

EPITOME OF WAR.—The history of war, is like a scene I once saw in Nithsdale. Two boys from different schools, met one fine day upon the ice. They eyed each other with jealous and indignant looks. "What are ye a lowrin' at, Billy?" "What's that to you? I'll look where I have a mind, an' hinder me if you daur!" A hearty blow was returned to this, and then such a battle begun! It being Saturday, all the boys of both schools were on the ice, and the fight instantly became general and desperate.

At one time they fought with missile weapons, such as stones and snow-balls; but at length they coped in a range, and many bloody raps were literally given and received. I went up to try to pacify them, for by this time a number of little girls had joined the affray, and I was afraid they would get killed; so addressing the one party, I asked what they were pelting the others for? What had they done to them? "O, neathing, at a' man; we just want to gie them a good thrashin'."

After fighting till they were quite exhausted, one of the principal heroes stepped forth between, covered with blood, and his clothes torn to tatters, and addressed the belligerent parties thus:—"Weel, I'll tell you what we'll do with ye; if ye'll let us alone, we'll let you alone." There was no more of it; the war was at an end, and the boys scattered away to their play.

I thought at the time, and I have often thought since—that that trivial affray was the best epitome of war in general, that I have ever seen. Kings and ministers of state are just a set of grown up children, exactly like the children I speak of, with only this material difference, that instead of fighting out the needless quarrel they have raised, they sit in safety and look on, bound out their innocent but servile subjects to battle, and then after a waste of blood and treasure, are glad to make the boy's conditions, "If ye'll let us alone, we'll let you alone."—*Eltrick Shepherd.*

A THEATRICAL BEAR LET LOOSE.—A frightful scene occurred lately at the theatre of Czerney, in Bohemia, during the performance of a melodrama, called the Bear of the Mountains, the principal performer in which was a bruin of so much wonderful docility and dramatick talent, that for a long succession of nights he attracted overflowing audiences. On this occasion, however something had put this star out of humour, and he was observed to be wanting in those brilliant displays of the histrionick art which had previously overwhelmed him with his applause. In the third act, instead of coming down the mountain by a winding path, with a slow and solemn step prescribed by the prompter's book, he alighted on the stage at one bound, like the descent of an aërolite. On his return behind the scenes he received reproof, which, instead of improving, made his temper still more sullen; and it was with difficulty he could be prevailed upon to go through his part. In the last scene he was induced to commence a waltz with a young and beautiful peasant girl, and seemed to take so much enjoyment in the dance, that the whole audience were raised from their seats, and standing on their benches, drowning the sounds of the powerful orchestra, with their acclamations of praise and delight. In a moment, however, the joyous spectacle was changed into one of indescribable horror; a piercing shriek was heard above all the combination of noises, the stage was one moment in the utmost confusion, and the next was clear of every performer except the bear, who appeared with a muzzle unfastened, and hanging round his neck; while he, after making a wild display of his tremendous gullet, leaped into the orchestra, which, as may be easily imagined, was in an instant as vacant as the stage. The flight of the audience was equally precipitate, but the consequences were much more serious. Numbers were severely crushed and bruised in the struggles at the doors, and several were dreadfully injured by being thrown and trampled upon. After a pause, a platoon of soldiers was sent into the pit with fixed bayonets and loaded barrels, and ordered to bring out the cause of all the evil, dead or alive; but they found him, like all other great actors who have performed their parts, and become exhausted by their exertions, taking his repose on one of the benches, and incapable or unwilling to make any resistance. He was at once muzzled again, and led to his den; and on the following day the picco was suppressed by order of the authorities.

THE MORALS OF THE ENGLISH CAPITAL.—"From a letter addressed to the Lord Bishop of London, by Rev. Mr. Noel, he gives the following facts respecting the morality of London. There are in the city and suburbs 500,000 Sabbath breakers, habitually without Sabbath-day instruction. Of these 100,000 are confirmed gamblers; 20,000 are by trade, beggars; 30,000 are thieves and swindlers; more than 100,000 habitual gin-drinkers, and 20,000 of them in the course of the last year have been picked up drunken in the streets;—100,000 are given up to systematic profligacy. London has a population of a million and a half, and thus it seems one third are entirely immoral. The following description of one district of London, was given at one of their late anniversaries. It is called the Barbican district.

