

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 11, 1839.

THE PACKET.

The September Packet, Griffin, 29 days from Falmouth, brings London dates to September 5th.

Chartist Trials were proceeding. Several convictions occurred, and punishment light, in comparison with what has been usual in such cases, followed. The Rev. Mr. Stephens had been found guilty of Sedition, and was sentenced to 18 months imprisonment. Riots had occurred at Bolton, Macclesfield and Stockdale, but had been suppressed by civil and military force. An attempt had been made to get up a Chartist meeting in Dublin, but it proved an entire failure.

H. M. S. the Queen, the largest Ship, it is said, in the world, has been ordered for commission. The destination appears to be the Mediterranean.

The progress of the Slave Trade Bill, had given much offence to Portuguese authorities. The departure of the Portuguese Minister from London was talked of. A Portuguese paper calls on the people to hunt down the English residents at Lisbon like wolves. They had better not.

The Pique was expected to sail on the 8th September, for Quebec, with the new Governor General.

Lieutenant General Sir R. D. Jackson, K. C. B. Colonel of the 8th foot, had been appointed to the command of the forces in Canada, instead of Sir John Colborne.

Lord Brougham made an extraordinary display of oratory, at the Wellington festival, lately celebrated at Dover. He exhausted his powers of speech in eulogizing the noble Duke, as a General and a Statesman, and spoke of him as if England possessed no other arm or mind, to which she could confidently look in a time of extremity.

REWARD OF CRIME.—Late English papers gave detailed accounts of the elopement of Mrs. Bishop, a celebrated vocalist, from her husband, with Bochsa the harpist. The guilty woman's letter to her husband on the occasion, denied any criminal intent, and avowed that she took the step on account of Bochsa's influence in the musical world, and as a means of her securing larger rewards, for her family, than if she remained with her husband. This subterfuge did not deceive the members of her family, and great distress was the consequence. The wretched woman has met her fate however, as regards her profession,—the criminal pair have been denied a hearing in any way, in Hamburg, they are forbidden to enter Russia,—Bochsa dare not enter France,—and there seems scarcely any refuge for them. In the mean time sympathy has been aroused in favour of the deserted husband, in England, and a grand concert was to be got up to testify public respect for him, and abhorrence of the fugitive. Thus has she destroyed the honour, prosperity, admiration, and domestic respect, which she enjoyed in a peculiar degree, and plunged into an abyss of misery and horror from which there is no return.

FOREIGN.—The difficulties with Turkey are said to increase. France appears strongly inclined to espouse the cause of Egypt, while she is at the same time anxious to keep the Russians from too far influencing the Turkish Government.

Military Movements were making in Russia. Infantry, Artillery and a Naval force were moving southward.

Mehemet Ali, it is said, refused to restore the Turkish fleet; this appears doubtful. The Russian government had offered the owners of the Great Western and British Queen, 50 per cent profit on the prime cost of those vessels, on their delivery at Constadt. The offer was not accepted. It is supposed the object was to make provision for hostile contingencies.

A military conspiracy had been discovered at St. Petersburg. The French Government was very active in equipping a naval force.

Don Carlos, it is affirmed, had retired to France,—and the civil war in Spain had terminated. The meditation of England gets credit for this consumation.

UNITED STATES.

During the late visit of the British Queen to New York, Lieut. Roberts, her commander, and the agents, gave a dinner to a large party. The entertainment was on a splendid scale. The toasts were as follows: The Queen;—The President;—The Mayor and corporation of N. York;—England,—Mother and Nurse of Empires,—may there be no bickerings between her and her fairest daughter;—The empire state,—all nations are proud to do her homage;—The British Queen and Brother Jonathan.—May they remember the relationship which exists between them;—The Union of the two nations—one and inseparable—United we stand, divided we fall;—Religion, the grand light of the world—May all nations reflect its glory and its blessings by the power of steam;—The first regular Communication between Great Britain and the United States, the glorious packet system organized by a Thompson and others, they have done nobly and still deserve well of their country;—The Navy of the United

States and Great Britain, may they teach the world the true power and use of steam until the sons of both beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks;—The Press, powerful and mighty, may it ever be an auxiliary of liberty and a terror to tyranny;—The Armies of Great Britain and the United States, may they never come into furious collision and deadly strife;—The Judiciary of Great Britain and the United States: the daughter deriving her Common Law from the mother as a proof that the one honors the other in the maintenance of just and equal rights;—The Fair Daughters of Eve, without them the world would be a wilderness.

