

## Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /  
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion  
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut  
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la  
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /  
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may  
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these  
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que  
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une  
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,  
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas  
été numérisées.

# HALIFAX PEARL,

AVOLUME DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND RELIGION

Published every Friday evening, at Fifteen Shillings per Annum, in advance.

VOLUME TWO.

FRIDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 21, 1838.

NUMBER THIRTY EIGHT.

## NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.—No. 6.

[We continue our narrative of the hero of the popular work of 'Boz.' Nicholas arrived in London, makes his way to the house of Newman Noggs, the clerk of Ralph Nickleby. Among other topics of conversation, the following is introduced, with the letter of dear Miss Squeers, who had formerly felt a tender attachment for Nickleby.]

"The day before yesterday," said Newman, "your uncle received this letter. I took a hasty copy of it while he was out. Shall I read it?"

"If you please," replied Nicholas. Newman Noggs accordingly read as follows:—

"*Dotheboys' Hall,*  
"Thursday Morning.

"SIR,

"My pa requests me to write to you. The doctors considering it doubtful whether he will ever recover the use of his legs which prevents his holding a pen.

"We are in a state of mind beyond every thing, and my pa is in one mask of brooses both blue and green likewise two forms are steeped in his Goar. We were kimpelled to have him carried down into the kitchen where he now lays. You will judge from this that he has been brought very low.

"When your neww that you recommended for a teacher had done this to my pa and jumped upon his body with his feet and also langwedge which I will not pollewit my pen with describing, he assaulted my ma with dreadful violence, dashed her to the earth, and drove her back comb several inches into her head. A very little more and it must have entered her skull. We have a medical certifiket that if it had, the tortershell would have affected the brain.

"Me and my brother were then the victims of his feury since which we have suffered very much which leads us to the arrowing belief that we have received some injury in our insides, especially as no marks of violence are visible externally. I am screaming out loud all the time I write and so is my brother which takes off my attention rather, and I hope will excuse mistakes.

"The monster having satiated his thirst for blood ran away, taking with him a boy of desperate character, that he had excited to rebellyon, and a garnet ring belonging to my ma, and not having been apprehended by the constables is supposed to have been took up by some stage coach. My pa begs that if he comes to you the ring may be returned, and that you will let the thief and the assassin go, as if we prosecuted him he would only be transported, and if he is let go he is sure to be hung before long, which will save us trouble, and be much more satisfactory. Hoping to hear from you when convenient

"I remain

"Yours and cetera

"FANNY SQUEERS.

"P. S. I pity his ignorance and despise him."

Having thus furnished the reader with a beautiful specimen of a young lady's hate, we shall now introduce the whole of

### CHAPTER XVI.

NICHOLAS SEEKS TO EMPLOY HIMSELF IN A NEW CAPACITY, AND BEING UNSUCCESSFUL, ACCEPTS AN ENGAGEMENT AS TUTOR IN A PRIVATE FAMILY.

The first care of Nicholas next morning was, to look after some room in which, until better times dawned upon him, he could contrive to exist without trenching upon the hospitality of Newman Noggs, who would have slept upon the stairs with pleasure, so that his young friend was accommodated.

The vacant apartment to which the bill in the parlour window bore reference, appeared on enquiry to be a small back room on the second floor reclaimed from the leads, and overlooking a soot-bespeckled prospect of tiles and chimney-pots. For the letting of this portion of the house from week to week, on reasonable terms, the parlour lodger was empowered to treat, he being deputed by the landlord to dispose of the rooms as they became vacant, and to keep a sharp look-out that the lodgers didn't run away. As a means of securing the punctual discharge of which last service he was permitted to live rent-free, lest he should at any time be tempted to run away himself.

Of this chamber Nicholas became the tenant; and having hired a few common articles of furniture from a neighbouring broker, and paid the first week's hire in advance, out of a small fund raised by the conversion of some spare clothes into ready money, he sat himself down to ruminate upon his prospects, which, like

that outside his window, were sufficiently confined and dingy. As they by no means improved on better acquaintance, and as familiarity breeds contempt, he resolved to banish them from his thoughts by dint of hard walking. So, taking up his hat, and leaving poor Smike to arrange and re-arrange the room with as much delight as if it had been the costliest palace, he betook himself to the streets, and mingled with the crowd which thronged them.

