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THE COLONIAL REARER.

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MY FIRST SCHOOL—MISTRESS.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

The humble district-school, which stood on the summit of a very beautiful hill overlooking our village, had given place to a smart academy, with a belfry and green blinds, and which claimed the dignity of a male teacher the year round. Now it was not to be expected that a graduate of Yale College—a man who taught Latin and spoke French, could manage to teach the "little girl's class" how to knit worsted and sew patch-work, or that the smaller boys would make very great progress in their long lessons. So, after various meetings and consultations held by the committee, it was decided that the younger twigs, comprising some twenty children, all under ten years—should be cut-off from that mother tree of learning, the academy, and placed under the charge of a woman teacher, who was expected to bend and cultivate them, so that in due season they might again be gathered beneath the shadow of that august institution. I have said that the district school-house had been levelled to make room for the new building; so, as the meeting-house, which stood opposite, but in a less exalted situation, was only used on Sundays, it was deemed advisable that our young ideas should be taught to shoot in that sacred and ancient building. It was a venerable, if not very imposing pile—a solitary survivor of the old-fashioned Presbyterian meeting-houses, now, we fear, departed from the bosom of Connecticut for ever. Dignified by its own simple antiquity, the old meeting-house rises before my mental vision. Its three heavy doors opening to the south, east, and west, its narrow windows and weather-beaten front, that had braved the storms of a hundred winters—the footpaths worn smooth and hard, branching from the highway, up the gentle acclivity through the greensward, to the separate doors. The burying-place at the back, in which slept some members of almost every family in the village, are all mingled with the first memories of childhood.

The interior of the building was solemn and imposing—opposite the southern entrance, a huge box-pulpit monopolized half that end of the building, backed by an arched window, crowded with small panes of greenish glass, and surmounted by a wooden canopy, venerable with dust, and heavy-carved work. Beneath this pile of unpainted wood, and along the whole panelled front, ran the deacon's seat, with doors opening near the foot of each set of winding pulpit stairs, and before the whole stood the communion table of cherry-wood. Two broad aisles crossed each other at right angles, dividing the body of the house into four distinct portions, each filled with low square pews, edged with a carved resemblance of lattice work. The galleries were deep, heavy, and dimly lighted, and in the brightest day, was insufficient to relieve the shadowy gloom that forever hung about the old building. I shall never forget the thrill of awe, with which we gazed in each other's faces, on the first morning we entered its ponderous doors, and heard the sound of our footsteps, as we crept timidly up the aisle, reverberating thro' the empty galleries. Our mistress, too, looked pale and death-like, for a greenish light was shed over her from the arched window, and her naturally delicate features took the hue of marble. It was long before we could settle ourselves to the simple studies allotted to us, or could shake off the gloom flung over our young spirits by the vast solitude of the place. But custom soon wore off this sombre feeling; we soon found out that nothing on earth could be better calculated for a game of hide-and-seek, after school, than the host of pews, and the heavy old rumbling galleries. The deacon's seat became an excellent reception for our sun-bonnets and dinner-baskets, and the lower pulpit stairs made capital seats for the sewing class, for they received the benefit of extra light from the arched window; besides, the stairs were carpeted, and the benches were not, altogether our removal to the old meeting-house rendered us far more comfortable and happy than we had been with our learned master of the academy. We had no older scholars to amuse themselves with our imperfect pronunciation; and if the academy bell did sometimes drown the humble rat-tat-tat of our mistress's rule against the heavy door-post of the old meeting-house, with its aristocratic clamour, then ten minutes play-time thus gained, more than compensated for the loss of dignity. As far as out-door conveniences went, we certainly had the advantage of our lofty neighbours. The sweep of heavy green-sward, which fell from the old building, to the highway, with a scarcely perceptible descent, afforded us a delightful play-ground, and we had the benefit of an old patriarchal apple tree, always full of robins' nests, and heavy with blossoms in the spring season, and which afforded us a delicious assortment of fine green apples during the summer. If our teacher, was sent for from a distant town; and if she was not so well versed in the dead languages, and general sciences, as the student across the way, she had one of the best hearts and sweetest tempers that ever brooded in a female bosom. There was not a

child in her school who did not love her. It was beautiful to see the little girls gather round about her chair on a morning, with their simple offerings. One would bring a cluster of red cherries, and with the thanks of her teacher, causing her little heart to leap, and her eye to brighten, would return to her seat and hold up her book, to hide the happy smiles, which spring up so naturally to the face of a child at each pleasurable emotion. Another brought a handful of damask roses, and was happy if for that day one of the half-open buds shed its fragrance on the bosom or amid the curls of "the mistress." It was marvellous how soon the affectionate creatures learned to study her taste, and to read the expression of her eyes. Though she seldom displayed a preference for any of our little gifts, but received all kindly, and with her own sweet, grateful smile; there was not a child who could not have named her favourite flower, or who would have dreamed of bringing anything over-blown or gorgeous for her.

Miss Bishop had not been among us a fortnight, before we knew that she was not happy. The colour on her delicate cheek was unsteady, and sometimes far, far too brilliant. There were times when she would sit and gaze through the window into the graveyard, with her large melancholy eyes surcharged with a strange light, as if she were pondering on the time when she, also, might lie down in the cold earth and be at rest. She was not gloomy—far from it; at times she was gay and child-like as ourselves. On a rainy day, when the grass was wet, and we were obliged to find amusement within doors, I have known her join in our little games with a mirth as free as that which gushed up from the lightest heart among us. At such times, she would sing to us by the hour together, till the galleries and the old arch seemed alive with bird music. But her cheerfulness was not constant; it seemed to arise more from principle and a strong resolution to overcome sorrow, than from a spontaneous impulse of the heart.

It is strange what fancies will sometimes enter the minds of children—how quick they are to perceive, and how just the deductions they will often draw from slight premises. It was not long before the sorrow which evidently hung over our young mistress, became a subject of speculation and comment in our play hours. One morning she came to the house rather later than usual. We were all gathered about the door to receive her, and when she waved her hand in token that we should take our places, there was a cheerful strife which should obey the signal first. Never do I remember her so beautiful as on that morning. The clear snow of her forehead, and that portion of her slender neck, exposed by her high dress, mingled in delicate contrast with the damask brightness on her cheek and lips. An expression of contentment, subdued the sometimes painful brilliancy of her eyes, and with a beautiful smile, beaming over that face in thanks for the offering, she took a half-open white rose, with a faint blush slumbering in its core, from the hand of a little girl, and twined it among her hair, just over the left temple, before taking her seat. The morning was warm, and all the doors had been opened to admit a free circulation of air through the tall building. My seat was near the pulpit, directly opposite the northern door, which commanded a view of the highway. I was gazing idly at the sunshine which lighted up a portion of the lawn in beautiful contrast with the thick grass which still lay in the shade, glittering with rain-drops—for there had been a shower during the night—when a strange horseman appeared, galloping along the road. He checked his horse, and after surveying the old meeting-house a moment, turned into the footpath leading to the southern door.

Seldom have I seen a more lofty carriage or imposing person, than that of the stranger as he rode slowly across the lawn. His face, at a first view, appeared eminently handsome; but on a second perusal, a close observer might have detected something daring and impetuous, which would have taught him to suspect imprudence, if not want of principle, in the possessor. He was mounted on a noble horse, and his dress, though carelessly worn, was rich and elegant. He had ridden close to the door, and was dismounting, when Miss Bishop looked up. A slight cry burst from her lips, and starting from her seat, she turned wildly towards the door, as if meditating an escape; but the stranger had scarcely set his foot within the building, when she moved down the aisle, though her face was deadly pale, and there was a look of mingled terror and grief in her eyes. The stranger advanced to meet her with a quick, eager step, and put forth his hand. At first she seemed about to reject it, and when she did extend hers, it was trembling and with evident reluctance. He retained her hand in his, and bent forward as if about to salute her. She shrunk back, shuddering beneath his gaze, and we could see that deep crimson flush dart over her cheek, like the shadow of a bird, flitting across the sun's disk. The stranger dropped her hand, and set his lips close together, while

she wrung her hands and uttered some words of entreaty. He looked hard at her as she spoke, but without appearing to heed her appeal, had walked a few paces up the aisle, and taking off his hat, leaned heavily against a pew door which chanced to be open. His was a bold countenance! I have seldom looked on a forehead so massive and so full of intellect. Yet the dark kindling eye, the haughty lip, bespoke an untamed will, and passions yet to be conquered or to be deeply repented of in remorse and in tears. As he stood before that timid girl, she shrunk from, and yet seemed almost fascinated by the extraordinary power of expression that passed over his face. His dark eye grew misty and melting with tenderness as he took her hand again, reverently between both his, and pleaded with her as one pleading for his last hope in life. We could not hear his words, but there was something in the deep tones of his voice, and in that air of mingled pride, energy and supplication, which few women could have resisted. But she did resist, though even a child might have seen the effort was breaking her heart. Sadly, and in a voice full of suppressed agony and regret, she answered him, her small hands were clasped imploringly, and her sweet face was lifted to his with the expression of a tried spirit, beseeching the tempter to depart and leave her in peace.

Again he answered her, but now his voice trembled, and its deep tones were broken as they swelled through the hollow building. When he had done, she spoke again in the same tone as before, and with the expression of sad resolve unmoved from her face. He became angry at last; his eyes kindled, and his heavy forehead gathered in a frown. She had extended her hand, as if to take farewell; but he dashed it away, and regardless of her timid voice, rushed towards the door.

Miss Bishop tottered up the aisle, and sunk to her chair, trembling all over, and drawing her breath in quick, painful gasps. We all started up, and were about to crowd around her with useless tears and lamentations, when the young man came up the aisle again. We shrunk back around the pulpit stairs, and watched his motions, like a flock of frightened birds when the hawk is hovering in the air above them.

"Mary," he said, bending over her chair, and speaking in a low suppressed voice—for all traces of passion had disappeared from his face. "Mary, once again, and for the last time, I entreat you take back the cruel words you have spoken. They will be the ruin of us both—for, conceal it as you will, you cannot have forgotten the past. There was a time—"

"Do not speak of it, George Mason, if you would not break my heart here, and at once—do not—in mercy, arouse memories that never will sleep again!" said the poor girl, rising slowly to her feet, and wringing her hands, over which the tear-drops fell like rain.

"Be calm, Mary, I beseech you. I will say nothing that ought to pain or terrify you thus—consent to fulfil the engagement so cruelly broken off, and here, in this sacred place, I promise never to stand beside a gaming table, nor touch another card in my life. I know that in other things I have sinned against you, almost beyond forgiveness, but I will do any thing, every thing you can dictate, to atone for the wrongs done that—that poor girl, and I will never, never see her again."

Miss Bishop looked up with a painful smile, and a faint colour spread from her neck, down over her deck and bosom.

"Can you take away the stain which has been selfishly flung on her name—can you gather up the affections of a young heart when once wickedly lavished, and teach them to bud and blossom in the bosom which sin has desolated? As well might you attempt to give its perfume back to the withered rose, or take away the stain from the bruised lily, when its urn has been broken and trampled in the dust. Vain man! Go and ask forgiveness of that God, whose most lovely work you have despoiled. With all your pride and wealth of intellect, you have no power to make atonement to that one human being, whom you have led into sin and sorrow."

She turned from him as the last words died on her lips, and covering her face, wept as one who had no comfort left. Tears stood in that proud man's eye, and his haughty lip trembled as he gazed upon her. He did not speak again, but lifted her hand reverently to his lips, and hasted away.

A week went by, and every day we could see that our "young mistress" walked more feebly up the lawn, and that the colour in her cheek became painfully vivid. She had always been troubled with a slight cough, but now it often startled us with its frequency and hollowness. On Saturday it had been her habit to give us some little proof of approbation—a certificate, sometimes neatly written, but more frequently ornamented by a tiny rose—a butterfly or grasshopper, from her own exquisite pencil. On the Saturday night in question, she distributed her little gifts, and it chanced

that a simple daisy, most beautifully coloured, fell to me. I had long had a strange wish to possess a lock of her hair, and this night found courage to express it. As she extended the daisy for my acceptance, I drew close to her chair, and whispered, "If you please, Miss Bishop, I would much rather have some of your hair—that beautiful bright curl that always hangs back of your ear."

