

REMARKABLE ESCAPE.

In the country last year, (1796,) says Madame du Montier, I was in company with a friar, eighty years of age, from whom I had the following story.

About forty years ago, he was sent for to a highwayman, to prepare him for death. The magistrates shut him up in a small chapel with the malefactor; and while he was making every effort to excite him to repentance, he perceived the man was absorbed in thought, and hardly attended to his discourse. "My dear friend," said he, "do you reflect that in a few hours you must appear before your Almighty Judge? what can divert your attention from an affair of such importance?" "True, father," returned the malefactor, "but I cannot divest myself of an idea that you have it in your power to save my life." "How can I possibly effect that?" rejoined the friar; "and even supposing I could, should I venture to do it, and thereby give you an opportunity of accumulating your crime?" "If that be all that prevents you," replied the malefactor, "you may rely on my word. I have beheld the rack too near, again to expose myself to its torments." The friar yielded to the impulse of compassion; and it only remained to contrive the means of his escape. The chapel where they were was lighted by one small window near the top, fifteen feet from the ground. "You have only," said the criminal, "to set your chair on the altar, which we can remove to the foot of the wall, and if you will get upon it, I can reach the top by the help of your shoulders." The friar consented to this manoeuvre; and having replaced the altar, which was portable, he seated himself quietly in his chair. About three hours after, the officer and executioner, who began to grow impatient, knocked at the door, and asked the friar what was become of the criminal? "He must have been an angel," replied he coolly, "for, by the faith of a priest, he went out through that window." The executioner, who found himself a loser by this account, inquired if he was laughing at him, and ran to inform the judges. They repaired to the chapel where our good man was sitting, who, pointing to the window, assured them, upon his conscience, that the malefactor flew out at it; and that, supposing him an angel, he was going to recommend himself to his protection; that, moreover, if he was a criminal, which he could not suspect, after what he had seen, he was not obliged to be his guardian. The magistrates could not preserve their gravity at this good man's *sang froid*; and, after wishing a pleasant journey to the culprit, went away. Twenty years after, this friar travelling over the Ardennes, lost his way, just as the day was closing; a kind of peasant accosted him, and, after examining him very attentively, asked him whither he was going, and told him the road he was travelling was a very dangerous one. "If you will follow me," he added, "I will conduct you to a farm at no great distance, where you may pass the night in safety." The friar was much embarrassed; the curiosity visible in the man's countenance excited his suspicions; but considering that if he had a bad design towards him, it was impossible to escape, he followed him with trembling steps. His fear was not of long duration. He perceived the farm which the peasant had mentioned; and, as they entered, the man, who was the proprietor of it, told his wife to kill a capon, with some of the finest chickens in the poultry-yard, and to welcome his guest with the best cheer. While supper was preparing, the countryman re-entered, followed by eight children, whom he thus addressed: "My children, pour forth your grateful thanks to this good friar; had it not been for him, you would not have been here, not I neither; he saved my life." The friar instantly recollected the features of the speaker, and recognised the thief whose escape he had favoured. The whole family loaded him with caresses and kindness; and when he was alone with him, he inquired how he came to be so well provided for. "I kept my word with you," said the thief, "and resolved to lead a good life in future. I begged my way hither, which is my native country, and engaged in the service of the master of this farm; gaining his favour by my fidelity and attachment to his interest, he gave me his only daughter in marriage. God has blessed my endeavours: I have amassed a little wealth, and I beg you will dispose of me and all that belongs to me: I shall now die content, since I have seen, and am able to testify my gratitude toward my deliverer." The friar told him he was well repaid for the service he had rendered him, by the use to which he devoted the life he had preserved. He would not accept of any thing as a recompense but, could not refuse to stay some days with the countryman, who treated him like a prince. This man then obliged him, to make use at least of one of his horses to finish his journey, and never quitted him till he had traversed the dangerous roads that abound in those mountainous parts.