Although a man may lose a sense of his own importance when he is a mere unit among a busy throng, all utterly regardless of him, it by no means follows that he can dispossess himself, with equal facility, of a very strong sense of the importance and magnitude of his cares. The unhappy state of his own affairs was the one idea which occupied the brain of Nicholas, walk as fast as he would; and when he tried to dislodge it by speculating on the situation and prospects of the people who surrounded him, he caught himself in a few seconds contrasting their condition with his own, and gliding almost imperceptibly back into his old train of thought again.

Occupied in these reflections, as he was making his way along one of the great public thoroughfares of London, he chanced to raise his eyes to a blue board, whereon was inscribed in characters of gold, "General Agency Office; for places and situations of all kinds inquire within." It was a shop-front, fitted up with a gauze blind and an inner door; and in the window hung a long and tempting array of written placards, announcing vacant places of every grade, from a secretary's to a footboy's.

Nicholas halted instinctively before this temple of promise, and ran his eye over the capital-text openings in life which were so profusely displayed. When he had completed his survey he walked on a little way, and then back, and then on again; at length, after pausing irresolutely several times before the door of the General Agency Office, he made up his mind, and stepped in.

He found himself in a little floor-clothed room, with a high desk railed off in one corner, behind which sat a lean youth with cunning eyes and a protruding chin, whose performances in capital-text darkened the window. He had a thick ledger lying open before him, and with the fingers of his right hand inserted between the leaves, and his eyes fixed upon a very fat old lady in a mob-cap—evidently the proprietress of the establishment—who was airing herself at the fire, seemed to be only waiting her directions to refer to some entries contained within its rusty clasps.

As there was a board outside, which acquainted the public that servants-of-all-work were perpetually in waiting to be hired from ten till four, Nicholas knew at once that some half-dozen strong young women, each with patters and an umbrella, who were sitting upon a form in one corner, were in attendance for that purpose, especially as the poor things looked anxious and weary. He was not quite so certain of the callings and stations of two smart young ladies who were in conversation with the fat lady before the fire, until—having sat himself down in a corner, and remarked that he would wait till the other customers had been served—the fat lady resumed the dialogue which his entrance had interrupted.

"Cook, Tom," said the fat lady, still airing herself as aforesaid.

"Cook," said Tom, turning over some leaves of the ledger.

"Well."

"Read out an easy place or two," said the fat lady.

"Pick out very light ones, if you please, young man," interposed a genteel female in shepherd's plaid boots, who appeared to be the client.

"Mrs. Marker," said Tom, reading, "Russel Place, Russell Square; offers eighteen guineas, tea and sugar found. Two in family, and see very little company. Five servants kept. No man. No followers."

"Oh Lor!" tittered the client. "That won't do. Read another, young man, will you?"

"Mrs. Wrymug," said Tom. "Pleasant Place, Finsbury. Wages, twelve guineas. No tea, no sugar. Serious family—"

"Ah! you needn't mind reading that," interrupted the client.

"Three serious footmen," said Tom, impressively.

"Three, did you say?" asked the client, in an altered tone.

"Three serious footmen," replied Tom. "Cook, housemaid, and nursemaid; each female servant required to join the Little Bethel Congregation three times every Sunday—with a serious footman. If the cook is more serious than the footman, she will be expected to improve the footman; if the footman is more serious than the cook, he will be expected to improve the cook."

"I'll take the address of that place," said the client; "I don't know but what it mightn't suit me pretty well."

"Here's another," remarked Tom, turning over the leaves; "Family of Mr. Gallanbile, M. P. Fifteen guineas, tea and sugar, and servants allowed to see male cousins, if godly. Note. Cold dinner in the kitchen on the Sabbath, Mr. Gallanbile being devoted to the Observance question. No victuals whatever cooked on the Lord's Day, with the exception of dinner for Mr. and Mrs. Gallanbile, which, being a work of piety and necessity is exempted. Mr. Gallanbile dines late on the day of rest, in order to prevent the sinfulness of the cook's dressing herself."

"I don't think that'll answer as well as the other," said the client, after a little whispering with her friend. "I'll take the other direction, if you please, young man. I can but come back again, if it don't do."

Tom made out the address, as requested, and the genteel client, having satisfied the fat lady with a small fee meanwhile, went away, accompanied by her friend.