This section includes 1915 houses, 5557 children and 6804 adults; in all, 11,361 souls. Of the 6804 adults, only 629 are accustomed to attend any place of worship with any degree of regularity, and more than 6000 seldom, if ever, go to any church. Only 1258 children attend Sabbath or day schools, and 1900 of an

age to go, do not frequent any school; 681 families were without a copy of the Bible; and of 846 shops and public houses, 402 were open for business on the morning of the Lord's day."

THE HUNDRED LARGEST CITIES IN THE WORLD.—A recent German publication gives the following curious calculation respecting the hundred most populous cities in the world:—These are Jeddo, in Japan, 1,680,000 inhabitants; Perkin, 1,500,000; London, 1,500,000; Hans Ischen, 1,000,000; Calcutta, 900,000; Madras, 817,000; Nankin, 800,000; Congo Ischen, 800,000; Paris, 717,000; West Chans, 600,000; Constantinople, 497,000; Benares, 530,000; Kio, 520,000; Su Ischem, 497,000; Hougng, Ischem, 500,000; &c. The fortieth on the list is Berlin, containing 190,000; and the last Bristol, 87,000. Among the hundred cities, three contain a million and a half, one upwards of a million, nine from half a million to a million, twenty-three from two hundred thousand to five hundred thousand, fifty six from one hundred thousand, and six from eighty-seven thousand to one hundred thousand. Of these hundred cities, fifty-eight are in Asia, and thirty-two in Europe, of which four are in Germany, four in France, five in Italy, eight in England, and three in Spain; the remaining ten are divided between Africa and America.

HOW TO BREAK BAD NEWS. SCENE.—The office of a wealthy barrister in London, whose family had long possessed a splendid mansion in Lancashire.

Enter Jarvis, an old and confidential servant of the family.
Bar. Well, Jarvis, how are you my old boy How do things go on at home?

Jar. Bad enough, your honor; the magpie's dead.
Bar, (smiling) Poor mag!—and how came she to die?
Jar. He overate himself, sir.
Bar. Overate himself?—why what did he get that he liked so well?

Jar. Horse-flesh, sir—died of eating horseflesh.
Bar. And where did he get so much horseflesh, Jarvis?
Jar. All your father's horses sir.
Bar. All my father's horses—all dead? How came they all to die?

Jar. Died of over-work, sir.
Bar. Why were they over-worked, pray?
Jar. Employed in carrying water, sir.
Bar. Water! for what?
Jar. To put out the fire, sir.
Bar. Fire! what fire?
Jar. Your father's mansion has been burnt to the ground; your honor.

Bar. How was it set on fire?
Jar. We all think it must have been from the torches, sir.
Bar. Torches! what torches?
Jar. At your mother's funeral; sir.
Bar. How? My mother dead?
Jar. Yes. Poor lady!—she never looked up after it.
Bar. After what?
Jar. The death of your father, sir.
Bar. My father dead, too?
Jar. Yes; poor gentleman—he took to his bed as soon as he heard of it.

Bar. Heard! heard of what?
Jar. The ill news, your honor. His bank broke—his credit lost, and you sir, are not worth a half penny in the world. I made bold to call on you—knowing that you would be very anxious to hear the news. [Exit Jarvis.]

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF ELECTRICAL EXCITEMENT.—Dr. Hosford, of Oxford, N. H., relates, in the last number of Silliman's Journal of Science, the case of a lady in that town who became unconsciously charged with electricity at the time of an unusual aurora borealis, on the 25th of January, 1837. This extraordinary state continued until the middle of the following May, during most of which time she was capable of giving electrical sparks to every conducting body that came within the sphere of her electrical influence. When her finger was brought within one sixteenth of an inch of a metallic body, a spark that was heard, seen, and felt, passed every second. When seated, motionless, with her feet on the iron stove hearth, three or four sparks per minute, of an inch and a half, would pass from the end of her fingers to a brass ball on the stove; these were quite brilliant, distinctly seen and heard in any part of a large room, and sharply felt when they passed to another person. These experiments were so often repeated that there was no doubt left of their actual occurrence. The lady had no internal evidence of this faculty, which was only manifested to her when the sparks left her. Her health had never been good, though she had seldom been confined to her bed. She had suffered much from unseated neuralgia in various parts of her system, for some months previous to her electrical development. Her health is now better than for many years. Dr. Hosford thinks this phenomenon was not caused by the aurora alluded to, but that it was an appendage of the animal system.—*Boston Med. & Sur. Journal.*

