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For the Pearl.
TO A LADY.

1.

O sing again that olden strain,
That song of other days—
Of happier times and scenes, o'er which
My soul yet fondly strays.
I fain would think I still were young
And parted friends were near—
The friends with whom I smiled and wept
When life and hope were dear.

2.

I long have been a wearied thing,
Oppressed with silent grief,
And now perchance that olden strain
Will yield a blest relief.
I fain would weep, for tears have long
Their soothing aid denied,
And in my gloom it oft hath seemed
Their inmost founts were dried.

3.

Then wake—oh! sweetly wake for me
To loose the bands of pain,
That dream of youth and youthful love,
That old and touching strain.
I fain would prove the deep delight,
The magic power of Song,
And feel my lighted spirit borne
My native vales along.

Queen's County.

ANON.

ASTLEY, DUCROW, AND THEIR HORSES.

BY PHILO-HYPPUS.

We can all look back to the days of our childhood, when the "ne plus ultra" of our enjoyment was being conveyed by our doating parents to Astley's Royal Amphitheatre, Surrey side of Westminster Bridge. Many years have rolled over my head since I first visited this house: it was in the lifetime of old Philip Astley. I shall ever remember this extraordinary man—he was one of your right good-hearted Englishmen, a capital specimen of John Bull; and although he could not speak a half dozen words together grammatically, yet he was not a bad fellow for all that, possessing a large stock of natural politeness, with a flow of good feelings that did him good service in his professional character. Astley was doubtless a mountebank, but then he did the thing scientifically. It was mountebankery applied in a very remarkable way. The power he possessed of teaching horses to perform tricks as well as act in dramatic performances, was quite amazing. He developed the character of a horse to a greater degree than had ever been done by all the scientific men in the world. How he educated his horses I am unable to describe; yet it is well known, for he often mentioned the circumstance, that kindness was the foundation of equestrian discipline and education. He treated these docile and beautiful animals like children, and by rewarding them with a carrot, an apple, or a piece of bread, he had the address of impressing upon them the knowledge that they had done well, and what would again be required of them. Besides his power of training horses, he had a clever knack of cultivating a good Mr. Merriman, (my very sides ache at the recollection of the Mr. Merriman of my younger days); but, judging from the public exhibitions, the whip in the arena was the grand instrument of instruction. How well do I call to remembrance old Astley's exhibitions with his clown, who, poor fellow, had a sad time of it! In his best coat, silken hose, powdered hair, and long pig-tail, and whip with a still longer lash, he would enter the circle, strut formally to the centre, make his bow to the audience, and call for Mr. Merriman, who, approaching too familiarly, received a smart lash from his master's whip, at which he would howl with expanded jaws, and remonstrate with those who laughed in the gallery, by asking how they would like it, and offer to bet a guinea that not one of them would like to be thought a Fool.—Then cringing in the most abject manner before the dignity of his master, he would seize every opportunity to get behind him, assume threatening attitudes, and make hideous faces at him; but, on the turn of his master's head, he suddenly adopted a manner so diametrically opposite as to create a simultaneous burst of laughter, while the detection caused Mr. Merriman to bellow most piteously. Silence being restored, Mr. Astley would assure the fool it was all for his good, and he became reconciled. Approaching with boldness he would inquire of his master's cleverosity

'how far it was from Westminster bridge to Christmas day?' to which luminous question Mr. Astley would reply, "Mr. Merriman, none of your nonsense. I haven't no objection for to go for to instruct you consarning that there noble hanimal the 'oss. Do you know wot a 'oss is? Ah, I thought you didn't; well, then, I will tell you. He is a hanimal most useful to man. He is beautiful in a race and can win it! He can manœuvre in a review, and he can be grand. He can charge in a battle, and can be hawful." The fool stares, and exclaims, "Lawk a daisy!" "Yes, Mr. Merriman, he is the most generous of hanimals, possesses the courage of a lion, the fleetness of a deer, the strength of a hoax, and the docility of a spaniel. What do you think of all that 'ere?" "Lawk a daisy!" said the clown. "Yes, Mr. Merriman, he is the friend of man under kind treatment. I will show you wot a 'oss is. Bring in that there war 'oss, and my sabre.—I will show you how he and I defend ourselves." The horse and sabre were brought. Mr. Astley mounted, and exhibited the various divisions of the sword exercise (for old Philip had been a dragoon in his younger days), which produced divers pauses and puffs, (for his great profits enabled him to live rather freely, and enjoy good living), during which intervals Mr. Merriman played all sorts of antics. To this exhibition succeeded a song or two from the stage; after which some excellent rope dancing. The rope dancing apparatus being removed, Mr. Astley again entered the circle, with his follower, Mr. Merriman at his heels, and a horse led by a groom. Mr. Astley usually began, "Now, Mr. Merriman, I will show you wot will produce astonishment; I 'avn't told you 'alf wot a 'oss can do. People runs away with the highdear that a 'oss must be hexposed to great barbarity to make him hoberdient. No such a thing, Mr. Merriman; you might as well think to make yourself a nobleman by eating cowkimbers and hignons. Do you see that 'ere 'oss? Now observe him, Mr. Merriman—Make your respects to the ladies, Sir." The horse knelt. "Now to the gentlemen." The horse bowed his head. "Now stand up for the king." The horse reared and walked on his hind legs. "Now rest yourself." The horse sat down like a dog on his haunches. "Now rest yourself." The horse brought in with a blazing fire, and a kettle of boiling water on it, and placed in the centre of the circle. Mr. Astley recommenced—"Now, Mr. Merriman, it has been believed that a 'oss will not go near a fire. No such a thing, Mr. Merriman; you might as well believe you wasn't a fool. Give me a goblet with a little drop of brandy in it,—werry vell. Now my good 'oss, if you have rested enough, fetch me that 'ot water to make my grog." The horse accordingly rose, took the kettle by his mouth from amid the flames, and filled up the goblet in Mr. Astley's hand. "Werry vell. What do you think of that, Mr. Merriman? if you could do it as vell, I will heat my 'at. Now, do you think that there can be produced by hill treatment? No such a thing, Mr. Merriman; you might as well try to make apple dumplings out o' sawdust. But that there 'oss can do more, as you shall see, Mr. Merriman. Tell the fiddlers to play some tune where the time is vell marked." The fool then inquired if the musicians could play Bob and Joan? "Yes." "Sir Roger de Coverley?" "Yes." "Foote's minuet?" "Yes." "Then play them all together." Mr. Astley having heard the order, gives the clown a taste of the whipcord, and cries, "None o' your nonsense, Mr. Merriman; one tune only, Sir, that the 'oss may hear it distinctly—and place the platform so that we may 'ear 'ow the 'oss keeps time." The orchestra struck up a country dance, the horse sprung on the temporary platform, and, by his tramping, marked the time with precision, at which the fool laughed immoderately loud, holding both his sides. On being asked why he is thus noisy, he said that it was not dancing, but trotting on a trencher—that he did not believe the horse could gallop upon it, and therefore was a stupid horse. The musicians changed the time; the horse immediately quitted the platform, proceeded to Mr. Astley, and thence to the orchestra. "There, Mr. Merriman, you see the 'oss complains that the fiddlers have not kept time." The fool acknowledged his mistake, and felt confident that the horse must have been kept at close practice on the harpsichord—(a loud laugh)—then wondered if he could say the multiplication table all through—(roars of laughter from the young folks)—but supposed, that, like many others, he was taught to dance before he was taught to read.—(tremendous applause)—still he was a very clever horse, and, when he came to examine him closely, found him a very smooth one—a very fine one—indeed, superfine, being both sides alike. (Immense applause from the journeymen tailors and apprentices in the gallery and pit)

Such was the ordinary run of the kind of exhibitions at Astley's in former days; at which, however, a superior sort of performance was nightly added, called a burletta—a play or pantomime in which one or more horses performed. One of the best burlettas in

these days was the "Story of the High-mettled Racer," which was represented with surprising fidelity. The appropriate verses of the old ballad were recited at each change of scene, accompanied by the jingling of a harpsichord, no dialogue at that time being permitted at a minor theatre. The docility of the horse in this series of his declining fortunes excited the admiration of all who witnessed it; he positively seemed to be impressed with a knowledge of the character and the circumstance of the story. He appeared in the first scene as a racer, in all the life and vigour common to that high bred animal, impatient of the rein, and champing the bit till he started. In the next scene he appeared as a hunter, expressing his eagerness by pawing the ground, erecting his ears, and snorting, till he was off to the full cry of the hounds. Next he appeared as a post-horse, aged and fatigued, standing with knees bent and lowered head; and when mounted he went off with all the truth of such a reduced state. He then appeared drawing a sand cart, in a situation of positive decrepitude, with his head down, his lips dropped, enduring the seeming harsh treatment of an unfeeling master, till he finally dropped and died. You saw him stretched out with sharp, angular, projecting bones, parts of his hide galled, and his bare ribs boldly portrayed on his miserable sides: he lies thus a most miserable spectacle to the pitying audience, and is about to be consigned to one of those men who purchase dying and dead horses for the sake of their skins. But by a "coup de theatre," the once high mettled racer is happily saved from this conclusion to his career. A magician enters, and, after some amusing jugglery, raises the animal to life and vigour. His skin instantaneously assumes its original gloss, his raws disappear, his bones cease to be visible, and he gallops off the stage amidst the plaudits of a thousand hands.

One of Mr. Astley's most pleasing exhibitions consisted for many years in that which attended his giving a prize of a wherry, in a boat-race on the Thames. This great "fete" took place invariably on the 12th of August, and the race was frequently admirably contested. But this public racing was merely an introduction to the show, no sooner was the victory over than the doors of the Amphitheatre (which, I need not say, are not far from the river) were opened, and, in a few minutes, a glorious house—an overflowing bumper—was accomplished; for the idea jumped with the humour of the populace, and consequently paid capitally. The house once filled, a procession forthwith entered, composed of persons belonging to the concern, bearing flags, numerous jolly young watermen in jackets and trowsers, and the victor seated in the prize boat, borne on the shoulders of his comrades. Having paraded the circle, they then formed a group of a nautical character on the stage, with a Union Jack waving overhead to the national airs in full chorus. This preliminary being over, Mr. Astley advanced with rotund appearance, and a smile on his elated countenance, amid deafening cheers. Now came the truly classical harangue from the old gentleman:—"Ladies and gentlemen, this here is the yearly anniversary of presenting my prize-wherry to the most successful vaterman in a boat-race; and there he is, ladies and gentlemen, seated in that there boat. (Applause.) I know he is a thanking of you all, ladies and gentlemen, and he has already thanked me enough; and I wish him 'ealth and prosperity in his calling. He is a clever fellow, and, ladies and gentlemen, I am proud to say he is a good man. His name is Bill Maynard, ladies and gentlemen; and more, ladies and gentlemen, he is a fectionate 'usband and fond father, ladies and gentlemen; besides all this, he is a virtuous son, and is kind to his old mother, ladies and gentlemen. But it is quite impossible for me, ladies and gentlemen, to tell all his good qualities; you see as 'ow he is all of a perspiration, and requires care to be taken of him; but I gives you my vord, ladies and gentlemen, that I shall see him put to bed, ladies and gentlemen:—and so with a hearty "hurrah" from the whole corps dramatique, old Astley marched off by the side of his protege, amid the waving of hats, and the thundering sounds of "Rule Britannia."

These—these were the days, Mr. Editor. Yet it is wrong to be so querulous; although worthy old Astley is dead and gone, he has found a superlative successor in Ducrow, who now carries on the business of the Royal Amphitheatre. Who has not heard of the astonishing feats of this the greatest horseman who ever existed, and, I might say, ever will exist?—Who has not seen him riding on four horses at once (bare backed) in his famous piece, "The Courier of St. Petersburg?"—Who that ever saw that grotesque but inimitable scene in the circle, "Gironio and his Wife," can forget it?

