One word more of the philosophy of Quacks,—*they never consult each other, or swallow their own nostrums!*

I now conclude my observations on the Science of Quackery, for I presume by this time my readers concur with me in the views I have taken of this *genuine* subject. I hope, too, that all well read and professionally educated men will cease to condemn a pursuit imperatively called into existence by certain powerful conditions of the human family; as well may they undertake to censure the pursuits and habits of the *Mole* and *Pechichiago* for seeking their occupation and livelihood among worms and insects under ground, as blame the Quack for the course which nature and the world have combined in pointing out to him as the proper sphere of his industry and talents. *Certain circumstances will have certain demands—and the urgency of these will command the supply whatever their nature or their sphere may be.* When the culture of the mass of the world will have arived at that of the highest excellence of the present day, then quacking in a great measure will cease to engage the hopes, and longing hopes too, of the anxious invalid; till then, the learned must be content with me to look philosophically upon *Quackery as a Science.*

POETRY.

"I need not tell you," said Mr. Milnes, in a speech at the Anniversary Dinner of the Literary Fund last month, upon the occasion of his health being proposed in connection with the Poets of England—"I need not tell you what Poetry is; you all know what it is as well as I could tell you. It is the grandest and the simplest of all forms of literature. Poetry is the highest tree in the forest, and the smallest flower." Parliament and politics have not yet spoiled Mr. Milnes; and, although we do not much relish this comparison of poetry with a tall tree and a small flower, because it brings with it odd associations of certain arborical and floral curiosities that occasionally glare upon us in places where neither trees nor flowers have any business to be found, still there is a pith of profound truth in the passage, which, making due allowances for the *tournure* of an after-dinner speech, cannot be too strongly commended to the private thoughts of the great multitude, who have a vague notion that poetry is a mystery.

Truly has Milnes said, that they know as much about it as he could tell them. He could do no more, at best, than interpret emotions that are common to all mankind. He might find language for the thoughts and feelings; but the thoughts and feelings were there, whether he put them into words, or let them lie in darkness like the uncrystallized carbon. The mountains, and the forests, and the waters, and all sighs and sounds of created things, are full of poetry, from the remote stars sleeping in the pavilion of the clouds to the flowers in the depths of the invisible caverns of the sea; and all men understand this glorious poetry of nature in the degree of their individual sensibility, and according to the intensity of the circumstances by which that sensibility is influenced. To suppose that there is something in poetry which requires a philosophical or critical exposition, which is beyond or above the comprehension of the millions, something which cannot be felt until it is explained, is to mistake false enthusiasm for true—the pretence and finesse of Imitation for Art itself. Of a verity Poetry is as intelligible as light: if it be not intelligible, the defect is in the faculties of the poet, and not in the discernment of his audience.

Need we guard ourselves against being suspected of confounding Poetry and Metre—the Spirit and the Forms of Poetry? We believe the distinction is thoroughly understood by every body, if not in its strict elementary definitions, at least in its essential differences, and this is all that is wanted to keep poetry alive in the world as long as the world lasts. The various modes of poetry are adapted—as modes—to various classes of educated intelligence; and the epic, the lyric, the dramatic, and the pastoral, have each their fitting public. But whatever is good in them all—whatever has a relish of nature and of love in it—those little gleams of universal truth that grow up into household words and familiar types of every-day sensations, of practical experiences, and of the caprices that flit across the imagination between dreams and realities—those incidental fractions of verse, which are by far the most profound parts of poetry, because they are the closest to our sympathies—these are understood by masses of men to whom the mechanism of measure is a sealed enigma. There is no truth more entirely true than this, that the final test of poetry is the recognition by general suffrage, of its fidelity to the nature it reflects. The best poetry is the most popular—although popularity is sometimes, for different reasons, slow of progress, and sometimes transitory and capricious.

When people say they have "no taste for poetry," they really mean that they do not enjoy all kinds of verse they happen to meet; or that being sated or sickened by verbal processions and imagerial draperies, they do not care to go in search of poetry through similar tracks. Now it would help to increase the believers in the religion of poetry, if it could be shown to these self-doubters that they are all the time as much in love with it as their neighbours who make such an exhibition of their zeal, and such a fuss about the ceremonials of their faith. The people who do not read books of poetry, and who sincerely dislike such books (because they have never found any thing in those they have read to *touch* them), are nevertheless moved by a thousand influences that are essentially poetical, but of the existence or operations of which they have lived all their lives utterly unconscious! Are not these non-conductors of metrical lightnings sometimes fond of *gardens*, or of angling, or of *racing*, or of *children*, or of boating, or of long walks in the country, or of drawing, or of music, or of some one or some dozen other delights that fill up their spiritual being with exquisite sensations and escapes of happiness from the crash and turmoil of prosaic existence? Every one of these vents, out of which the spirit flutters into enjoyment, are entrances to the regions of poetry. The solitary angler who labours up a mountain stream, fishing, as a true angler ought to do, against the current, with the trees around him, and the clouds sailing overhead, and the low winds whispering in the reeds, and the multitudinous music of the birds and the waters occupying his ear with delicious murmurs, has that faculty of rapture in him which is the congenial recipient of poetry. The pleasure he feels is a pleasure he would be incapable of feeling had he no relish for poetry: the poetry enters his soul, subdues his turbulent passions, and spreads its religious calm over his whole nature. He is silent in the tangled solitude—he has no mind to break the stillness voiced with floating harmonies; and that tacit surrender of his spirit to the impressions of the scene and the effect of that very agency which he finds no communion with in books. Life is full of poetry—throughout all its affections, its distant points of similitude and agreements, its picturesque aspects, it mental associations, and that inner world of unspoken hopes, frustrated aspirations, unrequited tenderness, blighted or unrewarded love, griefs, regrets, projects, fancies, which are perpetually in action beneath the surface, welling up like springs in the centre of the earth, hidden but restless, supplying a principle of life which at once stimulates and wastes its energies. Who has not felt some of these struggles and fictions of the heart and the imagination? Who has not been conscious of the exaggerations of passion, the delusions, disappointments, and chaos of volition without power, of whole dramas of sentiment begun and ended like a reverie in the chambers of the brain? Depend upon it, every man living is capable of poetry; and, which is something more to the purpose, no man can help himself. He cannot, if he would, extricate himself from its enchantments. The spell is in the air, and he breathes it from morning till night.

But poetry as an Art is not this poetry of which we have been speaking, but a mighty agent to give it an intelligible shape,—to reduce it to harmonious outlines, and inform it with a universal language. This is the poetry of books, and whenever it is not as clear as the pellucid diamond it is naught. Now, for the ultimate end in view, it is perfectly immaterial whether this is done in prose or verse; but as the world has agreed that it is best done

in verse, for the sake of the play of fancy which that form peculiarly admits of (a sort of game of romps of the imagination through bars and wickets), so it is ordinarily understood that poetry comes out upon us in this mode and fashion of versification. Verse once adopted, there is no end of its fantastic varieties---the modifications being, as all the world knows, innumerable throughout past ages ; and, as all the world may reasonably conjecture, infinite in ages to come. Yet notwithstanding this inexhaustible capacity, in the production of forms, it is in poetry as in architecture, music, and painting,---a few striking kinds or classes have become gradually supreme over the confusion of a multitude ; and the assent of mankind seems to have recognized these, as containing within themselves all the Shapes of Verse that are essential to the expression of beauty, of power, thought, character, and the rest of the human and intellectual aims that are embraced by the Art throughout all its wide and diversified regions and influences.

The present period of time is said not to be poetical, and, no doubt, with truth in one sense. Steam and cast iron, and, above all, an active progress in the practical business of life, which at intervals shuts out the day dreams of the soul, have intercepted the frequent enjoyment, and still more the frequent production, of the higher kinds of poetry. But if we have less of the higher kinds, we have more of the central level of verse, between excellence and mediocrity (for there is nothing below mediocrity)---a sort of middle current, that runs on freshly and fluently ; while the upper stream seems to flow languidly, like a wave hushed in the still meridian. This sort of mid-living poetry is not much esteemed, because it falls short of those great examples which are within every body's reach ; and because men, when their judgments become educated in such lofty schools, often affect, in the very pride of their knowledge, to despise more than it deserves that which is confessedly inferior to the models with which they believe they possess a sort of exclusive acquaintance. But this is mere bigotry of the mind, and want of sympathy. It is not because the poems that come within the description to which we have referred are not equal to the elevation of the subjects they attempt that they do not contain a deep, a healthy germ of feeling, out of which high aspirations and noble tendencies flower, like sweet blossoms gushing into the air from a rich and warm soil ; it is not that the poet does not feel and long for that far-off and unrevealed glory which he vainly struggles after, but that he wants the power to give force and vitality to his emotions. But we are, nevertheless, required to note the amount of incapable enthusiasm, if we must so call it, that is thus for ever labouring in vain---the zeal that eats in upon itself---the passion that is nourished by its own heart---the energy blind in the depths of its action, and bringing out no visible signs of its strength, but a thousand tokens of a lost strenuousness working against despair ! These men are poets in their internal nature, in the mystery of their lives and toils, who, wanting the art to develope their desires, still struggle on in hope and demonstration. We would call old Christopher North to bear testimony to this, but that we are afraid he would break down in his evidence.---*Monthly Chronicle*

WATERLOO.

At five o'clock in the morning of the 18th of June, 1815, the English army arrived at its destined position, at the end of the forest of Soigny. It occupied a rising ground, having in its front a gentle declivity. The extremity of the right wing was stationed at Merbe Braine. The enclosed country and deep ravines round the village protected the right flank, and rendered it impossible for the enemy to turn it. In the centre of the right was a country-house called Hougoumont, or Goumont (*Le Chateau de Goumont.*) The house was loop-holed and strongly occupied ; the garden and orchard were lined with light troops, and the wood before the house was maintained by some companies of the guards. The front of the right was thrown back to avoid a ravine which would have exposed it, and was nearly at right angles with the centre. It consisted of the second and fourth English divisions, the third and sixth Hanoverians, and the first of the Netherlands, and was commanded by Lord Hill. The centre was composed of the corps of the Prince of Orange, supported by the Brunswick and Nassau regiments, with the guards under General Cooke on the right, and the divisions of General Alten on the left. In front was the farm of La Haye Sainte, which was occupied in great force. The road from Genappe to Brussels ran through the middle of the centre. The left wing, consisting of the divisions of Generals Picton, Lambert, and Kempt, extended to the left of La Haye, which it occupied, and the defiles of which protected the extremity of the left, and prevented it from being turned. The cavalry was principally posted in the rear of the left of the centre.

