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COLONIAL PEARL.

A VOLUME DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND RELIGION.

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ORIGINAL.

For the Pearl.

ALICE WARE.*

My effort to hide my tears was but in part effectual—she saw that I was much moved, and guessed the cause; for she said, as I requested her to take a seat beside me, “Ah! Mr. B. you are shocked at the wreck of youth, and health and innocence, but you are very kind to weep for a wretch like me—it is painful to see you so affected, and yet it is pleasant to meet, even for a moment, with one human being, who does not find in our offences an excuse for altogether hardening his heart against us.”

“We often play the Judge,” I replied, “upon the frailties of our fellow creatures, without remembering that we are moulded of the same clay, and bound to be merciful to each other, as our Father in Heaven is merciful to us all. But, tell me, how came you to leave your friends, and as I always supposed, happy home?”

“It is a long story, and I fear to detain you—and besides, it is the old one, with which, as a man of the world—a reader of books—and a student of human life, you are sufficiently familiar—girlish vanity and waywardness leading to sin, and sorrow, and debasement.”

“Perhaps so,” said I, “but tell me yours, for I would fain understand your position, that I may try to be of service—and I should be fit for nothing else this evening if we parted now. Until we met to-day, I had supposed you married, and comfortably settled at some of the outports, or in one of the adjoining provinces—I never suspected that the beautiful girl I knew in boyhood was a wanderer in a strange land, and indeed I never heard any thing improper coupled with your name.”

“I am glad of it—that is indeed a cordial in my cup of bitterness—for I have had my fears on that head. I have often thought that I could face the worst that evil fortune has yet in store for me, and lay down my head, as I probably shall, in a ditch, if assured that no suspicion of my folly or my fate had penetrated into the place of my birth—brought shame upon my family, and made me a mockery and a byword among my old companions. Nothing but my anxiety to ascertain the fact tempted me to accost you to-day; and though the risk was great, I hoped that, as a man of honour, my secret would be safe in your keeping.”

What an unravelled mystery is the human heart! Here was a poor creature, that every one of the thousands who passed her on the street would have concluded was dead to all sense of shame; and divested of every natural feeling, nourishing, in fact living on the hope, that no touch of her pollution had soiled her early home, that, in the judgment of the vicinage which surrounded it, she was still worthy of respect; and that, if remembered at all, it was as the virtuous and the beautiful Alice Ware, such as she had dwelt upon my memory until that very afternoon. This feeling it is that, operating powerfully over a large extent of country, gathers into the great cities such accumulations of vice. The village shop-boy, suspected of taking a shilling from his master's till, and unable to brave the cold looks of old friends and the jeers of young companions, rushes into a city, where the vicious have a community of their own, to become an abandoned thief—and the wretched girl, who with brazen brow passes and smiles upon hundreds of thousands in one day in Bond street or the Strand, would not for half the wealth its shops contain, take one turn through the quiet town in which she was born.

After an assurance that she was not detaining, and would much interest me, by telling me her story, she commenced a narrative that riveted my attention for several hours, and which was only broken by bursts of strong feeling that at times threatened to shiver her frame to pieces. Though all unused to the melting mood, I found myself every now and then sobbing like a child, at some untoward passage of her life—and again wondering at the shrewdness of observation acquired in years of suffering and practical experience of the world. To tell her story as she told it to me would occupy a volume, and perhaps in the multitude of incidents the object for which it is told at all, that of reading a useful lesson to the inexperienced, might be overlooked. An outline is therefore all that I shall attempt.

“You knew my father,” said she, “a plain, simple minded, but intelligent and very industrious man—who laboured hard because he had been bred to labour, and saved, because he had few wants and no vices. Upon the comforts and the embellishments

of our humble dwelling, nothing was spared that was necessary or becoming; and in the education and training of his children he was more than liberal. Not that he had any higher views for them than that they should become worthy members of his own class. My mother, though she resembled him in many things, and seconded most assiduously his efforts to better our fortunes, differed from him in one respect—she had a strong, but slightly developed, and almost unconfessed desire, that her children should rise above their order, and by some lucky stroke of fortune, become ladies and gentlemen for life. This hope sweetened her toil, and stimulated her to strain every nerve to give us those little accomplishments, which the limited resources of Halifax at that time placed within our reach. The ruling passion, however artfully it may be concealed, will discover itself by a thousand little indications, which, like straws upon the surface, show how the stream sets; whose steady volume is sure to determine the direction of every thing within its influence. In the daily and hourly intercourse of a mother with her family, a thousand things occur to impress her opinions upon them—and, unfortunately for me, my disposition, and much in the circumstances of the period, prepared me to cling to my mother's favourite idea of social exaltation. When I grew up, as you perhaps remember, my figure was good, and my features not inexpressive; as I had amply shared the advantages which all possessed, I was enabled to make the most of both—and, as some fortunate hits had been made by Halifax girls marrying into the army and navy, I flattered myself with the hope, that, as my accomplishments were quite equal, and my personal attractions not inferior to theirs, the exaltation which my mother predicted would probably come upon me in that direction.

“Did you know young Mavor?” said she.

“Yes.”

“Is he still alive?”

“He is—he has been married some years, has thriven, is very much esteemed, a director of a bank, and indeed one of our most substantial and highly respected citizens.”

“He lived next to us—loved, and would have married me. But he was poor at the time—rich in health, industry, principle—with an agreeable person and good address,—but only just upon our level, not above it. I respected, liked, may almost say, was sincerely attached to him,—and perhaps as I grew older, and his circumstances improved, we might have married, but for an incident which I have every reason to deplore, for it decided my fate. It was at a Militia ball, one of those rather promiscuous, but very delightful, gatherings of the young and old of all ranks and classes, to which we used to look forward with so much pleasure, that I happened to attract the attention of Lieut. L. of the —d Regiment, at that time stationed in Halifax. Through the old Doctor, who attended our family, he obtained an introduction—asked me to dance—and in a few minutes, for the first time in my life, I was hanging on the arm, not of a Militia but of an Army officer—a lieutenant of the line, with a scarlet coat, and an epaulette on his shoulder.”

“I can understand your feelings,” said I; “for I have seen them in full play on many as young and thoughtless a thousand times. A red coat and a bit of gold lace, though spread above a form as ungainly, and a heart as rotten, as ever disgraced humanity, to this hour, in the estimation of half the girls in Halifax, will outweigh the most solid and noble qualities of their old schoolfellows, companions and equals, whose dress is not quite so gaudy,—and the consequence is, that dozens of them flirt with the military until the young men of their own class plunge, to please them, into follies they cannot so well sustain; or turn aside in disgust, and leave them to mourn in a long “winter of discontent,” and joyless solitude, the time wasted in life's opening spring. The consequence of all this is, that what with those who have acquired dissipated and expensive habits, and are too poor to marry, and others who will not condescend to take those who have once trifled with and slighted their affection, there are more old maids in our good town than in almost any other of its population in the world.”

“Human nature is true to itself every where,” observed my companion; “and I am sorry that in this respect Halifax is so little changed. But oh! sir, you are going back among them—I dare not go, or I could preach from my own experience of the text; but you may have many opportunities, and do not fail to improve them—of pointing to this their resetting sin—the peculiar misfortune I may call it, for I have seen several, of every garrison town. I can estimate the danger of the temptation, for I know how it bewildered me. Lieutenant L. was not handsome, but he was an officer—was above me in rank, as the world is classed by the world—and I knew, as he led me down the dance, or sat

beside me pouring flattery into my ear, that I was the envy of all my young companions, and perhaps of some even in circles above me, whose personal charms had failed to command such homage. My heart was not touched, but my vanity was gratified, and a prospect seemed opening before me that promised to realize my own youthful visions, and my mother's long cherished hopes. On that night I enjoyed my triumph to the full; my new friend never left my side, until at a late hour, and when my father's indulgent good humour was nearly exhausted, I was obliged to bid him adieu.

“After this we met frequently: at first by accident, and then by appointment. I did not for a long time venture to bring him to the house, for my father, who had a high opinion of his young neighbour, and indulged no anticipations beyond seeing his daughter a decent tradesman's wife, set his face resolutely but calmly against any renewal of the intercourse. But my mother, whom I considered a much better judge in these matters, though she said little, was evidently aware that my admirer still continued his attentions—and while she gave abundance of hints, which were shrewd enough, so far as her knowledge of the world extended, never dreamed that neither her own nor my education or training fitted us to cope with the arts of one practised in all the blandishments and disguises of fashionable society, and fortified by the conventional morality of a mess, that would have laughed at a man for marrying a portionless girl, but applauded his talent if he only seduced her.

“Mavor at first rallied me upon my new conquest, and tried to laugh me out of it; but finding me incorrigible, and being stung by the slight recognition he received when he met me in company with L. changed his manner towards me, and never tendered aught but the most distant courtesy again. Indeed all those of whose attentions I ought to have been proud, and from among whom I should have selected a husband, feeling that they had no chance in a contest so unequal, followed his example; and the Lieutenant had the field to himself. No man was ever better calculated to improve his advantages—particularly with a person so young, and so utterly inexperienced as I was. He never loved me, unless as Byron declares, “love is lust,” but from the first looked upon me as a victim, and played upon what he saw was my ruling passion until he wound me into the toils, and made me stoop to falsehood and deception, that I might hoodwink one parent, and seem to have fulfilled the wishes of the other—and maintain in the eyes of my young companions a delusion, which must be kept up if I were still to excite their envy, and save myself from utter contempt. He promised marriage, but still, under one pretext or other, put off the time—first to endeavour to overcome the prejudices of his family, which he said was wealthy and well descended—and then, to wait for the promotion which was necessary to enable him to support a wife without their assistance. Time wore on, and although my virtue was still preserved, you may easily perceive that mine was no safe or enviable position—at length he obtained leave of absence for several months, and under the most solemn pledges that we should be married the day I arrived, induced me to join him at St. Andrews. To this in an evil hour I consented, and the step sealed my destruction. Once fairly in his power—return to my home being impossible, and I having no other resource but his generosity—no other human being to whom I could cling for protection, he dwelt upon and magnified all the difficulties which stood in the way of an immediate marriage: without the assistance of his friends his promotion would be delayed, particularly as his commanding officer, himself a disappointed bachelor, would be incensed at a step so imprudent—and besides, where was the necessity—loving as we did—and having the most unbounded reliance upon each other, to deny ourselves the gratifications that were within our reach, or by any premature act of mere worldly ceremony, put off the period when, in the enjoyment of the rank and the fortune which would assuredly be ours, we could justify by the success of our plans any temporary deviations from mere conventional rectitude. But why need I repeat reasons that now appear as burnt flax, but which at the time seemed as strong as adamant, and as plausible as truth itself?—It is enough to say that the morrow's sun rose not upon a married woman—but upon another victim of the same arts and the same arguments by which thousands before and since have been beguiled to their destruction.”

Here, though she vainly endeavoured to suppress her emotion, her sobs were audible, and the seat shook with the convulsive action of her frame.

PEREGRINE.

To be concluded in next No.

*Continued from p. 212.

DEATH THE SUPPORT OF LIFE.

[Prize Composition, by Miss ANN J. LANSING, of the Second Department of the Albany Female Academy, for which a gold medal was awarded.]

"There is neither waste nor ruin in nature:" for the smallest particle of matter in the vast universe around us, is composed of an infinite number of atoms which can never be destroyed, but being united with other atoms, constitute a new combination. One plant decays, scatters its seed, and another springs up, perhaps more beautiful, in the place which it occupied. Even that which we look upon with disgust and horror "is a step in the progress of life." "The tiniest thing that moves—we behold decay moving through its veins, and its corruption, unconscious to itself, engenders new tribes of life. There is not such a thing as beauty, there is not such a thing as life, that does not generate from its own corruption, a loathsome life for others." The dust which we tread under foot, has become a beautiful rose-bud, filling the air with its fragrance; or a lofty oak, imparting its shade to every thing around. It may have formed a part of the winged eagle, who hovers in regions of space, or the gigantic elephant who treads the earth with majesty. It may have tended to the formation of the human frame. How strange that the dust of the earth should give to the lip of loveliness its richest glow! to the ear its innumerable and exquisitely minute cavities! and to the eye its floating humors and its brilliant colorings! How strange that it should form the inclosure to the "divine spark" itself, the soul! That it should form the tenement of the fancy, that loves to soar in unknown regions! The memory, that treasurer of the soul!—The reason, that weighs and balances, that guides and determines and proves.