With a gentle smile she took her scissors and cut off the curl which I had so long coveted. She seemed pleased with my eager expression of delight, and holding up the ringlet, allowed it to fall slowly down to my palm, in a succession of rich glossy rings. I had the daisy, too, and went home a proud and happy child.

The next Monday was a melancholy day to us all, for our mistress was ill—very ill. The doctor was afraid that she would never be well again. We sat down together as they told us this, and cried as if some great evil had fallen upon us. We saw her once again, but it was in the gloom of a death-chamber, and then she was in her old place again, there in the broad isle of the meeting-house, but a coffin was her resting-place; and when we gathered about her, weeping and full of sorrow, she did not hear the voice of her little scholars.

Our mistress was buried back of the old meeting house, and very often would the children she loved so fondly, linger about her grave. It was a strange fancy, but I seldom visited the shady spot without taking with me the little work-bag which contained her presents, and the one precious ringlet—her last gift. I was never afraid to linger about the resting-places of the dead, and one evening the twilight had settled over me while I sat by that new-made grave. All at once the sound of a heavy footstep startled me, and the shadow of a man fell athwart the grass. I knew him at once, though he was much paler than formerly, and there was an expression of suffering on his face, that awoke all my childish sympathy. It was the same man who had visited our mistress on the week before she left us. He seemed surprised at finding a child so near her grave; but when he saw that I recognised him, he began to question me about the departed. I told him all, and he wept like a child, for my presence was no restraint upon him. After a time he took me in his arms, and asked if the departed had never given me any present—a picture book or certificate which I would part with—he would give me a beautiful piece of gold for. I thought of my precious ringlet, and there was a struggle in my young heart.

"Did you love my mistress?" I inquired, for it seemed wrong to give up the beautiful curl to any who had not loved her as well as I had done.

"Love her—oh, Heaven, did I not?" he exclaimed, covering his face and bursting into tears—such tears as can only be wrung from a strong, proud man.

"Don't cry, don't cry! I will give you the hair, I will indeed," I exclaimed, eager to pacify him, for it seemed strange and unnatural to see a man weep. Taking the ringlet from my work-bag, I held it up in the moonlight. His tears were checked at the sight, and with a quick breath he took it from my hand. Another burst of grief swept over him, and then he became more calm. When he saw that I would not take the gold, he kissed my forehead, and led me forth from the grave of "my first school-mistress."

ELEPHANT HUNTING—CEYLON.

The mahā modellers, or chiefs, on the several districts surrounding, for several miles from the spot where the Kraal is erected, direct the natives to make fires in the jungles for days and nights before the day appointed for the hunt, in order that the wild elephants may be driven to the desired enclosure. Each day the circle of fire becomes more circumscribed, until the terrified animals are led to imprisonment and subsequent bondage and servitude by their tame companions. To me by far the most interesting part of the scene is the extraordinary degree of tractability, docility, and cunning, exhibited by the tame elephants while assisting in the capture of the wild ones. The moment, however, their unsuspecting comrades had been conducted to the narrow entrance of the Kraal, and there bound to a tree by the legs, they left him or her, and returned to the others who were to share the same fate. I should add, however, that whenever the newly made prisoner evinced a refractory spirit, the caresses of the perfidious guide suddenly changed to menaces, and occasionally to blows from the trunks.

I assiduously sought and cultivated the acquaintance of Chunywappa, who was one of the most expert and courageous elephant hunters in the island of Ceylon; the little knowledge I possessed of the Cingalese language enabled me to explain the nature of my wishes to accompany the next hunting party. I professed willingness to obey every rule and instruction; and I also gave assurances of my courage, and contempt of danger, which, coupled with certain gratuities, completely gained Chunywappa's confidence. It was at length finally arranged, in consequence of the favourable report given to my brother of my progress, that I should have the management of a female elephant with the next hunting party. Week after week passed in exercises occupying my thoughts by day and my dreams by night, until I verily believe I was master of all that could be required in the capture of an elephant. At length the all-important day arrived, and our journey commenced. We had some distance to travel, which required nearly five hours to accomplish. I was liberal to my elephant during our march. I captivated her with all sorts of delicacies—my master was surprised

and gratified. Often while I was applauding my ponderous quadruped, I saw her little sparkling eyes turned upwards as her proboscis came regularly over her broad forehead to receive my tribute of acknowledgment.

In this way we travelled through the jungles, over tracts of sedge, grass, up mounds and deep ravines, until we came into a level and open country, surrounded by gently rising ground covered with wood. We were approaching a grove, with our minds raised to the highest pitch of excitement, when Chunywappa uttered an exclamation, and pointed to some straggling trees; my heart swelled with rapture, but I could not discover to what he called my attention, until shading my eyes from the sun's rays I saw a tremendous elephant.

"Hurra!" I cried, "there he is—we must have him."

"We will attempt it," replied Chunywappa.

My brother called a halt while we slung our cables and small cords on our arms, and covered ourselves with cloths the colour of the elephants, and couched close on their necks.

"Follow me," said Chunywappa, "the animals know their business, do you be steady and act with me."

"Proceed," said I.

As we jolted along I perceived the huge elephant was very dark with remarkably clean tusks of surprising length. I felt an indescribable sensation of delight at being about to enjoy what I had so long and so ardently desired. In perfect dependence on the skill of Chunywappa, and confidence in myself, I endeavoured to recollect all the instructions I had received. Chunywappa slackened pace as he approached the monster, who seemed not to regard us, but continued to pluck branches from the limbs of a tree which stood in front of others that straggled on the edge of a neighbouring forest. Our elephants made a slight curve in their line of approach, and took some of the torn branches, at which the monster snorted so loud that my heart trembled. I soon found myself on the left side of this leviathan, and my beast caressing him by rolling her proboscis over his head and shoulders. Chunywappa and my brother with their elephants were entirely hidden from me by the enormous bulk of the male, but I found by the gradual sidelong movements of the whole group that we were placed so as to bring the legs of the male elephant near the trunk of a large tree. This was the moment to be seized. I slid cautiously down with my ropes, and found Chunywappa had already fastened his strongest rope round the tree. Our elephants became more assiduous in engaging the attention of the monster. Chunywappa with his fingers on his lips and a nod to me, placed a noose round one leg of the enormous beast; the leg was raised and kept suspended during a minute. It appeared an hour of inexpressible excitement; and when the foot descended, the ground shook beneath us. I looked at Chunywappa; he was perfectly collected, but large drops of perspiration trickled from his brow. During this period his elephant rubbed the leg of the gigantic animal with her proboscis as if to disguise the application of the ropes. This was the act for which Chunywappa waited: he drew the noose tight; in an instant we doubly secured it from slipping with smaller cords, and retreated to the rear. Our beasts immediately came jogging towards us; we regained our seats, covered ourselves with our cloths, and took a triumphant look at our tremendous captive. He was struggling with violence and bellowing like thunder. We made towards the edge of the forest, with the intention of taking a little refreshment after our arduous task, and waiting until the captive was exhausted. Vain boast! I was turning to congratulate Chunywappa on our success, when he called out, "Make for the nearest tree;" at the same time urging his beast forward. My heart nearly leaped from my breast. The enraged monster had disengaged himself and was following us. I gained the nearest tree, and had sprung from my elephant's neck to one of the extended branches as the monster came roaring up, his proboscis elevated within a couple of feet of my body. Terrified as I was, it is surprising I did not lose my grasp, and fall a prey to his vengeance. I saw his fiery eyes directed towards me and shook with horror, but managed to ascend a branch higher, and there sat in breathless agitation. I perceived my elephant lying near the tree with my cloth on her neck. My brother's beast was hastening away, and he was safe. Chunywappa's elephant also was making off; he was not on her neck, but, horrid sight, I saw his cloth fixed on the monster's tusk. Chunywappa has fallen, thought I, and what is to become of me? But these speculations were stayed by the return of the bellowing brute. He looked at me; then as if studying revenge, surveyed the body of the tree, and, like a battering ram, drove his immense weight against the trunk with such repeated violence that I was nearly shaken from my hold. He paused, and then commenced tearing the earth from the root of the tree with such vehemence that I saw no possibility of escape when the tree should fall. My fortitude too seemed to forsake me, and I contemplated casting myself to the ground that my misery might not be protracted. Meanwhile the small inflamed eyes of the elephant were at intervals directed towards me as he pursued the attack, alternately tearing away the earth and straining his head against the tree. Never shall I forget the sensation as it yielded to the pressure. I prepared to render my almost lifeless being to the infuriated beast. The tree fell, but by the eagerness of the exertion in a slanting direction, and its summit became entangled with the lower limbs of an adjoining tree. Hope revived; not a moment was to be lost. I scrambled from my post: the enraged monster watched me from

limb to limb, waiting, as it were, to catch me on my passage to the other tree—I gained it with incredible rapidity, dreading that another touch might bring the suspended one to the ground. I perceived my new resting place was much stronger than that I had quitted, and began to breathe as if I had some prospect of retaining life a little longer. The roarings of the beast became less and less terrific, and I could contemplate his actions in comparative security. The survey he took of the tree served to inform him it was too powerful to be overthrown. He snorted, glared around in fierce disappointment, and passed sullenly into the forest. I saw his huge form occasionally between the trees, and continued to watch him until the thickening foliage intervened. I then reflected on the imminent danger I had escaped—Escaped! the word dwelt on my mind—my escape being cut off by an enraged elephant. My brother gone! my brave companion lost! my own elephant gone!—I looked around, nothing remained of our onset. I was wretched, and a revolution appeared to have taken place in my ideas respecting hunting. Night was coming on apace, and that the dews might not seriously affect me I tied my cloth so as to permit its being put on my head after the fashion of an extinguisher on a lamp. Alas, thought I, as I did this, the light obscured may never shine on me again; yet to render all secure as possible I fastened myself to the upright stem of the tree and sat astride one of its branches. Fatigue and silence induced a drowsiness which I welcomed as a restoring balm to my harassed mind; yet the thought of perishing in this jungle intruded itself, although I hoped that some succour might arrive. How delightful is hope! What will it not enable us to endure! I thought it possible that Chunywappa's elephant might return, and her sagacity might lead to this spot those who were interested in my fate. My brother, too, if he were safe, what did he not suffer on my account! The beast I had ridden was nowhere to be seen; she must have recovered from the shock and hurried home. In these and other conjectures I indulged until I sank into a repose, of what continuance I know not, for I was awakened by a sudden weight pressing on my shoulders, which deprived me of motion. I uttered a yell of horror; no cause presented itself to my confused mind. In imagined security I had by cloths and cords prevented my seeing or moving. In this state of helplessness I remained until the cloth was gently raised. I groined aloud, and in an agony approaching to desperation, tore the cloth from my head. I felt at liberty, and saw the moonbeams playing on the branches beneath me, amongst which I thought I could perceive a moving object. Straining my eyes on every side and listening in utmost anxiety, I unsheathed my dirk; till now forgotten in my cummerbund, and sat until my tortured imagination and shattered nerves were sinking under this new accumulation of horrors. Again I saw an object moving. In a moment a frightful countenance came close to mine from the other side of the tree. I struck my dirk into a body; as it fell I knew by the chattering shriek it was on aape. Thanks to an all-seeing Providence I was not doomed to endure my misery much longer. As I was brooding over my misfortunes morning dawned, and soon after I heard Chunywappa's voice in the distance—my brother quickly followed, together with a strong party; the meeting, as may be supposed, was a happy one; I was supplied with refreshments and soon recovered. On our journey homeward I learned that my brother's elephant had carried him straight out of the forest; that Chunywappa had escaped by the manœuvres of his elephant and his own dexterity; he had seen me ascend the tree when my elephant was borne down by the monster; but she had escaped unhurt, and he knew that I was safe. He added, "all is over now, and has ended well, when will you go hunting again?" "Never," said I. There is that impressed on my mind which no language can describe nor time eradicate. I shall never more take to the hunting of elephants.—London Sportsman.

DECLINE AND FALL OF A THEATRICAL MANAGER.