Separated by a valley varying from half to three-fourths of a mile in breadth, were other heights following the bending of those on which the British army was posted. The advanced guard of the French reached these heights in the evening of the 17th, and some skirmishes took place between the out-posts.

The night was dreadful. An incessant rain fell in torrents. The soldiers were up to their knees in mud, and many of them, particularly of the officers, who had not yet been able to change their ball dresses on leaving Brussels, laid themselves down on this comfortless bed, to rise no more. In the morning their limbs were stiffened by cold and wet, and they were unable to move. Few places could be found sufficiently free from mud to light a fire, and when the fire was lighted, the storm, which continued to pour pitilessly down, immediately extinguished it. Both armies equally suffered ; but the day soon broke, and the soldiers sprung on their feet eager for the combat.

If the night was terrible to the soldiers who were inured to the inclemency of the weather, it was far more dreadful to the wretched inhabitants of the villages in the rear of the French army. It had always been the policy of Napoleon at those critical times, when so much depended on the heroism of his troops, to relax the severity of his discipline, and to permit them to indulge in the most shameful excesses. They now abandoned themselves to more than usual atrocities. Every house was pillaged. The property which could not be carried away was wantonly destroyed, and the inhabitants fled in despair to the woods.

Notwithstanding the torrents of rain and the depth of the roads, Napoleon succeeded in bringing up his whole army, in the course of the night, and his numerous artillery, consisting of more than three hundred pieces. He had feared that the British would retire in the night, and when he saw them at the dawn of day occupying the position of the preceding evening, he could not contain his joy. "Ah !" he exclaimed, "I have them, then, these English."

A farmer, who lived near the house called Belle Alliance, was seized by the French, and carried to Napoleon, who, mounting him on horseback, tying him to the saddle, and giving the bridle into the hands of a trooper, compelled him to act as guide. Before any of the French troops were placed in the position which they were to occupy, Napoleon ascended a neighbouring eminence, and acquainted himself with every feature of the surrounding country. His inquisitiveness knew no bounds. Not an inequality of the ground, not an hedge escaped him. He was employed in this preparation during four or five hours, and every observation was carefully noted in a map, which he carried in his hand.

The ground occupied by the two armies was the smallest in extent of front, compared with the numbers engaged, in the recollection of military men. The English line did not extend more than a mile and a-half in length, and the French line about two miles. This will partly account for the unparalleled losses which each party sustained, and particularly for the destruction caused by the artillery.

About nine o'clock the rain began to abate, and at eleven the French were in full position, and ready to advance to the attack. The left wing was commanded by Jerome Buonaparte ; the centre by Generals Reilly and Erlon, and the right by Count Lobau. The imperial guard was in reserve. The French army consisted of eighty thousand men ; the Duke of Wellington had not more than sixty-five thousand. The French regiments were the very *élite* of the army ; but this was the first campaign which many of Wellington's troops had seen.---*London Mirror.*

LIBRARY OF CHELSEA HOSPITAL.

Within the walls of Chelsea Hospital there is an apartment, which, without possessing any attractive feature, either as to form or ornament, is yet well worth a moment's inspection by the intelligent visiter. It is the old men's library,---a pleasant and a comfortable chamber---set round here and there with bookcases and rendered as convenient as possible, by means of a strong cross-light, for the decayed powers of vision of those who frequent it. Four long tables, each flanked by its own forms, occupy the centre of the room, and are usually overspread with newspapers, magazines, and other materials of light reading ; while a blazing fire sheds in winter an air of comfort over the whole, to which no living man can be more alive than the pensioners. Then, again, there are half-a-dozen stout arm-chairs, rendered moveable by means of castors ; a cupboard into which the newspapers, when sufficiently thumbed, are stowed away ; a stiff horse-hair mat at the door, of which the students ere they enter are presumed to make use ; and patent wire blinds, which, covering the lower panes in each window, preserve for the little coterie, when assembled, their privacy. As to the ornamental portion of the furniture it is described in few words. A ceiling neatly whitewashed ; walls wainscotted to their full elevation ; a few engravings, such as represent London in the olden time ; good old George the Third, one of the best of England's monarchs ; a French grenadier, and the likeness of two well-known characters who have quitted this our stage only a few years,---these make up the sum total of what the hand of taste has accomplished for the edification and amusement of the Chelsea Pensioners : for, sooth to say, we are in this our land of liberty exceedingly neglectful of the humanizing influence of the arts ; else would this very chamber---or, possibly, some other both larger and more commodious erected for the purpose,---have long ago contained well-executed representations of the triumphs of British arms in all parts of the world.

The Pensioners' Library is under the immediate charge of one who appears not a little proud of his office. A fine old veteran he is ; slow of speech, and exceedingly methodical doubtless ; yet tender of the treasures which have been committed to his trust, and absent from his post never.

The old men's library, like more costly institutions of the sort is, of course, managed by rules ; but the rules are of the simplest and most comprehensive kind. The door stands open, not literally but metaphorically, from nine in the morning till four in the afternoon, so that all among the pensioners whose humours lead them in that direction may enter. Formerly tickets were issued, without production of one of which no man might reap the benefit of the institution ; but the practice was found to operate as a check upon the taste which more than all others ought to be encouraged in such a place, and it has been tacitly intermitted. Still, however, the books are fixtures, except under very peculiar circumstances. Nobody may carry a volume to his ward, for example, without written leave from the chaplain, and such leave is rarely granted except in sickness. The consequence is, that the reading-room can boast of a large and respectable occupancy all the year round. In summer, to be sure, the bright warm sun, and the balmy breezes, lure the old fellows abroad, and the quiet gardens, which were a few years ago prepared for them, and the little rustic temple, that looks down upon these gardens, become their favourite haunts ; but at other seasons the shelter of a roof, and the warmth of a snug fire-side, are found more congenial than any other position to the worn-out frames of our inmates. Accordingly, it is during the winter months,---that is, from October to the end of May,---that our library is best frequented. Moreover, there are certain periods in each day---the Lord's-day of course excepted---when our people usually congregate here ; and certain limits to their zeal in the search after knowledge. The visiter who may chance to look in upon them any time between half-past nine and half-past ten in the morning, is sure to find a dozen and a half or two dozen congregated together; while, by and by---in other words, from two till four---they generally meet again.

It is not, however, to be imagined that the old fellows frequent the reading-room for the mere purpose of holding converse either with the matured wisdom of the mighty dead, or with the crudities of the passing day. The reading-room is to them a place of pleasant rendezvous, where they gather themselves round the fire in little knots, and hold that sort of conversation which among old men who have mixed much with their kind is most in favour; for here we are not only garrulous but entertaining. We have all seen a good deal of the world ; we have had in our own persons, and witnessed in those of others, ups and downs innumerable, and our memories are stored with legends of the good and the bad, of the brave and the coward, of the youth and the maiden, of the true and the false-hearted.---*Bentley's Miscellany.*

YOUTH AND AGE.

We said to thee an hour ago---that youth is reverent, and age garrulous---but for garrulous read eloquent---else how could thou and thy like often come to listen---more than willingly---to our continuous discourse ? To-morrow thou art to leave town for a month.

Art thou going to the Highlands ? If so, 'tis well.---for another week they will be beginning to be beautiful---and by the end of May to leave them, in their perfection, will sadden the heart. In their perfection ! Ay---verily, even so---for the tenderness of Spring will then be blending with the boldness of Summer---while something will still be wanting to the strength of the year. And the joy of the soul is brightest in the fullness of hope, when the future is almost instant as the present, and the present tinged with a gentle rainbow-like resemblance of the past.

Would we were to be thy guide ! There---let us lean our left shoulder on thine---our right on THE CRUTCH. The time will come when thou wilt be ! Son of the Morning ! even like unto the shadow by thy side---Christopher North. No chamois hunter fleeter that once was he---Mont Blanc, speaks he not the truth ? If he be a vain-glorious boaster, give him the lie, Beney-Glow and thy Brotherhood---who heard our shouts---mixed with the red deer's belling---tossed back in exultation by Echo the omnipresent Auditress on youth's golden hills.

The world is all before thee---the world is all behind us ; hope is thy angel---memory is ours ; but both are considerate spirits---and they bid the young and the old, the joyful and the sorrowful---as thus we lean on one another---think that time is but the threshold of eternity and that the shadow may survive the light, on "this dim spot men call earth."

The central sun art thou of thine own bright world ! Ours is broken into fragments---and we are on the edge of an abyss. But once we were like thee, a victorious Echo---and illumined nature all around her farthest horizon with the bliss of our own soul. Fear, awe, and superstition were ministers to our imagination among the midnight mountains---in the dreadful blank we worshipped the thunder and adored the cataract---but joy was then our element ; peace now, 'tis time---and in spite of such visitations that made us quake and tremble, fresh is our spirit as a rising star, and strong as a flowing sea.---*Professor Wilson.*

RESIDENCE OF JONATHAN WILD,

THE CELEBRATED LONDON THIEF-TAKER, &C.

From "*Jack Sheppard*," a Tale by Mr. Ainsworth, editor of Bentley's Miscellany.