Changes are continually going on among all living bodies. The drop of water that to-day sparkles in the diamond, and to-morrow gives its calm quiet beauty to the pearl, soon becomes the fleecy, heavy cloud, floating in the blue sky, and again descending gives freshness and health to the humble night-flower, or the burning blush to the cheek of the early rose. "The snow-flake of winter revives when the sun-beams are yellow and warm, and forms a gem for the spotless cup of the lily, or is restored in the blossom of the jessamine."

Although change and decay are stamped upon all animated nature—although the flower which buds and blossoms in the morning, in the evening lies withered and dead—although the frame of youth which glowed with health and strength and beauty lies in the cold, dark sepulchre—yet there is one thing earthly, which mocks death and decay—the never dying soul—that which alone attests man's divine origin—alone renders him superior to the brute creation. The soul is immortal, eternal. It undergoes no change, suffers no decomposition; but when decay has fixed its signet upon the human frame, it rises, like a brilliant Phoenix, from the funeral pile. Free and unveiled, it embraces its divine destiny. The torch of death renews its youth.

From the Montreal Literary Garland.

THE HOME-SICK WIFE AND CONSOLING HUSBAND.

It is generally, if not universally the case, that the wives and daughters of settlers from Britain, who seek with the axe independence in the woods of Canada, are woefully afflicted upon their first entrance into the forest with the disease called *Home-sickness*. The complaint, however, abates in proportion as their clearings enlarge, and their comforts increase. The dulcet warbling of the tuneful birds of Albion is in time forgotten, and the homesick wife ultimately believes that there is no music on earth like—the music of the axe. These considerations suggested the following dialogue:

JENNY.

Why is the gloamin, tell me, Geordie,
Aye the time when woovers meet;
An' mony a kind an' coultie wordie,
Baith said—an sealed wi' kisses sweet?

GEORDIE.

'Tis 'cause its dim soft lift conceals
The blush on modest maiden's cheek:
An' night, that treads on gloamin's heels,
Aye favours trysts, that woovers seek.

JENNY.

What hae we got or gain'd by comin'
Ower the deep and roarin' sea?
Dark drearie days withouten gloamin',*
An' naething blythe to cheer the e'e,

GEORDIE.

Be cherrie, Jenny, aye be cantie,
I'm sure that better days are comin';
I'ae mak' ye cosie in the shanty,†
And dawt ye weel my bonnie woman.

JENNY.

Nae mair weel hear the kirk-bell ringin',
Nor the burric's rippin' din;

Nae mair weel hear the mavis singin'
On the bush ower Cawdor Lynn.

GEORDIE.

What though ye hear nae kirk bell ringin',
Gude Hlawkie's† bell aye glads your ear;
Wha at your ca', comes loupin', flingin'
Her auld daft legs high in the air.

JENNY.

Nae laverocks here sing in the lift,
Nor linties on the whinnie brae;
O' what for Geordie, di we shift,
An' change for gloom—blythe scenes like thae?

GEORDIE.

Weel could ye sing when first I kent ye,
Then let's gie canker care the rout;
If ye'll be laverock—I'ae be lintie,
Sae wifie we'll sing sang about.

JENNIE.

The thochts aye set my breast a thrabbin',
In troth my heart is nearly broke,
To leave the laverocks—linties warblin',
An' come to hear the puddocks croak.

GEORDIE.

'Tis true nae birds sing here sae weel,
Yet whiles ye hear the patrick's drum,‡
An the wee bird singin'—whup her wheel,§
When drouthie puddocks ca' for rum.¶

JENNY.

Noo nae kind friends will e'er come near us,
On auld yule night or halloween;
Though mony a weel-kent face wad cheer us,
But for the sea that rows atween.

GEORDIE.

Let nae sic dowie thochts oppress ye,
But clear your sweet an' tuneful throat,
When hogles black or blue distress ye,
Aye fleg them wi' a merry note.

JENNY.

Weel I will strive to be contentit,
For ye've been gude and kind to me;
Forbye our love's the mair cementit,
By the dear bairnies roun' my knee.

GEORDIE.

Thae words expresst—my sorrow ends—
Wi' mair delight the axe I'll swing;
An' sure that lounies laugh portends
That he'll yet gar the forest ring.

* Gloamin', in Scotland, as twilight in England and the Emerald Isle, is of considerable duration, whereas in Canada, immediately as the sun goes down, we are shrouded in total darkness.

† Shanty, a small hut made of logs, covered with cloven hollow timber; usually the first residence of settlers when they take up their abode in the woods.

‡ In new settlements where the cattle browse in the woods, a bell is appended to the neck of the oldest cow, which leads the others in ranging for food. Its sound is heard at a considerable distance, and directs those in quest of their cattle to the spot where they may be found.

§ The cock partridge, during the season of incubation, is heard in a still morning at a great distance, drumming with his wings on the limb of a dead tree, from which the sportsman learns where partridges may be found in the proper season.

¶ The distinctness with which this small bird pronounces—*Whip poor will*—is evident to all who have heard its note.

¶ The note of the bull-frog is familiar to every Canadian ear—such as *marche-donc—De Meuron—rum-more-rum*. It is alleged that during the last war, in every place where the De Meuron Regiment was quartered, the frogs gradually disappeared. The Canadians affirm that the frogs, when engaged in their musical soirees, planted videttes to give notice of the approach of the enemy, and that whenever *De Meuron* was sung, or sounded, the whole of the performers instantly dived, to seek for shelter in their rushy and muddy fastnesses. The De Meurons, it appears, had a peculiar mode of cooking these little songsters.

The prize of 3,000 francs for Virtuous Actions has been awarded by the French Academy, this year, to Francis Poyer, cabriolet driver, for the following well-attested conduct:—Poyer has earned his bread by keeping a hack cabriolet for the last ten years. He has a wife and four children. In 1829, a lady entrusted her newly born infant to Poyer's wife, paid for the first 3 months, and then did not make her appearance for two years. She claimed the child, and obtained it, without paying for its keeping. In a few weeks after, Poyer learned that the infant had been again deserted, and sent to the Foundling Hospital. He went to claim it, and found it suffering, and even menaced with loss of sight. The establishment, however, could not give up the child, unless he who took it would lodge the sum of £10, to be given to the child on its majority. The amount was large for poor Poyer, with four children of his own; but he raised it, paid it

on the 14th of September, 1829, and brought the child as his adopted again home. After ten years the facts came to the knowledge of an academian, and the prize of 3,000 francs was voted to this poor cabriolet driver.

THE UNDERTAKER.

"No man (that is, no tradesman) has a more exquisite notion of the outward proprieties of life—of all its external dencencies, luxuries, and holiday show-making,—than your Undertaker. With him, death is not death, but on the contrary, a something to be handsomely appointed and provided for; to be approached with the deference paid by the trader to the buyer, and treated with an attention, a courtesy, commensurate with the probability of profit. To the Undertaker, death is not a ghastly, noisome thing; a hideous object to be thrust into the earth; the companion of corruption; the fellow of the worm: not it! Death comes to the Undertaker, especially if he bury in high life, a melancholy coxcomb, curious in the web of his winding-sheet, in the softness of his last pillow, in the crimson or purple velvet that shall cover his oaken couch, and in more than all, particular in the silver-gilt nails, the plates, and handles, that shall decorate it. A sense of profit in the Undertaker wholly neutralises the terrible properties of death; for, to him, what is another corpse but another customer?"

THE RICH MAN'S FUNERAL.

"Of course, sir," says Mandrake, taking orders for a funeral,—"Of course, sir, you'll have feathers?"

"Indeed, I—I see no use in feathers," replies the bereaved party, whose means are scarcely sufficient for the daily necessities of the living; "no use at all."

"No feathers, Sir!" says Mandrake, with a look of pitying wonder. "Why, excuse me sir, but—really—you would bury a servant without feathers."

"Well, if you think them necessary,"—

"Necessary! No respectable person can be buried without feathers," says Mandrake; and [wise dealer!] he touches the chord of worldly pride, and feathers make part of the solemnity.

"Then, sir, for mutes; you have mutes, doubtless?"

"I never could understand what service they were," is the answer.

"Oh, dear sir!"—cries Mandrake; "not understand! Consider the look of the thing! You would bury a pauper, sir, without mutes."

"I merely want a plain, respectable funeral, Mr. Mandrake."

"Very true, sir; therefore, you must have mutes. What is the expense, sir? Nothing, in comparison with the look of the thing."

"I always thought it worse than useless to lavish money upon the dead; so everything very plain, Mr. Mandrake."

"I shall take care, sir; depend upon me, sir: everything shall be of the most comfortable kind, sir. And now, sir, for the choice of ground;" and hereupon, Mr. Mandrake lays upon the table a plan of the churchyard, probably divided into three separate parts for the accommodation of the different ranks of the dead. "Now, sir, for the ground."

"Is there any choice?"

"Decidedly, sir. This is what we call the first ground; a charming, dry, gravelly soil: you may go any depth in it, sir,—any depth, sir; dry, sir, dry as a bed. This is the second ground: a little damper than the first, certainly; but still, some respectable persons do bury there." On this, Mr. Mandrake folds up the plan.

"Well, but the third ground. That is, I suppose, the cheapest?"

"Clay, sir; clay! Very damp, indeed;—you wouldn't like it;—in winter extremely wet."

"Still, if the price be much lower than either of the others,"—

"Very true, sir, it is, and properly so! or how would the very poor people be able to bury at all? You may, of course, sir, do as you please; but nearly all respectable families bury in the first ground. If it were my own case, I should say the first ground—such gravel, sir!"

"Well, I suppose it must be so."

"You wouldn't like any other; depend upon it, sir, you wouldn't. The first ground, then, sir;" and Mr. Mandrake departs, self-satisfied that, for the look of the thing,—for merely the sake of his customer's respectability,—he has induced him to order feathers, mutes, and the first ground.

And in all this dealing what part of it has Death? Alack! the feathers are not borne before his cold, white face; the mutes march not with solemn step to do him reverence; the fine, dry, gravelly bed is not for the ease of death's pithless bones; they would rest as well in the third ground as the first. No; the trappings of the defunct are but the outward dressings of the pride of the living: the Undertaker, in all his melancholy pomp, his dingy bravery, waits upon the quick, and not the dead. It is the living who crave for plumes, for nails double gilt,—for all the outward show of wealth and finery. Pride takes death, and, for its especial purpose, tricks it out in the frippery of life. "Man,"

says Sir Thomas Browne, "is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnising natiivities and deaths with equal lustre; nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infancy of his nature." Hence, the Undertaker.

But we are speaking of the funerals of the rich, or, at least, of those to whom death is not made more ghastly, more bitter, more agonising, by poverty.

THE POOR MAN'S FUNERAL.

It is the sabbath in London. Streams of people pour along the streets; everybody wears a brightened face: the whole metropolis makes cheerful holiday. All things move, and look, and sound of life, and life's activities. Careless talk and youthful laughter are heard as we pass: man seems immortal in his very ease. Creeping through the throng, comes the poor man's funeral train: look at the Undertaker marshalling the way. Is he the same functionary who handed cake and wine—who deferentially assisted at the fitting of the mourning gloves—who tried on the cloak; or, who noiselessly entered the room, and, ere the screws were turned, with a face set for the occasion, and a voice pitched to the sadness of his purpose, begged to know if "it was the wish,—before—before—" and then shrunk aside, as some one or two rushed in agony of heart: to take a farewell look? Is it the same Undertaker—is it even a bird of the same sable feather? Scarcely; for see how he lounges along the path: his head is cast aside, and there is in every feature the spirit of calculation.—What is he thinking of,—the train he leads?—the part he plays in the festival of death? No: he is thinking of his deals at home—of the three other burials his men are attending for him—of his chances of payment—of the people who have passed their word in security for part of the money for the present funeral—of the lateness of the hour—of his tea, that will be waiting for him ere the burying be done. How sad, how miserable the train that follows! The widow and her children: what efforts have been made—what future privations entailed, by the purchase of the mourning that covers them! Here is death in all his naked horror; with nought to mask his unsightliness—nothing to lessen the blow; here, indeed, he rends the heart-strings, and there is no medicine in fortune, no anodyne to heal the wounds. Follow the mourners from the church-yard home. Home!—A place of desolation; a cold hearth, and an empty cupboard. It is in the poor man's house that the dart of death is sharpest—that terror is added to the king of terrors. It is there that he sets up his saddest scutcheon in the haggard looks of the widow—in the pallid faces of the fatherless.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

THE NOBILITY OF LABOR.