The most tremendous theatrical gaming that has been ventured for many years past has been the ferocious and silent play at the Porte-Saint-Martin. The gamester was a man of rare sagacity, of proverbial coolness, and indefatigable activity; he slept little night or day; he knew full well all the resources of the play, which he held with a firm hand; nothing astonished, nothing staggered him. Crushed by an unexpected blow, he would still smile; his good humour even communicating itself to those who played with him, and shared his ill-luck. For ten years together he has remained under the yoke of that furious passion; he has devoted to it his life and all his worldly goods; he has cast his all into that bottomless abyss, and is now on the brink of the abyss gazing at all that he has plunged into it. What has, above all, ruined him is, that he has not always lost, but has had some lucky throws of the dice—wretched transient resources, which have but protracted his agony. When those bright days have befallen him, the money he has gained has lawfully belonged to two sorts of men who thrive hand in hand—first, the usurer; secondly, the bailiff. They would come, take all, and leave the remainder to the poor fellow, who would renew his play with fresh spirit. Useless, cruel struggle! endless and merciless agony! and mark, that this man, linked as he was to such misery, never did think of making his own fortune; the poor fellow had no time to think of it; he thought only of paying his comedians, his dramatic authors, and his poor—ay, every

night. The hospitals came smiling to his door, and took away a tenth part of what he possessed not. "Thou hast," said they, "a hundred francs—give us ten." "But out of those hundred francs I owe a hundred and fifty." "Then pay us at once," replied the beggars, "thou wilt owe us the remainder." He was also made to endure the most varied pangs. On the very same day that his unpaid landlord had his furniture seized, he would build for his theatre a palace of marble and gold, order of the decorator a hall resplendent with gildings, organise concerts and fetes of every description, and have dramas performed in which gold flowed from the beginning of the first to the end of the fifth act. One morning his tailor would deny him a coat in which he stood, of the utmost need: on the same evening he would dress from head to foot the whole court of Louis the Fourteenth—with satin and velvet, floating plumes and embroidery, red heels and lace. He would buy new boots for Napoleon Bonaparte's whole army, and his hands behind his back, go and behold the marching of a whole host thus clothed at his expense, whilst he had not a pair of boots to his own feet. After some of those frantic revels, the wine and roses of which he paid, when the Italian sensualist had torn the gauze dresses and snow-white shoulders of their mistresses (always at his expense), our hero would sadly betake himself to some obscure tavern, too happy when he could sup on wine and cheese. Thus has he lived on cruel contrasts; thus has he amused the public at his cost, without being either a consul or a proconsul; thus has he been frustrated in all his speculations upon the wit of his contemporaries, whom he employed despite of himself, for he himself possessed as much wit and imagination as all those who sold theirs to him at so high a price.

How such woful labours could have endured so long is a problem. The man's theatre resembled those coal mines which fire devours, and about which one daily asks, "Have you seen the smoke?" Every morning the fete he gave to his people was announced at every nook and corner of the town. The theatre opened nightly, and he, standing at the threshold, would calmly look at so many unconcerned folks go by, who suspected not the quantity of thefts, robbery, all manner of crimes, and love scenes perpetrated in the place to afford them an hour's amusement. One of the man's miseries we have not yet recorded. He has spent his whole life in wishing for cold weather, storms, hurricanes, winter snows, summer rains; or, at least, the dense clouds that veil the heavens. The sun has been his deadly enemy; he has from morning to night uttered ravings against spring—the sweet season that wakes flowers in their bud; a clear blue sky has been a horrible sight to him; the birds' notes have torn his ears; he has borne equal hatred to the green foliage of trees, the flower on its stalk, the sweet chat on the grass beneath the shade of the blossoming hawthorn—for verdure and spring, all that loves and all that sings, the blue sky and echo of the woods, the meadow and silvery lake, have proved so many foes to his theatre, whither one scarcely found one's way except in frost or rain, and when the storm raged without! What a sad speculation is that which makes you hate the mild breezes of summer, the fruits of autumn, and the smiling and glad return of spring!

He has fortunately succumbed, exhausted. Being at the end of his boldest contrivances, he addressed to him who is just now foremost among those who amuse the public. He would see whether that man, who had never written the smallest drama, the slightest comedy, would not at length catch and detain the flying crowd. At the same time he summoned to his aid one of those gifted comedians who settle nowhere, but leave a recollection of them wherever they pass. From that singular association of a noble writer and a plebeian actor—of the former's perfumed talent, and the latter's pretty highway tricks—our hero might well expect a *chef d'œuvre*. The *chef d'œuvre* was achieved, but, alas! both criticism and the Home Minister interposed, and our player's last game was lost. It is now all over with him; farewell to the theatre, to the daily struggles, to the agitated life of every minute. Our hero is alone and left to himself. He is pitied, but would be pitied much more still, if the public knew what wit, what perseverance, and what courage he has wasted in that game of many a year.

JULES JANIN.

A tenth part of the gross receipts of the theatres and concerts of Paris is deducted for the benefit of the poor.

In "Lucrece Borgia."

Balzac. § Frederic le Maître.

"Vacetria," a drama prohibited by Government after the first performance.

LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

The fatal accident happened about ten o'clock in the morning, Admiral Kempenfeldt was writing in his cabin, and the greater part of the people were between decks. The ship, as is usually the case upon coming into port, was crowded with people from the shore, particularly women of whom it is supposed there were not less than three hundred on board. Amongst the sufferers were many of the wives and children of the petty officers and seamen, who, knowing the ship was shortly to sail on a distant and perilous service, eagerly embraced the opportunity of visiting their husbands and fathers.

The Admiral, with many brave officers, and most of those who were between decks, perished; the greater number of the guard, and those who happened to be on the upper deck, were saved by

the boats of the fleet. About seventy others were likewise saved. The exact number of persons on board at the time could not be ascertained, but it was calculated that from 800 to 1000 were lost. Captain Waghorn, whose gallantry in the North Sea battle, under Admiral Parker, had procured him the command of this ship, was saved, though he was severely bruised and battered; but his son, a lieutenant in the Royal George, perished. Such was the force of the whirlpool, occasioned by the sudden plunge of so vast a body in the water, that a victualler, which lay alongside the Royal George, was swamped; and several small craft at a considerable distance, were in imminent danger.

Admiral Kempenfeldt, who was nearly 70 years of age, was peculiarly and universally lamented. In point of general science and judgment, he was one of the first naval officers of his time; and, particularly in the art of manœuvring a fleet, he was considered by the commanders of that day as unrivalled. His excellent qualities as a man, are said to have equalled his professional merits.

This melancholy occurrence has been recorded by the poet Cowper, in the following beautiful lines:—

Toll for the brave!

The brave, that are no more!

All sunk beneath the wave,

Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,

Whose courage well was tried,

Had made the vessel heel,

And laid her on her side.

A land breeze shook the shrouds,

And she was overset;

Down went the Royal George,

With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!

Brave Kempenfeldt is gone;

His last sea-fight is fought;

His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;

No tempest gave the shock;

She sprang no fatal leak;

She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath,

His finger held the pen;

Which Kempenfeldt sent down,

With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up!

Once treaded by our foes!

And mingle with our cup,

The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,

And she may float again,

Full charged with England's thunder,

And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfeldt is gone,

His victories are o'er;

And he, and his eight hundred,

Shall plough the wave no more.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

Windsor, or, as it was anciently called, Windelshora, is situated at the East end of the County of Berks, on the banks of the Thames. The place was given to the Monastery of St. Stoter at Westminster, by Edward the Confessor. They kept it but a short time,—William the Conqueror exchanging for it certain mansions and lands in Essex with the Abbot. William built a castle on the hill, which was afterwards much enlarged by his son Henry I., who encircled it with a wall, after erecting a chapel dedicated to King Edward the Confessor.

Though inhabited frequently by succeeding Kings, Windsor Castle did not attain to much grandeur, until the birth of Edward III.—the hero of Cressy—who destroyed the old fortress, with the exception of three towers at the West end, in the lower ward, built the present fabric, and made it the seat of the noble Order of the Garter. Additions, improvements and alterations have been made in the building, from time to time, during succeeding reigns, particularly by the Henry's VII and VIII, by Queens Mary and Elizabeth, and by Charles. Superb repairs and beautifying additions have taken place in the reigns of George III. and IV. The interesting points of the Castle are, the Terrace on the North side, made by Queen Elizabeth, and carried round the end and South side, by Charles I.; the Round Tower, or Keep; and St. George's Chapel. The Terrace is 1900 feet long, and is, perhaps, the finest promenade in Europe. The prospect from it is thus described by the quaint but faithful Camden. The improvements since his time, however, in the prospect, will make his description applicable only to the country itself:—

For, from an high hill, which riseth with a gentle ascent, it

commandeth a most delightful prospect round about; for right in the front, it overlooketh a vale lying out far and wide, garnished with cornfields, flourished with meadows, decked with groves, on either side, and watered with the most mild, and gentle river Thames. Behind it, arise hills every where, neither rough nor over high, attired as it were with woods, and even dedicated as it were by nature, to hunting and game.

From the top of the Round Tower, the constable's residence, twelve Counties may be plainly seen. Here the Earl of Surrey was confined; and composed some of his most beautiful songs. Two Chapels have been built on the site of the original one, dedicated to the Confessor—the last St. George's—a splendid edifice, by Edward IV. A large tomb, intended by the ambitious Wolsey, as a receptacle for his remains, was converted, in 1810, into a Royal Cemetery.

Windsor Castle, though the residence of many monarchs, has only been the birthplace of two—its founder Edward III. and the ill-fated Henry VII. It has been greatly renowned by the institution of the noble Order of the Garter, by Edward III.

The little park on the east side of the castle, is four miles in circumference. Herne's oak, the tree immortalized by Shakspeare, which stood in it, was cut down several years ago. The Great Park now contains about 1800 acres in park only—the rest being arable land. The royal dominion of the forest is fifty-six miles in circumference, and includes in its circumference whole parishes and parts of others.

It is not more on account of the royal dames and kings of lineage long, who have nestled there, and swayed the sceptre of dominion, than from the charm of poetry and romance, which has been thrown about it, that Windsor Castle has been remembered. While Jack Falstaff and the Merry Wives are on living record—while the Ode to Eton College continues to stir the heart of man with boyish feeling—while the sweet music of Surrey's Lyre continues to echo—we cannot fear that Windsor will be forgotten. It will arise upon the view of coming ages, surrounded by the undying lustre of history, of legend, and of song.

STAGE PLAYING.

The succession of great artists has had the effect of turning the attention of players too exclusively to art, which predominated in all,—even in Mrs. Siddons, who gave the "gold touch of nature."

Those who cannot attain the perfection of art, readily acquire mannerism, and glitter in the east coil of departed greatness. If an original genius should make his advent next season, drawing all the town after him, and changing the fashion of stage mannerism altogether, the one great want in the present race of actors would be yet unsupplied.—What then is our conclusion? That the power to make an audience feel, consists in the actor, suffering the emotions he stimulates. In that lay the superiority of Mrs. Siddons over her stately brother, Keam had it by fits and starts. Mannerism only affects it; the mass of actors do not take the pains to do even that.

We have spoken only of tragedians, because it is in a great degree the business of comedy to be artificial; but the same principle holds good with comedians. We see the proof of it in Farren, who, though the most skilful and studious artist of the day, constantly makes wholesale mistakes, for the want of a thorough sympathy with the character he assumes; he relies on his art too exclusively, and finding that fail in moving people to laughter, he descends to grimace and buffoonery, and goes out of his part, to poke Mr. Farren in the face of the public. Native humour, as in John Reeve, as well as mimicry, like that of Matthews—the mimicry of character, and modes of thought and feeling, not of personal peculiarities merely—and the various forms and degrees of natural drollery, will always vary low comedy acting. Sheer buffoonery, such as we see in Buckstone and Harley, is a variety of humour; and the grimace of Liston and Munden obscured still finer qualities. Munden, by the way, was a remarkable instance of the force of sympathy in intensifying drollery; he had such faith in the doing of the absurdest things, that he always carried his audience with him.

Players are so voracious of applause, that they are apt to appropriate to themselves the whole merit of a scene that depends mainly on the dramatist; and thus miscalculate the effect of their own powers. So also they misjudge audiences; when, after a long interval of passive attention, the auditors burst into a shout at some ranting speech, the actor attributes this enthusiasm to his violence; whereas the previous excitement was the cause, the momentary stimulus of some very vicious piece of acting, perhaps roused them to vent their feelings. The tendency of all teaching of the art is to stifle genius, to repress spontaneous emotions and gesture, to restrain impulse, and to make the pupil put on the frame work of stage conventionalities with the dress of the part. If he were taught first to feel himself to be the character, all this apparatus would not be necessary. Nature would prompt him, and she is the only prompter worth relying on. But as the tendency of artists is to attach undue importance to their own doings, they come in time to substitute their peculiar skill and ingenuity for the suggestions of the mind, and cramp the powers they ought to strengthen and mature; the popular admiration of consummate art confirms them in the error, till at last the form only remains after the spirit has fled.—London Spectator.