The thieftaker's residence was a large dismal-looking habitation, separated from the street by a flagged court-yard, and defended from general approach by an iron railing. Even in the daylight, it had a sombre and suspicious air, and seemed to slink back from the adjoining houses, as if afraid of their society. In the obscurity in which it was now seen, it looked like a prison, and, indeed, it was Jonathan's fancy to make it resemble one as much as possible. The windows were grated, the doors barred ; each room had the name as well as the appearance of a cell ; and the very porter who stood at the gate, habited like a gaoler, with his huge bunch of keys at his girdle, his forbidding countenance and surly demeanour seemed to be borrowed from Newgate. The clanking of chains, the grating of locks, and the rumbling of bolts must have been music in Jonathan's ears, so much pains did he take to subject himself to such sounds. The scanty furniture of the rooms corresponded with their dungeon-like aspect. The walls were bare, and painted in stone-colour ; the floors, devoid of carpet ; the beds, of hangings ; the windows, of blinds ; and, excepting in the thieftaker's own audience-chamber, there was not a chair or a table about the premises ; the place of these conveniences being elsewhere supplied by benches, and deal-boards laid across joint-stools. Great stone staircases leading no one knew whither, and long gloomy passages, impressed the occasional visiter with the idea that he was traversing a building of vast extent ; and, though this was not the case in reality, the deception was so cleverly contrived that it seldom failed of producing the intended effect. Scarcely any one entered Mr. Wild's dwelling without apprehension, or quitted it without satisfaction. More strange stories were told of it than of any other house in London. The garrets were said to be tenanted by coiners, and artists employed in altering watches and jewelry ; the cellars to be used as a magazine for stolen goods. By some it was affirmed that a subterranean communication existed between the thieftaker's abode and Newgate, by means of which he was enabled to maintain a secret correspondence with the imprisoned felons : by others, that an underground passage led to extensive vaults, where such malefactors as he chose to screen from justice might lie concealed till the danger was blown over. Nothing, in short, was too extravagant to be related of it ; and Jonathan, who delighted in investing himself and his residence with mystery, encouraged, and perhaps originated, these marvellous tales. However this may be, such was the ill report of the place that few passed along the Old Bailey without bestowing a glance of fearful curiosity at its dingy walls, and wondering what was going on inside them ; while fewer still, of those who paused at the door, read, without some internal trepidation, the formidable name—inscribed in large letters on its bright brass-plate—of JONATHAN WILD.

Arrived at his habitation, Jonathan knocked in a peculiar manner at the door, which was instantly opened by the grim-visaged porter just alluded to. No sooner had Trenchard crossed the threshold than a fierce barking was heard at the farther extremity of the passage, and, the next moment, a couple of mastiffs of the largest size rushed furiously towards him. The knight stood upon his defence ; but he would unquestionably have been torn in pieces by the savage hounds, if a shower of oaths, seconded by a vigorous application of kicks and blows from their master, had not driven them growling off. Apologizing to Sir Rowland for this unpleasant reception, and swearing lustily at his servant for occasioning it by leaving the dogs at liberty, Jonathan ordered the man to light them to the audience-room. The command was sullenly obeyed, for the fellow did not appear to relish the rating. Ascending the stairs, and conducting them along a sombre gallery, in which Trenchard noticed that every door was painted black, and numbered, he stopped at the entrance of a chamber ; and, selecting a key from the bunch at his girdle, unlocked it. Following his guide, Sir Rowland found himself in a large and lofty apartment, the extent of which he could not entirely discern until lights were set upon the table. He then looked around him with some curiosity ; and, as the thieftaker was occupied in giving directions to his attendant in an undertone, ample leisure was allowed him for investigation. At the first glance, he imagined he must have stumbled upon a museum of rarities, there were so many glass cases, so many open cabinets ranged against the wall ; but the next convinced him that if Jonathan was a virtuoso, his tastes did not run in the ordinary channels. Trenchard was tempted to examine the contents of some of these cases, but a closer inspection made him recoil from them in disgust. In the one he approached was gathered together a vast assortment of weapons, each of which, as appeared from the ticket attached to it, had been used as an instrument of destruction, and every jibbet at Tyburn and Hounslow appeared to have been plundered of its charnel spoil to enrich the adjoining cabinet, so well was it stored with skulls and bones, all purporting to be the relics of highwaymen famous in their day. Halters, each of which had fulfilled its destiny, formed the attraction of the next compartment ; while a fourth was occupied by an array of implements of housebreaking almost innumerable, and utterly indescribable. All these interesting objects were carefully arranged, classed, and, as we have said, labelled by the thieftaker.

From this singular collection Trenchard turned to regard its possessor, who was standing at a little distance from him, still engaged in earnest discourse with his attendant, and, as he contemplated his ruthless countenance, on which duplicity and malignity had set their strongest seals, he could not help calling to mind all he had heard of Jonathan's perfidiousness to his employers, and deeply regretting that he had placed himself in the power of so unscrupulous a miscreant.

Jonathan Wild, at this time, was on the high-road to the greatness which he subsequently, and not long afterwards, obtained. He was fast rising to an eminence that no one of his nefarious profession ever reached before him, nor, it is be hoped, will ever reach again. He was the Napoleon of knavery, and established an uncontrolled empire over all the practitioners of crime. This was no light conquest ; nor was it a government easily maintained. Resolution, severity, subtlety, were required for it ; and these were qualities which Jonathan possessed in an extraordinary degree. The danger or difficulty of an exploit never appalled him. What his head conceived his hand executed. Professing to stand between the robber and the robbed, he himself plundered both. He it was who formed the grand design of a rogue's corporation, of which he should be the sole head and director, with the right of delivering those who concealed their booty, or refused to share it with him, to the gallows. He divided London into districts, appointed a gang to each district, and a leader to each gang, whom he held responsible to himself. The country was partitioned in a similar manner. Those whom he retained about his person, or placed in offices of trust, were for the most part convicted felons, who, having returned from transportation before their term had expired, constituted, in his opinion, the safest agents, inasmuch as they could neither be legal evidences against him, nor withhold any portion of the spoil of which he chose to deprive them. But the crowning glory of Jonathan, that which raised him above all his predecessors in iniquity, and clothed his name with undying notoriety—was to come. When in the plenitude of his power, he commenced a terrible trade, till then unknown—namely, a traffic in human blood. This he carried on by procuring witnesses to swear away the lives of those persons who had incurred his displeasure, or whom it might be necessary to remove.

No wonder that Trenchard, as he gazed at this fearful being, should have some misgivings cross him.

Apparently, Jonathan perceived he was an object of scrutiny ; for, hastily dismissing his attendant, he walked towards the knight.

THE COLLEGE PROCTOR.

From "Vincent Eden," Bentley's Miscellany.

Few were the weeks that the Reverend Burnaby had been in office, and those moreover in the vacation time ; yet, few as they were, they had amply sufficed to convince him that that office was by no means a sinecure (the only situation, perhaps, for which either by nature or education the reverend gentleman was exactly qualified.) Ever and anon, as he cast his eyes upon the proctorial velvet suspended over the door, some fresh source of annoyance, either in the way of reminiscence or anticipation, seemed to strike him, and a fresh shade of horror to pass over his substantial face. Growing wearied at last, however, of these ill-arranged and indefinite speculations on the miseries of his official situation, the Reverend Burnaby betook himself to arithmetic, and went off into the following ingenious calculation, by means of a sum in the Double Rule of Three. viz. :—Supposing that the running after fifty young men, stopping up in the vacation, takes seven pounds out of a man's weight in one month, how many pounds will the running after twelve hundred take out of it in a year ? Arithmetic, however, being a branch of knowledge which (among others) had been rather overlooked in the course of the Reverend Burnaby's education, he soon gave the investigation up as a bad job, and relapsed for a while into his former musings.

"And, as if I had'nt got enough to do already," suddenly ejaculated he, kicking at the same time from under him the chair which supported his feet, and laying violent hands upon a large packet of manuscripts which were lying beside him on the table,—"as if I had'nt got enough to do already, what with hat-hunting and house-searching, and one thing or another, in all lights and all weathers, why, they must needs send me this cargo of nonsense to read through. I wonder what makes men write for prizes. I don't see why they should. I never did."

So saying, the reverend gentleman caught up one of the manuscripts, which were no less than the essays and poems destined to compete for the annual prizes, and prepared somewhat pettishly to peruse it.

"I don't suppose, after all," said he, as he replaced his legs on the lately discarded chair,—"I don't suppose, after all, that my opinion 's good for much. I wish the other examiners would settle it among themselves. It would save me a world of trouble—that it would."

This remark being, like many others which people are in the habit of making, exceedingly true, but nothing to the purpose, the Reverend Burnaby was proceeding with his perusal, when he was interrupted by a timid tap at the door, to which he immediately advanced, took down his gown from the peg, put it on, with an extra frown to correspond, buttoned his waistcoat, and struck terror to the soul of the visiter by a ferocious "Come in !"

"Oh," said he, as a submissive-looking undergratuate obeyed the summons,—"oh—ah—yes—Mr. Fluke, of —— Church, I believe."

The Reverend Burnaby had a very bad memory, by the by; and, by a consequence not unfrequent in the moral world, piqued himself exceedingly on it.

"No, sir," stammered the undergraduate ; "Mr. Stifles, of Pembroke."

"Oh—ah--yes," said the Proctor,—"yes—Mr. Stifles, of Pembroke. Mr. Stifles of Pembroke, you were tying two cows' tails together during the hours of Divine service yesterday."

"No, sir," said the astonished Stifles, who was a very quiet and orderly young man, but had been caught by the Proctor returning in his hat from a walk,—"no, sir ; indeed I was at church, and—"

"Not tying two cows' tails together ?" said the Reverend Burnaby. "Why, the farmer came to complain last night."

"It was'nt me, sir, indeed," meekly rejoined Stifles. "It was for wearing a hat you told me to call on you."

"Oh—ah—yes," said the Proctor, who had meanwhile consulted his black book, and found the account true,—"here it is. Mr. Stifles—hat in High Street—said he'd come from a walk—did'nt believe him. Yes. Mr. Stifles, a hundred lines of Homer. Bring 'em to me to-morrow morning. Good day."

"I thought we might wear hats out walking, sir," expostulated the retreating Stifles.

"You may wear anything you please out walking, sir," said the Proctor ; "but you mus'nt wear anything but a cap and gown either going out or coming in to the town. If you like to keep a hat at a cottage outside the town, and pull your cap and gown off there, and put them on as you come back, I've no objection. A hundred lines of Homer, Mr. Stifles. Good morning."

As Mr. Stifles retreated, the Reverend Burnaby composed himself once more to the attentive consideration of the manuscript which he had resumed, and which consisted of about two hundred and fifty lines of English rhyme, written out very neatly on gilt-edged paper, with a very large margin, which looked as if it had been left open on purpose for each individual of the five examiners to write his own private and peculiar panegyrics upon the beauty of any particular passage which might happen to strike his fancy. It was bound, moreover, in a very neatly-stitched, blue, satin-paper cover, (evidently the work of some young lady unknown, who was interested in its success—terrible flirts these young poets are—) and being distinguished by the delicate and chivalrous motto of "All for love," presented altogether such a gay and pretty appearance, that it really seemed as if it meant not only to get the prize, but by its cheerful looks to express, moreover, the gratitude which it felt to the examiners for the honour afterwards.