Ducrow's horses, however, are shown to the greatest advantage in burlettas—pieces in which they act a character—such as St. George and the Dragon. Their tractability in this respect

goes beyond any thing that could be supposed. There is one beautiful cream-coloured horse, in particular, which wins all hearts; perhaps he is the favourite of the stud; he enters the circle alone, with zephyr-like wings attached to his shoulders, giving to him the character of Pegasus. He bounds, or rather flies round the ring several times, as if in ecstatic consciousness of his superiority, his mane and tail erect, his fine eyes glistening, and his open nostrils displaying a brilliant red: so sleek, so elegant is the animal, that he of himself is sufficient to engross the attention of the spectators for a time. Mr. Ducrow enters during the excitement with peculiar beauty of effect as Apollo, habited in white, bearing a small harp delightfully classical. The sounds from the harp attract the attention of Pegasus; he is, as it were, charmed, and becomes the gentle observer of the wishes of Apollo. After a few caresses, Apollo mounts, and standing on the bare back of this spirited animal, commences a series of graceful attitudes, while the harp is occasionally touched in unison with the elegance of the performance. After twenty or thirty circuits, terminating with surprising fleetness of the horse and dexterity of the rider, Apollo springs to the ground; Pegasus rests himself in the centre of the circle, where a tranquil display of reclining attitudes and of beautiful grouping takes place; altogether, this beautiful horse and his talented master present a classical illustration of Apollo and Pegasus resting on Parnassus. This exhibition offers to the eye of taste a series of beautiful compositions, fraught with associations of a character richly poetical and certainly highly gratifying.

In my opinion, Ducrow's celebrated horse is seen to best advantage in the celebrated "Spanish Bull-fight." I think I should describe this piece merely to present a climax to the wonderful performances of the horse in his efforts to amuse the public. This burletta is more intricate in the plot than the preceding. The scene lies in Spain, and the persons engaged are princes, princesses, dons, and hidalgos, for whose gratification a bull-fight is to be displayed; all is therefore on a scale of peculiar grandeur. The grandees assemble in splendid cavalcade with numerous attendants; after ascending a flight of steps from the circle to the stage, the royal persons there take their seats, when the ceremony commences with a procession of picadores and banderilleros, or foot combatants bearing red flags, and small barbed darts ornamented with coloured ribbons; then follow many combatants on horseback, bearing lances, all of whom arrange themselves, and a signal is given by sound of trumpets ordered by the Alcazils. The doors are opened and the bull stalks forth. The effect is electric. The audience appear alarmed at the terrific appearance of the beast, particularly those who have no previous knowledge of Ducrow's horses, or that this is the gentle and beautiful cream-coloured horse, with a bull's skin over his padded neck and body, his head supplied with horns, and his hoofs painted as if cloven, in every respect appearing like a bull wild and fierce. On entering the circle, he stares wildly around, and then rushes on the principal cavalier, personated by Mr. Ducrow, who receives the attack, and by exercising his spear dexterously, goads the bull to madness, the consequence of which is, that the bull attacks another horse by goring him in the body; but he is saved from destruction by the foot combatants, who flutter their flags in the bull's face, and draw the attack on themselves, from which they escape with difficulty. Another horseman ventures to confront the furious animal, but is upset, and the horse falls, having apparently received a death wound. The combat is then renewed by the chief cavalier, and continued some time with various effects of skill and fury. Nothing is deficient in this scene but the bleeding wounds. A glance at the countenances of the spectators is not the least amusing; their mouths are open, their eye-balls fixed, and they shudder with horror; a cheering word, indeed, becomes necessary to recall them to consciousness. After a time the horsemen retire, and the bull is further irritated by the combatants on foot; they pierce his shoulders, and fix their barbed bandaliers, while the fury of the animal is expended on their red flags. More than half an hour is he tortured into desperation; he tosses his head, runs madly about, till, weary and panting, he sinks to the earth under his manifold wounds. A sledge now enters, drawn by decorated horses, and the dead bull is borne off to the sound of trumpets. The cavalcade retire and the spectacle concludes. After witnessing this performance no one can withhold his surprise at the perfect knowledge of the business of the scene which this horse evinces. There is no deviation from the character; he is throughout a bull; his trot, the management of his horns, and the fierce rush with his head; all display something more than could be expected even from the most sagacious horse in Mr. Ducrow's stud. In short, Ducrow is a wonderful man, and Ducrow's horses are more wonderful still.—*London Sportsman.*

ALLIANCES OF LITERATURE.

"Genius and knowledge are endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god!"

SHAKESPEARE.

Without venturing upon the decision of the philosophical question, whether intellectual power is now more vigorous than it has been at any previous stage of the mysterious and sublime drama that has been acting, and constantly unfolding the most startling

scenes, for six thousand years on this globe; whether mental cultivation has now reached an expansive liberality, and a brilliancy of polish, to which it had never before attained; it may be affirmed, that the course of society has been fearfully alternating, and that all its fluctuations have followed the direction of some 'leading principle,' an indestructible, impassable agent, instinct with life, infused through the body and limbs of society, giving it, for the period, its distinctive features and complexion. Thus in ancient Greece, inspired by enthusiastic patriotism, society marched with triumphant step amidst its classic vales, and on the banks of its pure streams, adorned with the glory of letters, and the splendor of the arts. Again, after having been fettered through the long and dreary night that succeeded the fall of the Roman empire, she burst her bands, and emerged into the breaking light, breathing the ardour, and resplendent in the arms, of chivalry. And again, near the close of the last century, in France, throwing the reins upon the neck of licentious Skepticism, she plunged into the depths of destructive anarchy; exhibiting a gloomy spectacle outstretched beneath the eye of indignant heaven:

"Like the old ruins of a broken tower."

For the last half century, this 'leading principle' has assumed so many aspects, that it becomes difficult to sketch its portrait. It has seized, with convulsive energy, the spirit of controversy. It boldly discusses all questions of moral science, and political policy, frequently supplying its deficiency of arguments, by arrogant assumption and declamation. It has done, and does still, its utmost to blunt our perceptions of prescriptive right, and stifle all reverence for antiquity. It strips off the venerable incrustations of age from institutions which have commanded the sacred respect of mankind for centuries, and claims to reform them by breaking them into fragments, and attempting to reconstruct the edifice out of its defaced materials; not remembering, that the violence of its touch rends asunder the golden chain of past and present associations, that strongest bond by which legislators can secure the consistency of their fabrics.

They who devote their energies to the pursuits of literature, whose mental eye is directed long and keenly into books, where they can survey the race-ground on which departed genius has run the course of immortality, and watch its eagle flights, and who thus acquire a sort of veneration for whatever is allied to the departed beings with whom they hold communion, naturally feel an inward grief, when compelled to mark the destruction of ties they have long cherished. And perhaps they have too often, for this reason, withdrawn their mild but powerful influence from the turmoil of political struggles, retired into secluded retreats, and poured out their feelings in strains of pure and thrilling pathos. But when we reflect that the direction of this principle is but rarely yielded to the impulses of vice, and that it often lends virtue overmastering energies, the friend of humanity has but little to fear, and much to hope from its influence.

It has no where left deeper impressions than upon political subjects; and although here, as elsewhere, it has clothed sophistry with a glare which is often mistaken for the sweet light of heaven, it has given Truth a keener edge, and made her panoply gleam with a purer and more attractive splendour. Under its influence, the field of political disquisition grows broader with the diffusion of intelligence, and its limits vanish as we attempt to approach them, as the apparently descending canopy of the skies lifts away before the march of the traveller. Politics is a science founded on clear and easily-defined general principles; the indestructible relations of moral right; but the edifice that has been reared upon this basis, is composed of a variety of costly materials, and embellished with sumptuous ornaments. Constitutional law is the strength of its wall. The flashing rays of genius, elicited in the halls of legislation, gild its columns, and beam from its towers. Even literature hath wreathed beautiful chaplets around the capitals and architraves of its pillars. In fact it often does more; not merely imparting to political institutions the beauty of intellectual elegance, but rendering services which are justly deemed indispensable. There are illustrious instances in which it has formed a bond of union of sufficient strength to resist the discordant jars and strifes of local interests, throughout a great nation. Among these, there is one so striking and noble in its character, that it supersedes the necessity of introducing others which might be cited. I refer to the influence of the Iliad of Homer, a work of pure literature, on the States of ancient Greece.

The Iliad of Homer is one of the most remarkable productions of the human mind. Although conceived in the youth of the Grecian nation, when history was so young as to be almost entirely embraced in oral traditions, before manners had become softened by the refinements of civilization, and while the armour of savage warfare was yet glittering on the limbs of heroes; it displays an insight into the recesses of the human heart, so deep and clear; so intimate a knowledge of the vibrations of all the cords of sympathy; an acquaintance with the secret springs of action so profound and accurate; that succeeding writers, for nearly three thousand years, have done little else than new-name his characters, transpose his incidents, and manufacture new draperies for his sentiments.

In its style, it combines all the graces that adorn the works of the age of Pericles, with the guileless simplicity that belongs to the first essays in composition. It flows from the lips of the poet like a river; in one part of its course sweeping majestically through

rich vales, and in others plunging with awful sublimity over rugged precipices, always grand and impressive as the courses of nature.

This production, which for at least two centuries was not collected into a volume, but sung in detached portions by wandering minstrels, deeply engaged the attention of the Peisistratidæ, the immediate successors of Solon in the administration of the government of Athens; who, with rare genius and keen foresight, attempted to fortify the wise legislation of their great predecessor, by endeavouring to make the Greeks breathe the inspiration of this noble poem. With immense labour, they collected and collated its scattered fragments, and restored the unity breathed into it by the genius who gave it birth. Legal enactments required it to be read and studied by every citizen of the republic, and recitation of its sublime passages formed an important part of their entertainments, at all public games and festivals. Embodying the principles that directed the chisel of the sculptor, and the painter's pencil, as well as of the eloquence that uttered its thunders in the forum, and above all, furnishing the universal minstrelsy of the people, it inspired their genius, refined their taste, and gave them a keen relish for beauty and elegance, without impairing their manly vigour. It was a mirror that reflected the traits of heroes, from whom in direct line they traced their descent, and through them by only a few anterior steps to the fabled deities of heaven. Under its influence, Greece became the birth-place of the arts, the paradise of the sciences, the nurse of heroic and manly sentiment, which is 'that cheap defence of nations, that unbought grace of life,' which, in its healthy state, 'feels a stain like a wound; which ennobles whatever it touches; and under which vice itself loses half its veil, by losing all its grossness.'

As Poetry is peculiarly the language of sentiment and passion, its political influence must, in a great measure, be limited to that stage in the progress of society, where civil institutions are rather the offspring of impulsive feelings, than the emanations of unimpassioned reason. She utters her voice in the silent haunts of retirement, and is often most prodigal of her inspiration, to those whose golden hopes have been reaped down by the sickle of adversity. They who have advanced farthest into the chambers of Imagery, where she holds her court, have often been enabled to gaze undazzled on her glowing visions, and to convey them in their integrity to the minds of others, by the very misfortunes that have dried up the fountains of their sympathies with their fellows. Though the voice of poetry be full of melodious harmony, yet the din of this every-day working world forces its influence back into the silence of the closet where it received its birth. In proportion as the ardour of passion is assuaged by the calm voice of reason, in building the frame-work of society, poetry is compelled to resign her command of the public ear, to the counsels of a bolder and less sensitive spirit, viz. ELOQUENCE, which animates a department of literature, that if measured by the power which it evinces in wielding the destinies of men, will not yield to poetry, and is much more intimately interwoven into the tissues of politics, than poetry, from its nature, can ever be.

The action of eloquence is never so vigorous, nor are her tones so commanding, as when civil liberty calls in her aid to resist the encroachments of tyranny. She gathers strength from obstacles, and all attempts to stifle her voice, give addition to its impressive energy. The history of ancient and modern free states furnish noble examples of her triumphs. To return to the land of the Iliad. As the waves of foreign war subsided, and the beams of peace returned, the energies that, concentrated, had raised a wall of fire around this glorious nation, were divided by the jealousies that must distract every state, which has a diversity of local interests, un cemented by the charm of an indissoluble union. Whatever dissolves the charm, awakens the demons of faction. Discussions become bold and free. Schemes are set on foot, and theories broached and advocated by intellects which ambition has sharpened to keenness. The field is now clear for eloquence. The insidious and overreaching policy of Philip of Macedon kindled the great heart of Demosthenes, and sinking the name of 'party' in the solemn and venerable name of patriotism, his political views acquired a princely dignity by the invincible eloquence with which he enforced them. Those orations, whose bold truths, thrilling appeals, and indignant, sarcastic wit electrified the men of Athens, are the fountains whence succeeding rhetoricians have drawn the rules and principles of that sublime science, which embraces in itself a knowledge of all the others.