BY THE REV. ORVILLE DEWEY.

Why, then, in the great scale of things is labor ordained for us? Easily, had it so pleased the Great Ordainer, might it have been dispensed with. The world itself might have been a mighty machinery for the production of all that man wants.

The motion of the globe upon its axis might have been going forward without man's aid, houses might have risen like an exhalation.

"With the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,
Built like a temple;"

gorgeous furniture might have been placed in them, and soft couches and luxurious banquets spread, by hands unseen; and man, clothed with fabrics of nature's weaving, rather than imperial purple, might have been sent to disport himself in those Elysian palaces. "Fair scene!" I imagine you are saying; "Fortunate for us had it been the scene ordained for human life!" But where, then, tell me, had been human energy, perseverance, patience, virtue, heroism?

Cut off labor with one blow from the world; and mankind had sunk to a crowd of Asiatic voluptuaries. No, it had not been fortunate. Better that the earth be given to man as a dark mass, whereupon to labor. Better that rude and unsightly materials be provided in the ore-bed and in the forest for him to fashion to splendor or beauty. Better, I say, not because of that splendor and beauty, but because the act creating them is better than the things themselves? because exertion is nobler than enjoyment; because the laborer is greater and more worthy of honor than the idler.

Many submit to labor, as, in some sort, a degrading necessity, and they desire nothing so much on earth as escape from it. They fulfil the great law of labor in the letter, but break it by spirit. To some field of labor, mental or manual, every idler should hasten as a chosen field of improvement.

But so he is not impelled to do under the teachings of our imperfect civilization. On the contrary, he sits down, folds his hands, and blesses himself in idleness. This way of thinking is the heritage of the absurd and unjust feudal system, under which serfs labored, and gentlemen spent their lives in fighting and feasting.

Ashamed to toil art thou? Ashamed of thy dingy workshop and dusty labor-field; of thy hard hands, scarred with service more honorable than that of war, of thy soiled and weather-

stained garments, on which mother nature has embroidered, by mist, sun and rain, fire and steam, her own heraldic honors? Ashamed of those tokens and titles, and envious of the flaunting robes of imbecile idleness and vanity? It is treason to nature, it is impiety to Heaven; it is breaking Heaven's great ordinance. Toil, I repeat, toil, either of the brain, of the heart, or of the hand, is the only true manhood, the only true nobility!

DOMESTIC GREENHOUSES.—A plan has been lately discovered for keeping green plants in a fresh and lively growing state, in all seasons and climates, with a very small degree of trouble. It is, I suppose, generally understood that greenhouse plants, among which may be numbered many flowering tender herbs, will not grow in the open air in a town or even in a carefully-kept room. The smoky or otherwise impure atmosphere either kills them outright, or causes them to languish, so that at the best they are poor stunted things. But, besides being deprived of pure air, the plants are not properly and regularly watered. Watering only now and then does not suit all kinds of plants; many require to live in an atmosphere from which moisture can at all times be drawn. In short, by the common artificial methods, it is often impossible to imitate the processes of nature so effectually as to keep a number of pet flowers and shrubs about our dwelling in a state of health and beauty.

The new and improved method consists simply in the use of a glass case for the plants. The case may be the size of a room, or of a box—it is all one. The top and sides of the case are of glass frames, the bottom contains earth in which the plants grow; the whole is kept closed, except at short intervals, when a small door is opened for any necessary purpose. The case may be placed in a room at a window full in the sun's light, or if the enclosure be large, like a greenhouse, it may be situated out of doors. The plants being set in the usual manner, the earth saturated to a certain extent with water, and the case closed. Nature now takes upon itself the entire management of the process. When the sun shines on the case, the moisture rises in a natural evaporation from the earth, and hangs in condensed globules on the inside of the glass. When the cold of evening ensues, the moisture descends, and is absorbed by the plants and by the earth. Thus alternately rising and descending, the moisture in the case keeps up a proper and regular system of irrigation, whereby the plants are sustained in a state of great freshness and beauty.

A gentleman, residing in the eastern and most confined part of London, has brought the growth of plants by those very simple means to an extraordinary degree of perfection. In one of his front rooms he has a case, about the size of a bird cage, in which there grow a variety of plants, native and exotic, in the most lively state of health and freshness; and in a small back court he has erected a series of sheds, enclosed, and framed with glass on top and front, in which a prodigious variety of plants are seen growing in an equally healthy condition. On being conducted into one of these enclosed out-houses, I was struck with admiration of the freshness and greenness of the vegetation. From the ground grew tall exotics, and from jutting stones, resembling rock-work, there depended mosses and creeping plants of divers kinds in a state of as luxuriant vegetation as if they had sprung among the cliffs which overhang a Highland lake.—Yet all this was in one of the spookiest parts of London, in a confined back court, where a breath of fresh air could not at any season be reasonably expected, and where certainly the same plants could not grow in the open air, notwithstanding every care which might be bestowed upon them. What a triumph is this over local circumstances! Here is a gentleman of taste, who, though placed in a situation the most untoward, has it in his power, at the merest trifle of expense, to cultivate at least one of the branches of the delightful science of botany, and at all times enjoy the contemplation of some of nature's most beautiful works.

A THRILLING STORY.—An extraordinary story is told by Capt. Wallace, of a lover and his mistress, who were saved in a singular manner from the jaws of a shark. A transport with a part of a regiment on board, was sailing with a gentle breeze along the coast of Colney; one of the officers was leaning over the poop railing conversing with a young lady who had inspired him with the tender passion. The lady was in the cabin in the act of handing a paper to her lover, when over-reaching herself, she fell into the sea, and supported by her clothes drifted astern; the officer lost no time in plunging in after her, and upheld her with one arm. The sails were quickly backed, the ship lay to, and preparations were made to lower a boat, when to the dismay of all on board, a large shark appeared under the keel of the vessel, and gliding towards his victims; a shout of terror from the agonized spectators called the attention of the officer to the approaching danger; he saw the monster's fearful length nearing him; he made a desperate effort, plunging and splashing the water so as to frighten the shark; who turned and dived out of sight. The current had now carried the officer and the lady close to the vessel, when the shark appeared a second time alongside, and was in the act of turning on his back to seize one of the hapless

pair, when a private of the officer's company jumped fearlessly overboard, with a bayonet in his hand, which he plunged in the back of the shark, which instantly disappearing, the three were released from their perilous situation.

ABRAHAM.—The life of the Bedouin, his appearance and habits, are precisely the same as those of the patriarchs of old. Abraham himself, the first of the patriarchs, was a Bedouin, and four thousand years have not made the slightest alteration in the character or habits of this extraordinary people. Read of the patriarchs in the Bible, and it is the best description you can have of pastoral life in the East at the present day.

JUNIOR COLUMN.

For the Junior Column.

ENJOYMENTS.

"How happy some o'er other some can be."—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Enjoyment appears to be the ultimate aim of every man's pursuit. We doat on the thought of that hour which shall end restraint, as the hour when we may enjoy pleasure freely;—and we all look forward to the hour when we shall forever leave our daily occupations, and indulge a propensity for literature or philosophy, the rudiments of which we may have attained in times gone by,—or else have nothing to do but recline under our own vine or fig-tree, none daring to disturb us. Happy anticipations!

Some possess not the fortitude to await the arrival of the period which might consummate their hopes,—the present is with them that hour. They know not, and care as little, what a day may bring forth, so to them it brings a renewal of strength, and their usual flow of spirits.

How varied our ideas enjoyments! It is an old saying, that—"what is one man's food may be another's poison,"—and so varied, to me it appears, are the opinions of enjoyment of one individual and those of another. See the Hermit;—he rises while the sun is yet below the horizon,—partakes of his morning fare,—and in silence—save the song of the cheerful bird, the murmur of a lonely brook, the whistle of the breeze through the neighbouring forest, or the disturbance of the tranquil air which he himself causes, and which renders his loneliness the more apparent—he moves slowly out of his cell,—his arms folded,—a studious countenance,—his eyes bent to the earth. In like manner he returns. So passes one day: so pass all. Does the Hermit enjoy himself? We have reason to suppose he does. But how would such a mode of enjoying existence agree with the man of pleasure,—were a hermitage to be to him a place of exile? He would either make his escape, die before the sun had seven times passed over his place of confinement, or it might be that he would get inured to it, and consult his own interest so far as to make himself therewith content.

As a relief to this, look in at the Ball-room. Suppose the dances at its height,—all excitement,—all in motion; or imagine a splendid supper spread out,—guests partaking of the same,—wine circulating freely,—loyal and patriotic and "lady love" toasts following in "quick succession,"—frequent bursts of glee,—all appearing to enjoy themselves in right good earnest: Enquire of the Hermit his opinion respecting their enjoyment,—he will loathe the mention of it!

To one person, the trumpet of his own good works, sounded by his neighbour, is a cause of profound self-congratulation, and he verily enjoys it. Another desires nothing more than the tacit approval of the wise and the good; that which to the former is so welcome, would be to him a source of very great uneasiness, and he would joyfully stop his friend's mouth at the very starting post of his eulogical discourse. Phrenology, I believe, accounts for all this.

To a youngster like myself, the appearance in print of a laceration of my own, was a cause of some little gratification. Some years hence I suppose it will lose its exciting qualities. Many of the pleasing feelings have already vanished. I am sorry, however, that the standard [of correct writing] is to "remain untouched."

How many more real enjoyments might be ours, did we value more those of which we are in possession.

RAMBLEWOOD.

(We are pleased that the publication of Ramblewood's former communication, has been the cause of "enjoyment" to him. The "standard" alluded to, is the standard of judicious and strong thoughts, rather than of perfect composition, and to insert, without qualification, many of the communications sent by young persons might be, as we intimated, an unwise interference with the "standard" aimed at. The qualification, as implied by the Junior Column, will leave that standard untouched, in the same just expressed; but we trust soon to see Ramblewood, and other young friends, so expert and experienced, that no such qualification need be applied to them. The Pearl does not aim at varied stiltiness, but it must avoid, as a general characteristic, the puerility which sometimes attaches to the productions of young writers. If our former remarks required explanation, we hope this now offered will be sufficient.)

From the Monthly Chronicle.

SCULPTURE IN ENGLAND.*

So, in the sculptures of St. Paul's, the want of pre-arrangement and general design has reduced the monuments to a multitude of unconnected statues and incongruous ideas, instead of each illustrating the other, and all blending in one great and harmonious design. The reliefs, dedicated in portions to the recital of certain parts of the history respectively; the groups assigned to their appropriate places, and connecting links established between statue and statue; a distant portion reserved for the eminent in the arts of peace; and the naval separated from the military, of those whose glory was in deeds of war; a settled and consistent costume; established and expressive symbols; the studied incatenation of inscriptions; and the observance of that order, which, without forcing sameness or uniformity on the separate statues, or in any way binding down the spirit of the individual artist, would have secured an harmonious whole, and made each part powerfully to aid the general effect:—such were the precautions, the neglect of which has destroyed capabilities unrivalled in Europe. This waste of the means of greatness is unreasonably visited on the artist, but it is due to the indifference of government and the opposition of churchmen, who, in other countries the patrons of the arts, were here unfortunately opposed, on principle, to their progress. The erection of a national monument in architecture, with an express view to the disposal of sculpture, to contain statues, &c., of the heroes by sea and land who, during the last war, raised the name of England high among the nations, was contemplated at the right time, but the government preferred to spend as much money on fireworks and Chinese pagodas, as would by this time have gone far towards the expenses of such an erection. Had that monument been erected, the interior of St. Paul's might have been dedicated to more appropriate memories than those of battle. A Howard, a Johnson, a Reynolds, and the pious Heber, are all the monuments of this class. Jenner, Watt, Willerforce, (as embodying an idea;) Newton; the educators, humanisers, peacemakers, and benefactors of the country and mankind, should be remembered in marble, within the metropolitan church, at the expense of the nation.