"Here she is again !" suddenly roared the Reverend Burnaby, in the tone of a man who has just hooked an enormous fish,—"here she is again—that eternal moon ! Stars, too !" shouted he, after another couplet. "Oh ! this will never do. I don't know how it is," said the Reverend gentleman, after a short pause, "I don't know how it is, but somehow or other all the Latin poems began with *Ergo*, or *'Audin*,' or *Jamdudum*, or some stick-jaw word of that sort, and ended with *Cœlum*, or something in the religious line ; and now all the English ones seem to open with the moon—ah—and then the young man compares the moon to his own pale face, eh ?—and so gets up a little private interest on his own account—and then a touch at the planets, eh ?—just as if he was a sucking astronomer—lunatic I should call him—never mind. Well, and then a little about the subject, perhaps, and a sly hit or two at patriotism—ah—and then woman's love, of course—kiss and bliss, eh ?—and so wind up with heaven. Well, I suppose it's all right. My opinion isn t worth much. I never wrote poetry,—except," added he, "those lines I wrote at school to the young woman across the counter at the pastry cook's,—and perhaps they could hardly be called poetry." Perhaps they could not—meanwhile the Reverend Burnaby resumed his labours.

"I'm not so sure that it is all right, though," exclaimed he presently, as if a new idea had struck him. "How come young men to write such a lot about the moon, unless they're always out at night looking at her---eh ? Ah !—Morality before poetry, any day in the week. I sha'n't vote for any poem with a moon in it getting the prize. Ah ! I forgot, though," added he, looking rather disappointed ; "they might have seen her out of the window,—or in vacation time either, for the matter of that—yes."

Another interruption now took place, caused by the arrival of the atrocious criminal and real cow-connector during Divine service, Mr. Fluke, of ——— Church, to whom the Proctor forthwith began to read a long lecture concerning cruelty to animals.

From Monthly Chronicle.

SCULPTURE IN ENGLAND.

Was there ever a period in the history of English art which promised a bright day to native sculpture? It was to perpetuate an affirmative answer to this question that Lady Chapel, at St. Peter's Abbey, Westminster, which contains the shrine of Henry VII.'s tomb, was erected at the beginning of the sixteenth, and has been suffered to exist till nearly the middle of the nineteenth century. For the previous 400 years the arts of writing and illumination, of carving and tapestry, of painting and sculpture, had been systematically and liberally encouraged and successfully cultivated in England. The twelfth century had hardly closed when the magnificent and tasteful sculptures which still adorn the west front of the cathedral of Wells were executed by native artists. At that time the cathedral of Amiens, the home of French sculpture, and the cathedral of Orvieto, the pride of Italy, had no existence. Cimabue, the restorer of painting, was hardly out of his cradle, and Nicolas of Pisa had but commenced the practice of an art in which his Tomb of St. Dominic, at Bologna, has rendered him so celebrated. The sculpture of Egypt existed 1000 years in a state of progressive advancement, and from the dawning of art in Greece until it was engulphed in Rome, a period of 900 years was allowed for the gradual development of the sculptor's power. What hopes, then, might not have been entertained of English art, had the three periods, of which the first began with Wells and ended with Westminster, been suffered to elapse without interruption, and in the continued practice and encouragement of statuary?

It must be conceded that the love of high art is not native, nor has it ever been, perhaps, the passion of this people. The works of the Britons in imitation of Roman art, even in columns and tessellated pavements, are poor in design, and of no high character in execution; but it must be remembered that the school existed little more than 200 years: for a century at the beginning and end of the establishment of the Roman period in England, is not too much to allow for an entire absence of British co-operation, above the line of mere labour. The statues and enriched altars of that period are barbarous, and are often hardly distinguishable from the rude effigies of the Saxons in the tenth and the Normans in the eleventh century; but the rapid progress of a taste for Roman refinements, and the general diffusion of imitative art—of temples, and baths, and altars, and edifices of various character—is remarkable, when contrasted with the torpor of Egypt when the Ptolemies fell, the apathy of Greece when absorbed in Rome, and the deathful repose of Italy after the inburst of the Barbarians. We must not forget either that the teachers of art to the Britons were not professors, but legionary soldiers, ill instructed, and incapable of inculcating, by their coarse practice, the principles of art. These things considered, and allowing for a burial under the earth for upwards of fourteen centuries, the rude efforts of the British sculptor are very wonderful works indeed. They have been found in greatest quantity in the Roman province of Valentia, along the line of the Roman wall, and probably the most important collection of these works is to be found in the museum of the Antiquarian Society of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

They were all foreigners who ministered to the taste and pride of the Saxon prelates; they were skilled in architecture, but their use of sculpture was limited and impure. The British converts to Christianity were content to wonder at the creations of art, and gazed with mingled awe and indifference on the remains of Roman art, on the works of the foreigners, who adorned their churches, and on the taste and skill of the Normans, who used them slavishly in the formation of their great works. Yet the strangely sculptured obelisk, called Sweno's Stone, near Elgin, and the richly carved monumental stones near Brechin, and at Meigle, are probably of this period.

From the Third to the Eighth Henry, however, was the period of English sculpture, and the profusion of statues which existed just before the Reformation can hardly be believed. Edifices, domestic and ecclesiastical, were adorned with them, and with them were the way-side shrine and frequent cross enriched. Many thousands remain to this day. There are more statues in Henry VII.'s chapel, the produce of one period, than had been produced in all England, during the last twenty-five years. It was in 1533 that Henry VIII. ordered the removal from the churches of all images which had been worshipped, or to which idle pilgrimages had been made; and in 1541 the Duke of Somerset commanded all statues or pictures, and "images," to be thrown down and destroyed, without distinction; but, even in 1650, the work of desolation was far from complete; for then the puritan council commanded the destruction of the crosses, the greatest ornaments of England at the period; and, notwithstanding the wide-spread rage of destruction, the freedom granted to every man to destroy or take away, the positive commands of authority to waste and spare not, and although this iconoclastic spirit had been maintained for upwards of 100 years, thousands of statues still survive the indiscriminating persecution and the blind rage of destruction to which all the works of art were subjected. What then must have been their multitude? and, as we have a right to suppose that the most idolized were the most celebrated, and at least, in all probability, the best wrought; and, as these were certainly the first destroyed; how able must have been the English chisel, when the works we now so much admire were, of course, vastly inferior to those which, on account of that very superiority, perished in the first assault!

As no great good is unaccompanied by evil, so the light of the Reformation was greatly darkened by this barbarous crusade against all that was great in art. The statuist fled to countries where his humanising craft was not proscribed, and foreign lands now taunt England with the works of her banished children. The appeal to reason had overthrown the empire of the imagination, and the affections were chilled in the process. It is to be regretted that a waste of the accumulation of years, and a check to the progress of the fine arts, such as they may never recover, were the result.

It is true that the sculpture of that day was not the great—the abstract—the ideal. Portraits of kings, and queens, and saints, and celestial or infernal personages, the telling of a tale, or the unfolding of an allegory, were the subjects most in use. Yet it was so with the ancients also. History and mythology were the elements of the arts. The heathen temple and the Christian church were consecrated to similar ideas on similar principles; and the architecture, and sculpture, and painting, which adorned them, differed only in their degree of cultivation, in the circumstances of climate, and the greater or less civilisation of the people. The remains of the fifteenth century, if studied with a liberal spirit, and the due allowance made, will bear comparison with what is left of Greece and Rome. The chaste severity and clear understanding of the antique, founded on a more perfect science and a more wisely directed study of nature, would be sought in vain among the great works of the West in the middle age; but the latter are equally true to their destined purpose, and not less productive of their intended effect. Their principles, although less pure, are equally well understood, and no less rigidly applied: and in variety and profusion, and the magnificence of combination and contrast, they excel. The progress of sculpture in England was interrupted just when it began to aspire after excellence, and when it had attained the first step in the progress to perfection. As anatomy and geometry began to be studied, and experimental science diffused, the mechanical excellence and the poetic imagination of our sculptors would have been directed to the perfection of form, and with critical knowledge would have come purer taste and more correct judgment, and a Banks and a Flaxman would have found all prepared that they had to create for themselves. The Rysbachs and Roubilliacs, who engrossed the little employment offered in England to the sculptor from the Reformation to civil war, were unequal to our own Cibber; and nothing worth the name of art, either foreign or domestic, was produced among us till Banks, the first fruits of the Royal Academy, having escaped the vitiated taste of the then prevailing school of Bernini and Puget, drank at the pure fountain of Michael Angelo; and, although ungifted with great genius, produced works of classic taste and fine feeling, such as may be said to have begun the restoration of art in England. Flaxman was incomparably his superior. The Shield of Achilles, at the British Museum—the Venus and Cupid, at Mr. Knight's, in Portland Place—the Fury of Athamas, at Ickworth House, Suffolk—his Cephalus and Aurora, at Mr. Hope's—and, above all these, Michael and Satan, at Petworth,—have secured to his fame an immortality, which the patient industry, indomitable energy, simplicity, and benevolence, that set off in their true light his great talents, eminently deserve. Flaxman did not scorn to be employed by Wedgewood in suggesting forms for his various vessels of earthenware—a truly classic occupation. He served the princely merchants trading to the East Indies, and found in them tasteful and liberal patrons; the nobles failed not in some degree, although certainly not to the due extent, to enrich their mansions with his works; and, at the latter end of his career, the royal favor promised him a wider field of exertion, and a nobler foundation for his well-earned fame; but the nation and the government, as bodies, were alike indifferent to his talents or the glory of encouraging them; and the people possess none of his works, except his monuments in the churches. Among these, the most remarkable are the monuments of Nelson, Howe, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, in St. Paul's; of Lord Mansfield and John Kemble, in Westminster Abbey. Had England possessed a Pericles, she might in her Flaxman have found a Phidias: but George III. had no idea of sculpture; and his successor, though well-inclined towards the arts, from his munificent and somewhat fastidious spirit, was miserably devoid of taste. In his reign much was done and spent; and had equal pains been taken to do well and lay out wisely, architecture and sculpture would have advanced indeed. To work for St. Paul's, in memory of the heroes of his country, was now the privilege of the English sculptor; but opportunity and inspiration were controlled by narrow views and limited means: few works possessing a character of true greatness are found within those walls. The real cause of this failure was, perhaps, the absence of all foresight and confidence on the part of those at whose disposal were the national monuments. Had such a man as Flaxman been engaged to form a grand plan which should be gradually carried out, for the adornment of St. Paul's, and the commemoration of the war and our victories, the pettiness and absurdities which degrade both might have been avoided. Had not the Capella Sistini been placed at the disposal of Michael Angelo, that boast of modern art would never have existed: but example is lost upon us. The absence of any ædile power—the want, perhaps of a minister of public works in England, prevents in great measure, the development of any grand idea. What we resolve to do is done at once by individual means: and, the steady pursuit—for long years, and under changing government—of one established plan, either in architecture or the sister arts, is barely known. Lately, a better spirit has arisen in street architecture, which will doubtless have its effect on sculpture; but, to insure the accomplishment of any great work, the supremacy of one directing mind must never be disputed. Had Sir Christopher Wren been allowed to carry out his plan of improvements in the city,—and, still more, had he lived later with that power, every year adding its portion to the pre-arranged work, and every new erection happily subordinate to the general effect,—the many pleasing parts would have tended to one magnificent whole, which would now have been developing its beauty.

