

ther thing is the want of some employment which shall absorb the whole soul; which shall take captive every fancy; which shall bear one resolutely onward in spite of external enemies, and these more horrible because hidden ones;

Be careful, then, to have no time for nervousness. Only think of a nervous waterman, or a nervous coal-heaver! The idea is quite farcical; and why, then, should you not have the power of throwing it off. If you have not health of body it may be difficult indeed, but not impossible. Do not despair; there is no such word in a brave man's vocabulary. But if you have health, the great 'panacea' is a hard work, long continued work, work not so much with the brain as with the hands, not in doors, but openly under the blue heavens. Do anything rather than be idle; sweep a crossing, turn light porter, be afraid of no work—for all honest work is fit for a gentleman; never mind hurting your vanity, never fear family connexion; work hard, work trustfully, and you will find your imagination becoming small by degrees and beautifully less.

From Macaulay's History of England.

#### TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS.

The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus—the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty Kings; the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon, and the just absolution of Somers; the hall where the eloquence of Stafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party, inflamed with just resentment; the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame.

Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers; the streets were kept clear by cavalry; the peers, clothed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by the heralds, under the Garter King-at-arms.

The judges, in their vestments of state, attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords, three-fourths of the Upper House, as the Upper House then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assemblage to the tribunal. The junior baron present led the way—George Elliott, recently enabled for his memorable defence of Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, earl-marshal of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the King. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing.

The old gray walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by an audience such as has rarely existed the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated round the queen the fair-haired daughters of the house of Brunswick. There the ambassadors of great Kings and commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres, and when before a Senate, which still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa. There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which had preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labors in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a dark treasure of erudition—a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often perished with injudicious and inelegant ostentation, but still precious, massive, and splendid. There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had to swear plighted his faith. There too, was she, the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the Saint Cecilia, whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay. There were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticised, and exchanged repartees under the rich peacock hangings of Mrs Montague. And there the ladies, whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried Westminster against Palace and Treasury, shone around Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire.

From Dr. Cumming's Apocalyptic Sketches.

#### VANITY OF HUMAN LIFE.

Let me give you a specimen of this fact. Lord Chesterfield, who taught his son every outward elegance, but forgot to teach him the cultivation of inward graces—who preferred the gentleman to the Christian, and courtesy of manner to purity of morals—made the experiment of his theory, and witnessed the result. He thus writes at the age of 68:—"I have recently read Solomon with a kind of sympathetic feeling. I have been as wicked and as vain, though not as wise, as he; but I am now old enough, and wise enough, to feel and attest the truth of his reflection—'All is vanity and vexation of spirit.' Let me give you another instance, of which you have doubtless all heard. The celebrated Madam Malibran, the most accomplished vocalist and singer that perhaps ever appeared in our coun-

try—one day, as she returned from a splendid circle, where she was the object of universal and marked admiration, and where she seemed the very personification of all that can make one happy, she was congratulated by one who saw the admiration she had excited, and heard the applause with she was received. She immediately burst into tears and said, "I am but a poor opera singer, and I am no more." A singer, whose performances have recently made a very great impression on the public mind, and whose personal purity and worth are equal to her artistic talents, made the remark to a friend of mine, who told me of it—"It is not me that they admire, but my voice; and that cannot make me happy, though it gives them delight." Let me give you a yet more striking specimen in Goethe, one of the most accomplished geniuses that Europe ever produced. This celebrated German poet, orator, historian, made this observation at the close of his life—"They have called me the child of fortune; nor have I any reason to complain of the events of my life, yet it has been nothing but labour and sorrow; and in seventy five years I have not had four weeks of true comfort."

From the Ladies' Newspaper.

#### HARMONY OF DRESS AND COMPLEXION.

That the complexion should in general determine the tone of the dress is shown in the choice of colours where fashion has no power to influence the mind; and it is questionable whether the untutored would not make choice of more appropriate colors for the decoration of the person than one under the full influence of fashion, but who does not possess sufficient knowledge of taste to modify such fashion to suit their own peculiar appearance. The wild Indian woman prefers a red or yellow blanket to a blue, because these colors harmonise with her tawny complexion, and not because they are bright; for a sky blue would be brighter if placed by the side of such a complexion, but it would not be so harmonious, and therefore to her natural taste appears ugly. The people of eastern nations wear red and yellow in great abundance upon the same principle; the Chinese consider yellow as the most elegant colour for dress, so much so that its use is confined to people of the highest rank. The tone of the Chinese complexion is decidedly sallow, perhaps more so than that of any other people. In every shade of complexion, even in the fairest, the chief colors are red and yellow; but in some red predominates, and, in others yellow. In the ruddy face, where red predominates, the tones require to be lowered by the contrast of some brighter color of the same tone. This explains (to some extent) the charms of the "scarlet coat," for most military men are much exposed to changes of climate, &c., &c., and, therefore have the tone of the complexion much increased in warmth; but a scarlet coat not only prevents this appearing vulgar and burly, but being in harmony with the complexion, is an actual advantage. It might be argued the same effect can be produced by adding blue to the pale face, and raising this by such a contrast to the same tone that the bronze face was lowered to by the scarlet; which, indeed, might be done, but the effect is inharmonious, the blue and yellow do not agree, the red and ruddy do. Portrait painters are all well aware of this, and obtain a more agreeable likeness by painting the complexion of a tone higher than natural, and reducing it to the proper shade by the addition of warm colors to the background, and other adjective parts of the picture.