The opportunity of establishing these national monuments was certainly at the close of war, and Flaxman was well qualified to have designed them. His was a happy period for the foundation of a great work, and for the commencement of a school which ought to carry English sculpture to its desired place. The originality and vigour of his mind, which rose in proportion to the demands on them, only required scope and stimulus. Such a field would have fired with a noble enthusiasm, and have elevated his soul to the noblest heights. The immediate commerce with foreign countries by the most distinguished men of our own, had created a taste for sculpture which began to be better understood. Banks had shown that English genius was not uncultivable; Flaxman had proved himself equal to his contemporaries on the Continent—equal in hand and eye, and superior in power and sentiment. Canova then, and Thorwaldsen since, could alone compete with Flaxman; for, with some splendid exceptions, mediocrity is the mark of our time rather than of our country: a fact the more remarkable, as this may be considered the peculiar period of science, not only in research but in diffusion. Now the progress of the fine arts must depend on the previous cultivation of the sciences, without which they cannot exist in perfection. Mr. Simpson, in his lectures on orthophrenic education, said, the other day, that the poets were the true moral philosophers. No doubt of it,—and the great artist is the truly scientific man. Great intellect arrives at once, and, by its intuitive power, at the same conclusions which laborious science gradually works out. The utilitarian would banish the fine arts while he cultivates practical science, unconscious that the one is the soul of the other. The man of profound science is a true critic in art; but he and the artist arrive at their end by paths so opposite, and express themselves in forms so different, that they are hardly intelligible to each other; yet the results of their several processes are nearly the same; and ancient art is a union of understanding and sentiment; the former mathematically demonstrates, the latter appealing to a sixth sense, which appears to be denied to some, and to be given lavishly to others, but which is really the result of the rare combination of well-poised qualities of the mind in man, as its exciting cause in sculpture is the felicitous union of parts in the most exquisite proportions—a subtle harmony, felt, but not to be described.

The cultivation of the sciences has always preceded the successful practice of the fine arts, and we may therefore reasonably conclude that the scientific taste of our day will lead to a period of the great in art. On the knowledge of geometry, numbers, optics, perspective, and anatomy, as subservient to and inspired with genius, depends the excellence of sculpture.

Now not only were these sciences better understood in Flaxman's time than formerly, but the appliance and means to make a sculptor had grown rife in England. To the Townley and Hamilton collections, in the British Museum, were added the metopes of the Parthenon and the frieze of the Phigalian Temple of

Apollo. Casts of the finest groups and statues of antiquity grew common in our academies and in the galleries of the great. We, in common with all Europe, reaped the greatest advantages from the inestimable treasures of ancient art discovered at Herculaneum and Pompeii. Some of the best works of Canova were in England, and remain here, particularly his group of the Three Graces, in possession of the Duke of Bedford, and his beautiful recumbent statue of a Nymph in the royal collection. Every work of Flaxman's was an addition to the wealth of the country, in pure taste, and often with forcible execution. Francis Chantrey began to develop the graces of his style, which, though more remarkable for delicacy of design and grace of execution than for power, originality, or any of the loftier qualities of art, was yet so true in its imitation of nature, and, as in his famous group in Lichfield Cathedral, so tender in its feeling, as to make him an honour to the British school. Greatness and power are not his attributes; and a false patronage and the pursuit of wealth have too often humbled his effort to those of mere portraiture; yet, since art must ever look to vanity for a large share of the support it is to meet, we should rather rejoice at the fancy and poetry he contrives to throw into his portrait-statues than condemn him as a mere bust-maker. He has chosen his walk, however, perhaps directed by his capacity, and has thereby shut himself out from the higher and more glorious province of his art. Flaxman was the first lecturer on sculpture appointed by the Royal Academy; and it was about the same time that the then regent (George IV.) presented that institution with the invaluable series of casts which the academy first fitted up in its dark closet of a council-room, at Somerset House, and has now stuck against the wall of its entrance hall, at the National Gallery. The statues, in both instances, being so arranged as to impress the spectator with the greatness of their size, rather than the innate greatness which made the originals the glory of Rome and the shame of Paris. Flaxman says, "their presence has converted the council chamber into a Homeric olympus where none approach without the mingled sentiments of delight and awe." This is exactly the effect that the pope's present to the regent ought to have produced; and we cannot but regret that they were not given to the National Gallery, under an injunction that a fitting place should be provided for them. The public see little of these noble casts, (which in Rome were made to supply the vacant pedestals when French force ravished the originals from the imperial city,) except during the exhibition of the Royal Academy's pictures, when the Laocoon stands over the check-taker, the Venus and Minerva act as waiting-maids, and the Apollo Belvidere as groom of the chambers to the one-shilling customers, who are much too impatient for new pictures to waste their time in looking at old statues, even if they were so placed as to be seen to advantage. To the student, however, these casts are among the many valuable means this country possesses of advancing his studies.

The collections of the Queen, of the Duke of Sutherland, of the late Lord Egremont, of Earl Spencer, of Lord F. Egerton, of the Duke of Wellington, of Sir R. Peel, and many other noblemen, and gentlemen, contain treasures of art in sculpture as well as in painting; and the lectures of Fuseli and Flaxman—perfect contrasts in style and manner—will enable the student to appreciate them. The libraries of the Museum and the Academy possess copies of all the expensive and valuable works that the last century has given to the illustration of sculpture; and the *viæ vocæ* lectures of Sir Richard Westmacott must not be overlooked. With these means sculptural genius cannot perish for want of food in this country.

But if among these means all were wanting but the Elgin Marble—that collection of all that is beautiful, and that is intelligible, all that is educating in ancient art—the scholar would need no other teacher. In these wonderful works all her principles may be traced, all her powers are amply developed, all her charms displayed. There is not a swell nor fall of the marble, not a curve nor flexure of the outline, that does not combine the most poetical yet accurate study of nature with the most correct observance of scientific rule. When we contemplate these true glories of ancient art, observe their amazing force of expression, their perfect freedom and grace, their endless variety, their sentiment, their truth, we are lost in admiration. The store of words would be vainly exhausted in describing even this effect, much more in detailing their individual excellencies. Volumes have been written in vain. They must be seen, and studied, and sought with affectionate regard and wooed by repeated suit, before they reveal the secrets of their perfectness. The contemplation of any species of perfection is exalting to the imagination and stimulates to virtue: but, in the perfection of art, poetry and science lie in each other's arms; and the delightful, the elevating, and the useful, are happily combined. We would have the student of sculpture keep his hand and eye for them. Let these be his scriptures in art, the objects of the devout religion of his eye. If he thirst after deserved fame, let him drink deep of this fountain, and live for ever.

The influence of the good man ceases not at death; he, as the visible agent, is removed, but the light and influence of his example still remain; and the moral elements of this world will long show the traces of their vigour and purity; just as the western sky, after the sun has set, still betrays the glowing traces of the departed orb.

Selected for the Pearl.

THE WELCOME BACK.

Sweet is the hour that brings us home,
Where all will spring to meet us,
Where hands are striving as we come,
To be the first to greet us.
When the world hath spent its frowns and wrath,
And care been sorely pressing;
'Tis sweet to turn from our roving path,
And find a fireside blessing.
Oh, joyfully dear is the homeward track
If we are but sure of a welcome back.

What do we seek on a dreary way,
Though lonely and benighted,
If we know there are lips to chide our stay
And eyes that will beam love-lighted?
What is the worth of your diamond ray,
To the glance that flashes pleasure;
When the words that welcome back betray,
We form a heart's chief treasure?
Oh, joyfully dear is our homeward track,
If we are but sure of a welcome back.

ELIZA COOK.

Selected for the Pearl.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURAL FACTS
AND CUSTOMS.BY ANALOGOUS REFERENCE TO THE PRACTICE OF
OTHER NATIONS.

Divination.

"The Jews at all periods of their history resorted to every mode adopted by their idolatrous neighbors of penetrating into futurity. With respect to the first of these, alluded to in Genesis xlv. 5, we know that one of the most celebrated monarchs of the Persians, the great Giamschid, together with Alexander and others, referred to prophetic cups, and Pliny alludes to a similar practice in his time. That wands and staff were used for similar purposes is also known to us, on the authority of Strabo, who speaks of the rods held by the Magi during their religious ceremonies."

Gen. xlv. 5.—"Is this the cup whereby he divineth?"

Ezek. xxi. 21.—"For the king of Babylon stood at the parting of the way, at the head of the two ways, to use divination: he made his arrows bright, he consulted with images, he looked in the liver."

Hosea iv. 12.—"My people ask counsel at their stocks, their staff declareth unto them."

Tacitus (*de Moribus Germanorum*, ch. x.) thus explains their mode of divination by twigs or wands: The branch of a forest tree is cut into small pieces, which being all distinctly marked, are thrown at random on a white garment. With fervent prayers the priest, raising his eyes to heaven three times, holds up each segment of the twig, and as the marks rise in succession, interprets the decrees of fate.

The method taken by the Noaid or Lapland Priest to recover stolen goods is this. He comes into the tent where he has reason to suspect the thief is to be found, and pouring a quantity of brandy into a dish, which then reflects the features of any person looking into it, he makes a number of grimaces over it, and appears to consider it with very great attention. After some length of time employed in this way, he takes the suspected Laplander aside, charges him with the fact, declares that he saw his face plainly figured to him in the dish, and threatens to let loose a swarm of gamic flies upon him, who shall torment him until he makes restitution.—*Acerbi's Travels*, Vol. ii. p. 312.

The king, who was one of our company, this day, at dinner, I observed, took particular notice of the plates; this occasioned me to make him an offer of one, either of pewter or of earthenware. He chose the first, and then began to tell us the several uses to which he intended to apply it. Two of them were so extraordinary, that I cannot omit mentioning them. He said that whenever he should have occasion to visit any of the other islands, he would leave this plate behind him at Tongataboo, as a sort of representative in his absence, that the people might pay it the same obeisance they do to himself in person. He was asked what had been usually employed for this purpose, before he got this plate; and we had the satisfaction of learning from him that this singular honour had been hitherto conferred on a wooden bowl, in which he washed his hands. The other extraordinary use to which he meant to apply it in the room of his wooden bowl was to discover a thief; he said that when any thing was stolen and the thief could not be found out, the people were all assembled together before him, when he washed his hands in water in this vessel; after which it was cleaned, and then the whole multitude advanced, one after another, and touched it in the same manner as they touch his foot when they pay him obeisance. If the guilty person touched it he died immediately on the spot, not by violence, but by the hand of Providence; and if any one refused to touch it, his refusal was a clear proof that he was the man.—*Cooke's Third Voyage*, B. 2. c. 5.

In the Temple Karumado, in a corner to the left, within a large wooden grate, we took notice of a hexangular lantern covered with black gauze, which could be turned round like a wheel, and is said to be of great service in discovering unknown and future things. We were told likewise that a large book of their gods and religion lay in the same lantern, of the contents whereof they would or could give us no particulars, and only would make us believe that it was a very strange and miraculous thing.—*Kampher, Japan*, Vol. ii. p. 60.

The conjuror fills a pewter basin or a brass pan full of water, then sets up a stick on each side, from the tops of the sticks he stretches a small cord, and from the centre of that cord suspends a grain of pepper by a thread just to touch, but not in the water: he then dips his fingers in the water and firts them in the culprit's face; if he is guilty, a white film immediately covers his eyes, which deprives him of sight, and causes most excruciating pain; but if he is innocent, it has no effect. After the guilty person has made his confession, the conjuror departs.—*History of Sierra Leone*.

Before the Sumatrans go to war, they kill a buffalo, or a sow that is perfectly white, and by observing the motion of the intestines, they judge of the good or ill fortune that will attend them. The priest who performs this ceremony had need to be infallible; for if he predicts contrary to the event, he is sometimes put to death for his want of skill.—*Marsden's Sumatra*.