The Romans were less poetical, and more imitative, than the Greeks, but their orators were scarcely less illustrious. Their stately annals gleam with the light which flashed from the ardent souls of the Gracchi. The darkest and most corrupt days of the republic had Cato and Cicero, who threw a splendour around them, that made the darkness odious, by rendering it visible. But none of these great men, and especially Cicero, ever reached the full height of their intellectual stature, except when, on the political arena, they appeared as the indomitable champions of the crumbling commonwealth. Their almost superhuman exertions in the cause of patriotism, have procured for themselves a fame which has survived the wreck of the republic, at the same time that they lent a surpassing interest to every thing Roman. The orations of Cicero are not merely beautiful specimens of rhetorical skill, but they are the most valuable commentaries on the Roman Commonwealth extant. The exquisite finish of the style, and the glowing fire-

genius which burns beneath every period, give them not only a high rank in classical literature, but render them the most acceptable text-book that can be placed in the hands of the young scholar. The noble and patriotic sentiments of the old Roman are thus interwoven into the texture of the ideas, and become a component part of the intellectual nature, when it is most susceptible of deep impressions, and exert a strong influence in casting the mould of thought, even after the original impressions may have been partially effaced. The lifeless corpse of the republic has thus been embalmed in the uncorrupting fragrance of genius, and though

'The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now,'

the features of Rome's great men are engraven on the tablets of everlasting duration.

But the triumphs of eloquence are not confined to Greece or Rome. The scroll of English prose literature can unroll but few pages of equal beauty with those which record the intellectual struggles of Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, Wyndham, and others, in the British Senate; and decidedly the most attractive and eloquent passages, the finest specimens of profound thought and exquisite elegance of diction, in the whole range of American literature, are found in the political speeches and treatises of our Henry, Hamilton, Jay, Marshall, Fisher Ames, Clay, Randolph, and Webster. Many of the orations of these mighty geniuses, especially those of Chatham, Burke, Fisher Ames, and Webster, offspring as they are of questions that arise out of the depths of political science, contain choice touches of sentiment, thrilling appeals to the most generous passions of human nature, fine imagery, and graphic descriptions; thus cementing together the different parts of their discourses by golden links, that add strength to the work, while they give the finishing touch to the most costly embellishments.

The alliance that subsists between poetry, eloquence, and politics, it is true, is rather incidental than direct; but there is another department of literature, whose range is very extensive, and is daily becoming more so, which exerts a political influence that is incalculable. I refer to periodical criticism. Magazines, originally established as an ordeal through which works offered to the favour of the public must pass, be subjected to a rigid analysis, and be tested by the application of the rules of just criticism, are now the charts on which the pilots of the ship of state sketch not merely the outlines of their course, but develop at length the principles of party policy.

In addition to works of periodical criticism, many volumes of English and American literature, which take rank among the classics, owe their birth to the rage and rancour of political struggles. The name of Burke is here covered with splendour. The volumes in which he has bequeathed his fame to posterity, all treat, with a single exception, of subjects purely political; although Goldsmith has said, that,

'Born for the universe, he narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind,'

yet we think it quite problematical whether Burke's memory would have been cherished with more profound veneration than it is now, if he had chosen for his walks the groves of the academy, instead of making the senate echo the tones of his matchless eloquence. His reflections on the French Revolution, his most elaborate work, to say nothing of the depth of knowledge and political sagacity that are evinced on every page, are an exhibition of the most majestic style which the English language is capable of affording. The diction accommodates itself to the solemn grandeur of the subject, like the 'ample folds of the drapery on the master-pieces of antique sculpture.' It is impossible to court the acquaintance of this great man, through his works, without feeling pure and elevating influences. One breathes in his presence a purer and more invigorating atmosphere. By communion with him, the soul, unaccustomed to bold flights, gradually acquires the ardour and enterprise of the eagle.

The productions of Junius take high rank among the English classics, and now, after the events and circumstances that gave keenness and pungency to his satire have been swallowed up in oblivion, they are read, and will continue to be read, for the bold and noble cast of the thoughts, and the vigour with which they are expressed. Without attempting to complete a catalogue that might be extended to an almost indefinite length, of those who have adorned political discussions with the spoils of literature, it is sufficient to remark, that scarcely an electoral canvass now takes place, without bringing forth intellectual creations that need only the name of Junius, to raise them into an equality with those letters which are now marching on to immortality, under the banner of 'Stat nominis umbra.'

The blending of politics and literature may be productive of immense advantages, or of overwhelming evils, as examples abundantly show. The influence of the Iliad on the states of Greece, has been already adverted to; and the popular author of 'Ferdinand and Isabella,' which may be regarded as one of the most beautiful productions of American genius, has advanced the opinion that the turbulent spirits of Spain (while the institutions of chivalry alternately covered the state with glory, and were themselves invested with commanding dignity by their union with the state,) were bound together by the patriotic ardour which they breathed in the poem of the Cid, and other works of a kindred character, with which the literature of southern Europe abounds. But the best example of this kind of influence is offered by England, whose

legends and tales of chivalry gleam through the 'elfin dream' of Spenser, and give a keener zest even to Milton's heavenly theme. The memory of her kings and queens has been immortalized by Shakspeare, and their vices drawn forth, and unmasked to be detested, with such pathos and generous sympathy, that our tears flow at the downfall of greatness supported by guilt, and we see without envy the vault which successful ambition makes, as he has withdrawn the curtain, and permitted us to see the accompanying thorns, how they pierce the deepest when the splendour is most dazzling. All the events of her history have been woven by a thousand others, whose names whiten along the milky-way of her intellectual sky, into solemn narrative, festive poetry, and sportive lays: Thus

'Uniting as with a moral band
Its native legends with their land,
Giving each rock its storied tale,
Pouring a lay for every dale,'

until the sentiment of patriotism, which is a complex idea, composed of the recollection which great men have left behind them, and of the master-pieces of genius, has settled down into a component principle of the British constitutional nature; combining with loyalty, it embraces the throne with a grasp so strong, that the attempt to upheave it would be as futile as the attempt to dislodge the foundations of the deep-anchored isle.

A Briton conceives the State to be the offspring of the will of God, and he looks upon the frame-work of his government, adorned as it is with spoils which have been culled from the richest products of genius, through the space of a thousand years, as a sublime temple, which the Deity honours with his presence. The church engraves her eternal sanctions on the cap-stones of the temple, and maintains her sacred ministers through all its departments. The civil officer, in vowing allegiance to his sovereign, also vows allegiance to the majesty of heaven, in the sacraments of the church. He thus acquires a sanctity of character which has a strong tendency at least to stifle the cold selfishness of the human heart, which too often looks upon office as the mere avenue of gain. To render it still more attractive, the idea of royalty and nobility is embodied in the persons of individuals. All the charms that inspire the deepest and most romantic devotion, relieved by long lines of splendid ancestry, are concentrated around the throne. Love, and enthusiastic ardour, all the strongest and most generous passions of the human breast, united with cool, reflecting reason, combine to give strength and durability to the noblest monarchy that ever was framed.

Now compare this gorgeous fabric with the simplicity of the American republic. They who framed it were baptized sons of liberty in a river of patriot blood. They were thus made sacred for their sublime duty. Their institutions are the emanations of pure reason. Passions of every description were commanded to hold their peace, when they addressed themselves to their appointed task. Not beauty but utility was the object sought and gained. They looked for support, not to enthusiastic passions, and the ardour of devotion, but to the unsophisticated reason of men of common sense. But passions are stronger than reason, and they often usurp her authority. Institutions strong as iron and solid as stone, may effect every purpose of utility, but they cannot cease to vibrate the cords of affection in the heart. Self interest may be enlisted to support them, but the deep, resistless current of patriotic ardour requires our strongest passions to arouse it to its full force. As the genius of the republic is entirely averse from incorporating its prominent features in the persons of individuals, sinking men in the absorbing depths of principles, our only resort, and it is a resort of impregnable strength, in order to enlist the affections of the whole people in the support of national institutions, is to unite the highest possible utility with supreme elegance of intellectual taste. In this way, we may hope to restrain the fury of hold, bad men, by offering attractions to the better part of their nature. We may weave unfading garlands around the statue of Liberty, and thus invest her with such noble charms, that she shall awe those whom she cannot win.

Kolokobercker for March, 1840.

From New York Reporter.

MAY—MAY DAY.

Mark! how we meet thee
At dawn of dewy day!
Hark! how we greet thee,
With our roundelay!
While all the goodly things that be
In earth, and air, and ample sea,
Are walking up to welcome thee,
Thou merry month of May!

So sang Bishop Heber when in India, no doubt moved by those feelings which he brought with him from Europe, where he often witnessed the merry multitudes who make the first of May, or MAY DAY, a rural festival, according to the usage of the olden time, as set forth in the works of the poets and chroniclers of that period; and who, one and all, appear to have taken the "Merry Month of Maie" under their especial protection. It is, most assuredly, the season of Love and Poesy. The buds, the blossoms, and the merry birds, awake the soul to love and harmony, and man cannot but feel that delight in which nature herself rejoiceth so greatly.

Man, cooped up in cities, however, is an artificial wretched being; and although he may feel and acknowledge the beauties of the

"youthful May," he looks upon them merely as one of the varying seasons of the year, that brings vegetables to market, reduces his bill for fuel, and makes out-of-doors an agreeable, variable source of recreation! But the clearing out of house and home—paying up arrears of rent—seeking a new dwelling—destruction of furniture—and all the annoyances which silly custom has, as it were, entailed here, upon our good citizens, are more or less sufficient to destroy any associations so delightful a change may create so the individual so circumstanced. I say nothing of the distress and affliction which the poor and needy meet with on this day of general movement, destruction, and plunder; and the privations and miseries they endure at the hands of hard-hearted landlords or heartless creditors. How many hundreds, nay, thousands, have had, and will have, cause to execrate the first day of the merry month of May. There are those who laugh at this! O! lachrymose laughter! melancholy mirth! The first of May doth "stand for aye accursed in the calendar" with him whose goods are seized for rent, and he knoweth not where to put his head! This is the triumph of Art over Nature with a vengeance! May courts us to be jocund and gay; but MAN—selfish, heartless, lucre-loving man—dashes the pure cup of hope and homied joy from our lips, and gives us, instead, the bitter chalice which he has himself with art concocted, the nauseous draught of disappointment and despair.

The legislature should abolish this cruel innovation of the joys of the "merry month of May," as in direct opposition to the will of Heaven, to the kind appeals of Nature, who cries aloud, be merry and happy, as you see all around you. How this custom of a "general move" obtained in this country on the first of May, we know not; but this we know, the name of the individual who first adopted this cruel custom should be held up to public detestation and contempt, as a contemner of the beauties of nature; as a foe to humanity; and, in short, as a good-for-nothing heartless fellow. We hope to see the day when this month shall prove to all, what it really is, the "merry month of May"—the advent of all that is beautiful, all that is dear to us in creation—the season of love, of health, of mirth, and boundless enjoyment—a season that opens the heart, expands the minds, and lifts our thoughts with heartfelt gratitude to the God of all—He who, in his infinite wisdom, has made all seasons (this especially) for man's profit, enjoyment, and content. I have been led to these reflections on witnessing around me the bustle, confusion, robbery, and distress, so peculiar to this place on the first of May, and unparalleled in any other city in the universe! In England, France, Germany, &c. though much of the mirth and hilarity of the olden time is forgotten or disused, yet enough remains to give a zest to this happy season of the coming spring. The outpouring of the population of the cities of London, Paris, &c. to go a-maying, may be more easily imagined than described. I am of the number of those who hold in dear remembrance the innocent sports of our forefathers, which moved the heart to love of human nature and gratitude to heaven.

Often have I in my nonage—happy days of innocence and mirth!
—gone a-maying.

"To rove the good greenwood, and bring
Away the spoil of early spring,
With nosegays deck'd, with garlands crown'd,
And hang each smiling homestead round,
Window, and door, and porch with bowers
Of verdant boughs and blooming flowers."

The lives of most are misspent for want of a certain end of their actions: wherein they do, as unwise archers, shoot away their arrows they know not at what mark. They live only out of the present, not directing themselves and their proceedings to one universal scope; whence they alter upon every change of occasions, and never reach any perfection; neither can they do other but continue in uncertainty and end in discomfort. Others aim at one certain mark, but a wrong one.

SINGULAR SCIENTIFIC ERROR.—In the infancy of railroad speculation, the engineers resorted to a thousand laborious contrivances with a view of overcoming an obstacle which had no real existence. It was assumed that the adhesion of the smooth wheels of the carriage upon the equally smooth iron rail, must necessarily be so slight, that if it should be attempted to drag any considerable weight, the wheels would only be whirled round, while the carriage would not advance. A patent for an invention to remedy this fancied inconvenience was actually taken out by Mr. Blenkinsop, in 1811.

