

BORED TO DEATH.—The phrase "bored to death" is more than a mere manner of speaking, for it involves a possibility: to be "bored to madness" is absolutely literal. Here is a case in proof.

Some years ago an old man appeared at the Mansion House, with a boy of twelve or fourteen years of age, in charge of a constable. The boy was placed at the bar, and the old man was desired to state his complaint. The latter, trembling from head to foot, and shaking his clenched hands, stared wildly around him; and then, turning towards the Lord Mayor, he thus addressed him:—

"Please your Majesty——"

"Your Lordship," said the clerk, correcting him.

"Yes, your Lordship."

"Not to me, Sir," said the clerk, sharply; "address yourself to my Lord Mayor."

"Now, my good man, what is your charge against that boy?" inquired the Lord Mayor.

"My Lord, my Lord," replied the old man, in a tone of mingled rage and grief, "I'm going mad."

"I'm sorry for you," said his Lordship, "but, if that is all, this is not the place you ought to come to. What have you to say against that boy?"

"That's it, my Lord; I'm going mad; he's driving me mad, my Lord, he is driving me mad."

"Driving you mad! what is it he does to you?"

"My Lord, my Lord," cried the old man, "he calls me *Tiddydoll*, he calls me *Tiddydoll*."

This was putting the gravity even of a Lord Mayor to a severe test; but though all else who were present, and had no character for such a quality to maintain, laughed heartily, his Lordship kept his countenance in a manner befitting his exalted station.

"If this is all you have to say against the lad," said the Lord Mayor, "it is a very foolish piece of business, and you must go away."

"Foolish, my Lord! what, when he calls me *Tiddydoll*? O, my Lord, you can't feel for me, if you have never been called *Tiddydoll*. He has called me *Tiddydoll* every day—many times a-day—now going on for four months, and I can't bear it any longer; indeed, I can't bear it. I shall go mad, I shall go mad."

"He is an impudent fellow; but all I can do for you is to advise you to keep out of his way."

"I can't, my Lord, I can't; I would if I could, my Lord; but he lives in our alley, and I can't keep out of his way."

"Then, the next time he annoys you by calling you *Tiddydoll* give him a good thrashing, and see what effect that will have."

"It's of no use, my Lord; I have thrashed him, but he only calls me *Tiddydoll* the more for it."

"Now, really, my good man, you must go away. I cannot waste more time upon such a frivolous affair.—Remove him," said the Lord Mayor to one of the officers in attendance.

"One moment," cried the old man, "only one moment. I want law, all I want is law, my Lord."

"Pooh, pooh! nonsense! the law can do nothing to help you." And the order to remove him was repeated.

The poor old man, staring incredulously at the Lord Mayor, said in a tone of astonishment—"What! I am being called *Tiddydoll* till it is driving me mad, and the law can do nothing to help me! Can't it?" (and he added, imploringly) "are you sure it can't, my Lord?" An officer was leading him out of the room, when the poor old fellow, bursting into tears and clasping his forehead with his hand, cried, in a tone of agony—"Then God must help me, or I must go to Bedlam." If I'm called *Tiddydoll* any more, I shall go mad, I shall go mad."

The Lord Mayor, after rebuking the constable for taking so ridiculous a charge, gravely told the lad that, if ever again he called the old man *Tiddydoll*, or worried him in any other manner, he should surely be hanged, or transported for life, at the least. The boy, falling upon his knees, and blubbering lustily, assured his admonisher that he "never would worry old *Tiddydoll* again."

This is no fiction; nor is it difficult to conceive the total derangement of a debile mind by the irritating power of a petty, but oft-repeated, annoyance. The strongest intellects are not wholly bore-proof. If, in one of those paroxysms of frenzy into which he was goaded, the poor old fellow had strangled his tormentor, surely, surely, a jury of any twelve honest men must have returned a verdict of Justifiable Bore-icide.

SOVEREIGNTY.—Miss Pardoe, among other clever things, gives us a capital illustration of sovereignty, of all passions the most universal, long-lived, and extravagant. Three-fourths of all lunatics imagine themselves to be kings, a tolerable proof of the propensity to power which must have occupied so much of their thoughts before they became at once mad and candid. In the bay of Marseilles lie three or four little islands; on Ratoneau, one of them, some years ago, there was a little fort, with a garrison of invalids; one of the garrison was a brave old man, who had once or twice before been under confinement as insane. In the little island, it was probably thought that his insanity could

not do much harm if it returned; and in the fort he performed his duties with due regularity. But suddenly one day, when the garrison were occupied outside the walls, Franceur, the veteran, thought that the moment for monarchy was come. Acting upon the impulse of this glorious ambition, a happy parody of the folly which makes emperors and autocrats go to war for swamps and deserts, he lowered the portcullis, opened the powder-magazine, loaded the guns, and commenced a regular cannonade against the excluded garrison. The garrison of course, unable to resist the salute of the twelve-pounders, made their escape in a boat which happened to pass by. Franceur was "monarch of all he surveyed," a barren island with a population of goats. Now at once King and Commander-in-Chief, he exercised his duties in both characters: as the latter, he visited his outposts lantern in hand, through the night; and as the former, he made "a just and necessary war," without loss of time, by firing all day at the fort on the next island.

But this taste of power was as short as it was captivating. A company of infantry from Marseilles surprised him going his rounds, and made him prisoner. He surrendered with royal dignity. "Brave men!" he exclaimed, "you have done your duty; the King of France is more powerful than I; I surrender myself with the honours of war. I demand only to march out with my pipe and my havresac." The capitulation was entered into, and it is to be remembered for the honour of the contracting parties, that it was observed. The fallen king was removed to the lunatic asylum, and afterwards to the *Hotel des Invalides*, where, some years after, he underwent that final contingency which settles all the questions of human ambition.