In the Rudhiradhyaya, or sanguinary chapter, translated from the Calica Puran, there are a variety of curious omens explained according to the direction in which the head of a human victim, buffalo, etc., falls when severed from the body.—*Asiatic Researches*. Vol. V.

The Scythians have amongst them a great number who practise the art of divination. For this purpose they use a number of willow twigs in this manner: They bring large bundles of them together, and having untied them, dispose them one by one on the ground, each bundle at a distance from the rest. This done, they pretend to foretell the future, during which they take up the bundles separately, and tie them together again. They take also the leaves of the lime-tree, which, dividing into three parts, they twine round their fingers; they then unbind it, and exercise the art to which they pretend.—*Herodotus*. B. 4.

The inhabitants of the Pelew islands entertained so strong an idea of divination, that whenever any matter of moment was going to be undertaken, they conceived they could, by splitting the leaves of a particular plant that was not unlike our bulrush, and measuring the strips of this long narrow leaf on the back of their middle finger, form a judgment whether it would or would not turn out prosperous. It was noticed by several of our people that the king resorted to this supposed oracle, on different occasions, particularly at the time they went on the second expedition against Artingall, when he appeared to be very unwilling to go aboard his canoe, and kept all his attendants waiting till he had tumbled and twisted his leaves into a form that satisfied his mind and predicted success. Our people never observed any person but the king apply to this divination.—*Wilson's Pelew Islands*.

The Afghans pry into futurity by astrological and geomantic calculations, and by all sorts of divination and sortilege. Amongst other modes they perform presages from drawing lots, from the position assumed by arrows poured carelessly out of a quiver. I remember a conversation which I had (immediately before Shah Shooja's great struggle against his competitor in 1809) with one of that Prince's Persian Ministers, who told me that he had now good reason to rely with certainty on his master's success. I listened with attention, expecting to hear of a correspondence with some of the great lords of the other party, and I was a good deal surprised to find the minister's confidence arose entirely from the result of some augury from the position of arrows.—*Elphinstone's Account of Cabul*, p. 223.

LONDON TEA-GARDENS.—The busy Metropolis is surrounded by agreeable places of resort for the working-classes and tradespeople. On holidays they are crowded with Artisans and Mechanics in their best attire, who regale themselves and families with beer, ale, or a glass of mixed liquor; the expense is trifling, and a man who has laboured with industry through the week, is by no means averse to parting with twenty-five cents for the purpose of giving himself and children a little fresh air and a gambol on the greensward. During the week-days a better class of visitors patronise these establishments; they cannot bear to allow their children to associate with their *unequals*, and as they are quite certain that poor industry will not find its way to the seat of pleasure on any day except Sunday, they strut forth in all the pride and plumage of retail shop-keepers, without the "secret dread and inward horror" of being elbowed by an inferior. This is about the first step of the ladder of English society, which is fixed and unchangeable, from the Scavenger in Wapping, to the Duke in Belgrave Square; there is a gradation amongst "the Trades," as scrupulously adhered to as the sternest of the nobility; the man who makes coats and is called a *Merchant*

Tailor, and frequently waits upon his customers in his own carriage; he of course would not visit a Hatter or a Grocer. The Barber, known only as a *perfumer*, looks with unutterable contempt upon a Butcher, whose wife declines *visiting* Mrs. Shrimp, the Fishmonger's lady, who in her turn considers Mrs. Greensail, the Tallow-chandler, too *wulgar* for her darters to mix with. Chimney-sweeps, Coster-mongers, Cats'-meats-venders, Hot-pie-men, and Portable Breakfast-makers, hover round the base of the ladder, but are not permitted to put hand or foot to it. The Portable Breakfast-maker is not to be despised; he stands at the corner of a street with a table, an urn filled with a decoction of *something* which he calls coffee, and some large slices of bread and butter; here the poor mechanic may breakfast for two-pence. The keepers of the London Coffee House on Ludgate Hill, or The Clarendon in Bond Street, look down sneeringly upon the perambulating Breakfast-men, but if they reflect for one moment they may probably come to the conclusion that the distance between them is not so vast. He sells breakfasts, so do they—he takes pay for it, so do they—they are all equally thankful for custom, equally delighted if business is brisk, and equally depressed if it is flat.—*N. Y. Spirit of the Times*.

THE FLIGHT OF THE BIRDS.

November came on, with an eye severe,
And his stormy language was hoarse to hear—
And the glittering garland of brown and red,
Which he wreathed for a while round the forest's head,
With sudden anger he rent away,
And all was cheerless, and bare and gray.

Soon, voices were heard at the morning prime,
Consulting of flight to a warmer clime,
"Let us go! let us go!" said the bright-winged jay—
And his gay spouse sang from a rocking spray,
"I am tired to death of this hum-drum tree;
I'll go—if 'tis only the world to see."

"Will you go?" asked the robin, "my only love?"
And a tender strain, from the leafless grove,
Responded—"Wherever your lot is cast,
'Mid summer skies or the northern blast,
I am still at your side, your heart to cheer,
Though dear is our nest in this thicket here."

Then up went the thrush with a trumpet call,
And the martens came forth from the box on the wall,
And the owlet peep'd out from his secret bower,
And the swallows conven'd on the old church tower;
And the council of blackbirds was long and loud—
Chattering and flying, from tree to cloud.

"The dahlia is dead on her throne," said they;
"And we saw the butterfly cold as clay;
Not a berry is found on the russet plains—
Not a kernel of ripen'd maize remains—
Every worm has hid—shall we longer stay,
To be wasted with winter? Away!—away!"

But what a strange clamour on elm and oak,
From a bevy of brown-coated mocking birds broke!
The theme of each separate speaker they told,
In a shrill report, with such mimicry bold,
That the eloquent orators stared to hear
Their own true echo, so wild and clear.

Then tribe after tribe, with its leader fair,
Swept off, through the fathomless depths of air,—
Who marketh their course to the tropics bright!
Who nerveth their wing for its weary flight!
Who guideth their caravan's trackless way,
By the star at night, and the cloud by day?

Some spread o'er the waters a daring wing,
In the isles of the southern sea to sing;
Or where the minaret towering high,
Pierces the gold of the western sky;
Or amid the harem's haunts of fear,
Their lodgings to build and their nursling rear.

The Indian fig, with its arching screen,
Welcome them in to its vistas green:
And the breathing buds of the spicy tree,
Thrill at the bursts of their revelry;
And the bulbul starts mid his carol clear,
Such a rushing of stranger-wings to hear.

O wild wood wanderers! how far away
From your rural homes in our vales ye stray!
But when they are wak'd by the touch of Spring
We shall see you again, with your glancing wing,
Your nests 'mid our household trees to raise,
And stir our hearts in our Maker's praise.

Mrs Sigourney.

A COUNTRY LIFE.

Of all the modes of life which man can pass, a country one is the most innocent, the most serene and peaceful, and, taking everything into consideration, the most happy. It is the most calculated to promote our moral welfare, our spiritual improvement, and is at the same time most conducive to our physical health. Man was originally intended to pass such a life by his Maker. God, who has created all things, has in a more especial manner rendered visible the operations of his Almighty hand in the country. The different processes of vegetation, the changes of the seasons, and the effects resulting from them—the decay and the revival of nature—the firmament above us, adorned with its innumerable bright and shining lights—the beautiful and verdant surface upon which we walk, enamelled with its flowers of various hues—the feathered inhabitants of the forest, the grove, and the plain, pouring forth their daily concert of joy and delight—these, with ten thousand other objects as beautiful, as varied, and as sublime, all attest the existence of that great Being who is above all, and in all, and through all, and by whom all things consist, and stamp in characters of life and light His omnipotence, benevolence and wisdom. And where, it may well be asked, can these marks of an all-wise and superintending Providence be so well observed, or so thankfully acknowledged, as amidst the quietness and retirement of a country life? The dweller in the city is so surrounded by the works of his fellow-men, and is so much accustomed to regard the art and skill of the creature, that he is apt to forget, and, to his shame be it spoken, to disregard, the omnipotence of the Creator. The din of the crowded street, the noise and excitement of the public Assembly, the bustle and hurry of commerce and amusement, too often, alas! repress that still small voice within, which, if permitted to speak, would tell us of the great source from whence all blessings flow. But the case is far different in the country. There, every individual, whatever may be his station, is almost insensibly affected by the softening and ameliorating influence of the scenes and objects which surround him. The most humble peasant who pursues his labors in the fields, however unenlightened by education, cannot fail to draw conclusions from the very occupation in which he is engaged, favourable to his condition as an accountable being. He cannot cast the grain with his hand over the ploughed field, and watch its progress from a small and tender green shoot until it becomes a stately plant, ripened for the sickle, without being led sometimes to consider within himself who has given this quickening power to so small a grain, which enables it to grow to a tall stem? When he goes forth to his daily task in the morning, and returns at the even-tide, he beholds the great luminaries of the sky shining forth in all their brightness and glory—the thunder-storm, the rain, and the sheeted lightning, the torrent descending from the mountain's side, and the snow-wreath enveloping all around with its fleecy covering—sights and scenes which he is accustomed to witness at different periods of the year—all these induce him to reflect, and lead him up to Him "who hath given life and light to all, who causeth his sun to shine and his rains to fall on the just and on the unjust." But if the uneducated individual who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow is liable to be so affected by the scenes and operations of nature, how much greater will be the effect produced upon the educated man, who has had his feelings and sensibilities heightened, and his powers of observation drawn forth and improved by intellectual culture!

We are told in holy writ that Isaac went forth to meditate at even-tide. We cannot doubt that the subject of his meditations was the goodness, the benevolence, and the wisdom of God, as displayed in the works of the creation. And who is there who possesses a cultivated mind, and a heart attuned to feeling, who does not sometimes experience a wish to imitate the example of the patriarch of old, and go forth and reflect amidst the quiet and silence of the country? Who is there who has not felt disposed, at one period or other in his life, to withdraw from his usual occupation, and it may be even from the society of his own household, to separate himself for a brief space from the world and its concerns, and to allow his thoughts to fix themselves on higher, and purer, and holier things? But there are seasons of the year, when this desire of which we have spoken comes over the mind with greater power than at others. In the freshness and genial air of a spring morning, when vegetable life is again bursting forth—in the brightness of a cloudless summer's day, when the whole atmosphere is perfumed with sweets, and the eye as well as the ear is saluted with sights and sounds of happiness and joy—in the mild and summer glories of a serene autumn afternoon, that sweet season which has been so beautifully described as the "Sabbath of the year,"—who has not at such seasons as these felt a train of new and unknown sensations pass through his mind, purified from all taint of earthly dross, which raise him for the time above this nether world and its perishable concerns, make him forget that he is a child of earth, and tell him, in characters which can never be effaced, that he is an inheritor of heaven? Who has not at such a time felt his heart lifted up to the Maker and Giver of all good, and experienced a more humble gratitude for Divine mercies, a more unhesitating belief, and a more unquestioning faith in the truths of revelation? Who has not returned from such meditations as these, to his former occupation, a wiser, a better, and a happier man?—*Church of England Quarterly Review*.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, AUGUST 9, 1839.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

(The arrival of the splendid new Steam Ship, the British Queen, has brought London dates down to July 11th.)

BRITISH.

On July 11th the House of Lords met and proceeded in state to the Queen's palace, with an address to her Majesty, praying her to withhold her assent from the grant made in furtherance of the Ministerial plan of Education.

Her Majesty's reply to the Address stated, that she appreciated the zeal of the Addressers; that she was ever ready to receive the advice and assistance of the House of Lords; that she regretted they should have thought such a step as that of the Address necessary; that she would always use the powers vested in her for the fulfilment of obligations which made the support of the Established Church her duty;—that, with a deep sense of that duty, she had appointed a Commission to superintend the distribution of the grants for public education; that returns would be made annually, of sums so spent, and that she trusted they would be found to have been strictly applied for the objects of the grants, with due regard to the rights of conscience and the security of the Established Church.

The vote on which this address seems to have been founded, passed on the 5th, when, on a resolution introduced by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the numbers appeared, for the Educational system 118, against it 229.