A Scotchman proposes an apparatus, the use of which entirely does away with the necessity of eating. By an ingenious transfer of vanity to a different part of the body, he causes the stomach instead of the brain to be inflated, and a man can now fancy his stomach is well filled, where he used to believe the same of his head.

Great talents and splendid achievements are necessarily confined to few: and as we may be virtuous and happy without them, this is not to be regretted; but it is the duty and interest of every individual to aim at excellence in his own sphere, however humble. Many of the very same qualities are requisite to make a good tradesman, or skilful mechanic, which are needed to form a great statesman or general.

Childhood is like a mirror, catching and reflecting images from all around it. Remember that an impious or profane thought, uttered by a parent's lip, may operate on the young heart like a careless spray of water thrown upon a polished steel, staining it with rust which no after scouring can efface.—Peter Parley.

Selected for the Pearl.

STANZAS.

They tell us that the deep blue sea hath
More dangers than the shore :
They whisper tales of ocean wrath,
And breakers deadly roar.
How oft the ruddy cheek will pale
To leave the earth behind,
How oft the glowing heart will quail
Before the tempest wind.
We fear the billows' dash—but why?
There's one to guard and save :
There's *One* whose wide and watchful eye
Sleeps not above the wave.

Why should the soul withdraw its trust
Upon the foamy track ?
He who gave life, all wise, and just,
Knows when to ask it back !
Though death were nigh I would not shrink
My faith,—my hope should rest
Upon a Maker's will, and think
Whate'er He willed the best.
I'd ever trust the ruling hand
Howe'er the storm might rave ;
For He who watches o'er the land,
Sleeps not above the wave.

ELIZA COOK.

From the Knickerbocker.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

Continued from p. 67.

In closing the first division of the present paper, it was observed that another and concluding number would be devoted to a consideration of the best means of cultivating an acquaintance with the English language; the danger of corruption to which it is exposed from innovation; with some allusion to British criticism upon the manner in which the English language is written and spoken in America; and an examination of its future prospects, in regard to its prevalence and extension. In reference to the first branch of the subject, we may remark, that undoubtedly the first place is to be assigned to a careful perusal of the best authors, with a special attention to their peculiar turns of thought and modes of expression. A good style, like good manners, must be formed by frequenting good company, not for the purpose of imitating any particular individual, but for catching the nameless graces of all. A correct taste in regard to fine writing can only be formed, like taste in the fine arts, by the careful inspection of good models. Different writers have different excellencies; and he who would form a correct taste and a good style, must not confine his attention to a few favourite authors: but must suffer his mind to roam, somewhat at large, over the fields of English literature.

A frequent recurrence to a standard dictionary, in connexion with extensive reading, is also of great importance, in order to the maintenance of purity and propriety of composition. Without such a help, always at hand, and frequently resorted to, there are few persons who would not be in danger of using unauthorized words, or of giving to legitimate words an unauthorized meaning.

In selecting a dictionary as a standard, great judgment and discretion should be exercised. Johnson's dictionary, with its latest improvements, particularly his quarto, possess many advantages over any others which have ever been written. The idea of supporting and illustrating the meaning of words by quotations from distinguished authors, was a peculiarly happy conception; and this feature in Johnson's dictionary will be highly valued by every critical scholar. The meaning of words is more accurately ascertained by inspecting the manner in which they have been used by good authors, than it can possibly be from any definition. The authority of some authors is superior to that of others; and a means is afforded by this dictionary for distinguishing between words of modern use, and those which must be considered as well nigh obsolete.

Next to a careful perusal of the best classical English writers, with the aid of a good dictionary, the greatest help to a thorough acquaintance with the English will be found in a knowledge of the Latin language. The English has derived more words from the Latin, than from all other foreign sources: and these words are some of the most expressive and forcible in the language. The Latin language possesses peculiar advantages as an expositor of the English. The words which have been derived from the French, have been taken with little change of form; and to trace them back to their source, furnishes little or no clue to their meaning. It is not so with words derived from the Latin. Those words which are simple in the English, are often compounded in the Latin, and the simple Latin words of which they are compounded, often furnish the best interpretation of the English word which has been derived from them.

The Greek language, also, from which many valuable English words have been derived, possesses, to a great degree, the same advantages as the Latin, and is highly worthy of the attention of the English scholar.

Languages, like nations, have had their rise, their glory, and their decline. The sun of English literature has risen in peculiar

brightness, has ascended the heavens in majesty, and is shedding its meridian splendour on the world. Who would not regret to behold it descending towards the horizon, even though it should scatter brilliancy over a hemisphere in its setting glory? It is interesting to inquire what are the dangers of corruption to which the English language is exposed, and how they may be avoided.

The great danger of corruption to which it is exposed is innovation. In the earlier state of a language, when it is progressing to improvement by the labours of genius and taste, innovation is the prime source of its advancement. But when a language has received the finishing touch of improvement, and become substantially settled, innovation is to be steadily frowned upon. With the models of Grecian sculpture and architecture before him, where is the artist who will pretend that excellence is to be attained in these fine arts by innovation, and not by imitation? There is nothing more beautiful than simple beauty itself. The Italians attempted to improve the Corinthian, the most elegant order of Grecian architecture, by combining the beauties of the Ionic and of the Corinthian; but in the judgment of all of good taste, they marred what it was their purpose to adorn.

When a language becomes substantially settled, innovation must be considered a kind of literary treason. A language becomes settled when no authors may be expected to arise in it, more distinguished than those who have already arisen. In this view of the subject, must not the English language be considered as settled? When will more illustrious authors arise, than those who have already shed a glory on English literature?

There is, indeed, cheering proof that the English language is not on the decline. The later writers in every department of literature and science are not inferior to their predecessors. Campbell, and Rogers, and Montgomery, and Scott, and Byron, and many others, have adorned the fields of poetry. Reed, Stewart, and Brown, are scarcely inferior to Locke in metaphysical authorship. Webster, as a lexicographer, is no unworthy successor of the illustrious Johnson. If natural philosophy and physical astronomy have made little advancement since the time of Newton, other departments of physical science, and particularly chemistry, have been signally advanced; and the latter has been beautifully illustrated by Sir Humphrey Davy, and a multitude of others. In fictitious writing, no former author, for beauty of description and elegance of language, will bear a comparison with Sir Walter Scott. And for a pure, classical, and elegant style, nothing in the whole range of the English classics will surpass that of Washington Irving, the American. Theology has been elegantly as well as forcibly illustrated by Blair and Campbell, Porteus and Dwight.

The progress of science, among those who speak and write the English language, is undoubtedly onward. New discoveries are making, and new terms will be required to express them. But, with this exception, innovation is the bane of the English language. New words which are unnecessary only encumber a language, and increase the difficulty of learning and of writing it. To borrow the similitude of an elegant author, 'Of what use is it to introduce foreigners for the defence of a country, when its native citizens are abundantly sufficient for its protection?' Language is the common property of those who speak and who write it; and it is of great consequence that they use the same words, and in the same senses, and even that they write them with the same orthography. No single man, and no small body of men, have a right to interfere with the common property of all. It has required the labour of ages to bring the English language to its present perfection and uniformity; and he who attempts, by bold innovations, to trespass upon its laws, and to break up its foundations, should be regarded as the foe of English literature.

A servile imitation of distinguished writers, who amidst great excellencies have prominent defects, is another source of danger to the purity and beauty of the English language. An eminent writer occasionally rises, whose majesty of thought and splendour of diction attract a general admiration, and whose distinguished excellencies throw a mantle over his minor defects. It requires great judgment and taste to separate the excellencies from the defects of such a writer; a judgment and taste which are not always possessed and exercised. Such writers are sure to have many imitators. Such an author, among others, is Chalmers. While the greatness of his thoughts and the splendour of his imagery attract universal admiration, he is far from being a good model of style. Many a youthful theologian, after he has interlarded his discourse with the quaint peculiarities of this distinguished writer, fancies that he has put on the splendid robe of Chalmers, when in fact he has only stolen his rags.

A rage for new works, and original authors, constitutes another danger to which the English language is exposed. A love of novelty is, indeed, a characteristic of an ingenious people. All the Athenians, we are told in the volume of inspiration, spent their time in nothing else but to hear and to learn some new thing. No doubt authors may be expected from time to time to arise, who will be an ornament to English literature. But after all, it is undoubtedly true, that the most valuable literature and science in the English language is from half a century to a century and an half old. This is the mine which must be explored and wrought by him who would bring forth the treasures, and display the riches, of the language.

A few remarks on the future prospects of the language, as to its extension and prevalence, will bring this paper to a close. The

English language, it may be confidently asserted, embodies more valuable literature and science than any other that was ever written or spoken. This circumstance will be sure to attract to it the regard of the learned and enlightened of every country. The butterflies of fashion, that flutter around the courts of modern Europe, may prefer the French. Let it, if they please, have the honour of being the court language of Europe. But the learned in these countries will always set a higher value on the English. Nor will they be content to derive a knowledge of English authors merely from translations. The spirit of English literature would extensively evaporate in a translation.

The British empire, although it has its seat in a few small islands of the ocean, has its colonies in the four quarters of the world. In Canada and the West Indies, in Western and Southern Africa, in Hindostan and New Holland, the English language has a firm establishment, and every prospect of an extension. Among the millions of India, a broad field for its conquests, the English is perpetually trenching upon the language of the natives. The United States, stretching through the breadth of a continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific oceans, which is yet to be spread over with a vast number of enlightened freemen, furnishes a distinguished theatre where the English language may extend its triumph, and rear up the monument of its glory.

The English is the language of two of the most commercial nations on the globe; and British and American commerce cannot fail to carry it, as on the wings of the wind, to the utmost ends of the earth. The two nations that speak this language are also, more extensively than all others, engaged in missionary operations, and appear to be destined to be the principal instruments in the diffusion of christianity to every nation of the world. Wherever missionary establishments are formed by these people, the English language is likely to be gradually introduced. No doubt missionaries will extensively learn the language of those to whom they are sent; and translations of the Scriptures, and other valuable works, will be made into these languages, especially for the use of the adult population. But much of missionary effect will be expended upon the young; and the children in schools will be likely to be taught the English language, that an access may be opened to them, without the labour of translations, to the great fountain of English literature and science.

Though the English can scarcely hope to become the universal language, no other language has an equal prospect of becoming nearly so. The author who can produce a work in this language, which is worthy to go down to posterity, knows not to what a vast congregation it may be his privilege ultimately to speak, and how many unborn millions it may be his high honour to entertain and to instruct.

EXTRACTS FROM "HYPERION."

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

The following is part of a conversation between Paul Flemming and his friend:

"But to resume our old subject of scholars and their whereabouts," said the Baron, "where should the scholar live? In solitude or in society? In the green stillness of the country, where he can hear the heart of nature beat, or in the dark, gray city, where he can hear and feel the throbbing heart of man? I will make answer for him, and say, in the dark, gray city. Oh, they do greatly err, who think that the stars are all the poetry which cities have; and therefore that the poet's only dwelling should be in sylvan solitudes, under the green roof of trees. Beautiful, no doubt, are all the forms of nature, when transfigured by the miraculous power of poetry; hamlets and harvest fields, and nut-brown waters, flowing ever under the forest, vast and shadowy, with all the sights and sounds of rural life. But after all, what are these but the decorations and painted scenery in the great theatre of human life? What are they but the coarse materials of the poet's song? Glorious indeed is the world of God around us, but more glorious is the world of God within us. There lies the Land of Song; there lies the poet's native land. The river of life, that flows through streets tumultuous, bearing along so many gallant hearts, so many wrecks of humanity; the many homes and households, each a little world in itself, revolving round its fireside, as a central sun; all forms of human joy and suffering brought into that narrow compass;—and to be in this and be a part of this; acting, thinking, rejoicing, sorrowing, with his fellow men;—such, such should be the poet's life. If he would describe the world, he should live in the world. The mind of the scholar, also, if you would have it large and liberal, should come in contact with other minds. It is better that his armour should be somewhat bruised, even by rude encounters, than hang forever rustling on the wall. Nor will his themes be few or trivial, because apparently shut in between the walls of houses, and having merely the decorations of street scenery. A ruined character is as picturesque as a ruined castle. There are dark abysses and yawning gulfs in the human heart, which can be rendered passable only by bridging them over with iron nerves and sinews, as Challey bridged the Savine in Switzerland, and Telford the sea between Anglesea and England, with chain bridges. These are the great themes of human thought; not green grass, and flowers, and moonshine. Besides, the mere external forms of Nature we make our own, and carry with us into the city, by the power of memory."