ORIGINAL.

CRITIQUE ON SHAKESPEARE'S DRAMAS.

(Continued from page 212.)

IV. TWELFTH NIGHT.

We believe that this piece is classed among our author's earliest productions—we conceive that the internal evidence it affords as to this point, sufficient to prove it. We have just read in Schlegel that this piece is said to be the LAST of his productions, and this statement is accompanied by the remark, that this proves him to have retained to the very last the freshness and even the wildness of his fancy. We readily corroborate the reflection, for so strongly had these peculiarities touched us, that we had referred it without hesitation to his early youth. This circumstance enhances our persuasion that Shakspeare is the least forced, the least conscious genius in the whole range of our own, or perhaps any modern literature. That at the close of a long and fatiguing career, full of struggles, of griefs, of almost superhuman efforts of intellect, he should throw off a work so light, so full of fancy, so redolent of strength, proves something untameable about his genius which we can find nothing to parallel. Perhaps, after all, we little men overrate the labour which it costs the mental giant to give birth to his glorious creations. In the highest cases of intellect there is probably something much more instinctive than we are apt to imagine, and when, measured after our own ideas, it would seem to struggle, perhaps it is but casting off a little of its superabundant energy, which it would find harder to keep in than to give scope.

The excellence of this piece does not consist in the regularity of the plot, or the perfect harmony of the details, but in the freshness of the fancy, the exuberance of the wit, the brilliant colouring of many of its passages. As to the plan, it is loose, involved and tardily developed, abounding with improbabilities, to a greater degree than the majority of his pieces. The connection of parts is far from being intimate, and altogether it seems to us to disclose more of the easy graces of a youthful fancy than of the sobered perfections of a matured understanding. There is too much incident about all his pieces for any one of them to present what is called a simple plot—that framework in which our puny classicists of modern days enclose their unfertile conceptions, excluding all episode, all decoration, all that does not directly tend to advance the business of the play;—within such a narrow range he could not have compressed his exuberant imagination, still we often meet in him a complexity without confusion which we think is not to be recognised in this instance. There is a certain vagueness thrown around the place and period of the piece, a peculiarity which is to be met with in many of his productions, and which here harmonises well with the nature of the incidents, for when these are of a wild or improbable character, they could produce a want of keeping to give precision to the above circumstances. It is on this account, and not from any want of geographical science, as Schlegel has proved, that we meet with so many cases in which the scene is surrounded by a sort of mist, and the name of a country is given to the piece merely from a compliance with established forms. The whole of the piece wears the colouring of the middle age;—the vagueness of the scene, the nature of the incidents, the mode of life and habits of the actors, their busy *fur niente*, their practical jokes, their pleasantries, their ideas of love, their continual light-heartedness, their word-play, their smuttiness, the mistress with her fool and her waiting-maid, the disguise and the duello, all refer us back to the days of semi-barbarous magnificence, upon which so much has been written, and on which so much more yet remains to be said.

The clown here plays a very conspicuous part—he appears frequently, and greatly aids the interest and business of the piece. Shakspeare's clown varies like his other personages—no two of them are the same. This one is less of a motley fool than some of the others. He condescends, indeed, to wear the cap and bells, but he is aware of the condescension. He assumes the disguise to be able more freely to give forth his jokes and his gibes. For the same reason he speaks in character, making use of that gibberish which has descended in a right line from the fool of the olden time to our modern Merry-Andrew, underneath which often lurks a keen vein of satire upon men and manners in general, or upon the other personages of the piece in particular. His wit varies in its character—sometimes it consists in the ingenious word-play, of which we have already spoken, sometimes of amusing sophistical argument in which we think that we recognize the logic of the period, sometimes it shoots at the absurdities of the age and country, among which the peculiarities of the modern and affected dialect are a frequent topic,—at times he rises even above this, and forgetting for an instant his character of fool, with all its accompaniments, delivers some deep and pungent truth which might have proceeded from the lips of Lucian or Hamlet. Our antiquarians seem often at a loss for subjects. We might propose to them a worse one than this—an investigation into the origin and character of the fool of the middle ages, the purpose which he served, and the proportions of reason and folly which formed his nature. In the actual fool we have little doubt that the latter element generally predominated to such a degree, that his pleasantries could only have suited the rude palate of his own days. Shakspeare has taken a most justifiable liberty with fact, in presenting us with a fool who, from beneath his motley garb, gives forth things which may please the appetite of every period.

The comic personages of the piece are those which interest us the most. Sir Toby, the rude, witty, boisterous roisterer, with his tame-man and butt, Sir Andrew Ague Cheek, who, after Slender, is the most admirable nunny that ever was drawn, along with the pompous steward and the versatile clown, form a group of choice spirits, who put gravity to flight whenever they appear. The romantic personages are in this instance subordinate to the others—still in their parts there occur passages of most sweet melody, as where the Duke demands the aid of music to soothe his passion—and where Viola shadows forth her love in the lines beginning

"She never told her love."

Here, as in almost every example where we meet with lyric poetry, we see that our rhymed verse was far yet from having attained its highest finish. It is impossible, in so many instances, to attribute its deficiencies to carelessness, real or affected, on the part of the writer.

The language in this piece is very peculiar. It abounds in cant terms, foreign words, expressions of the day, and proverbial phrases of which it is often difficult to see the sense; and this does not only occur in the part of the clown, who invariably employs a style less intelligible than that of the others.

We see here, as elsewhere, his knowledge of marine life—frequent mythological allusions. He alludes to the Puritans, who must then have been rising to influence. His rhymed passages are like jewels enchased in the rest—those of them which end an act or scene are often the deposits of his deepest, grandest thoughts. The scene of the steward reading the letter is one of the most highly comic. The letter reminds us of Elizabeth's addition to Raleigh's couplet. *Wise women* often spoken of—not exactly the modern "*femmes sages*" of our French neighbours.

His language is innately and fundamentally metaphorical, and it is astonishing how he moulds it, so as with the smallest possible number of words, to bring out the greatest possible quantity of thought. The scene on which the denouement turns, too much resembles that of the two Dromirs. Viola represented as he represents many of his women—courting instead of being courted. This was not so offensive to taste in his times. In some of the higher passages we discover a little inflatedness.

An action of battery in Illyria!!!

'TIME STILL MOVES ON.'

Time still moves on, with noiseless pace,
And we are loiterers by the way;
Few win and many lose the race,
For which they struggle day by day:
And even when the goal is gained
How seldom worth the toil it seems?
How lightly valued when obtained,
The prize that flattering Hope esteems!

Submissive to the winds of chance,
We toss on Life's inconsistent sea:
This billow may our bark advance,
And that may leave it on the lee:
This coast, which rises fair to view,
May thick be set with rocky mail,
And that which beetles o'er the blue,
Be safest for the shattered sail.

The cloud that, like a little hand,
Slow lingers when the morning shines,
Expands its volume o'er the land,
Dark as a forest-sea of pines;
While that which casts a vapory screen
Before the azure realm of day,
Rolls upward from the lowland scene,
And from the mountain tops away.

Oh, fond deceit! to think the flight
Of time will lead to pleasures strange,
And ever bring some new delight,
To minds that strive and sigh for change.
Within ourselves the secret lies,
Let seasons vary as they will,
Our hearts would murmur, though our skies
Were bright as those of Eden still!

PARK BENJAMIN.

—Knickerbocker.

SCRAPS FROM MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.

NIGHT IN LONDON.

Night is generally my time for walking. In the summer I often leave home in the morning, and roam about fields and lanes all day, or even escape for days or weeks together, but saving in the country I seldom go out until after dark, though, Heaven be thanked, I love its light and feel the cheerfulness it sheds upon the earth, as much as any creature living.

I have fallen insensibly into this habit, both because it favours my infirmity, and because it affords me greater opportunity of speculating on the characters and occupations of those who fill the streets. The glare and hurry of broad noon are not adapted to idle pursuits like mine; a glimpse of passing faces caught by the light of a street lamp or a shop window is often better for my purpose

than their full revelation in the daylight; and if I must add the truth, night is kinder in this respect than day; which too often destroys an air-built castle in the moment of its completion, without the smallest ceremony or remorse.

That constant pacing to and fro, that never-ending restlessness, that incessant tread of feet wearing the rough stones smooth and glossy—is it not a wonder how the dwellers in narrow ways can bear to bear it? Think of a sick man in such a place as Saint Martin's court, listening to the footsteps, and in the midst of pain and weariness obliged, despite himself, (as though it were a task he must perform) to detect the child's step from the man's, the slipshod beggar from the booted exquisite, the lounging from the busy, the dull heel of the sauntering outcast from the quick tread of an expectant pleasure-seeker—think of the hum and noise being always present to his senses, and of the stream of life that will not stop, pouring on, on, on, through all his restless dreams, as if he were condemned to lie dead, but conscious, in a noisy churchyard, and had no hope of rest for centuries to come.

Then the crowds for ever passing and repassing on the bridges (or those which are free of toil at least) where many stop on fine evenings, looking listlessly down upon the water, with some vague idea that by and by it runs between green banks which grow wider and wider, until at last it joins the broad vast sea—where some halt to rest from heavy loads, and think as they look over the parapet that to smoke and lounge away one's life, and lie sleeping in the sun upon a hot tarpaulin, in a dull, slow, sluggish barge, must be happiness unalloyed, and where some, and a very different class, pause with heavier loads than they, remembering to have heard or read in some old time that drowning was not a hard death, but of all means of suicide the easiest and best.

Covent Garden Market at sunrise, too, in the spring or summer, when the fragrance of sweet flowers is in the air, overpowering even the unwholesome steams of last night's debauchery, and driving the dusky thrush, whose cage has hung outside a garret window all night long, half mad with joy! Poor bird! the only neighbouring thing at all akin to the other little captives, some of whom, shrinking from the hot hands of drunken purchasers, lie drooping on the path already, while others, sodden by close contact, await the time when they shall be watered and freshened up to please more sober company, and make old clerks who pass them on their road to business, wonder what has filled their breasts with visions of the country.

MR. PICKWICK'S INTRODUCTION TO MASTER HUMPHREY.

I was in such a mood as this, sitting in my garden yesterday morning under the shade of a favourite tree, revelling in all the bloom and brightness about me, and feeling every sense of hope and enjoyment quickened by this most beautiful season of spring, when my meditations were interrupted by the unexpected appearance of my barber at the end of the walk, who I immediately saw was coming towards me with a hasty step that betokened something remarkable.

My barber is at all times a very brisk, bustling, active little man—for he is, as it were, chubby all over, without being stout or unwieldy—but yesterday his alacrity was so very uncommon that it quite took me by surprise. Nor could I fail to observe, when he came up to me, that his grey eyes were twinkling in a most extraordinary manner, that his little red nose was in an unusual glow, that every line in his round bright face was twisted and curved into an expression of pleased surprise, and that his whole countenance was radiant with glee. I was still more surprised to see my house-keeper, who usually preserves a very staid air, and stands somewhat upon her dignity, peeping round the hedge at the bottom of the walk, and exchanging nods and smiles with the barber, who twice or thrice looked over his shoulder for that purpose. I could conceive no announcement to which these appearances could be the prelude, unless it were that they had married each other that morning.

I was, consequently, a little disappointed when it only came out that there was a gentleman in the house who wished to speak with me.

"And who is it?" said I.

The barber, with his face screwed up still tighter than before, replied, that the gentleman would not send his name, but wished to see me. I pondered for a moment, wondering who this visitor might be, and I remarked that he embraced the opportunity of exchanging another nod with the housekeeper, who still lingered in the distance.

"Well!" said I, "bid the gentleman come here."

This seemed to be the consummation of the barber's hopes, for he turned sharp round, and actually ran away.