To be continued.

STORMING OF SERINGAPATAM.

DEATH OF TIPPOO SAIB.

From Sir James Alexander's Life of the Duke of Wellington.

The breaching battery, on the morning of the 30th, was opened on the bastion. Upon the 2nd of May, another battery was established, in spite of the enemy's fire, and played upon the curtain to its right. Both with the supporting battery, kept up a terrific cannonade, the thunder of which reverberated loudly among the hills, and seemed to shake both the fortress and the camp, as the shock fell heavily upon the walls; and, as if to render the effect complete, as described by an eye-witness, a magazine of rockets suddenly blew up in the fort, sending the fiery devastation far and wide. Volumes of flames, bursting with the loud crash, pierced high into the sky, instantly illuminating the before darkened heavens, and shooting their forked lightnings through the war-clouded air. Upon the 3d of May a practicable breach was at length announced, in the *fausse braye* wall, and on the night of the third, the main rampart became a heap, presenting only a yawning ruin. On the morning of the 4th the troops destined for the storm were placed in the trenches before daylight, and all continued silent for some time within the city. The hour fixed upon for the assault was during that sultry, overpowering heat of the afternoon, when repose becomes almost a necessity, and the extreme lassitude, peculiar to the climate, creeps over all the senses. Scaling ladders and all other materials for the assault had been early provided for; the heat became intense, a slumberous silence hung upon the massy walls of the fortress, and a stillness, no less awful was preserved in the trenches. It was at this moment that the brave Sir D. Baird, addressing the men he was leading to the storm, cried, "*Now, brave fellows, follow* me, and prove yourselves worthy the name of British soldiers!" A sudden rush from the trenches broke the pervading calm; it was that of the forlorn hope as it hastened forward to open the way, followed with equal alacrity by the column destined for its support. The width and rocky channel of the Cauvery, its exposure to a hot fire, the imperfect breach, added to the strength of the place and the courage and skill of its defenders, presented obstacles, such as only the force and courage of his men could have justified an able commander in attempting to overcome. But, regardless of a tremendous fire, the troops, rushing through the bed of the river, reached the opposite bank, and in less than ten minutes the British colours were planted on the summit of the breach. In a few more, it was thronged with men, who, filing off right and left, by General Baird's directions, entered upon the ramparts. In fact, the fortress was won. Meantime, Tippoo Sultan had displayed greater valor and resolution than skill. He had neglected to cut a trench so as to insulate the angle of the fort in which the breach had been effected, and the ramparts were soon cleared.

That morning he had risen early, as usual, and went to visit the outer rampart, from which he could observe what was passing on both sides. There he remained till noon, when he took his customary repast under a pandal or awning. Having left strict orders with Meer Goffar, a favourite officer, to keep a strict guard, he had scarcely left the spot before he was informed that Meer Goffar was killed by a cannon ball. "Well," he replied, "Meer Goffar was never afraid of death;" and directing his attendants to load his carbines, he instantly ordered the troops under arms. Hastening towards the breach, he met his troops in flight, and saw the van of the assailants scaling the walls. He tried to rally the fugitives, both by his voice and example, repeatedly firing on the troops as they mounted the breach. Almost alone, he retreated to the north ramparts, where surrounded by numbers of his bravest troops, he continued to dispute the traverses one after another, assisted by the enfilading fire from

the inner walls. The assailants were compelled to halt, until the 12th crossing the inner ditch took him in flank; and he retreated, fighting towards the gate of the inner fort.

Here he mounted his horse; and the British pressing on, he made for the gate, followed by his palanquin, and a number of officers and troops. Here he received a musket ball in the right side, but still he kept his seat till he was stopped half way through the arch, where he was struck by a second ball, close to the other. His horse being also wounded sunk under him, and his turban fell to the ground. He was raised up by his officers, now fast falling around him, and placed in his palanquin, where he lay exhausted; till, the Europeans rushing in, one of the soldiers seized the Sultan's sword-belt, which was very rich, and attempted to pull it off. Roused at the indignity, the offended monarch made a cut at the soldier, whom he wounded in the knee, and at the same instant was himself shot through the head. He instantly expired, where he lay surrounded by heaps of the dying and the dead. Major Allan was the first to summon the palace, which surrendered after a brief parley: Gen. Baird was already at its gates. The sons of Tippoo were brought into his presence: terror was impressed upon their features; and they had not yet heard of their father's death. They knew the sufferings which Gen. Baird, when a prisoner, had undergone, and that several Europeans, taken during the seige, had been put to death. Yet the just indignation of their conqueror gave way to milder feelings as he beheld them trembling before him, with their eyes bent in tears upon the ground. He at once soothed their fears, assured them of their safety, and bade them rely on the promises of protection which he had given. General Baird now proceeded to the northern gateway, where he was informed that the Sultan had fallen. When the body was first recognized amidst heaps of slain, the eyes were opened and it was so warm, that Colonel Wellesley, who was already on the spot, was doubtful whether he did not still breathe; his countenance was in no way disturbed, but wore an appearance of a fearless calm. His turban, jacket and sword belt were gone: and an officer who was present, with the leave of General Baird, tore off from his right arm the talisman, which contained, sewed up in pieces of fine flowered silk, an amulet, and some magical characters written in Arabic and Persian. The body was placed in the palanquin, and conveyed to the court of the palace—whence he had only that morning issued—still the Sultan of the Mysore.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 26, 1839.

NEW PUBLICATION.—We have much pleasure in announcing the appearance of a Memoir of the Rev. William Black, by the Rev. Matthew Richey. Beside the interest attached to Biography, and particularly where Biography is made the vehicle of conveying generally interesting information, and of inculcating principles of morality and religion, as in the present case,—this work has peculiar interest in Nova Scotia, from the subject, and the writer, being extensively known and respected in the Province. Mr. Richey was for some years stationed here, as Wesleyan Minister, and was not more thought of for his eloquence in the pulpit, than for his urbanity in private life. He removed from Halifax in 1835, and became the Principal of the U. Canada Academy.

The Rev. Wm. Black (who has been styled the Father of Methodism in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick,) was born, as the work informs us, at Huddersfield, Yorkshire, England, in the year 1760. His father visited Nova Scotia in 1774, purchased land at Amherst, Cumberland, and removed with his family in the ensuing spring. In 1781, Mr. Black, the subject of the Memoir, devoted himself to the ministry, in connection with the Wesleyan Methodist church. In February 1784 he was united in marriage, to Miss Gay, of Cumberland,—a lady, who, as Mrs. Black, became celebrated for the many estimable qualities which marked her character. Mr. Black departed this life, in September 1834, seven years after the decease of his wife, before mentioned.

The narration of this volume is interspersed with many extracts from journals, and letters, which impart much vividness to the work,—and almost every chapter, is enriched with introductory remarks by the learned Biographer. In the words of the title page, it includes "an account of the rise and progress of Methodism in Nova Scotia," and "characteristic notices of several individuals, with copious extracts from the unpublished correspondence of the Rev. John Wesley, Rev. Dr. Coke, Rev. F. Garrettson," and others. This is a valuable addition to our provincial stock of literature and knowledge; it combines much of an historical character, with personal sketches, and will, no doubt, be acceptable generally, to the reading public,—but, in a peculiar manner, to the Society for whose use it is more immediately intended.

MUSIC.—As a part of general education, vocal Music has, of late years, or perhaps within a year or two, attracted much attention, in communities where what are called the embellishments of life, receive their due share of notice. A few years ago the common opinion was, that singers were born with the gift of song,—that but a few enjoyed the beneficence of nature, in this respect,—and that it was a mere luxury which the luxurious only need care about. A more philosophic view now prevails: It has been demonstrated that nearly all, if not all, possessed of the common faculties, have capabilities for vocal music, and that it is as much an essential of education, as many matters which none possessed of competency think of neglecting.

A work, entitled "First Lessons in Singing, and the Notation of Music," which is dated London, 1838, says "the time is not far distant when we may fairly presume the study of vocal Music will be universally introduced in schools, as one of the means of effecting the object proposed by a good education." After some remarks on the prevalence of such education on the continent of Europe, and of the success which has attended its introduction into English Infant Schools, the work urges, that Music should be made a means of enjoyment to all classes,—that vocal Music is superior to any instrumental,—that its tendency is to wean the mind from vicious and sensual indulgences,—that enjoyment, of some kind, is necessary for all, and that Music, as an enjoyment, should be generally provided,—that Music is peculiarly a home amusement, amateurs preferring the Music in which they can bear a part, to much better performances by regular performers,—that Music has been found an antidote to intemperance in Germany,—that it soothes the mind, and requires cheerful and innocent feelings,—that Music should be made subservient to moral and religious sentiment,—and that singing conduces to a healthful state of the lungs and other parts of the physical organization. These views are also urged, and directions at greater length given, in a Manual of Vocal Music, by Lowel Mason, Professor of the Boston Academy of Music,—a work dated, Boston, 1839. These are pleasing indications of the progress which this department has made, and of what may yet be expected. Under proper regulations, singing would be an acquisition to young persons, scarcely second to any of the parts of education, of the more ornamental character. The difficulty with many, may be, fit teachers of the art; but once let a taste be contracted in a community, and teachers will not be absent; on the other hand, if the value of vocal Music were properly appreciated, teachers would find no deficiency of pupils.