Audubon's magnificent Drawings are to be exhibited in N. York. The N. Y. Gazette says that to see the gallery will be worth a journey from the most distant part of the Union.

The Mechanic's Fair at Boston had been opened and exhibited an unusual quantity of ingenious, useful, and elegant articles.

ST. JOHN N. B.—The relief committee appointed in aid of the sufferers by the late fire, acknowledge the receipt of a donation of £400 from Halifax: forwarded by the Hon. M. Tobin.

NOVA SCOTIA.

YARMOUTH.—A fine new brig of 201 tons, built for John Duffus, Esq. of Halifax, was launched on Saturday last, from the ship yard of Mr. Daniel Gardner.

The Lantern and apparatus for the Light House arrived on Wednesday.

The schr *Dolphin*, Murphy, for Barbadoes, returned on Wednesday last. On the 13th ult. in lat 37, she was struck by lightning, which shattered her main topmast and fore yards, shattered mainmast, etc. The electric fluid entered the sleeve of Mr. Murphy, and injured him so badly that his life was nearly despaired of. On the following morning the *Dolphin* spoke the brig *Lady Young*, and managed to get some medicine, with directions, by the use of which, Mr. Murphy gradually recovered.

HALIFAX.—A Series of letters on Responsible Government, addressed to Lord J. Russell, and signed Joseph Howe, has been published in a pamphlet form during the week. It was circulated yesterday with the Nova Scotian.

Miss Maria Morris proposes to publish the "Wild Flowers of Nova Scotia" under the patronage of His Excellency,—in Numbers, each number to contain three coloured plates, price 5s.

WESLEYAN SUNDAY SCHOOL.—Sermons will be preached by the Rev. C. Churchill and collections taken, in aid of the above institution, on Sunday evening next, 13th inst. in the Old Chapel Argyle street; and in the New Chapel, Brunswick street on the Sunday evening following.

Notices to Mariners state, that light houses have been erected on Scattarie and St. Pauls, that the Lunenburg light will be in operation in December next,—and also gives some bearing, of rocks, &c. in approaching the former lights.

FINE ARTS.—Among the extracts in the present number will be found some articles on two of the fine arts,—Music and Painting. The short article on the former subject, points out briefly but eloquently, we think, the difference between that kind of music which affects the passions by its soothing or plaintive melody, and by its connection with sweet poetry,—and that which is intended to amuse the critical ear by its complexity, intricacy, and mere harmony,—careless whether any or what words are joined to it, and much more fitted to show off the dexterity of a performer than to "wrap the listening soul in Elysium." A vast deal of musical power seems lost in this way,—and not only lost, but employed to a bad purpose,—making music unpopular, and exhibiting to the multitude, who have as good ears for nature's melody as any clarionet in the corps, what a great expenditure may be made in producing little or nothing. How is it that a military band, each member of which is almost perfect at his profession, supplied with first-rate instruments, having nothing to do but to practice,—thus possessing education, means, and time,—will please less in their overtures, and arias, and grand marches, than a solitary who makes his flute discourse simple and natural strains, appealing to the musical sense with which nature has endowed almost every mind? Attend a modern Soiree,—the singer has made her bow, and has retired, and the band strikes up: Each one may be excellent, and the whole may observe perfect union of parts,—yet except to some little snatches of the flute or clarionet, some solo or duet, how many of the crowd pay any attention? What is the real effect of the noise, except to form a kind of key-note for the conversation, which invariably proceeds at such times, and which would have too vulgar and coarse an effect, in its medley, only for such an accompaniment? Let the trombones, dulcimers, bassoons, etc. indeed—once in a while—be found engaged on a melody, the air of some rural or love ditty, and, if the fashionable difficulties have not spoiled the corps for such efforts,—the conversation ceases, ears are attracted, and bravoos attest how pleasing was the unexpected treat.—Does not common consent prove incontestibly how erroneous common practice is in this respect? Instead of holding a continued and vain struggle with nature, in which fine powers