As Nicholas opened his mouth to request the young man to turn to letter S, and let him know what secretaryships remained undisposed of, there came into the office an applicant, in whose favour he immediately retired, and whose appearance both surprised and interested him.

This was a young lady who could be scarcely eighteen, of very slight and delicate figure, but exquisitely shaped, who, walking timidly up to the desk, made an inquiry, in a very low tone of voice, relative to some situation as governess, or companion to a lady. She raised her veil for an instant, while she preferred the inquiry, and disclosed a countenance of most uncommon beauty, although shaded by a cloud of sadness, which in one so young was doubly remarkable. Having received a card of reference to some person on the books, she made the usual acknowledgment, and glided away.

She was neatly, but very quietly attired; so much so, indeed, that it seemed as though her dress, if it had been worn by one who imparted fewer graces of her own to it, might have looked poor and shabby. Her attendant—for she had one—was a red-faced, round-eyed, slovenly girl, who, from a certain roughness about the bare arms that peeped from under her dragged shawl, and the half-washed-out traces of smut and blacklead which tattooed her countenance, was clearly of a kin with the servants-of-all-work on the form, between whom and herself there had passed various grins and glances, indicative of the freemasonry of the craft.

The girl followed her mistress; and before Nicholas had recovered from the first effects of his surprise and admiration, the young lady was gone. It is not a matter of such complete and utter improbability as some sober people may think, that he would have followed them out, had he not been restrained by what passed between the fat lady and her book-keeper.

"When is she coming again, Tom?" asked the fat lady.

"To-morrow morning," replied Tom, mending his pen.

"Where have you sent her to?" asked the fat lady.

"Mrs. Clark's," replied Tom.

"She'll have a nice life of it, if she goes there," observed the fat lady, taking a pinch of snuff from a tin box.

Tom made no other reply than thrusting his tongue into his cheek, and pointing the feather of his pen towards Nicholas—reminders which elicited from the fat lady an inquiry of "Now, Sir, what can we do for you?"

Nicholas briefly replied that he wanted to know whether there was any such post as secretary or amanuensis to a gentleman to be had.

"Any such!" rejoined the mistress; "a dozen such. An't there, Tom?"

"I should think so," answered that young gentleman; and as he said it, he winked towards Nicholas with a degree of familiarity which he no doubt intended for a rather flattering compliment, but with which Nicholas was most ungratefully disgusted.

Upon reference to the book, it appeared that the dozen secretaryships had dwindled down to one. Mr. Greggsbury, the great member of parliament, of Manchester Buildings, Westminster, wanted a young man to keep his papers and correspondence in order; and Nicholas was exactly the sort of young man that Mr. Greggsbury wanted.

"I don't know what the terms are, as he said he'd settle them himself with the party," observed the fat lady; "but they must be pretty good ones, because he's a member of parliament."

Inexperienced as he was, Nicholas did not feel quite assured of

the force of this reasoning, or the justice of this conclusion; but without troubling himself to question it, he took down the address, and resolved to wait upon Mr. Gregsby without delay.

"I don't know what the number is," said Tom; "but Manchester Buildings isn't a large place; and if the worst comes to the worst, it won't take you very long to knock at all the doors on both sides of the way 'till you find him out. I say, what a good-looking gal that was, wasn't she?"

"What girl, Sir," demanded Nicholas, sternly.

"Oh yes. I know—what gal, eh?" whispered Tom, shutting one eye, and cocking his chin in the air. "You didn't see her, you didn't—I say, don't you wish you was me, when she comes to-morrow morning?"

Nicholas looked at the ugly clerk, as if he had a mind to reward his admiration of the young lady by beating the ledger about his ears, but he refrained, and strode laughingly out of the office; setting at defiance, in his indignation, those ancient laws of chivalry, which not only made it proper and lawful for all good knights to hear the praise of the ladies to whom they were devoted, but rendered it incumbent upon them to roam about the world, and knock at head all such matter-of-fact and unpoetical characters, as declined to exalt, above all the earth, damsels whom they had never chanced to look upon or hear of—as if that were any excuse.

Thinking no longer of his own misfortunes, but wondering what could be those of the beautiful girl he had seen, Nicholas, with many wrong turns, and many inquiries, and almost as many misdirections, bent his steps towards the place whither he had been directed.