"I fear, however," interrupted Flemming, "that in cities the soul of man grows proud. He needs at times to be sent forth, like

the Assyrian monarch, into green fields, 'a wondrous wretch and weedless,' to eat green herbs, and be wakened and chastised by the rain-shower and winter's bitter weather. Moreover, in cities there is danger of the soul's becoming wed to pleasure, and forgetful of its high vocation. There have been souls dedicated to heaven from childhood, and guarded by good angels as sweet seclusions for holy thoughts, and prayers, and all good purposes; wherein pious wishes dwelt like nuns, and every image was a saint; and yet in life's vicissitudes, by the treachery of occasion, by the thronging passions of great cities, have become soiled and sinful. They resemble those convents on the river Rhine, which have been changed to taverns; from whose chambers the pious inmates have long departed, and in whose cloisters the footsteps of travellers have effaced the images of buried saints, and whose walls are written over with ribaldry and the names of strangers, and resound no more with holy hymns, but with revelry and loud voices."

"Both town and country have their dangers," said the Baron; and therefore, wherever the scholar lives, he must never forget his high vocation. Other artists give themselves up wholly to the study of their art. It becomes with them almost religion. For the most part, and in their youth, at least, they dwell in lands where the whole atmosphere of the soul is beauty; laden with it as the air may be with vapour, till their very nature is saturated with the genius of their art. Such, for example, is the artist's life in Italy."

"I agree with you," exclaimed Flemming; "and such should be the poet's everywhere; for he has his Rome, his Florence, his whole glowing Italy, within the four walls of his library. He has in his books the ruins of an antique world,—and the glories of a modern one,—his Apollo and Transfiguration. He must neither forget nor undervalue his vocation; but thank God that he is a poet; and everywhere be true to himself, and to the 'vision and the faculty divine' he feels within him."

SUMMER.

"They were right,—those old German Minnesingers,—to sing the pleasant summer-time! What a time it is! How June stands illuminated in the Calendar! The windows are all wide open; only the Venetian blinds are closed. Here and there a long streak of sunshine streams in through a crevice. We hear the low sound of the wind among the trees; and, as it swells and freshens, the distant doors clap to, with a sudden sound. The trees are heavy with leaves; and the gardens full of blossoms, red and white. The whole atmosphere is laden with perfumes and sunshine. The birds sing. The cock struts about, and crows loftily. Insects chirp in the grass. Yellow butter-cups stud the green carpet like golden buttons, and the red blossoms of the clover like rubies. The elm-trees reach their long, pendulous branches almost to the ground. White clouds sail aloft; and vapours fret the blue sky with silver threads. The white village gleams afar against the dark hills. Through the meadow winds the river,—careless, indolent. It seems to love the country, and is in no haste to reach the sea. The bee only is at work."

People drive out from town to breathe, and to be happy. Most of them have flowers in their hands; bunches of flower-blossoms and still oftener lilacs. Ye denizens of the crowded city, how pleasant to you is the change from the sultry street to the open fields, fragrant with clover-blossoms! how pleasant the fresh, breezy country air, dashed with brine from the meadows! how pleasant, above all, the flowers, the manifold, beautiful flowers!

It is no longer day. Through the trees rises the red moon, and the stars are scarcely seen. In the vast shadow of night, the coolness and the dews descend. I sit at the open window to enjoy them, and hear only the voice of the summer wind. Like black hulks, the shadows of the great trees ride at anchor on the billowy sea of grass. I cannot see the red and blue flowers, but I know that they are there. Far away in the meadow gleams the silver Charles. The tramp of horses' hoofs sounds from the wooden bridge. Then all is still, save the continuous wind of the summer night. Sometimes I know not if it be the wind or the sound of the neighbouring sea. The village clock strikes; and I feel that I am not alone.

How different is it in the city! It is late, and the crowd is gone. You step out upon the balcony, and lie in the very bosom of the cool, dewy night, as if you folded her garments about you. The whole starry heaven is spread out overhead. Beneath lies the public walk with trees, like a fathomless, black gulf, into whose silent darkness the spirit plunges and floats away, with some beloved spirit clasped in its embrace. The lamps are still burning up and down the lone street. People go by, with grotesque shadows, now fore-shortened and now lengthening away into the darkness and vanishing, while a new one springs up behind the walker, and seems to pass him on the side-walk. The iron gates of the park shut with a jangling clang. There are footsteps, and loud voices;—a tumult,—a drunken brawl,—an alarm of fire;—then silence again. And now at length the city is asleep, and we can see the night. The belated moon looks over the roofs, and finds no one to welcome her. The moonlight is broken. It lies here and there in the squares, and the opening of streets,—angular, like blocks of white marble.

THE MUTINEER'S WIDOW.

We have been thinking a good deal lately about those "wooden walls," which for so many centuries "kept the foreigners from fooling us." We have heard of Russian fleets, and of the power and magnificent proportions of a Russian Steam Ship, built in the docks

of "Old Father Thames;" a proceeding, we will venture to assert, that did not altogether meet the approbation of the "most loved of all the Ocean's sons;" and turning over a petty *multum in parvo* edition of "Willis's Pencillings by the Way," where three volumes are put into one, we fell upon a passage strongly characteristic of American self-importance, where the author declares, with as much decision as if he were an Admiral of the Red, that from the comparisons he has made between his own and the ships of war of another nation, "America may be well proud of her navy!" We believe she may, for a young country, be very proud of her navy, and of many other things; but we trust, for her own sake, that Mr. Willis did not mean to induce a comparison between the war vessels of England and those of America. If he did, he is more conceited than we deemed it possible for an American to be.

We thought thus, as we closed somewhat hastily Mr. Willis's Pencillings; and having nothing else within reach, but the pages of Chambers' last Journal, our eye rested upon an article headed "Richard Parker the Mutineer," the name brought to our remembrance the famous mutiny of the *Nore*. There was something so unlike mutiny in the fact of the guns of the rebellious ship marking their respect for the king, whose commands they refused to obey, by firing salutes on his birth-day morning—something so chivalric in abstaining from plunder, where the wealth of our wealthy nation was at their mercy—something so frank and manly in the bearing of poor Parker himself, that we read the article with sailor interest, until we came to a most touching account of the heroic conduct of the widow of the chief of the mutineers; then indeed our interest became painful, and the fact of this extraordinary woman being now alive, and in *extreme want*, awoke sympathies which we hope the affluent will share in. Mrs. Parker and her husband were of superior rank in life, but difficulties came upon him, and he sought refuge and distinction beneath the British flag. Induced by the discontented, he first joined and then directed their movements; nor did his wife know of his perilous situation until his sentence of death struck upon her ear. She flew to the palace, but received as an answer to her supplication, that "to all but R. Parker mercy would be extended." After many difficulties she arrived opposite the Sandwich, on board which Parker was to die. The faint gray of morning crept along the horizon, and she prevailed on the boat people of a Sheerness market boat to take her alongside—but the sentinel threatened to fire on them. As the hour drew nigh, the wife saw her husband on the deck between two clergymen. In her agony she called on him, and he heard and knew her voice. In a few minutes it was all over; happily, she was insensible; but when her senses returned, she sought the key of the churchyard where he had been interred—it was refused her. Excited almost to madness by the information, that the surgeon would disinter the body that night, she waited until that night came—got over the wall—found her husband's grave—scraped away the clay—removed the lid—and at last clasped the cold hand of her husband in her own.

So much for the daring of woman's love, but woman's determination, urged by the same cause, aroused her, the young and lonely widow, from the enjoyment of this melancholy pleasure. She again scaled the wall, told her story to two women, who called forth a kindly spirit in several men, and undertook to rescue the body from its ignominious grave, and place it at the widow's disposal; she succeeded in conveying it to London, but the news of the exhumation had anticipated her arrival. She wished to convey it to Exeter or Scotland, but the Lord Mayor prevailed on her to permit it to be decently interred in Whitechapel churchyard. In that churchyard now lie the remains of Richard Parker—a man who might have deserved a better fate.

There is something peculiarly beautiful in the earnest and devoted affection of this faithful-hearted woman; and the late King William, hearing she had become blind, graciously sent her at one time ten, at another twenty pounds. An appeal has lately been made in her favour, and our motive in detailing in so few words, what might be enlarged into a romance, is simply for the purpose of drawing public attention to the situation of Mrs. Parker, as the sure herald of that relief which the public are ready to bestow when they know it is needed and where it is deserved. This extraordinary woman has completed her sixty-ninth year, and is in a state of utter destitution, we will not say without friends—for we hope this appeal will raise up many.—*Britannia*.

SHAKESPEARE'S COTEMPORARIES.

"It is not so much," says Hazlitt, "in one faculty that Shakspeare excelled his fellows, as in that wondrous combination of talent which made him beyond controversy eminent above all." The fruits of their genius are neither so fair, so rich, nor so abundant as those of his; but yet they are good fruits—sound, pleasant, and wholesome. If a masculine and vigorous tone of thought is to be inspired—if profound lessons of human nature are to be learned—if the best and noblest sympathies and feelings are to be roused, by the scenes of Shakspeare, so are they also by those of his contemporaries. It is a fastidiousness which objects to their general perusal on the score of the coarseness and indelicacy which prevails too much in their language. This is a fault, incidental to the comparative rudeness of the age, and neither flowing from depravity of thought nor tending to engender it. Grossness of expression is revolting, not seducing, to the modern reader; and those who seek

to inflame the imagination by licentious scenes and descriptions, carefully avoid infusing in their poison any thing offensive to the taste. There is more mischief in a page of Balzac, or George Sand, or Victor Hugo, than in all the volumes of the Elizabethan dramatists. In their moral works the tone is stern and lofty. Vice is painted in all its varieties, and in all its blackness. It is never hid under a mask of sentimental delicacy and refinement. Its features are always hideous, its acts revolting, and its consequences terrible; nor is there to be found a scene of vicious indulgence unattended with circumstances so dismal as to excite any emotion but fear and horror. Virtue, on the other hand, appears in all her sublimity and beauty. That such pictures should be stained with deformities—and those of Shakspeare himself are not free from them is no sufficient reason against their exhibition.

The same immaturity of taste which led to coarseness of language in the old dramatists, led also to many of the other faults which lie open to the censure of modern criticism, and render most of their works unfit for the modern stage. But there was little criticism in England in those days. The English drama did not grow by slight degrees, but sprang at once into the greatest strength and vigour which it has ever reached. Sir Walter Scott observes, that between *Gorboduc*, the oldest English tragedy, and the plays of Shakspeare, the interval did not exceed twenty years; and Shakspeare appeared in the midst of a host of others, almost any one of whom would have conferred lustre on a less illustrious age.—*London Spectator*.

A TRAVELLER.

As we were about leaving the hotel at Philadelphia this morning, there seemed some delay from a passenger in the third story. Pretty soon, we heard a sharp altercation up stairs, followed by the appearance of a short fat man with a red face, who preceded a negro with an arm full of boots. The short fat man hobbled to the bar, and in a sort of ominous whisper, as though he took some credit for not being in a towering passion, said,

"Landlord, where are my boots?"

"Why, really, sir, I—what number were they?"

"What has that to do with it," said the fat man, beginning to get excited. "I don't know the number; I believe they were 8, with low heels and pegged."

"Ah, you mistake, what is the number of your room?"

"Forty-five."

"And did you put the number on your boots, when you took them off?"

"What have I to do with marking boots? Do you think I carry a bottle of ink in my pocket to prevent my boots being stolen?"

"But there was a piece of chalk on the stand where you took them off?"

"A piece of thunder and lightning," said the other. "I'll tell you what Landlord, this won't do. The simple question is, Where are my boots? I took them off in this house, and you are responsible for them. That's law all over the world."

"Carriage waiting," said the driver.

"Let it wait," said the fat man. "Suppose I can go without my boots?"

"Here be one pair that weren't marked," said the black, "are them um?"

"Them um, you rascal, why they are an inch too short, and the heels are two inches high."

"Carriage waiting, and the boat will leave if I wait any longer," shouted the driver, while we were all in the carriage and urging him to start.

The fat man gasped for breath. "Landlord, I again ask, WHERE ARE MY BOOTS?"

"Why, really, sir, I—"

"Go or not," said the driver.

The short man seized the unmarked boots, and strained and pulled till he got them on, and groaning as though his feet were in a vice.

"I'll tell you what it is, Landlord, I call all these people to witness—"

"Carriage starting," said the bystanders.

The fat man started to, and was just getting into the coach, when the black touched his coat tail, saying, "Remember the servant, sir?"