LIVING WITHIN MEANS.—Earl St. Vincent's life is one among the ten thousand answers to the idle idea that character is formed by circumstances. Character may be concealed, until circumstances come to bring it forth; but it is implanted by nature. In all its more memorable examples, it does not wait even for circumstances, but forces its own way to the surface. St. Vincent from the beginning was the same steady, strong-minded, and indefatigable being, that he exhibited himself in the highest position of his career. In his *viva voce* narrative to Captain Brenton, he told that officer, that the whole sum which his father gave him on going to sea was twenty pounds, and that was all he ever gave him. The boy, when he had been a considerable time abroad, drew for twenty more, but the bill was returned, protested. This seems to have been a hard measure from a father, who was rich enough to keep a coach; but its effect upon his son was decisive. He was then little more than fourteen; but he then made a determination never again to draw a bill, without a certainty of its being paid. He immediately changed his mode of living, quitted his mess, lived alone, and took up the ship's allowance, which he found quite sufficient; washed and mended his own clothes, made a pair of trousers of the ticking of his bed, and, having by those means saved as much money as would redeem his honour, he took up his bill. "And from that time to this," said he, with great energy, "I have taken care to keep within my means."

THE MORAL OF MALTRAVERS AND ALICE.—And Alice!—Will the world blame us if you are left happy at the last? We are daily banishing from our law books the statutes that disproportionate punishment to crime. Daily we preach the doctrine that we demoralize, wherever we strain justice into cruelty. It is time that we should apply to the Social Code the wisdom we recognise in legislation; it is time we should do away with the punishment of death for inadequate offences, even in books;—it is time that we should allow the morality of atonement, and permit to error the right to hope, as the reward of submission to its sufferings. Nor let it be thought, that the close to Alice's career can offer emption to the offence of its commencement. Eighteen years of sadness—a youth consumed in silent sorrow over the grave of Joy—have images that throw over these pages a dark and warning shadow that will haunt the young long after they turn from the tale that is about to close. If Alice had died of a broken heart—if her punishment had been more than she could bear—then as in real life, we would have justly condemned my moral; and the human heart, in its pity for the victim, would have lost all recollection of the error.—My Tale is done.—*Bulwer.*

A CUNNING ROGUE.—A clerk yesterday, coming down Wall street to make a deposit, had his bank book peering and peeping from his coat pocket while he stopped to gaze at the numerous caricatures near the new Custom House. A well dressed rogue came up behind him quietly, and while winking and smiling to the mob, and inviting them by sign to look at a neat trick, he slipped the bank book out of the pocket without disturbing the clerk, who was still gazing at the pictures. The bystanders, believing him to be an intimate of the clerk, were highly tickled at the trick, and laughed and chuckled at the anticipated surprise of the clerk. The rogue walked slowly ahead, turned smilingly to the crowd, put his finger on his lips to enjoin silence, and actually disappeared with a large sum in bank notes, thus obtained openly while hundreds were looking on. No one knew who he was, nor has the money been recovered. It was a bold and yet a dexterous robbery.—*N. Y. Star.*

AN INDIFFERENT JUDGE.—A deceased, upright and able chief-justice of one of our courts, was once obliged thus to address a southern jury—"Gentlemen of the jury, in this case the counts on both sides are unintelligible; and the plaintiff and defendant are both such bad characters, that to me it is indifferent which way you give your verdict!"

TURNBULL & FOUND, TAILORS,

BE leave to inform their friends and the public generally, that they have now on hand a general assortment of BROAD CLOTH, BUCKSKINS, CASSIMERE and VESTINGS, which they are prepared to make up on the most reasonable terms. Every article can be depended upon as to fitting, quality, and workmanship.

Granville Street, (adjoining Mr. Nordbeck's Store) May 1

SILVER PLATE, JEWELRY, &c.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform his friends and the public, that he continues to manufacture Silver plate, of all descriptions, of the purest quality, on very low terms. He has now on hand, a good supply of Silver table, desert, and tea spoon Forks, Sugar Tongs, Mustard and Salt Spoons, Soup and Gray Ladles. Jewelry neatly repaired. The highest price given for Gold and Silver.

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April 20. 3m. Corner Buckingham & Barrington Streets.

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THE Subscriber has just received 150 pairs India Rubber assorted sizes—and of good quality, which he will sell low for Cash.

Boots and Shoes constantly on hand and made to order Opposite Cunard's Wharf.

Jan. 27. 3m. WILLIAM WISSWELL.

NOTICE

IS hereby given, that the Copartnership heretofore existing between the Subscribers, under the firm of LOWES & CREIGHTON is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

All debts due to and owing by the said Copartnership will be received and paid by P. W. CREIGHTON.

GEORGE LOWES,
PHILIP W. CREIGHTON.

Halifax, 9th April, 1838.

P. W. CREIGHTON begs to inform his friends and the public that he has entered into Copartnership with Mr. M. A. NEWTON, under the firm of

NEWTON & CREIGHTON.

And they purpose continuing the above business as heretofore carried on under the firm of Lowes and Creighton, and beg to solicit a continuance of their support.

April 9th, 1838.

JAMES VENABLES, BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.

BE leave to intimate to his Friends and the Public generally that he has commenced the above Business in all its branches in the shop in

Barrington Street,

Three doors south of Mr. Thomas Forrester's Stone Building where he hopes by punctuality, moderate charges, and his endeavours to please, to merit a share of public patronage.

Halifax, April 5, 1838.

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