Now, my sight is not very good at a distance, and, therefore, when the gentleman first appeared in the walk, I was not quite clear whether he was a stranger to me or otherwise. He was an elderly gentleman, but came tripping along in the pleasantest manner conceivable, avoiding the garden roller and the border of the beds with inimitable dexterity, picking his way among the flower-pots, and smiling with unspeakable good humour. Before he was half-way up the walk he began to salute me; then I thought I knew him; but when he came towards me with his hat in his hand, the sun shining on his bald head, his bland face, his bright spectacles, his fawn-coloured tights, and his black gaiters—then my heart warmed, and I felt quite certain that it was Mr. Pickwick.

"My dear sir," said that gentleman as I rose to receive him, "pray be seated. Pray sit down. Now, do not stand on my account. I must insist upon it, really." With these words Mr. Pickwick gently pressed me down into my seat, and taking my hand in his, shook it again and again with a warmth of manner perfectly irresistible. I endeavoured to express in my welcome, something of that heartiness and pleasure which the sight of him awakened, and made him sit down beside me. All this time he kept alternately releasing my hand, and grasping it again, and surveying me through his spectacles with such a beaming countenance as I never beheld.

"You knew me directly!" said Mr. Pickwick. "What a pleasure it is to think that you knew me directly!"

I remarked that I had read his adventures very often, and that his features were quite familiar to me from the published portraits. As I thought it a good opportunity of adverting to the circumstance, I condoled with him upon the various libels on his character which had found their way into print. Mr. Pickwick shook his head, and for a moment looked very indignant, but smiling again directly, added that no doubt I was acquainted with Cervantes' introduction to the second part of Don Quixote, and that it fully expressed his sentiments on the subject.

"But, now," said Mr. Pickwick, "don't you wonder how I found you out?"

"I will never wonder, and with your good leave, never know," said I, smiling in my turn. "It is enough for me that you give me this gratification. I have not the least desire that you should tell me by what means I have obtained it."

"You are very kind," returned Mr. Pickwick, shaking me by the hand again, "you are exactly what I expected! But for what particular purpose do you think I have sought you out, my dear sir? Now, what do you think I come for?"

Mr. Pickwick put this question as though he were persuaded that it was morally impossible that I could by any means divine the deep purpose of his visit, and that it must be hidden from all human ken. Therefore, although I was rejoiced to think that I anticipated his drift, I feigned to be ignorant of it, and after a brief consideration shook my head despairingly.

"What should you say," said Mr. Pickwick, laying the forefinger of his left hand upon my coat-sleeve, and looking at me with his head thrown back, and a little on one side, "what should you say if I confessed that, after reading your account of yourself and your little society, I had come here, a humble candidate for one of those empty chairs?"

"I should say," I returned, "that I know of only one circumstance which could still further endear that little society to me, and that would be the associating with it my old friend—for you must let me call you so—my old friend, Mr. Pickwick."

As I made him this answer, every feature of Mr. Pickwick's face fused itself in one all-pervading expression of delight.—After shaking me heartily by both hands at once, he patted me gently on the back, and then—I well understood why—coloured up to the eyes, and hoped with great earnestness of manner that he had not hurt me.

If he had, I would have been content that he should have repeated the offence a hundred times rather than suppose so, but as he had not, I had no difficulty in changing the subject by making an enquiry which had been on my lips twenty times already.

"And this," said Mr. Pickwick, stopping short, "is the old clock! Dear me!"

I thought he would never have come away from it. After advancing to it softly, and laying his hand upon it with as much respect and as many smiling looks as if it were alive, he sat himself to consider it in every possible direction, now mounting on a chair to look at the top, now going down upon his knees to examine the bottom, now surveying the sides with his spectacles almost touching the case, and now trying to peep between it and the wall to get a slight view of the back. Then, he would retire a pace or two to look up at the dial to see it go, and then draw near again and stand with his head on one side to hear it tick—never failing to glance towards me at intervals of a few seconds each, and nod his head with such complacent gratification as I am quite unable to describe. His admiration was not confined to the clock either, but extended itself to every article in the room, and, really, when he had gone through them every one, and at last sat himself down in all the six chairs one after another, to try how they felt, I never saw such a picture of good humour and happiness as he presented, from the top of his shining head down to the very bottom of his gaiters.

I should have been well pleased, and should have had the utmost enjoyment of his company, if he had remained with me all day, but my favourite striking the hour, reminded him that he must take his leave. I could not forbear telling him once more how glad he had made me, and we shook hands all the way down stairs.

We had no sooner arrived in the hall than my housekeeper, gliding out of her little room, (she had changed her gown and cap I observed) greeted Mr. Pickwick with her best smile and courtesy, and the barber, feigning to be accidentally passing his way out, made him a vast number of bows. When the housekeeper curtseyed, Mr. Pickwick bowed with the utmost politeness, and when he bowed the housekeeper curtseyed again. Between the house-

keeper and the barber, I should say that Mr. Pickwick faced and bowed with undiminished affability, fifty times at least.

LITTLE NELL.

We had scarcely begun our repast when there was a knock at the door by which I had entered, and Nell, bursting into a hearty laugh, which I was rejoiced to hear, for it was child-like, and full of hilarity, said it was no doubt dear old Kit come back at last.

"Foolish Nell!" said the old man, fondling with her hair. "She always laughs at poor Kit."

The child laughed again more heartily than before, and I could not help smiling from pure sympathy. The little old man took up a candle and went to open the door. When he came back, Kit was at his heels.

Kit was a shock-headed shambling awkward lad, with an uncommonly wide mouth, very red cheeks, a turned-up nose, and certainly the most comical expression of face I ever saw.—He stopped short at the door on seeing a stranger, twirled in his hand a perfectly round old hat without any vestige of a brim, and resting himself now on one leg and now on the other, and changing them constantly, stood in the door-way, looking into the parlour with the most extraordinary leer I ever beheld. I entertained a grateful feeling towards the boy from that minute, for I felt that he was the comedy of the child's life.

"A long way, wasn't it, Kit?" said the little old man.

"Why, then, it was a goodish stretch, master," returned Kit.

"Do you find the house easily?"

"Why, then, not over and above easy, master," said Kit.

"Of course you have come back hungry."

"Why, then, I do consider myself rather so, master," was the answer.

The lad had a remarkable way of standing sideways as respects and thrusting his head forward over his shoulder, as if he could not get at his voice without that accompanying action. I think he would have amused one any where, but the child's exquisite enjoyment of his oddity, and the relief it was to find that there was something she associated with merriment in a place that appeared so unsuited to her, were quite irresistible. It was a great point, too that Kit himself was flattered by the sensation he created, and after several efforts to preserve his gravity, burst into a loud roar, and so stood with his mouth wide open and his eyes nearly shut, laughing violently.

The old man had again relapsed into his former abstraction, and took no notice of what passed, but I remarked when the laugh was over, the child's bright eyes were dimmed with tears, called forth by the fullness of heart with which she welcomed her uncouth favourite after the little misery of the night. As for Kit, himself (whose laugh had been all the time one of that sort which very little would change into a cry) he carried a large slice of bread and meat and a mug of beer into a corner, and applied himself to disposing of them with great voracity.

JOHN PODGERS.

John Podgers was broad, sturdy, Dutch-built, short, and a very hard eater, as men of his figure often are. Being a hard sleeper likewise, he divided his time pretty equally between these two recreations, always falling asleep when he had done eating, and always taking another turn at the trencher when he had done sleeping, by which means he grew more corpulent and more drowsy every day of his life. Indeed, it used to be currently reported that when he sauntered up and down the sunny side of the street before dinner, (as he never failed to do in fair weather,) he enjoyed his soundest nap; but many people held this to be a fiction, as he had several times been seen to look after fat oxen on market days, and had even been heard by persons of good credit and reputation to chuckle at the sight, and say to himself with great glee, "Live beef, live beef!" It was upon this evidence that the wisest people in Windsor (beginning with the local authorities of course) held that John Podgers was a man of strong sound sense—not what is called smart, perhaps, and it might be of a rather lazy and apoplectic turn, but still a man of solid parts, and one who meant much more than he cared to show. This impression was confirmed by a very dignified way he had of shaking his head, and imparting at the same time a pendulous motion to his double chin; in short, he passed for one of those people who, being plunged into the Thames, would make no vain effort to set it a fire, but would straightway flop down to the bottom with a deal of gravity, and be highly respected in consequence by all good men.

Being well to do in the world, and a peaceful widower—having a great appetite, which, as he could afford to gratify it, was a luxury and no inconvenience, and a power of going to sleep, which, as he had no need to keep awake, was a most enviable faculty—you will readily suppose that John Podgers was a happy man. But appearances are often deceptive when they least seem so, and the truth is, that notwithstanding his extreme slickness, he was rendered uneasy in his mind and exceedingly uncomfortable, by a constant apprehension that beset him night and day.

"Every man has some chain with a clog, only it is lighter to one than another, and he that takes it up has more ease than he that drags it."

THE RIVERS ASSAN AND SOANY, INDIA.

The Assan takes its rise, as nearly as possible, in the centre of the valley of the Dhun, and meanders in a westerly direction, for a distance of about twenty miles. For the last eight or ten miles of its course, it is a fine body of water, clear as crystal, hurrying along in a succession of rapids and races, with intervals of from 100 to 200 yards of deep and comparatively smooth water, it joins the Jamna, a little below Raj Ghat, in the Dhun.

The Soany rises nearly in the same spot, but runs in the opposite direction, almost due east, is joined in its course through the valley by several streams, some of them very large, and empties itself into the Ganges, close to Karak, about ten miles above Hurdwar, and twenty-eight from its source. Of the two streams, the Soany is to be preferred; there is a much larger body of water, and heavier fish are found in it: the river, altogether, would have distracted sober Isaak Walton. The bed of the Soany is formed of large stones, throughout the whole of its course; so large, in some parts of the centre of a rapid, as to obstruct the rushing of the stream, as it roars and hurries on its way, four or five feet deep, and causes the water either to roll in huge waves, or to leap into the air in a shower of spray. With all possible veneration for honest Isaak, the imagination cannot picture him rattling along the shore of such a tumultuous river, with a twenty-five pound fish; or scudding down one of its rapids, at the rate of twelve miles an hour, obliged to give the monster all the line it chooses to take; stopping him being out of the question. There is nothing peaceful in such a pastime; and the surrounding scenery is the most savage and wild imaginable. Impervious forests stretch down, in many places to the water's edge, thickly matted with cane and various underwood; or reeds twenty feet high, under the shade of which the tiger and wild elephant slumber undisturbed. Many a time has the angler been startled by the roar of the former, or the shrill tramp of the latter, whilst whipping the waters of this mountain river. In most parts, however, there is, on one side or the other, a bed of shingle, thirty or forty yards broad, which is covered with water in the rains only; so that a tiger cannot steal on the sportsman unobserved. Still, it is not agreeable to have fresh paddings of all sizes and shapes, staring you in the face every twenty paces. The forest absolutely swarms with tigers; and there is no possibility of hunting them, owing to the impervious nature of the jungle. Deer are very abundant, so that the forest of the Dhun will form a preserve for many years to come; and tiger-hunters need not despair of sport during the present generation; for, even in these days of improvement, nothing but European enterprise and industry will fall these forests for the next century.

The first time I tried the fish, during the cold season, was on the 20th January. I pitched my tent at Karak, about three miles from the Ganges, and fished down the Soany to its junction with the magnificent Ganga. On that occasion the Soany emptied itself by three mouths, the centre one being the main body of the stream, and one of the others merely a brook, not more than ten feet wide, but extremely rapid. There is no depending on the localities of the streams for two successive seasons; for the torrent, when swollen by the rains, sweeps away every thing in its course, and opens fresh channels for itself; so that it is impossible to calculate whether the stream will run, after the rains, under the right or left bank; and, consequently, all the well-remembered objects of the preceding year disappear. The arrowy rapid below which I once hooked a monster, is now a dry, stony bed, glittering in the sunshine; and the huge uprooted tree, whose giant trunk checked the foaming stream, as it wheeled round that corner, "rejoicing in its strength," leaving a calm, deep pool under its lee, has been whirled by the flood a couple of miles farther down, and left high and dry on a bank, in the centre of the shingle. There is this advantage, however, that, at each successive season, the angler enjoys the charm of novelty as much as if he had never thrown a fly on the stream before.