and fine opportunities are thrown away,—why does not the leader bow to nature, and apply himself to the charming and delighting of his auditors, instead of the puzzling of them? He might as well submit to follow nature, and to labour in her paths, for she will outlive his efforts,—and unless he can deprave the ear of infancy, and destroy the recollections of old age,—unless he can obliterate all that nature's loving ministers have accomplished, and can silence her tones of grove and wave and wind, by which she goes on educating her children's ears,—he need not expect the mastery.—Sometimes one is struck with the vast effects which comparatively small efforts produce,—a sweet and judicious singer, or two,—or a couple of instrumental performers, of good taste, will make the thoughts too big for the breast, and will govern the feelings with an absolute sway,—but too frequently the reverse is the case, and an individual or a band, exhibits great manual dexterity, and accuracy gained by toilsome practice, while the ear is unmoved or even tired with the exhibition.

Respecting the sister art of Painting,—a critique on the School of Water Colours, on Landseer's picture of Van Amburgh and his beasts, and on the new method of Sun Painting, are worthy of some attention. The peculiarities of water colours seem well pointed out in the first of these articles,—as is the bad taste of Landseer's subject, and his mode of treating it, in the second. The wonderful discovery respecting Sun Painting has attracted much attention recently; the explanation contained in the article was consequent on a grant, by the French Government, of a handsome pension to the fortunate artist. By this mode a drawing is obtained, accurate and full of details as the object itself, and by an every day process of nature, without human labour or skill. The arts are making such advances, in many departments, that scarcely any thing surprises as it would some time ago,—and perhaps the apparently miraculous feats of Indian jugglers—alluded to in another paragraph of our selections—may yet be accounted for on natural principles. It is scarcely more wonderful, that a plant should grow up in an hour before the eyes of a spectator, than that a piece of paper or of copper, should be put into a box, a complete blank, and be taken out in the course of a few minutes, containing an elaborate drawing, to rival which would defy the efforts of the most skilful artist.

Note. The article on Sun Painting, alluded to above, has been omitted by mistake,—our readers, however, are familiar with the nature of the discovery,—and the description shall appear in our next.

ATHLETIC GAMES.—The late very splendid attempt to revive the pageants of former days, in which men and women amused themselves with mimic combats, has passed away dolorously enough. The weather frowned down the endeavour to conduct a childish game in a serious and gorgeous manner,—and threw a literal damper on the whole concern. It was feared that some of the knights might be wounded or killed in the sports.—instead of which, all came off safe in life and limb, and the Tournament itself only was murdered. The expenditure of about £20,000, and the collection of 80,000 persons, for such a purpose, seems an extreme, which was well and appropriately foiled by—a shower of rain! It needed not the trumpet and the war horse, to discomfit the summer-day host,—wet banners, dripping armour, the queen of beauty in a close carriage, and spectators knee-deep in mud, was enough for that, which, having neither high intellect nor dexterity, nor daring, nor physical prowess, for its basis—was still made a matter of such moment. A Glasgow paper says, that a greater piece of humbug was never practised in the open air of Scotland. Many who were there to see may form a very different estimate,—but a failure in mere pageantry makes but a sorry figure at a distance. Success, in such, as in greater, affairs, is no doubt of vast consequence as regards opinion;—if all went "merry as a marriage bell," perhaps the philosophic croakers would be very few;—as it is, however, one feels inclined to join in the smile against the would-be knights, who became, in spite of themselves, of the order "of the woful countenance."

No doubt the splendid suits of armour, the elegant antique and national costumes, the rivalry in point of taste and costliness and grandeur, the beauty and bravery of the personages who figured in the pageant, and the mass of private worth and public strength which made up the bulk of the spectators, was imposing,—could only be produced in a great country, without the aid of royalty,—and would be grand under almost any circumstances,—but the cause of the whole, the pole-poking,—the make believe fighting of a few brace of respectable citizens, and the general much ado-about-so little,—was excellent stuff for to be transformed, by a shower, from the sublime to the ridiculous.

Games of a much plainer, but more manly character than those of the Eglington tournament, took place recently, near Toronto, Upper Canada. Instead of a match of poking with rotten poles, on "soft saw-dust," at the cost of a score of thousands of pounds sterling,—some prizes, not amounting to £100 in value, were offered for successful, real competitors, at wrestling, running, leaping, and other athletic games, which required good thews and sinews, and habits of activity and vigour: the result appears to have been a fine exhibition of manly feats, much to the delight of many.