Within the precincts of the ancient city of Westminster, and within half a quarter of a mile of its ancient sanctuary, is a narrow and dirty region, the sanctuary of the smaller members of parliament in modern days. It is all comprised in one street of gloomy lodging-houses, from whose windows in vacation time there frown long melancholy rows of bills, which say as plainly as did the countenances of their occupiers, ranged on ministerial and opposition benches in the session which slumbers with its fathers, "To Let"—"To Let." In busier periods of the year these bills disappear, and the houses swarm with legislators. There are legislators in the parlours, in the first floor, in the second, in the third, in the garrets; the small apartments reek with the breath of deputations and delegates. In damp weather the place is rendered close by the steams of moist acts of parliament and frowzy petitions; general postmen grow faint as they enter its infected limits, and shabby figures in quest of franks, sit restlessly to and fro like the troubled ghosts of Complete Letter-writers departed. This is Manchester Buildings; and here, at all hours of the night, may be heard the rattling of latch-keys in their respective keyholes, with now and then—when a gust of wind sweeping across the water which washes the Buildings' feet, impels the sound towards its entrance—the weak, shrill voice of some young member practising the morrow's speech. All the live-long day there is a grinding of organs and clashing and changing of little boxes of music, for Manchester Buildings is an eel-pot, which has no outlet but its awkward mouth—a case-bottle which has no thoroughfare, and a short and narrow neck—and in this respect it may be typical of the fate of some few among its more adventurous residents, who, after wriggling themselves into Parliament by violent efforts and contortions, find that it too is no thoroughfare for them; that, like Manchester buildings, it leads to nothing beyond itself; and that they are fain at last to back out, no wiser, no richer, not one whit more famous, than they went in.

Into Manchester Buildings Nicholas turned, with the address of the great Mr. Gregsby in his hand; and as there was a stream of people pouring into a shabby house not far from the entrance, he waited until they had made their way in, and then making up to the servant, ventured to inquire if he knew where Mr. Gregsby lived.

The servant was a very pale, shabby boy, who looked as if he had slept under ground from his infancy, as very likely he had. "Mr. Gregsby?" said he; "Mr. Gregsby lodges here. Its all right. Come in."

Nicholas thought he might as well get in while he could, so in he walked; and he had no sooner done so, than the boy shut the door and made off.

This was odd enough, but what was more embarrassing was, that all along the narrow passage, and all along the narrow stairs, blocking up the window, and making the dark entry darker still, was a confused crowd of persons with great importance depicted in their looks; who were, to all appearance, waiting in silent expectation of some coming event; from time to time one man would whisper his neighbour, or a little group would whisper together, and then the whisperers would nod fiercely to each other, or give their heads a relentless shake, as if they were bent upon doing something very desperate, and were determined not to be put off, whatever happened.

As a few minutes elapsed without anything occurring to explain this phenomenon, and as he felt his own position a peculiarly uncomfortable one, Nicholas was on the point of seeking some in-

formation from the man next him, when a sudden move was visible on the stairs, and a voice was heard to cry, "Now, gentlemen, have the goodness to walk up."

So far from walking up, the gentlemen on the stairs began to walk down with great alacrity, and to entreat, with extraordinary politeness, that the gentlemen nearest the street would go first; the gentlemen nearest the street retorted, with equal courtesy, that they couldn't think of such a thing on any account; but they did it without thinking of it, inasmuch as the other gentlemen pressing some half-dozen (among whom was Nicholas) forward, and closing up behind, pushed them, not merely up the stairs, but into the very sitting-room of Mr. Gregsby, which they were thus compelled to enter with most unseemly precipitation, and without the means of retreat; the press behind them more than filling the apartment.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Gregsby, "you are welcome. I am rejoiced to see you."

For a gentleman who was rejoiced to see a body of visitors, Mr. Gregsby looked as uncomfortable as might be; but perhaps this was occasioned by senatorial gravity, and a statesmanlike habit of keeping his feelings under control. He was a tough, burly, thick-headed gentleman, with a loud voice, a pompous manner, a tolerable command of sentences with no meaning in them, and in short every requisite for a very good member indeed.