MUMMERY OF FUNERALS.—I hate funerals—always did. There is such a mixture of mummery with real grief—the actual mourner, perhaps, heart-broken, and all the rest making solemn faces, and whispering observations on the weather and public news, and here and there a greedy fellow enjoying the cake and wine. To me it is a farce of most tragical mirth, and I am not sorry (like Provost Couler), but glad that I shall not see my own.—*Lockhart's Life of Scott.*

THE RAILWAY STEAMER.—Were any of the ancients to rise from their tombs, and to behold a steam-ship full of passengers darting up the Thames, or a train of carriages with 1,000 people flying along a railroad at the rate of 30 miles an hour, they would be surprised at the fact of their revisit to the same planet they had left; since 1000 years in the grave may probably seem no longer than a short *giesta* after dinner. Without rudder or rein—without tug or tow-ropes—without chart or compass—without impulse from man, or traction from beast—this maximum of power in the minimum of space—this magic automaton, the Railway steamer, darts forward on iron pinions like an arrow from a bow, along its destined course. Devised by science, but devoted to industry—harmless as the dove, if unopposed, but fatal as the thunder-bolt, if obstructed in its career, this astonishing offspring of human invention, this giant in strength, dwarf in stature, drags along and apparently without effort, whole cargoes of commerce,—merchants and their merchandise, artizans and their arts, travellers and their traffic, tourists and their tours, in short every thing that can be chained to the tail of this Herculean velocipede. It nearly annihilates distance between the inhabitants of a state, and thereby converts, as it were, a whole country into a city—securing all the good effects of combination and concentration, without the bad consequences of a crowded population. By the railroad, Liverpool and Manchester, Birmingham and the metropolis, are made contiguous cities, while wide and fertile tracts of country intervene.

Dr. J. Johnson.

RECIPE FOR A SERENADE.

Take a "light" or "wild" guitar;
Let it rhyme with "evening star;"
Paint your sky the very blue
Of the real sapphire hue.
Let the moon be high and bright,
Shedding lots of "tender light;"
Then go on with "myrtle bowers,"
"Pearly dewdrops," "perfumed flowers;"
"Fanning zephyrs"—just awake—
"Gondole!" and "glassy lake;"
"Balmy odours," "orange grove,"
To chime with "dove," or "love," or "rove;"
And above all, pray don't forget
The lady's locks of gold or jet,
"Swan-like neck," of Alpine snow,
Such "fairy form" as sylph might show.
Let her blooming cheeks and lips
Rose and coral far eclipse;
Then her eyes (of course) must be
Like diamonds—choice simile!

Vow thy constant, dotting heart,
Aches, and quakes, and breaks to part;
That Death alone can ease your pain,
If she list not to your strain.

Arrange your cloak in graceful fold;
Never dream of "catching cold;"
Take your station, sound the key,
Two flats are proper "Major" "B."

And when all these essentials mingle
In one smooth, soft, mellifluous jingle;
I'm sure you'll find that thus is made
A most delightful serenade.

ELIZA COOK.

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.—When Frederick Reynolds, the dramatist, mentioned to a friend that he was about to appear in the character of a novelist, he complained to him of the many difficulties he should have to encounter in his now undertaking. The latter replied, "Think, when the work is over, of the pleasure of correcting the press." "Ay!" rejoined Fred., "and, when that work is over, think of the *press* having the pleasure of *correcting me!*"

CRIMES IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.—The French Government has employed M. Moreau de Jonnes to draw up a comparative calculation of the crimes committed in England and France respectively; and according to the French papers, the result appears to be, that from 1830 to 1835, murders were four times as frequent in Great Britain as in France, and wounding and maiming, with intent to murder, more frequent by one-half. Robberies in England were four times more numerous, and five times greater, in proportion to the population of the two kingdoms.

ASPARAGUS.—Fontenelle had a great liking, it seems, for asparagus, and preferred it dressed with oil. One day a certain *bon vivant* Abbe, with whom he was extremely intimate, came unexpectedly to dinner. The Abbe was very fond of asparagus also—but liked his dressed with butter. Fontenelle said, that for such a friend there was no sacrifice of which he did not feel himself capable—and that he should have half the dish of asparagus which he had just ordered for himself—and that half, moreover, should be done with butter. While they were conversing together very lovingly, and waiting for dinner, the poor Abbe falls suddenly down in a fit of apoplexy—upon which Fontenelle instantly springs up, scampers down to the kitchen with incredible agility, and bawls out to his cook with eagerness, "The whole with oil! the whole with oil! as at first!"