"Yes," said the other, turning round and laying his cane over the waiter's head, "take that, and that, and try and see if you can remember me, and my boots, too."

After we reached the boat, and for a long time, the fat man seemed lost in a reverie, looking at his new boots. I once heard him mutter, "After all, if I get the heels cut off, they won't be so very uncomfortable, and mine did leak a little."

Thus may we draw comfort from the worst of ills, for what is worse than losing one's boots when the carriage is waiting, and the boat about to start?

FIRE FROM THE RAYS OF THE SUN.—The boarding house of Mrs. Broome, in Hartford, was set on fire recently by the sun, and several articles of clothing, a chair, &c. consumed. The fire was communicated to a portion of the attic, by a pane of glass in the fan light, which formed a convex lens, and brought such a focus to bear on some clothing, hanging on the partition, as to set them on fire.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE HALIFAX MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

MAY 6, 1840.

The termination of the eighth session of the Institute calls the office bearers and committee before their brother members, to resign the trust which was committed to them at last annual meeting, to make a report of the year's proceedings, and such suggestions as their experience may dictate.

The attendance on the lectures of the Institute, has been equal to that of any previous session,—and perhaps in none have the meetings been so large towards the close, as in that just passed. This, your Committee trusts, proves that an increased interest is felt in this means of recreation and instruction, and, as a consequence, that increased respect for the Institute, and resolution to maintain its efficiency, exists. The large attendance of ladies is a feature of the session which deserves some remark. Such an attendance, though much desired in an earlier period of the Institute, was long wanting. Its attainment is cause of congratulation, and the Committee hope that it will be continued, and that the mothers and sisters of the young men of the community, will powerfully enforce, by their example, the importance and delights of intellectual pursuits. The order of the session has been, generally, good,—but an injudicious habit, among the younger part of audiences, of making numerous expressions of applause, requires some check. Excepting in this particular, unbroken harmony has marked the weekly meetings of the year.

The number of members—who have signed the rules, and are considered permanently attached to the Institute—is 103. Your Committee have to remark, as former Committees had, that they believe many persons consider themselves members of the Institute, and feel a warm interest in its behalf, who have not qualified themselves as members, according to the rules. The number of holders of session tickets, not members, is 48; holders of ladies' tickets 45; youths' 53. Total, authorized to attend the session of 1839 and 1840, besides honorary members, strangers, and lecturer's visitors, 240.

The amount of funds to be accounted for, during the year, as exhibited by the Treasurer's account, is £107 1s. 5d.; expenditure, £104 16s. 4d.;—balance in Treasurer's hands, £2 5s. 1d., this, and the undrawn legislative grant of £30,—and a sum of £11 6s. in the President's hands and due for tickets, make a total balance in favour of the Institute, of £43 11s. 1d. Debts due by the Institute, about £25.

The lecture table has been well and regularly supplied by gratuitous lecturers, during the session,—but your Committee had to meet some exigencies, caused by parties not fulfilling the expectations which your Committee had reason to entertain. Subjoined are the names of the gentlemen to whom the thanks of the Institute are due, in this department, and also of the subjects on which they lectured:

Mr. Joseph Howe, one lecture, Introductory Discourse,—Doctor Grigor, four,—Phrenology, (3), Fine Arts, (1). Doctor Teulon, three, Saline Substances, (1), General Knowledge, (1), Domestic Economy, (1). Mr. P. Lynch, junr., one, Ancient Art. Mr. A McKenzie, two, Economy of Nature, (1) Gas Light, (1). Mr. A. McKinlay, six, Heat, (4), Electricity, (2.) Mr. George R. Young, two, Public Speaking, (1), Agriculture, (1). Mr. R. Young, one, Laws of Nature. Mr. McDonald, one, History. Rev. Mr. O'Brien, one, Enquiry. Rev. Mr. McIntosh, two, Pneumatics. Mr. John Chamberlain, one, Geology. Total, Lecturers 12,—Lectures 25. One of the arranged lecture evenings was that of Christmas Day,—but it was thought proper to adjourn over that festival, and the course thus became one lecture shorter than it otherwise would be.

The Curator's List will exhibit some additions to the property in the Museum, made during the year. Among these are, a Case of Ornithological Specimens,—a Cabinet of Entomology,—a Collection of Paintings of the Wild Flowers of the Province,—Chemical Apparatus and glass cases. All except the paintings were purchased by the Institute,—the paintings cost the Institute £10, but a contribution made up the remainder of the price, amounting in all to £40. The articles just enumerated cost the Institute about £80. The Museum has been cleaned and arranged, during the year, chiefly by the agency of one of the Vice Presidents, Doctor Creed. Among the improvements in this department may be mentioned, that a table was lighted up an hour before lectures on lecture evenings, and supplied with a variety of useful and entertaining publications.

Your Committee have much pleasure in recording the continued liberality of the Legislature. The usual grant of £30 to the Institute, and £20 to the Mechanics' Library, passed without opposition, during the last legislative session.

The Governors of Dalhousie College have also continued their patronage, as they gave the Institute reason to expect. Two commodious rooms are still occupied in the College building, by the Institute,—and all transactions of the Governors with the Institute, have been marked with kindness and courtesy.

Your Committee did not perceive that the advantages which were expected, accrued from the offer of Prizes,—and they have not continued that part of the plan of the Institute, as introduced by former Committees. They do not deary that mode of eliciting talent, but, on the contrary, think that it ought to prove highly be-

neficial;—they found, however, that competition was not as great as might be expected, that Prize articles did not always answer anticipations,—and that satisfaction did not result, in some instances, from the best intentioned endeavours:—they therefore thought that a temporary cessation from that part of the usual routine, might be wise.

The subject of Initiatory Schools, which was introduced to the notice of your Committee, by the preceding Committee, has not been taken up during the year. Your Committee did not see sufficient evidence, that any step taken, up to the present time, would not run the risk of being premature, and less effective than all should wish such an experiment to be.

The use of the lecture room was given, during the year, with the concurrence of the Governors of the building, to Mr. David, lecturer on Botany, and to Mr. Rogers, lecturer on India. Your Committee, however, felt, that for the future it would be wise to refrain, in every case, from acting in such matters, except merely to direct applicants to the Governors of the College. Subsequently, Dr. Morris lectured in the room, on Chemistry.

In resigning their trust, your Committee think that duty calls on them to follow the example of former Committees, by making some suggestions for the future, as dictated by the experience which a year's superintendence has given them in the affairs of the Institute.

The offer of Prizes might be re-commenced, under careful regulations, and very explicit advertisements.

The Initiatory Schools might be borne in mind, and, perhaps, some plan concocted, which would, at an early period, ensure efficiency and satisfaction, without taking too much from the funds of the Institute. Your Committee believe, however, that mathematical drawing, and some of the fundamental exact sciences, should form the basis of any school system in connection with the Institute, rather than the more general branches of Philosophy.

Respecting lectures, it might be well to provide against any failure of lecturers, by preparing, at an early period, a list of lecturers and subjects, by urging punctuality on lecturers, and by publishing the list. It would be well, also, for the Committee always to hold in readiness two or more supernumerary lectures,—for the purpose of filling up vacancies that may occur, in the easiest and best manner. Care might also be taken, that Science should form the chief material of the course, without excluding miscellaneous subjects. Lectures on Geography, Astronomy, the Fine Arts, and other subjects not heretofore much before the Institute, would, your Committee think, be very desirable, and they would urge the matter on members generally, and others friendly to popular instruction.

Some additional provision might be made for the preservation of order at lectures. The great majority of the meetings observe perfect decorum, but some of the younger portions annoy and disturb, by noises which are uncalled for and unbecoming. A very slight effort, your committee hope, will remedy this, for the future.

The Institute should bear in mind, that the room occupied as a lecture room, although very desirable, in many respects, and although its occupation calls for the grateful acknowledgment of every member, is frequently too small for the audience which wishes to attend. If a larger room were at the disposal of the Institute, single tickets might occasionally be issued, with pecuniary profit to the Institute, or for the purpose of forming a fund for the payment of lecturers, under circumstances in which gratuitous services could not be expected. Such an issue, at about a quarter of a dollar for each ticket, your Committee would advise, only that, as at present situated, it would be impossible to accommodate many visitors, without excluding the holders of session tickets. An appeal to the public, at a proper period, would, your Committee believe, be, proportionably, as successful in Halifax, as such appeals have been elsewhere,—and would give the command of funds which might enable the Institute to meet the difficulty stated.

Apart from the object last alluded to, an Address from the Committee of the Institute, to their fellow citizens, previous to the opening of the session, might cause considerable additions to subscriptions, and to the Museum,—and this means might be recommended, although the Institute is so well known now, that many may think such a step should not be necessary.

In conclusion, your Committee would congratulate their fellow members, on the wholesome progress of the Institute, on what may be anticipated for the future, and on the very cheering spread, generally, of intelligence and enquiry, in British America, as well as in older and more favoured countries. They confidently trust, that the Halifax Mechanics' Institute will continue that course of peace and propriety which has hitherto marked its history,—and they ardently wish for that degree of efficiency which its pursuits deserve,—and which may be confidently expected, although the exercise of perseverance and patience may be requisite for the full accomplishment of all that is desired.

(Signed) J. S. THOMPSON, Sec'y.

THE ALBION MINES RAIL ROAD—AND THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVES IN BRITISH AMERICA.

Last Thursday morning, intelligence reached town that the new line of Rail Road, from the Albion Mines to South Pictou, was completed, and that the Locomotives, with their trains of cars, would on that day travel through the whole length of the road.

The announcement was hailed with joy by the inhabitants of the town; and as the steamboat Albion made two trips to South Pictou, in the early part of the day, many persons availed themselves of the opportunity thus afforded, of witnessing an event in every way so important to the prosperity of Pictou. The Volunteer Artillery Company, in full costume, with their field-pieces, joined the party, to add sound and effect to the general expression of public feeling.

Soon after the parties had landed at the terminus of the Rail Road, the smoke of the two Locomotives was discovered rising over the adjoining forest, presenting the novel appearance of proceeding from a moving body beneath, outstripping the wind in velocity. There was a good breeze blowing at the same time, in the same direction as the trains; but their superior swiftness gave the columns of smoke the singular appearance of proceeding for some distance against the wind. The spectators were ranged on the banks of the Rail Road; and to those who had not before seen such a sight, as well as to those who had, the passing of the trains presented a feature in the history of the British American Colonies, possessing intense interest, and which called forth from the assembled multitudes the most enthusiastic cheers, accompanied by discharges of artillery.

The event was every way an interesting and important one; and we doubt not, many of the boys there will, when their heads are "silver'd o'er with years," talk of the opening of the first Rail Road in British America.

We will take another opportunity of stating the number of chaldrons of coal which the Association will now be able to ship daily; but we may now say, for the information of those who may be interested, that the delay heretofore experienced in loading ships with coal need not now be apprehended, as they will henceforward be delivered from the end of the Rail Road, directly on board of vessels drawing eighteen feet of water and under.

We congratulate the Company on the completion of this undertaking, and sincerely trust that their princely outlays at the Albion Mines, may be productive of as much advantage to themselves, as they have been of prosperity to this place.—*Pictou Mechanic and Farmer.*

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 23.

RELICS OF ANTIQUITY.—An elegant quarto pamphlet, of 21 pages, and embellished with two engravings, has been published by C. D. Archibald, Esq., F. R. A. S., M. R. I. A., F. G. S., Deputy Lieutenant of Lancashire, England. This is another contribution to the world of letters by a Nova Scotian. It consists of a communication made to the Society of Antiquaries, in a letter to Sir H. Ellis, K. H., F. R. S., Secretary, on the subject of ancient pieces of ordnance, recently discovered in the Island of Walney, Lancashire.

We will attempt a kind of brief of the contents of the paper. The Isle of Walney, adjoining that part of Lancaster called Furness, is about twelve miles in length by one in breadth. It was formerly called the "Forest of Walney," but it is now under tillage, and devoid of trees of magnitude. Near the south end of Walney is a small island, called Peel or Pile of Fouldrey, on which stand the remains of a castle built by the Abbots of Furness. The vassals of the abbey were bound to provide for the defence of the castle. A tradition existed in the Island, that in early times a ship of war, or vessel laden with warlike stores, was wrecked at a particular spot. Mr. Archibald traced the story, by tradition, existing in one family, for a period of between two and three hundred years,—and discovered that several pieces of ordnance and other curiosities had been found, and converted to agricultural or other purposes. An opinion prevailed that the vessel remained buried, and Mr. Archibald caused excavations to be made at a spot where favourable indications appeared. Some scattered planks and timbers were found, and several objects of curiosity.