We observed an advertisement, some weeks ago, which offered the advantages of instruction in this department, on very low terms, to the youth of Halifax. The name of Mr. A Morton was attached to the announcement alluded to, and we have every reason to believe, that for scientific acquaintance, for industry, and for zeal, he is a teacher in whom the guardians of youth may repose every confidence.

Beside all the inducements to vocal Music, which have been alluded to, it may be said, that the embellishment, taught scientifically, like any other science, becomes a generally improving training for the mind,—that it considerably extends the sphere of knowledge,—that it gives learning often found useful in general reading and in society,—that it imparts becoming confidence,—and that it is a very efficient introduction to much of the beauties of English verse, and to many sentiments, of the greatest value: always providing, that profanity should not be allowed to turn the blessing into a curse, as *abuse* may change to an evil any material whose *use* would be highly beneficial.

POETRY AND MATHEMATICS.—Some lines which came to hand in a New Brunswick paper, of the past week, exhibit how little affinity sometimes exists between the exact sciences, as they are called, and those which relate to the imagination, and the sense of melody and harmony. A solver of geometrical difficulties, in a number of lines, intended for verse, but most lamentably out of measure, after reflections on Athens, New Brunswick, and Plato, thus introduces his difficulty, and its solution:

> "Kind artists, then, declare I pray,
> How a Right Line be drawn there may
> From the centre of the less side,
> That its position you may find,
> Which will give an equal divide,
> Being a question long required.
> It's an eight years' contention
> Between two good humble christians.
> On the Nashwaak, you're sure to find
> The description below subjoined."

If matters in literature are pleasing which ever extreme they run into,—the good or the bad,—and if it is mediocrity only which is hateful to "gods and men," then is the above, which sinks into the profound of erroneous composition, a very bearable specimen. The transposition in the second line,—"be drawn there may" is worthy of notice,—this however, is a grace more common to poets, than the perspicuity which distinguishes mathematics. The jumble of sense and sound, which follows, is unusually happy. How complacently the line-maker writes of the "two humble christians on the Nashwaak," who had an eight years' contention about his problem,—and places, as rhymes, *find*, and *required*,—*contention* and *christians*. He must have been sadly smitten with the love of song, when he broke his prose up in this manner, that it might look poetic. It is a rich instance of the devotion paid to verbal harmony, by some who are as innocent of placing words harmoniously, as the millstone is of dancing a minuet, although it is continually performing evolutions,

COINING.—Our American neighbours, are apt at word-coining, as the terms, Locofooses,—Teetotalers,—Whole-hog-goers, and a host of as sonorous words, unknown to Johnson, prove. The latest of this mint, that we have seen, is the term Cocoonery, to designate a place where the articles called cocoons, are manufactured by silk worms. A less daring people would call the place a nursery of silk worms, or some such round about phrase, but Jonathan has a dashing short cut in those matters. The particular "Cocoonery" alluded to, however,—it may be worth while mentioning, as a proof of the extent of the manufactory,—has 30,000 worms at work.

LATE ITEMS, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

BRITISH.

A dispatch from the Colonial office, signed Glenelg, called on Captains of Ports, Masters of Light Houses etc. to furnish observations bearing on Capt. Read's Law of Storms. Capt. Read's theory is, that storms always proceed in a circle, and that a proper acquaintance with the subject would enable vessels to sail out of the vortex of a tempest, and either to greatly decrease their danger, or escape it altogether.

Dates are one day later than those in our last, they are to Liverpool June 14th. Difficulties in the London Money Market were experienced. Speculations in Corn and Cotton are blamed as chief causes.

In the House of Commons a petition was presented from the Catholic Archbishop and priesthood of Tuam, in Ireland, against the national system of education in that part of the kingdom. They claimed the right to regulate and control the education of their flocks. It was moved that the petition be rejected, on the ground that the assumption of the title 'Archbishop of Tuam,' was illegal. A sharp debate ensued, the petition was rejected, 165 to 82.

A resolution was adopted, to the effect that it was not expedient to make any alteration in the duties on sugar and molasses.

The prospect for the crops in Great Britain and Ireland was good.

Lord John Russell gave notice that he should on June 13 move the reception of the report on the Jamaica Bill, and the third reading on Friday.

THE ARMY.—The Buffalo storeship had sailed from Portsmouth for Canada, with the detachments of the Coldstream guards and other regiments. The Atholl troop ship had also sailed, to proceed to the same destination.

Drafts from the Depot companies of the 34th, 65th, 66th, 71st, 73d, and 93d regiments, destined to join the service companies of these corps, embarked on board the Marquis of Huntley, at Cove, on the 30th and 31st of May, for North America.

The strength of the army in Ireland, June, 1838 was—Artillery, 930; Cavalry, 1,777; Infantry, 10,652—Total, 12,659.

A recent fire at Newcastle destroyed property to the amount of about £30,000.

FOREIGN.

PARIS.—The funds had fallen somewhat, owing, it is said, to news having reached government that disturbances had broken out at Byrons.

The *Moniteur* officially promulgates the text of the commercial treaty between France and Turkey, concluded at Constantinople. The duties, etc. fixed by it are in conformity with those of the English treaty.

According to accounts received from Semlin, violent movements had been made in Servia, but whether of a political character or not is not stated. The Austrian government had taken measures to protect the frontier from any inroad by the Servians.

The Madrid Gazette of the 4th June contains a circular addressed by the minister of the interior, to the provincial political chiefs. The principal theme upon which this document insists is the determination of the government to suffer the election to take place without any interference on the part of the authorities on behalf of particular political opinions.

One hundred and one Carlist officers confined in the citadel of Burgos, made their escape thence recently, taking shelter in the mountainous districts of that province.

TURKEY AND EGYPT.—A Turkish force had entered Egypt,—the Pacha, in answer to the exhortations of the foreign Consuls to preserve peace, intimated, that he would not commence the war, but that he would carry it on vigorously if attacked. He seems well prepared, with troops and munitions of war.

The Turkish Fleet now numbers 10,000 marines, and the navy never was so formidable.

Letters from Constantinople of the 22d May, state that a division of the Ottoman fleet was to sail for Gallipoli on the 24th. The Turkish army, 60,000 strong, had crossed the Euphrates at Bir. It is added, as the result of a deliberation of 10 hours in

the Sultan's Council that war should be immediately declared against Mehemet Ali.

The combined British and French fleets in the Levant, would amount, after the joining of 30 vessels of war in preparation at Toulon, to 75 sail. Admiral Stopfield is the British Commander. The fleet would, it is said, be divided into two—the one to watch the Turkish, the other the Egyptian naval forces.

UNITED STATES.

A portion of a wall of a new stone wharf building at the Portsmouth Navy Yard, U. S. gave way, causing considerable loss, and some injury to workmen. The following extract from a Portsmouth paper gives some explanation:

"The wharf is an experimental one, the entire length is about two hundred feet, the breadth about seventy-five, and the depth or height, from top to bottom, about forty feet,—about twenty eight of which is under water at low tide, and was constructed entirely by means of the diving-bell. The work we believe was faithfully done agreeable to the plan furnished by the Navy Department,—which plan, however, we think was defective, as instead of cob-work under water, the whole wall should have been solid—altho' it was apparently strong enough, each wall being ten feet in thickness and each stone firmly united with strong bolts."

Meetings in commemoration of the Centenary of Methodism were lately held at New York. $7000 were subscribed in one day.

Property to the amount of nearly $400,000 has been destroyed in Mobile, by fire, it is affirmed, since 1st of January last. Much of it the work of incendiaries.

The Little Rock Times, Arkansas state, says, that biscuit was eaten on the 1st of June, which was in the field, in the shape of kernels of wheat, the day before. They had new potatoes on May 4th, and abundance of other vegetables. Crops promised well.

COLONIAL.

Upper Canada currency is said to be greatly depreciated,—it will not pass for any thing like nominal value, at Montreal.

The Government, it is said, intend to fortify the important position of Fighting Island, on the St. Clair, and also to complete the defences of Kingston.

Sir George Arthur had issued a proclamation, for the purpose of preventing processions of Orange societies.

P. E. Island.—A Meeting of the Highland Society was held on the 1st instant. Hugh McDonald, Esq. in the chair, assisted by Charles Young, Esq. The objects are, improvement in education and agriculture.

The harbour of George Town is said to be one of the best along the Gulf,—about £1000 of ship duties are collected annually.

NOVA SCOTIA.

A Memoir of the late Rev. W. Black, has appeared from the Press of Mr. Cunnabell. The work is embellished by a portrait of the subject of the memoir. A more lengthy notice of this work appears in another column.

The Masons' Hall has been fitted up, in a commodious and elegant manner, and is opened as a Hotel by Mr. Coblentz. The capabilities of Mr. C. for the work he has undertaken, are generally known. His terms are, for boarders, $10 a week. 24 can be accommodated permanently, and a greater number on an emergency.

In consequence of a Despatch from the Colonial Secretary, His Excellency, with the advice of his Council, and members of Assembly who could be consulted, resolved on commencing improvements on the Great Roads, without farther delay. Upwards of 200 men, of the garrison, are to be employed at this work, at reduced remuneration. The men are to work under their own officers, directed by Road Commissioners. The rates of remuneration are, Privates 1s, Sergeants 1s 6d, Officers 5s, per day, which averages about 1s 8d per day for each man.

LAUNCHES.—Wednesday week the Brig Amelia, 250 tons burthen, was launched from the yard of Mr. Lyle, Dartmouth, for Messrs. Cunard. She is said to be an excellent vessel.

On the 22nd ultimo, from the Ship Yard of A. McKenzie, Esq. River John, a ship, the Romulus, 423 tons register.

On the 24th, from the Ship Yard of George McLeod, Esq. Merrigmoish, a brigantine, the Mary Ann, 100 tons.

On the 26th, at River John, the ship Brothers, 684 tons register, built by Mr. John Gordon, for the Hon. George Smith.

Same day, at New Glasgow, a ship, the Indus, 440 tons register, built by Mr. Wm. Mickel, for B. L. Kirkpatrick, Esq.

Pictou, on the 27th, the brigantine Sarah Dixon, 110 tons measurement, built by Mr. John Howlet, for the Hon. G. Smith.