"Now, gentlemen," said Mr. Gregsby, tossing a great bundle of papers into a wicker basket at his feet, and throwing himself back in his chair with his arms over the elbows, "you are dissatisfied with my conduct, I see by the newspapers."

"Yes, Mr. Gregsby, we are," said a plump old gentleman in a violent heat, bursting out of the throng, and planting himself in the front.

"Do my eyes deceive me," said Mr. Gregsby, looking towards the speaker, "is that my old friend Pugstyles?"

"I am that man, and no other, Sir," replied the plump old gentleman.

"Give me your hand, my worthy friend," said Mr. Gregsby. "Pugstyles, my dear friend, I am very sorry to see you here."

"I am very sorry to be here, Sir," said Mr. Pugstyles; "but your conduct, Mr. Gregsby, has rendered this deputation from your constituents imperatively necessary."

"My conduct, Pugstyles," said Mr. Gregsby, looking round upon the deputation with gracious magnanimity—"My conduct has been, and ever will be, regulated by a sincere regard for the true and real interests of this great and happy country. Whether I look at home or abroad, whether I behold the peaceful, industrious communities of our island home, her rivers covered with steamboats, her roads with locomotives, her streets with cabs, her skies with balloons of a power and magnitude hitherto unknown in the history of aeronautics in this or any other nation—I say, whether I look merely at home, or stretching my eyes further, contemplate the boundless prospect of conquest and possession—achieved by British perseverance and British valour—which is outspread before me, I clasp my hands, and turning my eyes to the broad expanse above my head, exclaim, 'Thank Heaven, I am a Britain!'"

The time had been when this burst of enthusiasm would have been cheered to the very echo; but now the deputation received it with chilling coldness. The general impression seemed to be, that as an explanation of Mr. Gregsby's political conduct, it did not enter quite enough into detail, and one gentleman in the rear did not scruple to remark aloud, that for his purpose it savoured rather too much of a "gammon" tendency.

"The meaning of that term—gammon," said Mr. Gregsby, "is unknown to me. If it means that I grow a little too servid, or perhaps even hyperbolic, in extolling my native land, I admit the full justice of the remark. I am proud of this free and happy country. My form dilates, my eye glistens, my breast heaves, my heart swells, my bosom burns, when I call to mind her greatness and her glory."

"We wish, Sir," remarked Mr. Pugstyles, calmly, "to ask you a few questions."

"If you please, gentlemen; my time is yours—and my country's—and my country's—" said Mr. Gregsby.

This permission being conceded, Mr. Pugstyles put on his spectacles, and referred to a written paper which he drew from his pocket, whereupon nearly every other member of the deputation pulled a written paper from his pocket, to check Mr. Pugstyles off, as he read the questions.

This done, Mr. Pugstyles proceeded to business.

"Question number one.—Whether, Sir, you did not give a voluntary pledge previous to your election, that in the event of your being returned you would immediately put down the practice of coughing and groaning in the House of Commons. And whether you did not submit to be coughed and groaned down in the very first debate of the session, and have since made no effort to effect a reform in this respect! Whether you did not also pledge yourself to astonish this government, and make them shrink in their shoes. And whether you have astonished them and made them shrink in their shoes, or not?"

"Go on to the next one, my dear Pugstyles," said Mr. Gregsby.

"Have you any explanation to offer with reference to that question, Sir?" asked Mr. Pugstyles.

"Certainly not," said Mr. Gregsby.

The members of the deputation looked fiercely at each other, and afterwards at the member, and "dear Pugstyles" having taken a very long stare at Mr. Gregsby over the tops of his spectacles, resumed his list of inquiries.

"Question number two.—Whether, Sir, you did not likewise give a voluntary pledge that you would support your colleague on every occasion; and whether you did not, the night before last, desert him and vote upon the other side, because the wife of a leader on that other side had invited Mrs. Gregsby to an evening party?"

"Go on," said Mr. Gregsby.

"Nothing to say on that, either, Sir?" asked the spokesman.

"Nothing whatever," replied Mr. Gregsby. The deputation, who had only seen him at canvassing or election time, were struck dumb by his coolness. He didn't appear like the same man; then he was all milk and honey—now he was all starch and vinegar. But men are so different at different times!