One article described by Mr. Archibald, was found some years ago. It is an iron cannon, ten feet long;—the breech was in the middle, and a touch hole at each side of the breech; it therefore discharged right and left. The piece was of hammered iron. The inner part consisted of three plates of iron, strengthened and held together by hoops, driven on, and over-bound, at the junctures, by iron rings.

A second piece is two feet long, and of two inches calibre. It is formed like the other.

A third and fourth, are of wrought iron, but without hoops. They are supposed to be chambers, or moveable breeches, which were much used in early times. It was the custom to place in them the charge of gunpowder, and fit them into the breech of iron tubes which served to give direction to the balls. Subsequently the chambers were used as independent pieces, and were called Patereros.

Beside these, Mr. Archibald saw, or heard of several others, found at the same place, some of them like musket barrels. He also recovered a dozen balls of stone and iron, two old cutlasses, and a pair of curious brass dividers.

Believing that these articles belong to a remote period, Mr. Archibald refers to the history of ordnance, for the purpose of tracing the application and improvement of such pieces.

It is asserted that gunpowder was employed in an early age by the Chinese and Greeks. About the middle of the fifteenth century it was known to Roger Bacon. Guns are mentioned in a work written during the reign of Edward the Second. The Bishop of Ratesbon, who died in 1280, describes gunpowder. Some old chronicles ascribe the invention to Schuarg, a German monk who lived about 1329. The Flemings were noted at that period for excellence in the arts, and it is supposed that they employed this powerful agent for warlike purposes. Edward the Third used this species of artillery, efficiently. A Scotch writer called them the "crakys of war," and says that they were used by Edward's army in his expedition against the Scots in 1327.—The earliest cannon of which any account remains, were constructed similarly to those found at Walney. Before the close of the fourteenth century, it was supposed that cannons were cast, of brass and other metals. Such were not uncommon in the early part of the fifteenth.

Cannons were used at the siege of a castle in Auvergne, in 1388. They were supposed to be introduced into France about fifty years previously. In 1340 French and English used cannon and bombards, in attack and defence. In 1346 Edward the Third used pieces of ordnance, according to general opinion, at the battle of Cressy. Mention is made of a cannon fifty feet in length, which was said to be employed at the siege of Oudenarde. In 1359, Peter, King of Arragon, had a bombard on board his ship, with which he dismasted an enemy. Cannon are spoken of as familiar to warfare, about the same period. The French had an officer, similar to the master of the Ordnance, in 1368. An antique piece of ordnance was fished up off the Goodwin Sands in 1776; it was believed to be lost about 1370. A very large cannon in Kent, had upon it the date of 1354. In 1372 Augsburg had three cannon which threw bullets of stone of 50, 70, and 127 lbs. In the same year the French were armed with cannon. A piece was ordered for Frankfort, in 1377, whose bullet was to weigh 1000 lbs. In 1378 the English had 400 cannon when they besieged St. Malo. At the same time the Venetians used cannon against the Genoese; the renowned Peter Doria was killed at the siege of Chioggia, by a stone bullet weighing 195 lbs. Repeated mention is made of the use of cannon in several engagements. Cannon became numerous in and about the year 1400. A Master of the Ordnance is first spoken of, in the reign of Henry the Fifth.

From these and other data, Mr. Archibald concludes that the pieces of ordnance found at Walney belonged to the earliest periods of the use of such articles.

Mr. Archibald then goes on, with an ingenious enquiry, respecting the means by which these articles were deposited where they were found, and inclines to the supposition that they were part of an expedition designed for Britany, or Ireland, fitted out between the years 1377 and 1399.

The engravings consist of representations of the articles found at Walney,—and of ancient ordnance copied from old illuminated manuscripts.

In to-day's number will be found two articles on English language and literature, from that highly respectable periodical, the New York Knickerbocker. The subjects are of much interest, to those who delight in written exhibitions of talent and genius, for the English language is a mine of finely expressed thought, as rich, according to the admissions of those who make languages their study, as any that exists or ever existed.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—On our sixth page is the Report of the Committee of the Halifax Mechanics' Institute, made at the annual meeting as noticed in our last. The following scraps from this week's *Novascotian*, show some progress of those institutions elsewhere:

A Mechanics' Institute has been recently organized at Montreal. We rejoice at the spread of this excellent feature of modern times. If the calm and dignified delights of the Academic grove are not brought down to all grades of the people, the people are lifted up to them, and may share in sources of enjoyment and improvement, which, some time ago, were considered sacred to the fortunate few. The *Montreal Courier* has the following scrap, on the subject of the Institute, in that city:

"The Governor General has made a donation of Ten Pounds to this Institution.

Readers, who have long purses, go and do likewise.

Readers, who have short purses, give what you can spare.

Readers, who have nothing in your purses to give, give your best wishes, and your best assistance to this noble Institution."

In St. John, N. B. the Institute appears to have just closed a most useful session. The *St. John Courier* says:

"Preparations, we are pleased to find, are being made, for laying the Corner Stone of the Building, about to be erected by the Mechanics' Institute in this City, with due ceremony, in about ten days. It is proposed to have a Trades' Procession on the occasion, and, we understand, his Excellency Sir John Harvey has signified his intention of being present and taking part in the interesting proceedings of the day."

This is highly creditable to all concerned. The population, with the Governor of the Province at their head, co-operating to found a "local habitation" for one of those popular establishments. Halifax is in the rear, on this point.

The St. John Institute has had an Initiatory School in operation during the past winter, of which reports speak favourably. The branches taught, we believe, were, Writing, Mathematics, and Drawing.

ADMIRALTY.—In last Pearl some remarks were made respecting a recent case in this court. On Tuesday last the party most concerned was discharged, as the prosecutor had failed to take the steps requisite for trial. On the same day, the Judge of the Court, C. R. Fairbanks, Esq. required the attendance of the writer of the letter which brought the case before the public, and of the Editors of the *Journal and Pearl*. His Honor found much fault with the articles published on the subject, as being calculated to bring the Court into contempt, and as being unfounded in their statements of facts. His Honor said that the person was not confined on account of costs,—that the steps necessary for his release did not involve expense,—that the case had not terminated and should not have been made subject of comment,—that the prisoner was not free from the charge although the prosecutor had left the country,—that the fees of the Court were regulated by law, and were moderate,—that the Court had full power to support its authority, and that the newspapers were not a court of appeal.

To this we may say, very briefly,—that nothing in the Pearl was written, with the most distant wish to show disrespect to the head, or any of the members, of the Court, but solely with reference to what were understood to be its forms;—that the statements were made on what ought to be considered good authority, until contradicted from the highest quarter, as will appear, we understand, by affidavits prepared;—that the case was understood to have closed, as in point of fact it had, the complainant having declined proceeding;—that if the forms of the Court do not involve heavy expenses, it appears odd that merchants should frequently submit to unjust demands, rather than proceed to trial under the penalty of costs;—that if they do this, alteration in the forms of the Court seems loudly called for; and that if the newspapers are not a court of appeal, they are, and, doubtless, will be, frequently appealed to, to give utterance to what are considered cases of hardship, and while careful to state only what is proper, and willing to make correction when in error, such utterance does not seem beyond their proper sphere, whether respecting the courts or less dignified matters.

THE LITERARY GARLAND.—We alluded some time ago to a Magazine of this title, published at Montreal. We repeatedly intended resuming our notice, but something intervened. Sometimes our space was narrow, or haste forbade, or the Magazine was carried away by some book-worm, and when we got hold of it again the proper time for notice had passed by. The number for May came to hand within the week,—it presents its usual, (though extraordinary for a Colonial publication,) supply of original matter, and continues its very respectable appearance. We have not had opportunity of closely examining its contents, but doubt not that former commendations are applicable to this number.

In a notice of periodicals, the *Garland* thus mentions the *Pearl*, and we do ourselves the pleasure of laying such respectable opinion before our readers:

"*The Colonial Pearl.*—This neat and well conducted weekly, we are glad to say, maintains its excellent character. The articles are generally selected, but an occasional original of merit, shews that the genius of Nova Scotia is not confined to the few literary magnates, whose labours are so generally known to the world. The *Pearl* is indeed a gem—would that such were less rare, as well in the Canadas, as in the neighbouring Provinces."

SPRING.—We have had some lovely Spring weather within the week. Notwithstanding the chilling winds which prevailed some ten days ago, the pastures have put on their apparel of delicate verdure, the tender shoots are appearing above the clods of the valley, the buds burst forth in all the delicate beauty of youth, and the swallows dart to and fro in the bright and balmy atmosphere, eager in repairing the houses which they deserted last Fall. Catching at indications, we hope for an early and prosperous season, although a south-east breeze sometimes reminds us, that the ice is still drifting over the great waters.

The town appears busy and prosperous. Mr. Cunard's first steamer will be anxiously looked for, next week; the first of the regular Atlantic line will not leave England, it seems, before the beginning of July. The fortifications of Fort George are slowly proceeding,—when the Hill is completed, it will add much to the attraction of Halifax. The picturesque appearance of the works, may be already anticipated,—although some of the old patches appear most miserable, in contrast with the beautiful work done within the last three or four years.

Provincial Secretary's Office, Halifax, 20th May, 1840.

His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor will hold a Levee at the Government House, on Monday next the 25th instant, at two o'clock, in celebration of Her Majesty's Birth-Day.

MARRIED.

At Dartmouth, on Sunday afternoon by the Rev. Prof. Romans, A. M. Mr. John Graham, of Economy; to Sophia Amy, fourth daughter of Mr. John Elliott.

On Tuesday evening, by the Rev. Dr. Twining, George Ferguson, Esq. Royal Welsh Fusiliers, to Elizabeth, second daughter of Charles Hill, Esq.

On Saturday evening, by the Rev. John Martin, Mr. Ebenezer Mosely, to Miss Jane Cummings, both of this town.

On Monday morning, by the same, Mr. Alexander Fraser, of Harrietfield, to Miss Sophia Unlab, of Prospect Road.

DIED.

On Tuesday the 19th inst. Helen, second daughter of George and Margaret Hendric, aged 9 years and 10 months. Caused by the breaking of a blood vessel.

At Falmouth, on Saturday the 16th inst. Mr. Constant Wilson, aged 58 years, a respectable inhabitant of that place—deeply regretted by a numerous circle of friends and relatives. He was enabled during a long illness to bear his sufferings with christian fortitude, and his end was peaceful and happy.

At Liverpool May 3, Alexander, infant son of Mr. Thomas Patillo, aged 11 months.

"This lovely bud, so young so fair;
Called hence by early doom,
Just came to show how sweet a flower
In Paradise might bloom."

On Wednesday morning, Miss Charlotte, youngest daughter of the late Matthew Dripps, aged 22 years.

At Horton, on the 7th inst after a protracted illness, Mrs. Hannah Solmas, relict of the late Thomas Solmas, in the 63d year of her age.

At Garnettshire, Glasgow, on the 21st of March after a short illness, Mr. Thomas Grieve, Merchant of Edinburgh, deeply regretted by his family and friends.

At Aberdeen, North Britain, on the 9th March. William Jamieson, Esq. an eminent Jeweller of that city.

At Lunenburg, on Tuesday, the 12th inst Charles Dolman Esq. Barrister, in the 35th year of his age.

GAS LIGHT AND WATER COMPANY.

HALIFAX, 19th May, 1840.

At a Meeting of the Subscribers to the above Company, hold at the Exchange Coffee House, on the 4th inst. the following Gentlemen, namely, Richard Brown, Esq. the Hon. J. Leander Starr, Andrew Richardson, Joseph Sturr, John Duffus, Andrew McKinlay, and Alexander McKenzie, Esquires, were elected by ballot, to serve as a *Provisional Committee*, with ample powers, until a Board of Directors shall be appointed under the Act of INCORPORATION, passed during the last Session of the Legislature.

The Committee thus appointed, have directed that *One Pound* currency per share, be paid in to W. M. Hoffman, Esq. (acting Secretary and Treasurer,) on or before the 19th June next, and they most earnestly call upon all persons friendly to the objects of the Company, to come forward early, and subscribe for the Stock, so that no time may be lost in acting under the Charter, which requires the whole number of Shares to be subscribed for before any of the provisions of the Act can be availed of.

By order of the Committee,

W. M. HOFFMAN,

Acting Secretary and Treasurer.

MIR. W. F. TEULON,

ACCOCHEUR, &c.