At River John, on Wednesday the 10th inst. from the Ship Yard of K. McLean, Esqr. a ship, the William, burthen 295 tons

On Thursday, the 11th inst. from the Yard of Mr. Cantley, East River, a Schooner called the "T. G. T." 55 tons new, 72 tons old measurement.

On Friday the 12th, from the Ship Yard of James Campbell, Esq. Tatamagouche, a ship called the Brenton Haliburton, 500 tons.

Liverpool, N. S. July 16.—From the Ship Yard of Mr H. McLeod, a fine vessel of——tons burthen, intended as a packet between this Port and Halifax, called the Lady Sarah Hunter.

AN ORIGINAL PEARL.—We are pleased to find that the few numbers of the Pearl which have appeared under the new management have given satisfaction to many whose good opinion we value. We hope to improve, as we advance—and to make the Paper still more worthy of the patronage it enjoys. It is our intention to print it, after the autumn, upon a new and beautiful type. At the suggestion of some gentlemen who have promised to contribute, we also intend, once in two or three months, to put out an *Original Pearl*—that is, a number entirely filled with original matter, prepared altogether by Provincial hands and chiefly upon Provincial topics, as a sort of specimen of Colonial Literature, and an excitement to those who have sufficient talent and leisure to give our literary character a higher tone, and a more pervading influence. We shall put out the first of these original sheets next week, when we shall be happy to hear opinions on this feature of our plan, and if approved, to receive contributions in aid of future numbers.

MARRIED,

On Saturday last, by the Rev. Mr. Mackintosh, Mr. Daniel George, to Miss Elizabeth Drysdale.

On Monday, by the Rev. Mr. Mackintosh, Mr. William Crook, of Lawrencetown, to Miss Margaret Taylor, eldest daughter of Alexander Taylor, Esq. Preston.

Last evening, by the Rev. Mr. Willis, Captain Henry Cooper, of London, to Miss Mary Dowling of Halifax.

At Wilmot, on Friday last, by the Rev. Mr. Robertson, Mr. Richard Tremain, junr., to Mary Agnes, daughter of the late James Purvis, Esquire.

At Cobourg, U. C., on the 29th June, by the Rev. Jonathan Short, J. E. Tremain, Esq., to Jessie, second daughter of Lieut. Colonel Browne.

In the Parish of St. George, Pugwash, on Monday, 1st. July, by the Rev. Mr. McKenzie, Mr. Wm. Sharp, to Mary, third daughter of Mr. Dickson Watson. On Thursday, 4th July, by George Bergman, Esq. Mr. John Dingle, to Miss Mary Seaman, eldest daughter of Steven Seaman, junr. of same place.

At Sholden, on the 28th May, James Symington Short, Esq. Lieut. of the 4th or Kings Own, son of the late Lieut. Col. Short, of H. M. 41st Regt. to Miss Mary, daughter of Vice Admiral Sir Thomas Harvey, K. C. B. of Sheldon Lodge, Kent.

DIED,

On Monday evening, 15th inst. in the 60th year of her age, after a protracted illness, Catherine, wife of Mr. Peter Morrisey, of Clonmel, Ireland.

At Windsor, on the 10th inst. after a short but distressing illness, Mr. Archibald Wier, in the 72d year of his age, leaving a wife and large family to mourn his loss—his kind and obliging disposition will be long held in remembrance by his relatives and friends.

At Windsor Road, on Monday last, Mr. John Schultz, sen. in the 76th year of his age.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED.

Saturday, July 20th.—Schr. Mary, Petipas, Plymouth, U. S.; barque Georgian, Marshall, Kingston, Jam. 22 days, to D. & E. Starr & Co.; schr. Triumph, Potter, St John's N. F. 14 days, limestone; brigt. Coquette, Cooper, St. Thomas, 13 days, rum and sugar, to W. J. Starr.

Sunday, July 21.—Schrs. Eleanor, and Two Sisters, Prospect, fish; Portree, Beaton, St. John's, N. F. 14 days, oil and herring, to G. P. Lawson and others;—parted company on 14th inst. off St. Peters, with schr. Dove, Marmaud, 8 days from St. John's, N. F. for Boston; brigt. Belfast, Nelmes, sailed 3 day previous for W. Indies. Schr. Speculator, Young, Lunenburg, 9 hours; schr. R. Smith, Moore, Sydney, 8 days, coal, bound to Boston; brig Glide, Fader, Port Medway, 9 hours, lumber; brigt. Redbreast, Lovett, St. Thomas, 15 days, rum, to D. & E. & Co. and Frith, Smith & Co.

Monday, 23d—Am. fishing schr Mayflower, of Boothby, U. S. from Guysborough—was in company with a barque and brig last evening off Jedore, apparently bound here.

Tuesday, 23d—Am. schr General Warren, Baker, Philadelphia, 8 days, flour, etc. to J. H. Braine; schr Admiral Colpoys, Darrell, Trinidad de Cuba, 24 days—sugar and molasses, to Frith, Smith, & Co.; new brig Trial, Brown, Canso, 8 days—ballast to W. Stairs.

Wednesday, 24th—Schrs Eliza Ann, Landry, Montreal, 28 days—flour, to J. & M. Tobin; Lady, Bond, Placentia, 16 days—to P. Furlong; Victory, Barrington—reports an Am. brig bound to Sydney, was cast away last week, to the westward of Cape Sable,—vessel total loss, crew saved.

Thursday, 25th—Schrs. George Henry, Shelnot, Pictou, 13 days—coal and pork; Hope, Forest, Charlotte Town, 14 days—produce; brigt. William, Jost, Quebec, 20 days, flour and pork to Frith, Smith & Co.

Friday, 26th—Brigt. Falcon, Abell, Berbice, 22 days, rum, to D. & E. Starr & Co.; Am. brig Acadian, Jones, Boston, 5 days, general cargo to D. & E. Starr & Co.

CLEARED,

Saturday, 20th—brig Loyalist, Skinner, Demerara, fish, and lumber, by T. C. Kinnear; brigt. Reward, Forrester, Kingston, Jam. do. and oil by H. Lyle; Persa, Pengilly, Gibraltar, rum, tobacco, and pork, by T. C. Kinnear; Jubilee, Piercy, St. John's N. F. flour and pork, by J. Allison & Co. and others; Nine Sons, Price, Sydney at St. John's, N. F. ink and paper by Joseph Howe; Breeze, Potter, Magdalen Isles general cargo by D. & E. Starr & Co.; Victoria, Doane, Labrador and Newfoundland, do.

24th—schr. Good Will, Dunn, St. John, N. B. sugar, etc. by D. & E. Starr & Co.

25th—schr. William, Matthews, Antigua, lumber, fish, etc. by J. W. Reynolds; Mary, McInnis, P. E. Island,

AUCTION.

BY W. M. ALLAN,

At W. F. Black's Wharf, To-Morrow, Saturday, at 12 o'clock, for the benefit of the underwriters, and all concerned.

A QUANTITY of Rice, in tierces and half do.
Tar, Pitch, and Red Oak Staves.

Saved from the wreck of the schooner Stranger, Burker, master, from Wilmington.

ALSO,

Chain Cables, Anchors, Rigging, &c., saved from said wreck.
Terms, Cash. 26th July.

Just published, in one volume, and for sale at the several bookstores in Halifax, price 6s. 3d. in boards, with a portrait:

A MEMOIR

OF THE LATE

REV. WILLIAM BLACK,

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Including an account of the rise and progress of Methodism in Nova Scotia,—characteristic notices of several individuals, with copious extracts from the correspondence of the Rev. John Wesley, Rev. Dr. Coke, Rev. Freeborn Garrettson, &c.

BY MATTHEW RICHEY, M. A.

Principal of Upper Canada Academy.

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THE Subscriber having established the above Mills at Hillsborough Bear River, Nova-Scotia, for the sole purpose of sawing Mahogany, Boards, Plank and Veneering of every description, and Staves for wet and dry Barrels, Hogshead, ditto ditto.

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The Staves and Siding are much smoother than any ever sawed; the Staves will be sawed bilging, or straight and edged to suit purchasers.

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WILLIAM H. SCOTT.

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Halifax, April 5th, 1839.

DRUGS, SEEDS, TEAS.

THE SUBSCRIBER having by the late arrivals completed his extensive SPRING SUPPLY of the above, together with

Spices, Dye Stuffs, Perfumery,

(Among the latter Farina's Eau de Cologne) Combs, Brushes, etc

PAINTS and OILS, etc.

The whole are offered for sale on the most reasonable terms, at his Drug Store, near the Market. JAMES F. AVERY.

May 10 6w

SPICES, DRUGS, &c.

RECEIVED by recent arrivals and for sale low by the Subscriber—bags of E. I. Ginger, Cloves, Pimento, Caraway Seed, black and white Pepper, cases Cinnamon, Liquorice and Indigo, barrels Raze Ginger, Nutmegs, Currants, Saleratus, Soda, blue Vitriol, Alum and Copperas, boxes Arrow Root, Lozenges, Sugar Candy, Raisins, Windsor Soap, Black Lead, Starch, and Crown Blue, Olive Oil, in small packages; kegs of Salt Petre and Mustard, with a general supply of Drugs, Chemical and Patent Medicines, Apothecaries' Glass, Trusses, Lancets, etc. (6m) GEO. E. MORTON.

Halifax, May, 1839.

MONTREAL TRANSCRIPT.

THIS TRI-WEEKLY PAPER has been enlarged by one third of its original size, and continues to be issued at the old price of ONE PENNY per number—Country Subscribers being charged one dollar extra, to cover the year's postage.

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THE OLD FARM GATE.

Where, where is the gate that once served to divide
The elm-shaded lane from the dusty road side ?
I like not this barrier gaily bedight,
With its glittering latch and its trellis of white.
It is seemly, I own—yet, oh ! dearer by far
Were the red-rusted hinge and the weather-warp'd bar.
Here are fashion and form of a modernised date,
But I'd rather have look'd on the old farm gate.

'Twas here where the urchins would gather to play
In the shadows of twilight or sunny mid-day ;
For the stream running nigh and the hillocks of sand
Were temptations no dirt-loving rogue could withstand.
But to swing on the gate-rails, to clamber and ride,
Was the utmost of pleasure, of glory and pride ;
And the car of the victor or carriage of state
Never carried such hearts as the old farm gate.