CHILDREN'S BALLS.—Parties and balls given to children, are a triple conspiracy against their innocence, their health, and their happiness. Thus by factitious amusements to rob them of a relish for the simple joys, the unbought delights which naturally belong to their blooming seasons, is like blotting out spring from the year. While childhood preserves its natural simplicity, every little change is interesting—every gratification a luxury. A ride or walk will be a delightful recreation to a child in its natural state; but it will be dull and tasteless to a sophisticated little being, spoiled by these forced, costly, and vapid amusements. Alas! that we should throw away this first grand opportunity of working into a practical habit, the moral of this important truth, that the chief source of human discontent is to be looked for, not in our real, but in our factitious wants—not in the demands of nature, but in the artificial cravings of desire. To behold Lilliputian coquettes projecting dresses, studying colours, assorting ribands, and feathers—their little hearts beating with hope about partners and fears of rivals; and to see their fresh cheeks pale after the midnight revel—their aching heads and unbraced nerves disqualifying the little languid beings for the next day's task, and to hear the grave apology, "that it is owing to the cordial, the sweetmeats, the crowd, and the heated room of the last-night's ball or party, all this, I say, would really be as ridiculous, if the mischief of the thing did not take off from the merriment of it, as any of the ludicrous disproportions of the diverting travels of captain Lemuel Gulliver.

SCRAPS.

POWER OF LETTERS.—At the station next Tyerhova, one of the tribe of Israel came up, and asked us if we would like to see some curious rocks, only a quarter of an hour from the village. As we followed him to the spot, he asked us those questions, as to where we came from, what we were doing, and whither we were going, so common in most countries except our own, where they are avoided, as though every one was doing something of which he is ashamed, and which he desired to conceal. On hearing that we were English, he asked very earnestly if one Walter Scott was yet living, and expressed the greatest regret when he learned his death. Surprised at such a sentiment from such a man, and suspecting some mistake, I enquired what he knew of Scott; when he pulled from his pocket a well-thumbed translation of *Ivanhoe*—the very romance of persecuted Judaism—and assured me he had read that, and many others of his works, with great pleasure. I do not know that I ever felt more strongly the universal power of genius than when I found the bard of Scotland worshipped by a poor Jew in the mountains of Hungary. It is astonishing to an Englishman who knows how ignorant even well-informed persons of his own country are of the literature and politics of a great part of the continent, to find the names of the best authors of England familiar as household words among nations of whose very existence the greater part of that country is scarcely aware. In Hungary, this fact struck me with more force even than in Germany, though the taste for English literature is there immeasurably more advanced than in France or Italy. But the Hungarians, with very little literature of their own, and generally possessing a knowledge of several foreign languages, are not only entirely thrown on the resources of others for their mental food, but are thus eminently well provided with the means of enjoying it. In many cases I have found the originals in English, but in general they are read in excellent German translations. With what ecstatic pleasure have they told me of the new light which English literature opened to them! With what admiration have they spoken of the strong and vigorous train of thought which pervades our authors, of that scrupulous decency which they observe, of that warm love of nature they express, and of the universal respect in which religion is upheld by them!—*Page's Hungary and Transylvania.*

THUNDERSTORMS are generally more severe on the banks of rivers than at a distance—yet we believe that steamboats, although containing a vast amount of iron and other kinds of metal, are seldom struck by lightning. We do not recollect a single case—although it is likely that some instances are on record. Why are they less likely to be struck by the electric fluid than sailing ships on the ocean, which appears to be the fact. We pause for a reply.—*Boston Mercantile Journal.*

The explanation is easy. All their iron and other metal operates as a conductor, or set of conductors, and draws off the electric fluid silently from the surrounding atmosphere.

If a single rod will ordinarily protect a dwelling from lightning, how much more should a hundred tons of iron, extending upwards many feet above the promenade deck, and downward to within a few inches of the water, protect a steamboat! It would be a miracle, almost, if a steamboat should be struck with lightning, under such circumstances, yet we recollect reading, 15 or 20 years ago, of a young woman being killed by lightning on board a steamboat on the Mississippi. No other instance of the kind ever came to our knowledge.—*Journal of Com.*

THE TRAVELLER'S FRIEND.—In Madagascar grows a singular tree (*Urania*) which, from its property of yielding water, is called the Traveller's Friend. It differs from most other trees, in having all its branches in one place, like the sticks of a fan, or the feathers of a peacock's tail. At the extremity of each branch, grows a broad double leaf, several feet in length, which spreads itself out very gracefully. These leaves radiate heat so rapidly after sunset, that a copious deposition of dew takes place upon them; soon collecting into drops, forms little streams which go down the branches to the trunk. Here it is received into hollow spaces of considerable magnitude, one of which is found at the root of every branch. These branches lie one over the other alternately, and when a knife, or what is better, a flat piece of stick, (for it is not necessary to cut the tree,) is inserted between the parts which overlay, and slightly drawn to one side so as to cause an opening, a stream of water gushes out, as if from a fountain. Hence the appropriate name of Traveller's Friend."

CONFLICT WITH A CATAMOUNT.—The Lakeville (Ohio) Journal gives the following:—A number of Catamounts had come over the Michigan boundary, and caused great terror among the farmers. One of them entered the window of Mr. Hawkins, which had been left open, while his wife was engaged in an adjoining room, and had crept to the cradle, where a babe, six months old, was sleeping, before he was discovered. The mother, on perceiving him, seized a broad axe which lay upon the hearth, and commenced an attack. The first blow stunned without injuring the beast. He recovered, sprung upon the woman, and throwing her down, tore her left arm severely. She contrived to raise herself upon her knees with the animal still clinging to her, and struck a second blow. The edge of the axe penetrated the skull, and laid the monster dead upon the floor. Her husband

came home shortly after, and found her lying prostrate, and exhausted, with the catamount stretched at her feet, and her two eldest children weeping over her. The woman was considerably injured, but the account states, that she is recovering rapidly. Her arm and side were badly torn, but she received no dangerous wound.

BIBLES IN PRISON.—The Bible is the only means the prisoner has of mitigating the solitude of his cell.

So great are the benefits which flow from placing a small Bible with a prisoner in his solitary cell, that it has become almost as much a matter of course to see it lying upon the little shelf, as to see the fastening of the door which secures his prison. These Bibles are generally provided by a law of the state. They are read exceedingly, and a multitude of inquiries are raised and proposed to the chaplains concerning the meaning of the sacred page. Hundreds of leaves, in a single Bible, are sometimes turned down to assist the memory of the prisoner in referring to those passages concerning which he wants instruction. And it is not a little curious how pungent are the truths, how much like the fire and the hammer, which the Spirit of God has used to arrest the attention of these men; so that what they began to read, perhaps with no good design, has been fastened in the conscience, as a nail in a sure place. And were the question now to be asked, whether all other books could supply the place of the Bible in the solitary cell, it would be answered by all the experience of the reformed Prisons in the negative.—*Am. paper.*

THOMAS JEFFERSON.—In the works of Thomas Jefferson, is the following letter to his namesake, Thomas Jefferson Smith:—“This letter will, to you, be as one from the dead. The writer will be in his grave before you can weigh its councils. Your affectionate and excellent father has requested that I would address you something which might possibly have a favourable influence on the course of life you have to run, and I too, as a namesake, feel interested in that course. Few words will be necessary, with good dispositions on your part. Adore God—reverence and cherish your parents—love your neighbour as yourself, and your country more than yourself—be true—murmur not at the ways of Providence. So shall the life into which you have entered be the portal to one of ineffable bliss. And if to the dead is permitted to care for the things of this world, every action of your life will be under my regard. Farewell.—*Monticello, February 12, 1840.*”

How calm and quiet a delight
This alone
To read and meditate and write
By none offended and offending none;
To walk, ride, sit, or sleep at one's own ease,
And pleasing a man's self, none other to displease.
C. COTTON.

ILLUSTRATION OF A PASSAGE IN SCRIPTURE.—In the tenth verse of the tenth chapter of Job we find the following words:—“Hast thou not poured me out like milk, and curdled me like cheese?” Much philological research has been brought to the explanation of this passage. In the preceding verse Job is speaking of his death. “Wilt thou bring me unto dust again?” But what has the pouring out of milk to do with death? The people of the East pour milk on their heads after performing the funeral obsequies. Has a father a profligate son, one whom he never expects to reclaim, he says, in reference to him. “Ah! I have poured milk upon my head;” i. e. “I have done with him, he is as one dead to me.” “And curdled me like cheese.” The cheese of the East is little better than curds, and these also are used at funeral ceremonies.—*Robert's Illustrations of Scripture.*

LOOKING A WITNESS OUT OF COURT.—Daniel Webster, when a young practitioner, had a bad case to manage in Court. He told his client that there was one witness against him, who, if he testified, would ruin him. “When the trial comes on (said Webster) point him out to me.” The man was shown to him, sitting on an upper seat near the bench, in a crowded court room. Webster, with his withering glance, surveyed him from head to foot. The witness receded a short distance. During the examination of other witnesses, Webster gave him another piercing look. He removed farther towards the door. Three or four more scrutinizing observations, looked the witness out of Court!”

TIME-SERVING.—The French newspapers, which, in 1813, were subject to the censor, announced the departure of Bonaparte from Elba, his progress through France, and his entry into Paris, in the following ingenious manner:—9th March, the Anthropophagus has quitted his den—10th, the Corsican Ogre has landed at Cape Juan—12th, the Tiger has arrived at Cab—12th, the Monster slept at Grenoble—13th, the Tyrant had passed through Lyons—14th, the Usurper is directing his steps towards Dijon, but the brave and loyal Burgundians have risen en masse and surrounded him on all sides—18th, Bonaparte is only sixty leagues distant from the capital; has been fortunate enough to escape the hands of his pursuers—19th, Bonaparte is advancing with rapid steps, he will enter Paris—20th, Napoleon will to-morrow, be under our ramparts—21st, the Emperor is at Fontainebleau—22d, his Imperial and Royal Majesty, yesterday evening arrived at the Tuilleries,

amidst the joyful acclamations of his devoted and faithful subjects.—*Athenaeum.*

THEATRICAL CUPPING AND BLEEDING.—Soon after Keane's first appearance, in *Sir Giles Overreach*, the Drury-lane actors, wishing to keep pace with the march of intellect, proposed to collect among the brethren the purchase-money of a silver cup, on which they intended to emblazon all the virtues of “the abstemious Roscius;” and present it to him as a token of their admiration. The veteran Munden, on being asked for his subscription, flatly refused with—“I part with my guinea because Mr. Keane is a good actor! My precious eyes! I have been called a good actor these 50 years, but my brethren never gave me any silver tokens of their admiration; my brethren never gave Mrs. Siddons or John Kemble any metallic tokens of their admiration! Poh, psha! I was born before this age of humbug. My precious eyes! It won't do, sir—you may cure Mr. Keane, but you won't bleed old Josy Munden.” And he buttoned up his pockets, as though he was afraid some rebellious guinea should jump out of them.

DO SOMETHING.—It is a false and indolent humility, which makes people sit down and do nothing, because they will not believe that they are capable of doing much; for every body can do something. Every body can set a good example, be it to many or few; every body can, in some degree, encourage virtue and religion, and discountenance vice and folly; every one has some one whom he can advise and instruct, or in some way help to guide through life.—*Miss Talbot.*

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.—It is an exquisite and beautiful thing in nature, that when the heart is touched and softened by some tranquil happiness or affectionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly. It would almost seem as though our better thoughts and sympathies were charms, in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those we dearly loved in life. Alas! how often and how long may those patient angels hover over us, waiting for the spell which is so seldom uttered, and so soon forgotten!—*Dickens.*

PRAYER AND PRAISE.—If prayer be exhilarating to the soul, what shall be said of praise! Praise is the only employment, we had almost said it is the only duty in which self finds no part. In praise we go out of ourselves and think only of Him to whom we offer it. It is the most purely disinterested of all services. It is gratitude without solicitation, acknowledgment without petition. Prayer is the overflowing expression of our wants, praise of our affections. Prayer is the language of the destitute, praise of the redeemed sinner. Prayer is the child of faith, praise of love. Prayer is prospective, praise takes in, in its wide range, enjoyment of the present, remembrance of past, and anticipations of future blessings. Prayer points the way to heaven, praise is already there.—*Hannah Moore.*

A CANON BALL.—I was reclining one day upon a sort of couch or stretcher which I had placed in one corner of my room—with a cigar in my mouth, and a cup of wine beside me, when down came a canon ball through the roof of the house and struck the stone floor within a yard of me. Being a good deal spent, it rolled towards the partition, through which, as it was made of deal, it burst, and then running over the feet of another man, who lay in a blanket in an adjoining apartment, it lamed him for life. Not yet exhausted, it passed through a second partition and tumbled into the kitchen beneath the grate of which, to the astonishment of several persons who witnessed its evolutions, it made a final lodgment.—*Cleig's Hussar.*

INFANTILE COURAGE AND GENEROSITY.—Two bulls, of equal bravery, although by no means equally matched in size and strength, happening to meet near the front of a laird's house, in the highlands of Scotland, began a fierce battle, the noise of which soon drew to one of the windows the lady of the mansion. To her infinite terror, she beheld her only son, a boy between five and six years of age, belabouring with a stiff cudgel the stouter of the belligerents. “Dougald, Dougald, what are you about?” exclaimed the affrighted mother. “Helping the little bull,” was the gallant young hero's reply.