FATHER BEDS.—The want of feathers is altogether artificial, arising from a disregard of the physical and moral well-being of infants and children; and he who has the good fortune never to

have been accustomed to a feather bed, will never in health need or desire one, nor in sickness, except in cases of great morbid irritation, or excessive sensibility, or some disease in which the pressure of a firm or elastic substance might occasion pain. But when a rational regard for the preservation of health shall pervade the community, feathers will no more be used without necessity or medical advice, than ardent spirits will be swallowed without the same necessary advice. The physician has frequent occasion to see persons who are heated, sweated, enfeebled, by sleeping on feathers, as if from a fit of sickness; enervated, dispirited, relaxed, and miserable.—*Medical Intelligencer.*

DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.—We are more inclined to hate one another for points on which we differ, than to love one another for points on which we agree. The reason, perhaps, is this: when we find others that agree with us, we seldom trouble ourselves to confirm that agreement; but when we chance on those that differ with us, we are zealous both to convince and to convert them. Our pride is hurt by the failure, and disappointed pride engenders hatred. This reflection is strengthened by two circumstances observable in man: first, that the most zealous converters are always the most rancorous, when they fail of producing conviction; but when they succeed, they love their new disciples far better than those whose establishment in the faith neither excited their zeal to the combat, nor rewarded their prowess with a victory. Priestly owed much of the virulence with which he was attacked, to the circumstance of his agreeing, partly with everybody, but entirely with nobody. In politics, as in philosophy; in literature, as in religion; below the surface hydrostaticks, or above it in pneumatics, his track might still be traced by the host of assailants that pursued it; and, like the flying-fish, he had no sooner escaped one enemy in the water, than he had to encounter another in the air.—*Coleridge.*

REMOVAL.

LONGARD & HERBERT'S HALIFAX BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTORY.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT is removed to the Market Square, next door to Mr. David Hare's and opposite Messrs. Black's Hard Ware Store.

The Subscribers return thanks for the liberal patronage which they have experienced, in their attempt at furnishing a good home manufactured article;—they now solicit a continuance of public support at their New Stand, where they will endeavour to produce a cash article at the lowest rate and of superior quality.

LONGARD & HERBERT.

N. B. The Subscribers are unconnected with the Shoe Making business now conducted in their old stand.

L. & H.
HERBERT'S BLACKING MANUFACTORY

Is also removed as above: and to induce patronage in opposition to importation, the cost will be lowered about 20 per cent on former prices. March 2. 3m.

PRIVATE SALE.

THE Dwelling House and Shop, at present occupied by Mr. W. A. McAgy, in Barrington Street, next door to Mr. A. Reid's Store near St. Paul's Church. Possession may be had 1st May, 1838. For particulars apply by letter, post paid, to the Proprietor, D. D. Stewart, Esq. Newport, or to B. Murdoch, Esq. at his Office, next door to the premises. February 2.

LAND FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber offers for sale at Tangier Harbour, about 40 miles Eastward of Halifax, 6566 acres of LAND, part of which is under cultivation. It will be sold altogether or in Lots to suit purchasers, and possession will be given in the spring. A River runs through the premises noted as the best in this Province for the Gaspereau fishery. A plan of the same can be seen at the subscriber's.

He also cautions any person or persons from cutting Wood or otherwise trespassing on the above mentioned Premises, as he will prosecute any such to the utmost rigour of the Law.
ROBERT H. SKIMMINGS.

Halifax, Dec. 23, 1837.

A SERMON.

In the Press, and to be published, in the course of next month; A SERMON, entitled "THE JUDGMENT SEAT OF CHRIST" Preached in The Wesleyan Chapel at Guysboro, on Sunday, January 7 1838. BY ROBERT COONEY,

FOR SALE.

WHAT desirable HOUSE in Hollis street, occupied by the Subscriber; there is a well of excellent water in the cellar, a tank for rain water, with a pump to each, metal ovens, stoves, &c. No expense has been spared to render it a comfortable and convenient residence for a family. Further information may be obtained on application to.
EDWARD ALLISON.
February 12.

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