'Twas here where the miller's son paced to and fro,
When the moon was above and the glow-worms below :
Now pensively leaning, now twirling his stick,
While the moments grew long and his heart-throbs grew quick.
Why, why did he linger so restlessly there,
With church-going vestment and sprucely-combed hair ?
He loved, oh ! he loved, and had promised to wait
For the one he adored at the old farm gate.

'Twas here where the grey-headed gossips would meet,
And the falling of markets or goodness of wheat—
This field lying fallow—that heifer just bought—
Were favourite themes for discussion and thought.
The merits and faults of a neighbour just dead—
The hopes of a couple about to be wed ;
The Parliament doings—the bill and debate,
Were all canvassed and weighed at the old farm gate.

'Twas over that gate I taught Pincher to bound
With the strength of a steed and the grace of a hound ;
The beagle might hunt and the spaniel might swim,
But none could leap over that postern like him.
When Dobbin was saddled for mirth-making trip,
And the quickly-pull'd willow-branch served for a whip,
Spite of lugging and tugging he'd stand for his freight,
While I climbed on his back from the old farm gate.

'Tis well to pass portals where pleasure and fame
May come winging our moments and gliding our name ;
But, give me the joy and the freshness of mind,
When away on some sport—the old gate slamm'd behind—
I've listened to music, but none that could speak
In such tones to my heart as the teeth-setting creak
That broke on my ear when the night had worn late,
And the dear ones came home through the old farm gate.

Oh ! fair is the barrier taking its place,
But it darkens a picture my soul longed to trace.
I sigh to behold the rough staple and hasp
And the rails that my growing hand scarcely could clasp.
Oh ! how strangely the warm spirit grudges to part
With the commonest relic once linked to the heart ;
And the brightest of fortune—the kindliest fate—
Would not banish my love for the old farm gate.

ELIZA COOK.

POTTERY-WARE, FINISHING.

The finer kinds of porcelain are often embellished with paintings of such exquisite workmanship, that they may safely bear comparison with the finest miniature-paintings. Here the combined talents of the artist and of the chemist are called into requisition, as much perhaps as in any process that can be named.

This part of the subject has therefore engaged the attention both of manufacturers and of chemists, in order to lay down working rules for the guidance of the workman. Perhaps the most remarkable investigator of this subject was Bernard de Palissy, who, having accidentally seen an enamelled cup, instantly conceived the idea of endeavouring to make improvements in the art of applying colours to glass and procelain (for the principle is much the same in both cases). He threw up his occupation of a land surveyor, and devoted his time, his energy, and his means to the prosecution of his favourite subject. Years did he devote to it, and subjected himself to the expostulations of those most dear to him by the expenditure of his means. At one time, so completely was he impoverished, that he actually broke up his furniture and some of the wood-work of his house for the purpose of fuel to feed the furnace in which his experimental compositions were being heated ; and he stripped himself of a portion of his clothing to serve the purpose of wages to a workman who made noisy application for his earnings. It is however gratifying to those who can appreciate such energy in the pursuit of scientific investigation, to know that Palissy was rewarded for his years of toil by success and honourable fame. From the time of Palissy to modern days, repeated improvements have been made in the choice of colours employed for painting porcelain, and in modes of laying them on.

The substances employed as colours are invariably oxides of metals, ground to an extremely fine powder, and mixed with volatile oil or with gum-water to a consistency which enables them to be laid on with ease. One of the reasons why the colours must be metallic oxides is, that if they were of organic origin, whether animal or vegetable, they could not bear, without decomposition, the intense heat of the enamelling furnace, into which the painted porcelain is placed.

The selection of these oxides for colouring materials is subject to the taste of the maker, as well as to his scientific skill, and is far too extensive a subject for us to enter upon here. We may merely mention that gold, iron, antimony, lead, uranium, tin, zinc, and copper are among the large variety of metals used for this purpose. In order to make these colouring substances adhere *permanently to the porcelain, it is necessary to mix them* with a flux which will both enable them to melt more easily and combine with the porcelain more perfectly. This flux is generally composed of powdered glass, calcined borax, and refined nitre, mixed in definite proportions, and reduced to an impalpable powder. The process of grinding is very important, both as regards the colouring substance and the flux.

The painting is performed by means of small camel-hair pencils, as in miniature-painting. Some of the earlier specimens of porcelain were painted by men whose names have become the property of posterity. Works on porcelain are extant, said to be from the hand of Raffaelle, and the cabinets of the curious present specimens of British porcelain with designs executed by Sir J. Thornhill. We have seen an oval dish, containing a view on the Rhine, by one of the Flemish masters, of surpassing beauty.

The devices are painted on the articles according to patterns, and according to the colours chosen. If the articles be comparatively cheap, the painting is performed by girls, who have no difficulty in following a given easy pattern ; but if the ornaments be elaborate, the exercise of taste is called for, and the talents of a more experienced person are required.

The Chinese have a remarkable way of painting porcelain vessels so that the colour shall only be visible when the vessel is full of liquid. The cup is made very thin, and, after having been baked, is painted on its inner surface. When dry, a thin film of porcelain earth, the same as the cup, is laid over the inside, and on this a varnish of glaze is laid. The outside is then ground away almost to the level of the painted figure, which then receives a coating of varnish on the outside, so as to conceal the paint. When the vessel is filled with liquid, it acts as a kind of foil behind, and throws out the figures, which were before obscured.

The gilt ornaments, rings, edges, etc. of articles of porcelain, are produced in a way very similar to the coloured painting.

These gilt ornaments are afterwards burnished by a neat process, which is generally performed by females. An agate or bloodstone burnisher, a piece of sheepskin, a little white-lead, and a little vinegar, are required by those who work at this part.

In some descriptions of porcelain gold is applied in the form of leaf, and made to adhere by means of japanners' gold-size. The gold-size is laid on with a pencil ; and when it becomes in a clammy state, between wet and dry, the gold is applied and pressed on with cotton wool. The vessel is then put into an oven, by which the gold is burnt on.

There is a kind of pottery known as gold or silver *lustre-ware*. In this case the oxides of gold or silver are mixed with an essential oil, and brushed entirely over the vessel. The vessel then being placed in an oven, the heat dissipates the oxygen, and leaves the metals adhering to the porcelain, but with much less brillancy than when laid on in the way above described.

We now approach the last portion of our subject, viz. the *glazing*, or the glassy covering which gives such beauty, cleanliness, and durability to porcelain or pottery vessels. It is necessary here to remark, that although the blue figures on common ware are painted or printed when the ware is in the state of biscuit, or unglazed, yet the more elaborate painting on porcelain is generally done after the process of glazing ; so that the enamel colours, by being afterwards heated, blend and unite with the glaze on the porcelain : it is true the painted wares have again to be placed in an oven, but this process is quite independent of that of glazing.

A glaze for the commonest ware is composed of ground flint mixed with litharge, in the proportion of four parts of the former to ten of the latter. This mixture is very hurtful to the workman employed, in consequence of the lead contained in the litharge ; but the anxiety for a cheap glaze occasions it to be still used. As a general rule, we may say that ground flint forms one of the ingredients of most kinds of glaze.

When the proper materials have been agreed upon and selected, they are finely ground and mixed up with water to the consistence of cream. Into this cream, which is kept constantly stirred to prevent the solid particles from subsiding, the cup or other vessel is dipped. A thin coating of coarse attaches to the outside, while the inside is filled with the cream. This being emptied out, the cup is turned rapidly about to make the glaze flow equally to every part. The cup is then allowed to drain for a few seconds, and is laid by, ready for being placed in the oven. Another cup is then taken, dipped into the glaze, and heated in the same way as the last, and so on to any extent.

When a sufficient number of vessels are ready, they are arranged in seggars, and without touching one another. The seggars are piled one upon another into *bungs*, and the oven is heated gradually. The degree of heat attained is not equal to that in the baking oven ; but is of such an amount that the glaze becomes melted and flows smoothly over the surface of the cup, as a transparent sort of enamel. The heat of the oven is then lowered, and the vessels are withdrawn in a finished state.

There is a mode of glazing ware by means of common salt. It was formerly employed for pottery in general, but is at present principally confined to stone ware. The stone ware is peculiarly compact and dense in its structure, so that it will hold water without absorption, even if unglazed. When the vessels are made, and while in the oven, salt is thrown in, and becomes decomposed by the heat : the alkali of the salt combines with the flint contained in the ware, and forms a coating of glass which envelopes the whole surface.

We frequently see that tea-cups and other articles of pottery-ware which have been purchased from hawkers, or at " cheap shops," become covered with innumerable cracks in the course of time. These vessels are made of a cheap description of clay that will not bear a sufficient degree of baking, or are covered with a cheap glaze, which becomes cracked or " crazed," as it is technically termed, by the frequent action of hot water. In process of time pieces of the glaze chip off, and afford us one among a long list of proofs, that what are termed " cheap" goods are not always such.

A person who had drank too much the night before, was yesterday placed before Recorder Baldwin, of the second municipality.

" You were drunk last night," said the Recorder.
" You're right for once," said the prisoner.
" I shall send you for thirty days," said the Recorder.
" Oh, don't," said the prisoner.
" I will," said the Recorder.
" I'm a printer," said the prisoner.
" Are you ?" said the Recorder.
" I am so," said the prisoner. " We invited you, you know, to our anniversary dinner."
" So you did," said the Recorder.
" How did you like that ham ?" asked the prisoner.
" It was excellent," said the Recorder.
" And the wine ?" asked the prisoner.
" That was better yet," said the Recorder.
" And the toast so complimentary to you ?" asked the prisoner, with a smile.
" That was better than all," said the Recorder.
" I know who wrote that toast," said the prisoner.
" You may go," said the Recorder.—*New Orleans Sun.*

" The poets," says the Buffalo Journal, " are not all dead," and it gives this example :—" The Niles (Michigan) Intelligencer publishes a call for a meeting of the citizens to repair a " corduroy" road near that place, and compels the muses to second the call in the following stanza :

'For now it's not passable—
Not even jackassable ;
And those who would travel it,
Should turn out and gravel it.' "

There are those who are rich in their poverty, because they are content, and use generously what they have : there are others who in the midst of their riches, are really poor, from their unsatiable covetousness or shameful profusion.

Two things, well considered, would prevent many quarrels ; first, to have it well ascertained whether we are not disputing about terms, rather than things ; and, secondly, to examine whether that on which we differ, is worth contending about.

THE COLONIAL PEARL,

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