Manchester was in a disturbed state, and several arrests had been made. That large community, and Birmingham, appear to have been much distracted by the proceedings of the Chartists. The excitement, however, had subsided in the latter place. The Chartists, it may be recollected, demand certain political privileges, as their Charter, and hence their name. The matters claimed are, extensions of the elective franchise, and limitations of the duration of parliament, and others of a similar nature, which are considered wild and dangerous by their political opponents. These people are troublesome, and their threats of using physical force to further their theories, make them objects of dread to some; but they seem to form only a small portion of those who rank as political reformers, and small, indeed, of the great bulk of the nation.

The crops in England promised well. Want prevailed to a very distressing extent in some parts of Ireland. The subject had been brought before parliament.

The remains of Lady Flora Hastings had been subjected to a post mortem examination, which established her innocence, as regarded the surmises that had been entertained concerning her character.

The pressure in the money market continued,—somewhat relieved, however, by the determination of the Bank of England not to raise the rate of interest above 6 per cent,—and by the exposition of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, by which an increase in the revenue appeared, for the quarter £308, 174, for the year 2,076,659.

The Cotton market appeared dull, with a large stock on hand, and the promise of abundant crops in that article.

The crops in the United Kingdom promised well.

Commissioners had been appointed to examine into the Boundary question. These gentlemen arrived in the British Queen,—Col. Mudge and Mr. Featherstonhaugh.

The expenses caused by the disturbances in Canada, amounted in two years, to 947,000, an additional sum of £500,000 had been granted, making in all, for three years, £1,053,000.

The expenses of Lord Durham during his Canada mission, amounted to more than £1000 a week.

The use of Sago, it appears, has been extensively tried in the manufacture of bread, and is much recommended in English newspapers.

CATHOLIC COLLEGE.—The following information respecting a College to be established in Halifax, and to be under the direction of the Roman Catholic Bishop—is taken from a Waterford paper:

“On Saturday last the following Catholic Clergymen sailed from Dublin for Liverpool, from whence they are to leave for the Mission in Nova Scotia, of which the Right Rev. Dr. Fraser is Bishop:—The Rev. R. B. O'Brien, native of Limerick, who has distinguished himself so much in the R. C. College of Maynooth, and who is to be charged with the government of the Catholic College in Halifax, under the venerable prelate. The Rev. Laurence Joseph Dease, O. S. F. native of Longford, in the diocese of A. dagh, an experienced clergyman of nine years, accompanied the Rev. Mr. O'Brien. The provision for the clergy is very respectable. It is hoped that in a very short time means will be forthcoming to enable the Bishop to introduce there a branch of the Sisters of Charity, or of the Presentation order from Ireland.”

TEXAS.—In answer to enquiries respecting the recognition of Texas, Lord Palmerston stated that the general principle was

to acknowledge every state that was *de facto* independent; that recognition could not occur under existing circumstances, but that the British Minister at Mexico had been instructed to endeavour to effect an arrangement between that State and Texas.

FOREIGN.

THE EAST.—*Turkey and Egypt.*—Hafiz Pacha, is to assume the offensive, when Mehemet Ali Bey, the bearer of the firman of investiture and the Sultan's instructions, shall have arrived at his camp, Mehemet having proceeded to Samsoun on the 13th ult. A correspondent says a decisive action was not likely to take place for a few weeks.

The Turkish fleet was to sail on the 20th ult. for Rhodes. “It is expected,” says a correspondent, “the French squadron will come in time to prevent mischief.”

There is not the most distant allusion as to the line of conduct which will be pursued by the British squadron in the event of a collision between the Turkish and Egyptian fleets.

Intelligence from Constantinople states that the Sultan's health was much impaired. The French papers assert, that the delivery of a peremptory note from the French Admiral, on the 5th June, admonishing him against going to war with Ibrahim, threw the Sultan into a violent rage, which caused the rupture of a blood-vessel in the chest, and spitting of blood. The Vienna letters speak of his recovery as impossible.

FRANCE.—The French Chamber of Deputies came to an unexpected decision respecting the Ministerial proposition of a loan of five millions of francs to the Versailles Railroad. Between Versailles and Paris there will be now two railroads.

The Peers met to deliberate on the verdict on several of the insurgents of the 12th and 13th May last. In the event of any prisoners being condemned to death, they will be executed 24 hours after the sentence, and Louis Philippe alone can save them—every public office in Paris was put in a state of defence for the day of execution. Additional troops had been summoned to the French capital.

M. Daguerre, whose discoveries in producing impressions from light, have so recently excited the wonder of the French nation, and of the world, has been voted a pension by the two Chambers.

INDIA.—£10,000 had been subscribed and transmitted as the first instalment from Calcutta, on shares taken in the Steam Association's project. The suspension of the Opium trade with China had caused commercial difficulties at Bombay. The Emperor of China is active in suppressing the traffic in this drug, which, used as a means of intoxication, produce the most lamentable effects on its victims. It appears that the exports of this destroying drug from Bombay to China, in some periods, are more than double the exports from Bombay to the United Kingdom. Chinese Commissioners had ordered two of the larger European opium dealers in Canton to leave China immediately, and had seized a man guilty of smuggling opium, and caused him to be executed in front of the European factories.

The savings banks of Paris continued to be affected by the deplorable crisis under which trade was laboring. During the six first months of 1839, the withdrawals exceeded the deposits by a sum of about 300,000 francs. In ordinary times the deposits would have exceeded the reimbursements by 15,000,000 or 20,000,000 francs.

U. STATES.

THE CROPS.—The corn crop in Connecticut and Massachusetts is said to look better than usual. In Maine and New Hampshire the season has been too cold for corn, but other grain and grass have flourished luxuriantly.

In Pennsylvania and New Jersey the crop of wheat, rye, and oats, is said to be abundant, though in some parts the wheat is a good deal injured by the rust. In the western sections of Pennsylvania, on the Ohio, more than an average crop of wheat and corn is expected.

In Maryland the wheat crop has nearly all been harvested, and it appears that it is larger than has been realized for some years past. Accounts from all parts of the State concur in the report that the crop is abundant in quantity and excellent in quality.

The chinch bug and Hessian fly, in some parts of Virginia, have nearly destroyed the crop of wheat. The ravages of these insects, however, have been confined to the Eastern and Middle Counties, while in the region west of the Blue Ridge, the crop was never more abundant. The corn crop affords a fine prospect. The oat crop was abundant every where.

In North Carolina, the crop in upper grain districts was very abundant. In the western counties, the ravages of the chinch bug had been very destructive, and in some places half a crop would not be secured.

From Ohio accounts represent the crops as unusually abundant. In Arkansas and Mississippi, the wheat was harvested in June; in both states it was abundant.

In the western and southwestern parts of Michigan, the wheat crop is most abundant, and everywhere on the prairies in that State and Indiana, it never promised such general abundance before. The Hessian fly has done extensive mischief in the eastern

part of Michigan, though more than an average crop is expected.

There has not been for fifteen years a greater prospect of such general abundance, as the accounts from all parts of the country at present hold out.

FRUITS OF THE AROOSTOOK DIFFICULTIES.—The Treasurer of Maine has demanded and obtained the sum of \$60,000 from the Banks of Portland, for the purpose of meeting the expenses of the Aroostook expedition. The banks are obliged by their charters to loan ten per cent of their capital to the State on demand.

CORONER'S INQUESTS.—Held in the city of New York the last year, exhibit a remarkable number of violent deaths. The number of inquests was 603.

Suicide, 55—murder or violent deaths, 15— involuntary killing, 6—accidental, 75—cause unknown, 164—debility and exhaustion, 14—burned and scalded, 24—delirium tremens, 8—strangled and suffocated, 11—still born, 11—drowned, 98—intemperance, 33—visitation of God, 23—drinking cold water, 7—apoplexy, 54.

FLORIDA.—The N. Y. Star says, that the Indians are perfectly agreed to stick to the Treaty with Gen. Macomb, till they have had their green corn dance, after which they will again resume the bloody tomahawk. If the deadly scenes of Indian murders and burnings which have been going on in the neighborhood of Tallahassee, close to its gates, were detailed in the historic page of half a century ago, they would be considered as fabulous in their horrid details. The grave that Spain was to Napoleon, has its fac simile in Florida for our gallant troops.

It is said the Cotton crop of Eastern Texas, will this year fail little short of 20,000 bales.

THE TRADE OF ST. LOUIS.—The St. Louis Gazette of the 9th instant, says: Boats have arrived here within the last week from the falls of the Missouri, nearly 2,000 miles distant in a northerly direction; from Pittsburgh, 1300 miles eastwardly, and from New Orleans 1200 miles to the south, bringing with them the furs of the north, lumber from the Alleghany, and sugar from the north; the products of our own territory.

BOSTON.—In port on July 30—46 steamboats from 75 to 600 tons burthen each.

Mr. Horace Gridley, member of the Common Council of Natchez, fell from the steamer Hanibal into the river, and though 20 minutes under water, and apparently lifeless when rescued, was by great efforts resuscitated.

The Schuylkill Coal Trade, this season, amounts to 206,620 tons.

The Legislature of Maryland, at its last session, granted, 39 divorces.

Jno. M. Betts, Esq. of Richmond, Va. has sold his horse Hannah, for \$15,000.

Among the Passengers in the British Queen were the Hon. Samuel Cunard, John Leander Starr, Esq. Lady and family; E. M. Archibald, Esq. Lady and family; and Col. Mudge, and G. H. Featherstonhaugh, Esq. Commissioners appointed by the British Government to make a Survey of the Disputed Territory.

COLONIAL.

New Brunswick.—The Fredericton Sentinel of August 3, gives an account of a deplorable fire which had occurred in that town:

About half past one o'clock on Aug. 2, a fire broke out in the workshop of Mr. W. S. Estey, blacksmith, which in less than two hours extended its ravages to an extent greater than has been witnessed in Fredericton since the year 1825.

In a few minutes the fire communicated to Mr. Estey's barn, and an extensive range of out buildings belonging to the Messrs. Beckwith.

Before 3 o'clock the dwelling house of Mr. Estey, Mr. F. L. Beckwith, Mr. Bedell, and the whole of the extensive premises occupied by Messrs. G. & J. Munroe were in flames.

Besides the buildings above enumerated, the store and back store belonging to Mr. T. R. Robertson, the dwelling house occupied by Mr. O'Connor, the dwelling house and store of Mr. H. Garcelon, the back stores of Messrs. S. Smith and G. Turner, together with a number of smaller buildings, were completely destroyed, and several houses in the neighbourhood were much injured.

The entire loss is estimated at from Ten to Eleven Thousand Pounds, and the greater amount of this sum is uninsured.

The Regatta went off well in St. John.

Sir John Harvey arrived at St. John on Monday week. His Excellency reviewed the 96th regt., and expressed himself much pleased with the appearance, conduct, and perfectly serviceable condition of the men.

A large fleet of American fishing vessels has been in the vicinity of the Wolves, and Point LeGreux during the week.

A dreadful result of intoxication, and riotous habits, occurred in the vicinity of St. John a few days ago. A party, consisting of four men and two women, went on an excursion into the country. On their way home they stopped at a house about 8 miles from town, kept by a Mr. Ferguson. They demanded brandy, the per-

son attending declined giving it as they appeared to have had enough. She gave three glasses of the liquor eventually, and then induced them to leave the house, and fastened the door. They broke the windows, effected an entrance, ill-used several of the inmates, and beat to death a man named B. Coyle who belonged to the house. Three of the parties implicated had been arrested.

No renewal of disturbances appears in Canada. The question of Responsible Government caused much Newspaper skirmishing. One party, contends that Colonial responsibility is only a reasonable extension of the British system, and that it would perpetuate British connection,—another, that it is incompatible with Colonial dependency, and would cause separation from the parent state. The chief feature of the Responsibility contended for, appears to be, that the executive Council in the Colonies, should be acted on by the votes of the representative body, as the Ministry in England.

Defence of B. North America. Active preparations are being made, to place every part of British North America, in the most ample state of defence. The Bermudas are to be fortified—permanent barracks are to be built at Laprairie, Canada, with stone towers to defend them—Martello towers are to be erected at Montreal—Fort Wellington, at Prescott, is to be completed—Fighting Island is to be fortified; and government has purchased several pieces of land, in various parts of the suburbs of Kingston, with a view of commencing public works, for its defence, on the largest scale, early next spring.