The truly ruddy complexion should be harmonised chiefly with the warmer shades of red, orange, &c., or even those colours which have a certain amount of blue in them, provided they also contain a certain amount of red in their composition, as the redder kinds of purple, lavender, crimson, maroon, &c., or with the yellow series, olive, citron, &c. Both red and yellow, in purity, may be admitted as an accompaniment to the general warm tone of these colours, but pure blue is inadmissible, except, perhaps, in very small quantities; but there are few shades of complexion with which pure blue can be made thoroughly to harmonize. Where there is a great want of general colour in the complexion, and the air is deficient of richness, blue may be the general tone of the dress; but that which is to come in closer contact with the hair and face should be of the palest tint, and have some slight admixture of red, such as puce, lilac, French white, &c.; these will form an intermediate tone to graduate the wide extremes of the tone and complexion. Moreover, that kind of complexion in which the extremes of red and white are to be found will admit of the paler shades of the blue series of colours intermingled with pink, buff, or cream colour, but never pure yellow; on the contrary, the dark brunette and sallow complexion should never be contrasted with any of the cold colors of the blue series, and pure blue carefully avoided, such a complexion should be associated with the warmer tints of red or yellow, as orange, or some admixture of red and yellow, or even yellow and black, or orange with small portions of purple intermingled. The object to be sought in all these arrangements is to take away all injurious superfluity of color, of whatever kind this may be. In the sallow complexion the skin is too dark and too yellow; now, by placing lilac by the side of such a complexion, the yellow part of its composition is made to appear even more than it really is, by the contrast of its antagonistic color (blue), whereas a yellow (or color containing much yellow) would make the yellow shade in the complexion appear

less than it is; but in the thoroughly fair skin the red is deficient, and blue will make what little there is appear more conspicuous.

#### PUBLIC OPINION.

Let children be early taught to set a true and just value upon public opinion. Show them how the world has always treated its greatest men—how it has stoned its Prophets, crucified its Saviours, martyred its Apostles. Show how fickle, how indiscriminating it is to this day—how ignorance speaks with the same confidence, or even with more, than knowledge—how the heights and depths of the greatest minds are measured at once by the conceit of the smallest. Show how hard it is for people to praise, how easy to blame. Call the attention of the young to the kind of criticisms current of both men and things in this much dreaded society and let them say if they really seek excellence, whether they ought to value such criticism. When they have mastered any one subject let them listen to the flippant, trivial conceited, shallow judgment of the world of their acquaintance upon it, and let them learn from that to appreciate the worth of public opinion, and judge whether the desire of fame, based upon such a public opinion is worth striving for, or ought much to influence their motives to action.—To appreciate a great man, requires it not one as great, still a great man, and the judgments of the world, therefore, must be either borrowed or erroneous; more frequently the latter, as self conceit usually supplies any deficiency of talent.

"Whatever Nature has in worth denied,  
She gives in large recruits of needful pride."

Upon whom does Fame bestow her rewards? Rarely upon those who most deserve them. Does conscience approve the judgment even of the most intimate friends with respect to our characters; how then can we expect the world or posterity to do justice, and praise or blame that is not discriminating and just, who would value?

#### Communications.

To the Editor of the Gleaner,

Sir,—If you think the following incident worth a place in your valuable Journal, please insert.

And oblige, your obedient servant.

JAMES SPRUCE.

Miramichi, April 18, 1850.

#### A SKETCH.

The ship was running close upon a wind, about six knots an hour, and as the day drew towards a close, the wind freshened; but our good vessel held on her way, hammering, thumping and thundering over a heavy head sea, which made a horrible, gurgling, moaning sound, as it rolled away in the distance to leeward. The spray was flying in clouds over the weather bow, drenching the whole of the fore part of the ship, as far aft as the main hatch-way; the sky was overcast with dark clouds, with the exception of a light cloud here and there, through which the scud might be seen hurrying on with frightful velocity. The sun had just emerged from behind a heavy black cloud (that hung suspended a short distance above the horizon to the westward), throwing for a few moments a red lurid glare over the vast expanse of troubled waters, as if to bid adieu to the strife of the elements before he sank to rest. I had been pacing the quarter-deck with the captain, and had retired to the after part of the ship to admire in silence the terrific grandeur of the scene. I sat down upon the after rail on the weather side; the howling of the wind through the rigging, the roaring of the sea, together with the increasing gloom that surrounded us, tended to lull me into an unquiet slumber, when, awful to relate, a sudden lull of the ship tripped up my heels, and precipitated me into the sea. I instinctively made a clutch at something as I was going, and succeeded in catching hold of nothing; the next instant I was buffeting among the billows. The cry of "a man overboard!" let go the life-buoy, and put the helm hard down! I struck upon my ear; and almost immediately the life buoy (which was hanging over the stern) fell with a splash into the sea, and was carried by a lucky wave within my reach. I lost no time in laying hold, and when I had mounted and secured myself as well as I could, I turned to look for the ship; but judge of my feelings when I discovered that she was drifting fast away to leeward, and the darkness, which was rapidly increasing now, rendered it impossible for them to send me any assistance. My heart sunk within me as the outline of the ship faded from my sight, and left nothing for me to look to but the light which they had hung out as a signal of their whereabouts, and which appeared like a will-o'-the-wisp dancing about in mocking derision at my forlorn situation; but that also soon disappeared, and I was left alone upon the ocean. I gave myself up to despair; my little fragile barque, however, rode the seas admirably well, considering the weather. I held on and clung to life, notwithstanding I was almost continually buried in the sea, for no sooner had I shook myself clear of one wave, than I was overwhelmed with another, before I could catch my breath.