"Question number three—and last—" said Mr. Pugstyles, emphatically. "Whether, Sir, you did not state upon the hustings, that it was your firm and determined intention to oppose everything proposed; to divide the house upon every question, to move for returns on every subject, to place a motion on the books every day, and, in short, in your own memorable words, to play the devil with everything and everybody?" With this comprehensive inquiry Mr. Pugstyles folded up his list of questions, as did all his backers.

Mr. Gregsby reflected, blew his nose, threw himself further back in his chair, came forward again, leaning his elbows on the table, made a triangle with his two thumbs and his two forefingers, and tapping his nose with the apex thereof, replied (smiling as he said it), "I deny everything."

At this unexpected answer a hoarse murmur arose from the deputation; and the same gentleman who had expressed an opinion relative to the gammoning nature of the introductory speech, again made a monosyllabic demonstration, by growling out "Resign;" which growl being taken up by his fellows, swelled into a very earnest and general remonstrance.

"I am requested, Sir, to express a hope," said Mr. Pugstyles, with a distant bow, "that on receiving a requisition to that effect from a great majority of your constituents, you will not object at once to resign your seat in favour of some candidate whom they think they can better trust."

To which Mr. Gregsby read the following reply, which, anticipating the request, he had composed in the form of a letter, whereof copies had been made to send round to the newspapers.

"MY DEAR PUGSTYLES,

"Next to the welfare of our beloved island—this great and free and happy country, whose powers and resources are, I sincerely believe, illimitable—I value that noble independence which is an Englishman's proudest boast, and which I fondly hope to bequeath to my children untarnished and unsullied. Actuated by no personal motives, but moved only by high and constitutional considerations which I will not attempt to explain, for they are really beneath the comprehension of those who have not made themselves masters, as I have, of the intricate and arduous study of politics, I would rather keep my seat, and intend doing so.

"Will you do me the favour to present my compliments to the constituent body, and acquaint them with this circumstance?"

"With great esteem,  
"My dear Pugstyles,  
"etc. etc."

"Then you will not resign, under any circumstances?" asked the spokesman.

Mr. Gregsby smiled, and shook his head.

"Then good morning, Sir," said Pugstyles, angrily.

"God bless you," said Mr. Gregsby. And the deputation, with many growls and scowls, filed off as quickly as the narrowness of the staircase would allow of their getting down.

Concluded next week.

#### INVENTIONS OF THE ARABIANS.

A GREAT number of the inventions which, at the present day, add to the comforts of life, and without which literature could never have flourished, are due to the Arabians. Thus paper, now so necessary to the progress of the intellect, the want of which plunged Europe, from the seventh to the tenth century, into such a state of ignorance and barbarism, is an Arabic invention. In China, indeed, from all antiquity, it had been manufactured from silk; but about the year 30 of the Hegira, A.D. 649, this invention was introduced at Samarcand; and when that flourishing city was conquered by the Arabians, in the year 35 of the Hegira, an Arabian, of the name of Joseph Amton, carried the process by which paper was made to Mecca, his native city. He employed cotton in the manufacture; and the first paper, nearly resembling that which we now use, was made in

the year 88 of the Hegira, A. D. 706. This invention spread with rapidity throughout all the dominions of the Arabians, and more especially in Spain, where the town of Sativa, in the kingdom of Valencia, now called San-Philippo, was renowned from the twelfth century for its beautiful manufacture of paper.

It appears that, at this time, the Spaniards had substituted, in the fabrication of paper, flax, which grew abundantly with them, for cotton, which was far more scarce and dear. It was not until the end of the thirteenth century that, at the instance of Alfonso X., king of Castile, paper-mills were established in the Christian states of Spain, from whence the invention passed, in the fourteenth century, only to Trevisa and Padua.

Gunpowder, the discovery of which is generally attributed to a German chemist, was known to the Arabians at least a century before any traces of it appear in the European historians. In the thirteenth century it was frequently employed by the Moors in their wars in Spain, and some indications remain of its having been known in the eleventh century.

The compass, also, the invention of which has been given, alternately, to the Italians and the French, in the thirteenth century, was already known to the Arabians in the eleventh. The Geographer of Nubia, who wrote in the twelfth century, speaks of it as an instrument universally employed.