NEWFOUNDLAND.—The Fishery promises to be generally successful this year.

NOVA SCOTIA.

Vice Admiralty Court of Halifax, Monday, 5th August, 1839.—The cases of the four American vessels, the "Java," "Independence," "Magnolia," and Hart, seized at Yarmouth for breach of the laws relating to the Fisheries of this Province, came on for trial.

The Judge having heard the affidavits of Joseph E. W. Darby, the seizing officer, and the papers thereto annexed, also the depositions of witnesses resident at Yarmouth, by Interlocutory Decree pronounced that the said vessels, with their cargoes, stores, &c., be forfeited to the Queen.

RACE.—A race for 100 guineas, between the Hon. F. Villiers's Br. G. Shamrock, and Capt. McLean's B. G. Uncle Joe, came off last Wednesday week. Mr. Villiers rode his own horse—Joe was ridden by Captain Franklyn. Shamrock took the lead, maintained it, and won easily.

Launched from the ship yard of the Hon. R. M. Cutler, at Guysborough, on the 23d ult, a schooner, called the Billow, burthen 65 tons.

THE ATLANTIC STEAMERS.—The British Queen, cost about £92,000. Her extreme length is 275 feet, and breadth 64 feet. The power of her machinery is reckoned as that of 500 horses, and besides her supply of fuel she can carry 1000 tons of goods. Her crew, including all hands, amounts to 80 persons, and she has accommodation for 207, or on an emergency nearly 300.

She is in every way fitted up in accordance with her size and character. Another Atlantic steam mammoth, is on the stocks, and so near completion, that she is expected to be launched on the return of the British Queen. This vessel is to be called the President, her burthen is stated at 24,000 tons, nearly 400 more than the registered tonnage of the Queen, and she will be, it is said, every way a finer vessel. She is to run between Liverpool and New York.

Thus have we seen, within the last two or three years, this great problem fully and happily solved. The possibility of running ships by steam, across the Atlantic, was doubted,—and the possibility of running them for a continuance, and, at a profit was denied. We see them run, and run profitably, and competitors starting yearly into the path that was deemed impracticable.

The arrival of the British Queen had excited much interest in N. York. The N. Y. Gazette says that 150,000 persons were gazing on her while going up the rivers. The same paper, speaking of the Great Western and the Queen, remarks:

"They are both very noble vessels, and both of them highly honourable to the enterprize, liberality and skill of Old England. The British Queen looks like a line of battle ship, the Great Western like a frigate of the first class."

The commander of the Queen experienced much annoyance by the crowd which beset the boat, anxious to gratify their curiosity.

A line of steamers is projected to run between Bordeaux (France) and New York. The scheme is, to have 12 vessels of 450 horse power each; these could be readily turned into ships of war. It would cost about 22,000,000 francs, nearly £1,000,000. Government received the scheme favourably.

POSTAGE.—Very important alterations have been made, recently, in this department. The internal postage has been taken off, so that persons now have only to pay the postage from shore to ashore, of the Atlantic. This is a great boon to millions. In-

stead of 2s. 3s. or 4s., the tax on communication by letter is, uniformly, only 1s. To the poor who possess, and often in an eminent degree, the better feelings and affections, and who found the postage an oppressive tax on those feelings and affections, as far as the intercourse with friends and relatives was concerned, the alteration has been a great relief,—and even to those enjoying comparative competence, the tax was frequently felt disproportioned to the means, and either cramped and checked that kindly interchange which should be encouraged, or induced parties to seek evasions not altogether in accordance with the spirit of the law, and not calculated to raise the standard of public truth and honesty. Of all things, in a free country, the interchange of thought between friends and relatives should be free, and any tax beyond that demanded by the service, might be well pronounced monstrous. The service has been frequently lauded, and has been considered one of the wonders of art and civilization, and the payments in return have been supposed only such as were essential,—but wiser and better modes have been devised, and the relief mentioned has been the result. This great improvement, however, it appears, is not to be final. It is in contemplation to establish a uniform penny postage (as we understand it) throughout the British Empire and the U. States. Then indeed may parted friends indulge in the luxury of communication with one another, without the miserable calculations of expense intruding, to damp enjoyment,—to crush the virtues, in fact,—and, perhaps, to sever that link which should ever unite them with lang syne. One of the best incitements to virtue, in the breasts of young women, or young men, divided from the parental roof, is said to be, the frequent interchange of letters, between them and home,—and a host of considerations arise in favour of the position. These have now, in this respect, their pleasures and their aids to virtue greatly increased,—and we trust that they will soon have more reason to bless the wisdom and benevolence and public spirit, which aims at such unagitated, and unobjectionable reforms.

The Tournament at Eglinton castle will cost, it is said, £20,000. This is an imitation of the warlike pageant of old times, in which ladies sat as judges and rewarders of martial prowess, and finely decorated knights employed their strength and ingenuity, in a "prize ring" adventure. Instead, however, of the "fisty cuffs" of modern times, the contest then was, chiefly, between equestrian warriors, and the object of each to unhorse his adversary, and to render him unable to continue the combat. The gentlemen at Eglinton castle, it appears, practise at a stuffed figure, which, of course, greatly lessens the danger that might result from awkward spear thrusts,—but, it would appear to be a sorry way to spend £20,000. An old law against these exhibitions, makes all present at them implicated in a charge of murder, should loss of life ensue. The knights therefore must be careful, if anything beyond the stuffed warrior is to be antagonist; particularly as the Marquis of Waterford, among the congregated chivalry, and, if once he gets into a fray, his old spirit and prowess, gained in many night skirmishes with parish watchmen, may cause him to deal harder blows than "fun" would warrant.

DREADFUL OCCURRENCE.—On yesterday morning the usual tranquillity of the town was much disturbed by a very lamentable occurrence. James Bossom, shopkeeper in Albermarle street was shot by S. D. Clarke, who also kept a shop, opposite the North Barrack. Both were young,—Bossom aged 23. He lived about two hours after receiving the fatal wound. The facts of the case, as they appeared on the Coroner's Inquest, may be thus briefly stated. Bossom and Clarke had a quarrel of some months standing. Clarke challenged Bossom,—Elexon, Clarke's partner, being privy to it, and encouraging the act, and asserting that he would send a challenge himself if Clarke did not. Sergeant Bannister, 37th Regiment, was aware of the quarrel, and appeared to take part with Clarke. He was charged with having also sent a challenge to Bossom, and with having used abusive language to him in a letter. On Wednesday evening Bannister and Elexon went to Bossom's shop, a quarrel and fight ensued between Bannister and Bossom. On Wednesday night Clarke loaded a brace of pistols with ball, and said that if Bossom came near his door he would put the contents of one of them in him. On Thursday morning at near half past six o'clock, Bossom was passing Clarke's shop, and a tap was given at the window, either by Bossom, or some one inside. He went to the door, some words ensued, Clarke approached the door, threatening to shoot Bossom, who retired a few paces;—Clarke snapped one of the pistols, Bossom laughed and used some sneering expression, Clarke, reiterating that he would shoot him, discharged the other pistol. The ball entered Bossom's eye, passed through and lodged against the skull at the opposite side. He fell, and from that period showed but little signs of life, except by breathing heavily; he expired about 9 o'clock. Clarke was arrested immediately on the occurrence of the act, Elexon subsequently. After an investigation which occupied nearly four hours, the Coroner's jury brought in a verdict of Willful Murder against Clarke, as principal, and against Elexon as accessory before the fact. Thus have three families been plunged into deep distress, and an awful warning has been given to all, against the indulgence of bad passions.

On Thursday the Union Engine company, with several friends, male and female, celebrated their anniversary. They engaged the steamer Sir Charles Ogle, part of the Band of the 8th Regt. and went up the harbour, along the North West Arm, and landed on the beautifully situated grounds of John Howe Esq. Dancing on the deck, and on the lawn, and other recreations usual to

such festivities, with abundance of refreshments, combined to form the day's amusements. Upwards of two hundred Ladies were present.

THE METHODIST SOCIETIES, in Great Britain, recently celebrated the arrival of the Centenary, or hundredth year, since the establishment of their system. The celebration consisted in religious services, addresses, and subscriptions in aid of certain objects connected with Methodism. These objects are,—additional relief to aged preachers, and to the widows and children of preachers,—The liquidation of debts due on chapels,—The establishment of two Educational Institutions,—the purchase and improvements of premises for a Mission House,—and the purchase of a Mission ship, to be chiefly employed on the Pacific ocean. For these purposes about £200,000 has been subscribed in the U. Kingdom. Similar celebrations in the Colonies were resolved on, and the first of a series in these Provinces, took place last evening, in the Methodist chapel, Argyle street, Halifax. Rev. Mr. Alder was in the chair. The meeting was addressed by Mr. Alder, Rev. Mr. Bennett, Hon. A. Dewolf, J. L. Starr Esq., Rev. Mr. Richey, and others. The sum subscribed, at the meeting, amounted to above £900.

The Rev. Mr. Alder may be expected to preach next Lord's day, in the Lower Methodist chapel, Argyle street, in the morning, and in the Upper chapel, Brunswick street, in the evening.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—A communication signed "As you like it" has been received. We only wait for the remainder of the article to publish the whole.

MARRIED.

On the 28th ult., by the Rev. Thomas Taylor, Mr. William Taylor, to Miss Isabella Campbell.

At River Jordan, on the 4th ult, by the Rev. T. H. White, Mr. Jas. Collupy, to Miss Maria E. Holden, eldest daughter of Thomas Holden, Esq. of that place.

On the 27th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Uniacke, Mr. William Strickland, to Miss Julia Hume, both of this place.

At Londonderry, on the 15th ult, by the Rev. John Brown, Mr. Thomas S. Delaney, to Margaret, second daughter of John Rice, Esq.

At Eastport, on the 27th ult., by Mr. W. W. Eaton, Mr. John K. Laskey, of this city, Teacher, author of "Leisure Hours," &c., to Miss Ann V. Wise, of Sebec, Maine.

At Sussex Vale, on the 25th inst, by the Rev. H. N. Arnold, Mr. James H. Hallett, of Boston, to Mary Ann, third daughter of Thomas O. Arnold, Esq. On the same day, by the same, Mr. Cornelius McMonagle, to Susan, fourth daughter of Thomas O. Arnold, Esq.

At the Wesleyan Chapel, on the 24th ult., by the Rev. W. Temple, W. M. Chairman of the New Brunswick district, the Rev. William M. Leggett, Wesleyan Missionary, to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of William Stephens, Esq. of Bathurst.

At Cambridge, Massachusetts, on the 11th ult, by the Rev. Mr. Parker, Mr. J. W. Hartt, of Fredericton, to Miss Prudence B. Brown, of the former place.

At Fort Cumberland, parish of Westmoreland, New Brunswick, on Thursday, 4th ult, by the Rev. George Townsend, Mr Daniel Brown, of Truro, to Catharine, eldest daughter of Mr William Knapp.

At the Parish Church of Amherst, on Thursday the 25th ult, by the Rev. George Townsend, Rector, Mr W. P. Moffat, to Rosalind, youngest daughter of Robt. McGowan Dickey, Esq. M. P.

DIED,

At Dartmouth, on Saturday evening last, Mr Edward Langley, aged 79 years.

SALE AT AUCTION,

BY RIGBY & JENNINGS,

At their Rooms, TO-MORROW, SATURDAY, at 11 o'clock:

5 BBLs. BLACK VARNISH,

3 Tierces Rice,

1 pun. Molasses,

5 bags Bread,

A quantity of Onions

6 boxes Oranges,

6 do Lemons

1 CLOCK,

1 four post BEDSTEAD (carved mahogany posts)

ALSO, A variety of DRY GOODS, and other articles. Aug. 9.

BOTANY.—IN THE DALHOUSIE COLLEGE.

J. C. DAVID,

WILL commence a Course of Lectures on Botany, demonstrated from the Living Plants, in the Lecture Room, proceeding according to the Linnean System in such a manner that the Students will acquire a practical knowledge, as an introductory book of demonstrative elements of the science will be written by each member of the class, which will contain the most essential principles of Botany.