THE BEGINNINGS OF EVIL.—Young men, for the most part, are but little aware of the danger which attends the beginnings of evil. No one becomes suddenly abandoned and profligate. There is always a gradual progress. He begins in slight, occasional departures from rectitude, and goes from one degree to another, till conscience becomes scared, the vicious propensity strong, the habit of indulgence fixed, and the character ruined.

In dreaming, it is remarkable how easily and yet imperceptibly the mind connects events altogether differing in their nature; and if we hear any noise during sleep, how instantaneously the sound is woven in with the events of our dream and as satisfactorily accounted for.

Inward goodness, without an outward show of it, is like a tree without fruit, useless; and an outward show of goodness, without inward sincerity, is like a tree without heart, lifeless.

Many men, while they spend their time in disputing what they should do, do too often neglect the things which are without dispute.

THE PEARL

HALIFAX, SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 11.

ARRIVAL OF THE GOVERNOR GENERAL.—On Thursday morning the Unicorn, Steamship, with His Excellency the Governor General on board, was reported in the offing. Between nine and ten the noble ship was observed, by persons on Citadel Hill, and the house-tops, coming up the harbour. When she neared the town, her speed was decreased, and she moved along slowly to a position opposite Messrs. Cunard's wharf. His Excellency was expected to land on the Queen's wharf, and a guard of honour belonging to the 37th, with the band of the Regiment, were placed there to receive him. His Excellency Sir Colin Campbell, and Aid-de-camp went off to the vessel in a boat. When it appeared evident that another place of landing was resolved on, the guard, staff, &c. adjourned to Cunard's wharf, and waited there. The Admiral saluted the Unicorn as she moved up the harbour, and his barge, with a flag at bow and stern, attended to bring the Governor General on shore. That course, also, soon appeared to be rejected. The up-raised oars of the waiting barge-men descended to the water, the flags were lowered, and the barge moved off. Soon after Sir Colin Campbell was observed proceeding in his boat to the Queen's wharf. On the landing of his Excellency it was ascertained that an unexpected course was to be that pursued. The Governor General was to land in state, at 12 o'clock, and was immediately to assume the Government of the Province. A new face was now soon put on affairs. The Colonial Aids-de-camp doffed the habiliments of the merchant, and don'd their splendid military dresses,—a strong guard of honour and band were stationed on the Queen's wharf, and the noble regiment of the Fusiliers formed a double line through the streets, from the wharf gates to the Province Building.—Her Majesty's Councils were collected in the Council Chamber, and some guns of the Artillery corps were posted on the Parade to give due note of his Excellency's landing. Between twelve and one the Unicorn moved along, by the heads of the wharfs, like a beautiful marine monster. She came slowly opposite the dock of the Queen's wharf, and the Admiral's barge again attended, to convey his Excellency to the usual landing slip. But again some mis-reckoning appeared to have occurred, for just as expectation was on tip-toe to see his Excellency step into the barge, her oars and flags were again lowered, and she moved off without her honoured freight. The orders now evidently were, to haul the Unicorn alongside, so that his Excellency might step from her deck, to the wharf. This occupied an additional half hour, during which drizzling rain fell. At length his Excellency appeared on deck, and landed, attended by Sir Charles Fitzroy, Governor of P. E. Island, and suite. His Excellency was received by Sir Colin Campbell and a group of the heads of military and other departments, in official uniform. The band played the national anthem, and the guns poured forth their thunder, announcing that the chief representative of her gracious Majesty, on the American Continent, had landed in Halifax. His Excellency entered the carriage of Sir Colin Campbell, and preceded by the Colonial Aids-de-camp on horseback, and followed by a numerous staff, proceeded slowly through the Fusilier files, to the Province Building.

His Excellency entered the Council Chamber at about one o'clock. Sir Colin Campbell occupied the Chair of State, covered, while the Governor General took the oaths, necessary on assuming the Government of the Province. When that ceremony had concluded, Sir Colin Campbell rose, uncovered, and handed the Governor General to the chair. His Excellency took the chair, placed his cap of state on his head, but removed it in a few moments, and remained uncovered, until the time of leaving the Chamber. The members of Council took the oath consequent on the temporary change of Government,—meantime the Governor General and Sir Colin Campbell were engaged in conversation. Immediately after these interesting ceremonies, their Excellencies left the Province Building for Government House, the guard presenting arms, band playing, and ordnance firing, as before.

The Governor General's appearance is highly prepossessing; in person he is tall and rather slight; his countenance animated and intelligent;—he seems of middle age, but is said to be older. He wore a rich uniform of blue and gold. May this official visit to Nova Scotia be productive of the best effects on the peace and prosperity of the country; a country which, we may say, without incurring a charge of egotism, yields to no dependency of the mighty Empire that his Excellency represents, in affectionate, manly loyalty, good sense, and general intelligence.

PIRACY.—We have been favoured with a late American paper, giving several interesting particulars respecting the piracy of the Brig Vernon, of Halifax. It appears that Captain Cunningham, of the Vernon, on seeing the seven pirates approaching in the boat, supposed that they were shipwrecked men, and bore down for them. When they came sufficiently near, they fired several volleys at the brig, causing the crew to go below, except two, who took shelter behind the masts. The pirates boarded, pretended that they belonged to a Spanish man-of-war, and steered the brig under shore, where they anchored for the night, the crew being confined in the fore-castle. In the morning the crew were ordered up

to get the brig under way. They found an addition to the pirates, of four fishermen. The Brig was conducted about ten miles along the coast, then six miles up the Padio del Rio River, where she was run ashore, and the cargo discharged by the crew, Captain Cunningham, although aged, being obliged to assist. The capt. and three of the crew were then ordered into their boat, with five pirates, and were told that they were going to get ballast for the brig. When about four gun shots from the place of landing, on a signal given, the ruffians commenced the work of death, and killed their victims, except one, young Peach, who jumped overboard and escaped ashore among the bushes. He travelled along the coast, and discovered a schooner, when, being exhausted, he resolved to run all hazards, and surrender himself to the strange sail. This was the vessel of the gallant Pelaso, who soon after discovered the pirates, gained their confidence with great address, and resolved to save the two survivors of the Vernon's crew, or to perish in the attempt. Honour to the brave Spaniard for his noble presence of mind, daring and generosity! The two men were retained by the gang, to paint and repair the boat, and that having been accomplished, they were to be put to death next day. But an over-ruling Providence was counteracting their designs. They knew not the effect of the seemingly unimportant escape of Peach, and thought that all was secure, while a mine was preparing beneath their feet. Pelaso invited them to breakfast,—secured nine of them as prisoners, went ashore, arrested the remaining two, and liberated the overjoyed prisoners.—The ruffians, by this time, have paid the penalty of their villainy;—what will be Pelaso's testimonial of the public respect and gratitude?

Let, the chief-conspirator in the attempt to burn the Great Britain Steamer, at Oswego, has been tried, and sentenced to seven years imprisonment in the State Prison at Auburn.

A levee was held by the Governor General, yesterday, at Government House. It was numerously attended. His Excellency has already been busily engaged in communication with well informed and influential persons, respecting the political difficulties of the Province.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—The Committee of the Institute considering that it would be advisable to follow the example of other similar bodies, in advertising the reception of presents, desire the insertion of the following.

July 9th.—W. J. Starr, Esq. presented the skin of an Armadillo, for which the Committee expressed their thanks, at a meeting on the same evening. Persons, whose kindness and public spirit, may induce them to add to the Museum of the Institute, will find the Curator, Mr. John McDonald, Bedford Row,—the President, Mr. A. McMinnlay, the Secretary, or any of the officers, thankfully ready to take charge of their donations.

The weather is splendid for vegetation,—copious showers followed by ardent sun beams must do great good among the dales and dells whence we expect our harvest blessings.

This is the season for bathing,—pellucid sea-water rolls for miles, close beside the streets of the town,—yet who enjoys the good thus provided to their hands? Thousands, in other communities, undergo much trouble and expense for the benefit of the article that we have at our doors, and neglect. The fault is not all in the disposition of the people. The shore for miles is public, without any convenience for bathers. To walk a couple of miles in warm weather is oppressive, unfits one for the bath, and negatives its pleasurable effects when over. When will some mode, by the water, or on it, be adopted, by which one may comfortably and respectably enjoy the luxury of a summer plunge?

MARRIED.

On Tuesday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Cogswell, Garrett Millar, Junr. Esq. of Labave, to Miss Maria Morris.

On Wednesday evening, 1st instant, by the Rev. J. Martin, Mr. Hugh Munro, of the Normal Seminary, Glasgow, to Flannali, second daughter of Mr. David Croll, of this town.

At Pictou, on Thursday, the 25th ult. by the Rev. John McKinlay, Mr. John Paterson, of that town, to Miss Janet Henry, of Roger's Hill.

At Lunenburg, by the Rev. Dr. A. Fraser, on Thursday the 25th June, Mr. Abel Wile, of Bridgeport, to Miss Eliza Jane, daughter of the Rev. Maynard Parker. On the 2d July, Mr. Benjamin Wile, of Bridgewater, to Miss Irene Weiloeh.

DIED.

On Wednesday evening, much regretted, Mr. James Ritchie, of H. M. Naval Yard, aged 57 years.

On Thursday last, Mrs. Elizabeth Randall, in the 40th year of her age.

On Friday morning, Mary Jane only daughter of Mr. Samuel Story, Junr. aged one year.

At Boston, on the 27th of June, Edward James King, aged 4 years, youngest son of Mr. Henry King, formerly of Halifax.

At Chester, on the 1st June, in the 72d year of his age, after a long and painful illness, which he bore with christian fortitude, John Evans, Esq. Captain in the Royal Newfoundland Fencibles.

BRITISH AND NORTH AMERICAN ROYAL MAIL

STEAM SHIPS OF 1200 TONS AND 440 HORSE POWER.

BRITANNIA, Captain ROBERT EWING,
ACADIA, Do. ROBERT MILLER,
CALEDONIA, Do. RICHARD CLELAND,
COLUMBIA, Do. HENRY WOODRUFF,

For Liverpool, G. B.

THE BRITANNIA, the first Ship of the line, commanded by Captain Robert Ewing, will leave Halifax for Liverpool, G. B. on Saturday the 1st August.

The Britannia was to leave Liverpool for Halifax and Boston on the 2d July, and is expected to arrive at Halifax on the 14th inst. She will proceed immediately for Boston.

These Ships will carry experienced Surgeons, and their accommodations are not surpassed by any of the Atlantic Steam Ships.

THE UNICORN,

Captain Walter Douglas.

Will leave Halifax for Quebec on the arrival of the Britannia from Liverpool. Passengers for any of the abovenamed places, will please to make early application to

S. CUNARD & CO.

Halifax, July 1st.
The Halifax, St. John, Prince Edward Island, Pictou and Miramichi papers will copy the above, and continue the same four weeks.

SAINT MARY'S SEMINARY.

Under the special patronage of the Right Rev. Dr. Fraser.

REV. R. B. O'BRIEN, SUPERIOR.

PROFESSORS.

Spanish..... Rev. L. J. DEASE.
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Elocution..... Rev. R. B. O'BRIEN.
In addition to these enumerated above, the Classes already advertised occupy a due portion of attention.

The French Class has just been opened, and persons wishing to avail themselves of the advantages which it affords, would do well to make an early application.

Pupils for the Spanish Class will please to have their names entered at the Seminary within the next ten days.

The Philosophy Class also has been opened.—Latin is the language of this Class.

Terms for Boarders.—£33 per annum.