A LARGE FAMILY.—According to Mr. J. Baillie Fraser, Futtee Allee Shah, the late king of Persia, had, at the time of his death, from 700 to 800 wives in his harem. Of this goodly collection were born to the king, first and last, from 120 to 130 sons, and about 190 daughters; which progeny increased so rapidly, that when the king died, had his descendants been all gathered together, he would have seen, it is said, a tribe of full 5,000 souls,—men, women, and children,—clustering around his throne.

HISTORICAL ROMANCES, before the days of Scott, were indeed droll affairs. The *Literary Gazette* humourously observes: "The characters were of to day, and the costumes of yesterday. Lord Peterborough might be mistaken for General Evans, Cardinal Wolsey for Dr. Wade, Sir Isaac Newton for Mr. Murphy, Shakspeare for Mr. Bunn, the Admirable Crichton for Corinthian Tom, and Lord Burleigh for Dusty Bob."

PROSPECTUS,

Of a New Work from the pen of WILLIAM M. LESGETT, Wesleyan Missionary, to be entitled

THE MEMENTO,

This Publication, which is to form a Duodecimo volume of about 200 pages, will include a selection of original sermons, strictures, poems, and sacred melodies; and as the author has used every effort to render it acceptable even to the eye of criticism, his patrons may anticipate an adequate return for the small expense of three shillings and nine pence per copy.

The Memento will be neatly executed, as to the mechanical part, done up in cloth, and delivered to Subscribers through the politeness of Agents appointed for that purpose.
Bathurst, 21st. Dec. 1837.

ALSO TO BE PUBLISHED,
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Condensed and Simplified by the same Author.

This brief analysis is designed to facilitate the progress of the Students in the science of our native language, and will, doubtless, prove a valuable acquisition to Provincial schools and the Public generally. Several gentlemen of critical acumen have seen the work in MS., and honoured the same with the most unqualified approbation.

Price 2s. per copy. 25 per cent discount allowed where one dozen, or upwards, are ordered by any one person.

P. S. Subscriptions for either of the above works received at the Pearl Office Halifax, or at the book-store of Messrs. A. & W. McKinlay
16th. Feb.

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.

EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS.

Under the Patronage of His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor.

An Exhibition of PAINTINGS is now open, at Cochran's Buildings, entrance south, next door to Mr. W. H. Milward's.

The object of this Exhibition is to revive a taste and encourage native talent. Artists and Amateurs are invited to contribute, and send such Pictures as they wish to exhibit, to the Exhibition Rooms. Lovers of the Arts will be gratified to learn, that several valuable old Pictures, never before exhibited, will be shown on this occasion. Daily Tickets 1s 3d.; season Tickets 5s. to be had at Mr. Eagar's Bazaar. Catalogues to be had at the Exhibition Rooms. March 16.

PRIVATE SALE.

THE Dwelling House and Shop, at present occupied by Mr. W. A. McAgry, 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.

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.

TURNBULL & FOUND,
TAILORS,

RESPECTFULLY inform their friends, and the Public, that they have commenced business in the above line, in the house adjoining Mr. Nordbeck, in Granville Street, where all orders in their line will be thankfully received and punctually attended to. Feb 17.

THE HALIFAX PEARL,

Will be published every Friday evening, at the printing office of Wm. Cunnell, opposite the South end of Bedford Row, on good paper and type. Each number will contain eight large quarto pages—making at the end of the year a handsome volume of four hundred and sixteen pages, exclusive of the title-page and index.

TERMS: Fifteen shillings per annum, payable in all cases in advance, or seventeen shillings and six-pence at the expiration of six months. No subscription will be taken for a less term than six months, and no discontinuance permitted but at a regular period of Six months from the date of subscription, except at the option of the publisher.

Postmasters and other agents obtaining subscribers and forwarding the money in advance, will be entitled to receive one copy for every six names. All letters and communications must be post-paid to insure attendance. Address Thomas Taylor, Editor, Pearl Office, Halifax N. S.