How I passed that night I will leave you to judge, for it is impossible for me to describe; suffice it to say, that had it not moderated towards midnight, I should never have lived to pen these lines. However, it did moderate,

and so rapidly that when the sun again shed his warm and genial rays upon my frame (as he rose out of the water), it was blowing a nice light breeze. I was almost perished with the cold, but the heat of the sun soon revived me, but only to sink deeper into despair, at the thought of starving to death. As the day advanced it grew quite calm; not a breath ruffled the glassy surface of the sea, and the sun beat down with fervour upon my devoted head. I was almost fainting, when my eye caught a white speck that appeared on the horizon. I thought at first that it was some large sea bird. I kept my eye upon it for some time, between hope and fear; at last a dark line appeared, stretching along in the direction of the white speck, which began to grow larger and more distinct, until it—joy!—it proved to be a sail, steering directly for me, and bringing along with her a fine fair breeze. The anxiety I experienced was immense; I was afraid she might pass by without noticing such a small object on the water. Oh, despair! she suddenly changed her course, and steered another way. Her hull was now quite visible; she was a large ship, but evidently not the one that I had left. I grew furious, I yelled, and shouted, I took off my coat and waved it in the air. But hold—they see me—yes—no—yes, she changes her course, her head is towards me, a colour is run up to the peak. The breeze began now to ripple the water beside me; in a few minutes the ship came up, a boat was lowered and came alongside, and just as I stepped into her I fainted. The excitement and fatigue that I had gone through had been too much, and when I came too I found myself comfortably provided for on board Her Majesty's ship *Orestes*, bound for Liverpool, where I arrived in good health.

#### THE GAME OF CHESS.

To the Editor of the Gleaner,

A few evenings past, I by accident was thrown into company with some young men, who had assembled for the purpose of having a little amicable and social conversation upon any topic that the imagination thought fit to usher in.

After disengaging myself for a moment from the person with whom I had been conversing, I observed in one part of the room two engaged in playing what I understood to be Chess. They appeared to be completely absorbed in gazing with a fixed attention upon the pieces which appeared distributed over the board. I gave my attention for some time in watching their anxious countenances, as they cautiously glanced their eyes over various parts of the chequered surface upon which the men were arranged, and the complicated appearance of the moves aroused my curiosity to no small extent. Sometimes I could detect a distressing momentary anxiety interrupt the generally fixed expression of the face, resulting apparently from a more than usual difficulty that appeared; at other times a tranquil satisfaction lurked beneath a peculiarly deceptive expression of countenance, as if the pleasure was occasioned by a species of deception which had been practised. They spoke but very little, excepting in saying the word "check," which, on inquiry, I found to consist in the perilous situation of the king, which, if not moved, was liable to be taken. But I observed that the greatest excitement took place at the termination of the game, which was announced by saying "checkmate." The party who had suffered defeat appeared sadly annoyed, and when the conqueror exclaimed the fatal words, he became almost incredulous as to its truth, and examined for some time his king, evidently flattered with a faint hope that some unforeseen position might be discovered, wherein the reality of his position might be questioned. However, it was delusion, as the mortifying expression of his countenance too plainly indicated. Seeing such mutual anxiety manifested by the players, I naturally concluded there must be something peculiar about the game, although it appeared to me an idle amusement, and not calculated to produce any beneficial effect whatever upon the mind. I think such a trifling occupation ought to be relinquished, as it has a tendency to lead the mind to gambling, a practice which ought to be universally abhorred. However, I feel I am in the dark in expressing an opinion without thoroughly understanding it. If any should feel desirous of explaining wherein consists the benefits of acquiring a knowledge of this game, or in what manner it operates upon the mental faculties, particularly the Reasoning, I should feel satisfied, and probably, if they are satisfactory, I shall devote some attention to it. I do not wish this enquiry to be productive of any unpleasant feeling, as we have had lately quite sufficient of that sort of thing. Yes! quite enough to disgust any person from making any attempt whatever at composition.

ASTREA.

Chatham, May 3, 1850.