DESIROUS that Professional aid at the Confinements of Mothers (considering themselves at present unable to afford it), might be generally rendered as in Great Britain, and other countries, offers himself to attend such, in any part of the town, at the same rate which obtains there: namely, £1 10 Sterling, visits during the recovery of the patient included.

Upper Water Street, Halifax, opposite Mr. Wm. Roche's Store, May 16, 1840.

NO. 88 & 89, GRANVILLE STREET.

CALL AND SEE.

THE SUBSCRIBER has received, per recent arrivals from Great Britain, the largest collection of

JUVENILE WORKS

ever before offered for sale in this town, among which are to be found a number of Peter Parley's, Miss Edgeworth's, Mrs. Child's, and Mrs. Hoffman's publications.

He has also received, in addition to his former stock, a very large Supply of Writing, Printing, and Coloured Papers, Desk Knives pen and pocket Knives, Taste, Quills, Wafers, Sealing Wax, Envelopes: and a very extensive collection of Books of every description.

Printing Ink in kegs of 12 lbs. each, various qualities; Black, Red, and Blue Writing Inks, Ivory Tablets, Ivory Paper Memorandum Books, and Account Books, of all descriptions, on sale, or made to order.

He has also, in connection with his establishment, a Bookbindery, and will be glad to receive orders in that line.

May 9.

ARTHUR W. GODFREY.

NO. 88 & 89, GRANVILLE STREET.

THE SUBSCRIBER has just received, per Acadian, from

Greenock,
Doway Bibles and Testaments for the use of the Laity,
The Path to Paradise,
Key to Heaven,
Poor Man's Manual,
Missal,
Butler's first, second, and general Catechisms.

May 9.

ARTHUR W. GODFREY.

SEEDS—FRESH SEEDS.

BY the Royal Tar, from the Thames, the Subscriber has completed his supply of Seeds, comprising,

RED AND WHITE DUTCH CLOVER,

Swedish Turnip, Mangel Wurtzel, and a general assortment for the kitchen garden. Also, a few choice Flower Seeds: catalogues of which may be had at his store, Hollis street.

G. E. MORTON.

May 9.

Pearl and Novascotian, 3w.

ROHAN AND LONG RED.

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

April 25.

For the Pearl.

THE SHIPWRECKED DEAD.

I.

As Day's last parting light was shed
I sat beside the deep,
And thought upon the shipwrecked dead
That in its waters sleep;
The brave, the fair, the young, the old—
The rich with all their shining gold,
O'er whom its billows sweep!
Beneath the dark insatiate wave
What thousands find a watery grave!

II.

Of all that vast unnumbered host
Who sailed with hopes so high,
Yet reached no more the sheltering coast,
None speak and none reply!
Each heart is cold and lifeless now,
And pale in death each beautiful brow,
And dim each lustrous eye.
Their rest is in the dark deep caves,
O'er which are piled Old Ocean's waves.

III.

When burst the dark tempestuous storm
Amidst the lightning's glare—
When frowned Destruction's awful form,
What frantic fear was there!
When life's last hour drew near its close,
What loud tumultuous cries arose—
What shrieks of wild despair!
No aid was nigh—all hope was o'er—
The seaman sunk to rise no more!

IV.

Yet far more dreadful is the fate
Of those whom tempests spare,
To feel their hopeless, helpless state,
And breathe the bursting prayer;—
Of those who watch the distant sail,
But find their hopes of succour fail,
Their woes still worse to bear;—
Of those of maddening thirst who die
Beneath the bright yet painful sky.

V.

O God! it is a fearful thing
On scarce a plank to be,
Without one ray to which to cling,
Alone amidst the sea!
Yet far more fearful still to view
The remnant of a gallant crew
Look up for help to Thee!
But, oh! to see the maniac eye,
And hear the wild inhuman cry!!!

VI.

How few that make the deep their home,
That rove from clime to clime,
Escape unharmed its path of foam,
And live beyond their prime!
How great the hosts its storms that brave,
Yet sink beneath th' overwhelling wave,
Cut off before their time!
What hearts—what hopes are wrecked at sea!
O Death! what myriads bow to Thee!

VII.

Ye wanderers of the dark blue wave,
The sport of every gale,
Whom nought but help from Heaven can save
When storms your path assail—
Where e'er life's fragile bark is cast,
The soul is safe from every blast,
If moored "within the veil!"
O gallant hearts! much need have ye
To trust in Him who rules the Sea!

J. McP.

Queen's County, April, 1840.

THE ARSENAL OF VENICE

The Arsenal of Venice, for many ages the richest and best furnished in the world, was an important element in the power of that republic. It resembles a small city, and is surrounded by walls and towers, on which strict watch is maintained by a numerous band of sentinels: a precaution which past experience has shown to be not superfluous. Here are many suites of rooms, furnished with a prodigious quantity of arms for men, horses and ships. One of these rooms contained enough to equip ten thousand, and a third fifty thousand. In one magazine was stored all that was necessary for arming a galley at all points. The republic feasted Henry III. in one of those apartments, and, during the banquet, gave him the striking spectacle of the launch of a ship of war. The masts, the sail-yards, the cordage, the canvas, the iron-work, the

cannons, the ammunition: all the materials of war were prepared here, and stored in different magazines. Three large quadrangles of deep water, communicating with the lagoons by means of a canal, were surrounded by spacious buildings, under whose roofs the ships remained until the moment of launching them. The greatest pride of the Venetian Arsenal was the double Galleys; they were in fact swimming fortresses, low in the sides, large and able to contain a crew of one thousand men. They were moved by oars in calm weather: and none but a noble could be captain of these galleys of Venice, which they swore to defend against twenty of an enemy. Every thing fabricated in the Arsenal was sacred; the ropes, canvas, the very nails, were stamped with the arms of St. Mark, and woe to him who was found in too close connection with any thing so consecrated. The Venetian ships were renowned for their strength and swiftness. Two circumstances were mainly instrumental in the perfection they attained. The first was, that the excellent artisans of the arsenal, protected and munificently rewarded by the republic, remained steadily in one branch of manufacture, which was transmitted from father to son: the second was the great care used in the selection of ripe and mature wood in the forests of Istria and Dalmatia; this was immersed for ten years in salt water, and acquired, on subsequent exposure to the air, great hardness and solidity. The arsenal had its own government, as though it were a small State. The operatives under the superintendence of their captains or heads, manufactured every thing required for the complete equipment of the vessels, under the government of the nobles, who resided within its walls. Their office lasted three years, contrary to the customary policy of Venice, which was not to leave a noble in any situation of authority more than a few months. The only other exceptions were the doge and the procurators of St. Mark. Frequent change of directors was found embarrassing among works which required habit, time, and diligence, to understand their arrangement aright. All the artisans were under the inspection of a chief, the "admiral" of the Arsenal, whose most splendid prerogative it was to act as a pilot to the Bucentaur in the ceremony of the espousal of the sea.

VALUE OF CHARACTER TO YOUNG MEN.

No young man who has a just sense of his own value, will sport with his own character. A watchful regard to his character in early youth, will be of inconceivable value to him in all the remaining years of his life. When tempted to deviate from strict propriety of deportment, he should ask himself, should I do this? Can I endure hereafter to look upon this?

It is of amazing worth to a young man to have a pure mind, for this is the foundation of a pure character. The mind, in order to be kept pure, must be employed on topics of thought which are themselves lovely, chastened, and elevating. Thus the mind hath in its own power the selection of its themes of meditation. If youth only knew how durable and how dismal is the injury produced by the indulgence of degrading thoughts; if they only realized how frightful were the moral deformities which a cherished habit of loose imagination produces on the soul—they would shun them as the bite of a serpent. The power of books to excite the imagination, is a fearful element when employed in the service of vice.

The cultivation of an amiable, elevated, and glowing heart, alive to all the beauties of nature, and all the sublimities of truth, invigorates the intellect: gives to the will independence of baser passions, and to the affection, that power of adhesion, to whatever is pure, and good, and grand, which is adapted to lead out the whole nature of man into these scenes of action and impression by which its energies may be most appropriately employed, and by which its high destination may be most effectually reached. The opportunities of exciting these faculties in benevolent and self-denying efforts, for the welfare of our fellow-men, are so many and great, that it is really worth while to live. The heart which is truly evangelically benevolent, may luxuriate in an age like this. The promises of God are inexpressibly rich; the main tendencies of things so manifestly in accordance with them; the extent of moral influence is so great, and the effects of its employments so visible, that whoever aspires after benevolent action, and reaches forth to those things that remain for us in the true dignity of his nature, can find free scope for his intellect, and all-inspiring themes for his heart.—*New York Evangelist.*

TRAINING BULLFINCHES.

In Germany those young bullfinches that are to be taught to sing particular tunes, must be taken from the nest when the feathers of the tail begin to grow, and must be fed only on rapeseed soaked in water, and mixed with white bread. Although they do not warble before they can feed themselves, it is not necessary to wait for this to begin their instruction: for it will succeed better, if we may say so, when infused with their food, since experience proves that they learn those airs more quickly, and remember them better, which they have been taught just after eating. It has been said that these birds, like the parrots, are never more attentive than during digestion. Nine months of regular and continued instruction are necessary before the bird acquires what amateurs call firmness; for, if the instruction cease before this is obtained, they would destroy the air by suppressing or displacing the different parts,

and they often forget it entirely at their first moulting. In general it is a good plan to separate them from the other birds, even after they are perfect; because, owing to their great quickness in learning, they would spoil the air entirely by introducing wrong passages; they must be helped to continue the song when they stop, and the lesson must always be repeated while they are moulting, otherwise they will become mere chatterers, which would be doubly vexatious after having bestowed trouble in teaching them. Different degrees of capacity are shown here as well as in other animals; one young bullfinch learns with ease and quickness; another with difficulty, and slowly; the former will repeat, without hesitation, several parts of a song; the latter will hardly be able to whistle one part, after nine months' uninterrupted teaching; but it has been remarked that those which learn with most difficulty remember the songs which have once been well learnt better and longer, and rarely forget them, even when moulting. The instrument used is a bird-organ, or a flageolet, but generally the former. Many birds, when young, will learn some strains of airs whistled or played to them regularly every day; but it is only those whose memory is capable of retaining them that will abandon their natural song, and adopt fluently, and repeat without hesitation, the air that has been taught them. Numbers of bullfinches, which have been taught in the manner described, are brought from Germany to London every spring, and are frequently advertised for sale in the London newspapers.—*Farrell's British Birds.*

REGULATION OF DIET.

Many shut themselves up entirely in unpleasant weather, during the long winter, or whenever they find a pressure of business within or unpleasant weather without; and yet they eat just as voraciously as if they had exercise every day. To say that no attention is to be paid to diet, is madness. You must pay attention to it sooner or later. If you are faithful to take regular vigorous exercise every day in the open air, then you may eat, and pay less attention to quantity and quality. But if you take but little exercise, you may be sure that you are to be a severe sufferer if you do not take food in the same proportion. I do not ask you to diet, that is, to be as difficult, and as changeable, and as whimsical as possible, as if the great point were to see how much you can torment yourself and others; but I do ask you to beware as to the quantity of food you hurry into the stomach three times each day, without giving it any rest. It is the quantity, rather than the kinds of food, which destroys sedentary persons; though it is true that the more simple the food the better. If you are unusually hurried this week, if it storms to-day, so that in these periods you cannot go out and take exercise, let your diet be very sparing, though the temptation to do otherwise will be very strong. When by any means you have been injured by your food, have overstepped the proper limits as to eating, I have found in such cases that the most perfect way to recover is to abstain entirely from food for three or six meals. By this time the stomach will be free, and the system restored. I took the hint from seeing an idiot who sometimes had turns of being unwell: at such times he abstained entirely from food for about three days, in which time nature recovered herself, and he was well. This will frequently, and perhaps generally, answer instead of medicine, and is more pleasant. The most distinguished physicians have ever recommended this course. It is a part of the Mahomedan and Pagan system of religion that the body should be recruited by frequent fastings. Let a bull-dog be fed in his infancy upon pap, wrapped in flannel at night, sleep on a feather bed, and ride out in a coach for an airing; and if his posterity do not become short-limbed, and valetudinary, it will be a wonder.—*Todd's Student's Manual.*

THE TEARS OF YOUTH.—Tears do not dwell long upon the cheeks of youth. Rain drops easily from the bud, rests on the bosom of the maturer flower, and breaks down that only which hath lived its day.

A rugged countenance often conceals the warmest heart; as the richest pearl sleeps in the roughest shells.

Lawyers find their fees in the faults of our nature, as wood-peckers get the worms out of the rotten parts of trees.

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