Lecture, one hour each, between HALF PAST THREE AND HALF PAST FOUR—commencing on Monday, August 12, in Dalhousie College. Expenses for the Course to each individual will be £1. The practical advantages gained by this Course of Lectures will be equal to £50 to each, as all will acquire an accurate knowledge in the science.

Already a considerable number of the most respectable Ladies and Gentlemen have given their signatures to attend the classes. For particulars apply to Messrs. A & W MacKinnlay, Stationers.

Halifax, August 9

MAGIC THEATRE.

For One Week Only.

A splendid Performance will take place, at the EXCHANGE COFFEE HOUSE,

On Monday Evening, August 12; Doors open at 7,

Performance to commence at half-past 7. The Room has been fitted up for the accommodation of Ladies and Gentlemen. Admittance, Box 2s. 6d., Pit, 1s. 6d.; Tickets to be had at Mr. Medley's Hotel or at the door. Good Music will accompany the performance. For particulars see Bills. Aug. 9.

OLD CUSTOMS OF TRAVELLING.

Among the many changes which have taken place within the last twenty years, none have undergone a greater alteration than the system of travelling. Formerly, a journey of ten or twenty miles was considered a great event, a matter that was talked over long beforehand, and required no small preparation. 'Ah! an it please heaven, I shall sleep many a mile off to-morrow night,' some old farmer would say as he stooped to unbutton his gaiters, and paused between every button, wondering, who and what he should see, and going to bed an hour or two earlier, that he might be on his journey betimes. Perchance he took his rosy-faced wife with him, and John had strict charge over night to give either Jewel or Diamond, (whichever carried double best,) an extra feed of corn, and strict command to see that the pillow was put on fast, 'for the missis is bound to ride behind me o' the morrow.' Goodly steeds were these Balls, and Jewels, and Diamonds, on whose back I have many a time been mounted in my boyhood—backs as broad as a table, and on which us youngsters used to sit like tailors. But then they were such sober animals; you would just as soon think of a full-wigged, long-robed, grimfold judge, bursting out into a loud laugh while wearing the black cap, and about to pass sentence, as one of these old family horses shying, running away, or playing any tricks. True, they would trot; but, oh, how unlike any other horse's trotting! It was a voluntary 'shog, shog, shog,' as if they were trying to shake the very shoes from your feet, and begun just when they took it into their heads, or were tired of walking. What a good understanding was there between one of these old roadsters and the farmer and his wife, whom he so willingly and quietly bore to market! Poor fellow! they would as soon think of sending their little grandson Dick to the next town with the large basket of butter and eggs, as they would of riding old Ball up a steep hill. No: the old man alights very carefully, then helps his bonny dame down; and as she smiles, perhaps, when he is about to catch her, he says, 'Thee and thy sins are a feathish weight together, my old girl;' and he looks tenderly upon her, well knowing that her greatest crime would not disturb the most tender conscience. Having seen that the basket is safely buckled on the pillow, they jog merrily a-foot up the hill together; and if Ball should take a fancy to a mouthful of the short sweet grass beside the bank, why, they wait patiently; and perhaps the kind-hearted old dame gathers a handful of primroses, and says, 'Nanny Sanderson's bairns always look for a few flowers when I leave their week's butter.' They pass the hill-top before they mount again: there is no need to hurry. They had breakfast over by five, and Lincoln is only twelve miles: if they are there by ten, they will be soon enough. Perhaps they stop and have a pint of ale and a 'snack' at the sign of the Blue Bell, in the valley, and give old Ball a mouthful of hay. He is patted, and whisks his ears and tail to and fro with delight, for he well knows that his master never gave him an unkind word; but before mounting again, the old farmer slacked the girth: he would not sit easy if he thought it pinched old Ball: no he would sooner run the risk of rolling himself and his bonny old dame to the earth together. On they are again, as steady as the current of a brook in summer; the rosy housewife throws one arm round her husband, and the fine old fellow feels proud that she confides her safety to him. Sometimes he pulls up to survey his neighbours' fields, and thinks that such a pasture would be better if the eddish were eaten down, or remarks that some hodge needs a few more quicksets. Perchance the very farmer who owns that property will dine with him after the market is past, and over their ale and pipes they will discuss these matters. Such was the old system of travelling to market; and a few thrifty couples may yet be found who still make one pad carry themselves and their commodities once or twice a week to the next town.—*J. Miller.*

From an article by Mrs. Ellet, in the Baltimore Museum.

HANDEL'S MESSIAH.

"Amen!" resounded through the vast arches of the church, and died away in whispering melody in its remotest aisles. "Amen!" responded Handel, while he let fall slowly the staff with which he kept time. Successful beyond expectation was the first performance of his immortal masterpiece. Immense was the impression it produced, as well on the performers as upon the audience. The fame of Handel stood now immovable.

When the composer left the church, he found a royal equipage waiting for him, which, by the king's command, conveyed him to Carlton-house.

George the Second received the illustrious German, surrounded by his whole household, and many nobles of the court. "Well, Master Handel," he cried, after a gracious welcome, "it must be owned, you have made us a noble present in your Messiah; it is a brave piece of work."

"Is it?" asked Handel, and looked the monarch in the face, well pleased.

"It is, indeed," replied George. "And now tell me what can I do, to express my thanks to you for it?"

"If your majesty," answered Handel, "will give a p'ace to

the young man who sang the tenor solo part so well, I shall be ever grateful to your majesty. He is my pupil, Joseph Wach, and he would fain marry his pupil, the fair Ellen, daughter to old John Farren; the old man gives consent, but his dame is opposed, because Joseph has no place as yet. And your majesty knows full well, that it is hard to carry a cause against the women."

"You are mistaken, Master Handel," said the king, with a forced smile; "I know nothing to that effect; but Joseph has from this day a place in our chapel as first tenor."

"Indeed!" cried Handel, rubbing his hands with joy, "I thank your majesty from the bottom of my heart!"

King George was silent a few moments, expecting the master to ask some other favour. "But, Master Handel," he said at length, "have you nothing to ask for yourself? I would willingly show my gratitude to you, in your own person, for the fair entertainment you provided us all in your Messiah!"

The flush of anger suddenly mantled on Handel's cheek, and he answered in a disappointed tone—"Sire, I have endeavoured not to entertain you—but to make you better."

The whole court was astonished; King George stepped back a pace or two, and looked on the bold master with surprise. Then bursting into a heavy fit of laughter, and walking up to him—"Handel!" he cried—"you are, and ever will be, a rough old fellow withal;—go do what you will, we remain ever the best friends in the world."

"Proud and magnificent is the marble monument erected in Westminster to the memory of Handel. Time may destroy it; but the monument—he himself—in his high and holy inspiration, has left us—his Messiah, will last for ever."

SNOWDONIA.—Rising gradually and majestically from its rock-girt base, Snowdon embraces within its limits a distinct region of subject hills, valleys and lakes, stretching across the country in one vast unbroken chain from sea to sea. It was formerly considered, in fact, to comprise within itself a little kingdom; the barons of Snowdon were the most potent lords of the soil, and the seignior of its broad and bold domain was always the most severely contested and the last resigned. Edward I. celebrated his final triumph over the ill-fated Llewelyn in jousts and festivals upon its plains; he often made it his favourite summer residence; it was chosen as the congress of the native princes, and of the bardic contests, and palaces and hunting seats animated its wooded and well-peopled eminences. Now, a comparatively barren wilderness spreads before the eye; naked massy ridges still rear their natural barrier against the skies; but most of the military stations, castles and towers, which made them formidable are seen no more.—*Roscoe's Wanders and Excursions in North Wales.*

SINGULAR ANECDOTE.—About ten days ago, one of the farm-keeper's wives was going homewards through the woods, when she saw a roebuck running towards her with its horns; she was considerably alarmed; but at the distance of a few paces, the animal stopped and disappeared among the bushes. The woman recovered herself and was proceeding on her way, when the roebuck appeared again, ran towards her as before, and again retreated, without doing her any harm. On this being done a third time, the woman was induced to follow it till it led her to the side of a deep ditch, in which she discovered a young roebuck unable to extricate itself, and on the point of being smothered in the water. The woman immediately endeavoured to rescue it, during which the other roebuck stood by quietly, and soon as her exertions were successful, the two animals galloped away together.

BEAUTIFUL COINCIDENCE.—During the morning service, recently, at Christ's Church, Salem street, an incident occurred which would have been interpreted, by the ancients, as a signal of Divine approbation. The Rev. Mr. Marcus, of Nantucket, the officiating minister, gave out to be sung, the 84th Psalm, in which is the following stanza:

The birds more happier far than I,
Around thy temple throng;
Securely there they build, and there
Securely hatch their young.

Whilst he was reading this Psalm, a dove flew in at one of the windows, and alighted on the capital of one of the pilasters, near the altar, and nearly over the head of the reader. A note of the Psalm and Hymn to be sung had been previously given, as is customary, to the choir; otherwise, it might have been supposed that there was design in the selection, for the minister announced, for the second singing, the 75th Hymn, commencing.

Come Holy Spirit, heavenly dove
With all thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
In these cold hearts of ours.

The preacher was unconscious of the presence of the bird, until the close of the services; and then the innocent visiter was suffered to "depart in peace."—*Boston Trans.*

COMMUNING WITH ONE'S SELF.—A person of a truly su-

perior and philosophical mind would seldom wish to forgo the estimable privilege of communing with himself:

Sir Walter Scott says in his diary: "From the earliest time I preferred the pleasures of being alone to wishing for visitors, and have often taken a bannock and a bit of cheese to the wood or hill, to avoid dining in company. As I grew from boyhood to manhood, I saw this would not do, and that to gain a place in men's esteem, I must mix and bustle with them. Pride and exaltation of spirits often supplied the real pleasure which others seemed to feel in society; yet mine certainly upon many occasions was real. Still if the question was eternal company, without the power of retiring within yourself, or solitary confinement for life, I should say, 'Turnkey, lock the cell.'"

IS ANY MERRY? LET HIM SING PSALMS.

Sing at your work—'twill lighten
The labors of the way;
Sing at your work—'twill brighten
The darkness of the day;
Sing at your work—though sorrow
Its lengthened shade may cast,
Joy cometh on the morrow,
A sunbeam cheers the blast.
To pain a brief dominion
Is o'er the spirit given,
But music nerves the pinion
That bears it up to heaven.

A CURIOUS FACT FROM WIRE-DRAWING.—When, for very accurate purposes of science or the arts, a considerable length of uniform wire is to be drawn, a plate with one or more jewelled holes, that is, filled with one or more perforated rubies, sapphires, or chrysolites, can alone be trusted to, because the holes even in the best steel become rapidly wider by the abrasion. Through a hole in a ruby 0.0033 of an inch in diameter, a silver wire 170 miles long has been drawn, which possessed at the end the very same section as at the beginning; a result determined by weighing portions of equal length, as also by measuring it with a micrometer. The whole in an ordinary draw-plate of soft steel becomes so wide, by drawing 14,000 fathoms of brass wire, that it requires to be narrowed before original sized wier can be again obtained.

CHEERFULNESS IN WIVES.—Boz well remarks that a cheerful woman may be of great assistance to her husband in business, by wearing a cheerful smile continually upon her countenance. A man's perplexities and gloominess are increased a hundred fold, when his better half moves about with a continual scowl upon her brow. A pleasant cheerful wife is a rainbow set in the sky, when her husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests.

The writer was surveying London from the cupola of St. Paul's. It was a gloomy day, the fog rolled up its heavy curtains in a limited radius, so that the thousand spires of the metropolis were shut from the circumference embraced by the eye. As he looked around, he was aware of another spectator, standing by his side, who accosted him—"Well, I guess this 'ere is a pretty great place from what I can see!" Our tourist took him at once for a fellow countryman. "Yes," he replied, with affected ignorance: "You Englishmen ought to be proud of it."

"Oh," said he in return; "I guess I aint an Englishman; I rather expect that I'm principally from the United States."

"So am I," was the rejoinder. "We are looking, though, upon an immense metropolis, as you intimated; but we do not see its immensity to-day. It needs as clear a light as possible, for the wide and general view."

"Well, yes, I expect it does. After all, it must be a desperate sizeable place, including the outskirts and water-privileges; for it looks to be dreadful thick-settled jest along here, round the meeting-house!"

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