The Library of the Seminary contains very nearly 2000 Volumes of the most select authors, in Theology, Canon Law, and Ecclesiastical History. There is also a good collection of Scientific and Classical Books, all of which are at the service of the Students of the Establishment.

None but Catholic Pupils are required to be present at the religious exercises or religious instructions of the Seminary.
June 20.

ST. MARY'S SEMINARY.

BOARDERS will furnish themselves with a Mattress, 2 pair of Sheets, Blankets, a Counterpane, one dozen shirts, half dozen towels, a knife, fork, and spoon. Uniform for Summer: Blue Jacket, Cap, &c. light Trowsers.
June 20.

NO. 88 & 89, GRANVILLE STREET.

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 Bookbinding cry, 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

Dowry 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.

Selected for the Pearl.

THE WORLD.

Talk who will of the world as a desert of thrall,
Yet, yet there is bloom on the waste;
Though the chalice of life hath its acid and gall,
There are honey drops too for the taste.

We murmur and droop should a sorrow cloud stay,
And note all the shades of our lot;
But the rich scintillations that brighten our way,
Are bask'd in, enjoyed, and forgot.

Those who look on mortality's ocean aright,
Will not mourn o'er each billow that rolls,
But dwell on the glories, the beauties, the might,
As much as the shipwrecks and shoals.

There are times when the storm-gust may rattle around,
There are spots where the poison shrub grows,
Yet are there not hours when nought else can be found
But the south wind, the sunshine, and rose.

O haplessly rare is the portion that's ours,
And strange is the path that we take,
If there spring not beside us a few precious flowers
To soften the thorn and the brake.

The wail of regret, the rude clashing of strife,
The soul's harmony often may mar,
But I think we must own, in the discord of life,
'Tis ourselves that oft waken the jar.

Earth is not *all* fair, yet it is not *all* gloom,
And the voice of the grateful will tell,
That He who allotted Pain, Death, and the Tomb,
Gave Hope, Health, and the Bridal as well.

Should fate do its worst, and my spirit oppress'd,
O'er its own shattered happiness pine;
Let me witness the joy in another's glad breast,
And some pleasure *must* kindle in mine.

Then say not the world is a desert of thrall,
There is bloom, there is light on the waste;
Though the chalice of life has its acid and gall,
There are honey-drops too for the taste.

ELIZA COOK.

A DINNER PARTY.

Samuel Russell, when a young man, and Cresswell (afterwards of Covent-Garden Theatre), belonged to a small strolling party in Kent. This concern breaking up they applied to the manager of the Deal Theatre for employment, and succeeded in obtaining an engagement. The Theatre, it was stated, would open in a few days. In the mean time their finances were in a woful plight, Cresswell not having a farthing, and Russell possessing only three shillings and sixpence in the world. To render the matter worse, the latter, fancying that he had friends in Deal, laid out his three and sixpence on a pair of second hand white kerseymere breeches, in which he intended to enact the part of *Belcour*. After making this purchase, Russell, to his mortification, discovered that the friends from whom he had expected assistance had quitted Deal.

Cresswell was a stout melancholy person, and paraded the sands with an awfully craving appetite, and no-credit Russell, *pour passer le temps*, went to his lodging to try on his kerseymeres. Whilst admiring them he imagined that he felt something like buttons inside the lining at the knee. He proceeded immediately to cut open the seam, and to his great delight, miraculously discovered three half guineas, which had probably made their way from the pocket of some fortunate former possessor of the small clothes. Highly elated with this piece of luck, Russell hit on an expedient to have some fun, in consequence, with poor Cresswell. Accordingly he went to a tavern—the Hoop and Griffin—and ordered a roast fowl and sausages and a bottle of sherry, telling the waiter to lay the cloth and he should return. He then sought Cresswell, whose appetite and despondency had increased to an imminent degree.

"What is to be done, Cresswell? This is Thursday, and the theatre will not open until Monday next. If you can last so long as that, I cannot."

"I last," said Cresswell. "I am now perfectly empty. Look at my waistcoat."

"Come along," says Russell, "let us put a bold face on it. It is of no use being poor, and seeming poor too. Let us go to the Hoop and Griffin, and try and get a dinner. We cannot be worse off than we are at present."

Cresswell was a modest, reserved man, but he followed Russell into the coffee room of the tavern, which was vacant. As they stood before the fire the waiter was busily engaged in laying the cloth. When he had left the room, "Cresswell," said Russell, "I have made up my mind to one point. You and I will dine with the gentleman for whom that cloth is laid."

"Heavens! Russell, what is your intention?"

"No matter," replied Russell, "leave it all to me."

He then looked out at the window as if to observe whether any person was coming.

"Here goes," says Russell, and he rang the bell consequentially.

"Waiter, tell your mistress to send in the dinner."

"Yes sir."

"Bless us!" exclaimed Cresswell, "you surely are not going to get us in such a dreadful scrape? We had better be hungry than dishonest."

"Necessity has no law," said Russell, "and so I shall tell the gentleman when he comes."

The waiter now entered with the roasted fowl and sausages, placed them on the table, and left the room.

"I cannot resist it, Cresswell," exclaimed Russell. "How nice this fowl smells!" Accordingly he sat down and removed the covers.

"Let me exhort you to take care what you are about," said Cresswell. "You know we neither of us have got a farthing. Oh! if you had not laid out your money on these deplorable breeches! Good Heavens! you are cutting up somebody else's fowl! Suppose the gentleman should come! Hadn't you better wait for him, and explain?"

"Hang the gentleman!" said Russell. "I'll fight him if he does not like it. Sit down, I say, I'll hold you harmless."

Cresswell was in great distress, and endeavoured in every way to persuade Russell to desist from his fraudulent mode of proceeding. At this moment the waiter bustled in with the bottle of sherry. Cresswell inwardly groaned. "There's the gentleman's wine, too, to add to the misdemeanour!" At length, worn out with hunger, overcome by the savoury exhalation of the roasted fowl and sausages, and persuaded by Russell, Cresswell moodily seated himself at the table. While Russell was carving, he took the opportunity occasionally to peer out of the window, and remark, "He has not come yet." After some glasses of wine, Cresswell became a little less unhappy.

"For what we are going to receive," said Russell, "the — make us truly thankful."

"Amen!" fervently ejaculated Cresswell, and devoured his share of the dinner with an appetite that showed how much he was in want of it. When the fowl was diminished, Russell, looking into the street, saw a stranger coming into the tavern.

"Here he is," said poor Cresswell. "Now, it is all up with us."

"I will bet you a bottle of wine," replied Russell coolly, "to be paid in more prosperous times, that the gentleman will not take the slightest notice that we have eaten his dinner."

"I hope to heaven," said Cresswell, "he may not."

"Now, observe," said Russell, "when he comes into the room I will give him a look that shall prevent him saying a word to us."

Here the stranger entered; Cresswell modestly hung down his head; whilst Russell rose, and affected a sort of swagger, flourishing the carving knife, humming a tune, and sitting down again.

"You are a wonderful fellow, Russell," whispered Cresswell, "He has not taken any notice of the loss of his fowl and wine."

"Nor will he," said Russell. "He knows better."

Cresswell remained on tenter-hooks all the afternoon, expecting the gentleman to break out every moment. He never knew that his companion had hoaxed him; but he sat the stranger down as the greatest poltroon he had ever met in his life.—*Bentley's Miscellany*.

MODERN AMUSEMENTS.

There is much effort made now a days to give young girls what is called a good education. In what this actually consists, it is not my intention to say, just now. It rather is, to denounce certain particulars which I consider as repugnant to female delicacy, as they are likely to end in the entire loss of it. I refer to the Waltz, a dance so indecent in its attitudes and movements, as to call forth the most indignant reprehension.

Our fathers and mothers had their amusements as well as this generation, and dancing was one of them, but there were no such exhibitions as we now have. Then was the stately minuet performed by one couple, sideling along, curtsying on the part of the lady, bowing on that of the gentleman; the lady gracefully expanding her dress with both hands, the gentleman keeping at a respectful distance all the time, and finally leading his partner to her seat by the tips of her fingers. Here was grace and dignity of movement in the lady, and such respect in the gentleman, that he did not approach within twenty feet of her.

When I was a young man, dancing was comprised in the good old country dance, the more complicated cotillion, and the animated Scotch reel. In these, graceful attitudes, easy movements, and a fine person, were all displayed to advantage, while no figure permitted aught of familiarity between the sexes, or indecency of movement. These were times when the mother was not afraid. She could admit the amusement, without apprehension that delicacy would be shocked, or that any feeling would be excited, that the purity of the female sex ought to shrink from.

But for some years past, our intercourse with foreigners has introduced amongst us new amusements, as well as new ideas. I trust, however, that there are yet mothers left, in sufficient numbers, to aid me in my efforts to banish the Waltz as well from the assembly room as from private parties.

"Youth must have its amusements," it is said. Be it so, I am

not so rigid as to deny them; but let not amusements run into indelicacy first, to end in licentiousness afterwards.

It is vain to attempt to gloss over this subject by the jargon which fashion often uses, to cover either its heartlessness or its deformity. There is not a mother who considers this subject as she ought, not a father, nor a moralist, who does not admit, that a laxity of morals is an inevitable consequence of dissipation of manners. We see it wherever we go. We even see it placarded to draw the public notice. We hear of it, be where we may; but who takes the warning? The soldier who sees his comrade on his left hand fall in battle, is not more indifferent to his own fate, than are the votaries of dissipation and fashion, to the instances of ruin which are too often before their eyes. It does not seem to enter into the head or heart of the mother, that she herself stands upon the brink of a pit, into which her acquaintance has just fallen headlong; nor, that her own daughter may be lost in the quick sand, in which the daughter of her acquaintance has been lost.

It is a beautiful sight to see the fine form and face of a young girl rendered more lovely by a mind sensitive to the least approach, and even to the appearance of evil. Such an one, secure by her innocence and virtue, commands respect, as well as admiration, even from the most licentious. No man, be his principles never so libertine, can approach her, but with awe; such is the respect which vice involuntarily pays to virtue. But here is the danger. The fashion is, to come out and parley with the enemy—to give up the outposts. The enemy is then soon master of the citadel. A curse be on the fashions, the maxims, the amusements, which lead the young and inexperienced mind, to consider as trifling the first step towards indelicacy.

FIDELITY OF A DOG.—Mr. Sands, of Wirksworth, was stopped a few nights ago, by two ruffians with masks on, when on his way between Wirksworth and Matlock-Bath, and would no doubt have been robbed, and perhaps murdered, but fortunately he had with him a large and faithful dog, and the moment the cowardly wretches seized Mr. Sands, the dog was at one of their throats, and succeeded in bringing the fellow to the ground, and there leaving him, instantly freed Mr. S. from his other assailant, when he made off as speedily as possible; but his misfortunes did not end here, for thinking to get home a little sooner, he crossed some fields, but had not proceeded far when he fell into an old mine, about eighteen feet deep, and there he lay till morning, with his faithful dog whining at the top of the hole; and Mr. S. was a second time indebted to the noble creature for his life, as the dog's howling and crying brought several persons to the mine, who, on looking down, discovered Mr. S. lying on his back, bleeding and mangled. They procured a rope with which they got him out; he lay some time in a dangerous state; but is now in a fair way of recovery.—*Derbyshire Chronicle*.

OSTENTATION.—An old duke of Brunswick drove one Sunday to his banker's at Hamburg, but found he was not at home. It was then just church time, and he thought he might as well attend divine service. He went to church, and took a seat in his banker's pew, which was likewise used by some merchants. A young merchant's son came in after him, and looked at the stranger who, in his travelling clothes, made no great figure, with some contempt. Just at this moment the charity plate was heard on its way towards them, and the duke laid a gulden before him in readiness; the young man looked upon this as a sort of challenge, and determined to show the insignificant stranger his superior consequence, he took out a ducat and laid it before him as the other had done the gulden. The duke, who saw what kind of a man he had to deal with, determined to try him further, and added a ducat to the gulden; the merchant's son, in defiance, produced another; and so they went on till they each had a dozen ducats before him. The charity plate arrived; the young gentleman, to whom it was first presented, swept, with becoming magnanimity, his twelve ducats into the receptacle. The duke, who was older and deeper, put the gulden in the plate, and quietly replaced his ducats in his pocket.

THE COLONIAL PEARL,

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