The numerals which we call Arabic, but which, perhaps, ought rather to be called Indian, were undoubtedly, at least, communicated to us by the Arabians. Without them, none of the sciences in which calculation is employed could have been carried to the point at which they have arrived in our day, and which the great mathematicians and astronomers, amongst the Arabians, very nearly approached.

The number of Arabic inventions, of which we enjoy the benefit without suspecting it, is prodigious. But they have been introduced into Europe, in every direction, slowly and imperceptibly; for those who imported them did not arrogate to themselves the discovery, but acknowledged that they had seen them practised in the East. It is peculiarly characteristic of all the pretended discoveries of the middle ages, that when the historians mention them for the first time, they treat them as things in general use. Neither gunpowder, nor the compass, nor the Arabic numerals, nor paper, are any where spoken of as discoveries, and yet they must have wrought a total change in war, in navigation, in science, and in education. It cannot be doubted but that the inventor, if he had lived at that time, would have had sufficient vanity to claim so important a discovery. Since that was not the case, it may reasonably be presumed that these inventions were slowly imported by obscure individuals, and not by men of genius, and that they were brought from a country where they were already universally known.

Such, then, was the brilliant light which literature displayed, from the ninth to the fourteenth century of our era, in those vast countries which had submitted to the yoke of Islamism. Many melancholy reflections arise when we enumerate the long list of names which, though unknown to us, were then so illustrious, and of manuscripts buried in dusty libraries, which yet, in their time, exercised a powerful influence over the human intellect. What remains of so much glory? Not more than five or six individuals are in a situation to take advantage of the manuscript treasures which are enclosed in the library of the Escorial. A few hundreds of men only, dispersed throughout all Europe, have qualified themselves, by obstinate application, to explore the rich mines of oriental literature. These scholars with difficulty obtain a few rare and obscure manuscripts; but they are unable to advance far enough to form a judgment of the whole scope of that literature, of which they have so partial a knowledge.

But the boundless regions where Islamism reigned, and still continues to reign, are now dead to the interests of science. The rich countries of Fez and Morocco, illustrious, five centuries, by the number of their academies, their universities, and their libraries, are now only deserts of burning sand, which the human tyrant disputes with the beasts of prey.

The smiling and fertile shores of Mauritania, where commerce, arts, and agriculture attained their highest prosperity, are now the retreats of corsairs, who spread horror over the seas, and who only relax from their labours in shameful debaucheries, until the plague periodically comes to select its victims from among them, and to avenge offended humanity. Egypt has, by degrees, been swallowed up by the sands which formerly fertilised it. Syria and Palestine are desolated by the wandering Bedouins, less terrible still than the pacha who oppresses them. Bagdad, formerly the residence of luxury, of power, and of knowledge, is a heap of ruins. The celebrated universities of Cufa and Bassora are extinct. Those of Samarcand and Balkh share in the destruction. In this immense extent of territory, twice or thrice as large as Europe, nothing is found but ignorance, slavery, terror, and death. Few men are capable of reading the works of their illustrious ancestors; and of the few who could comprehend them, none are able to procure them. The prodigious literary riches of the Arabians no longer exist in any of the countries where the Arabians and the Mussulmans rule. It is not there that we must seek, either for the fame of their great men, or for their writings. What

have been preserved are in the hands of their enemies, in the convents of the monks, or in the royal libraries of Europe. And yet these vast countries have not been conquered. It is not the stranger who has spoiled them of their riches, who has annihilated their population, and destroyed their laws, their manners and their national spirit. The poison was their own; it was administered by themselves, and the result has been their own destruction.

Who may say that Europe itself, whither the empire of letters and of science has been transplanted; which sheds so brilliant a light; which forms so correct a judgment of the past, and which compares so well the successive reigns of the literature and the manners of antiquity, shall not, in a few years, become as wild and deserted as the hills of Mauritania, the sands of Egypt, and the valleys of Anatolia? Who may say, that in some new land, perhaps in those lofty regions whence the Orinoco and the river of the Amazons have their source, or, perhaps, in the impregnable mountain fastnesses of New Holland, nations with other manners, other languages, other thoughts, and other religions, shall not arise, once more to renew the human race, and to study the past as we have studied it; nations who hearing of our existence, that our knowledge was as extensive as their own, and that we, like themselves, placed our trust in the stability of fame, shall pity our impotent efforts, and recall the names of Newton, of Racine, and of Tasso, as examples of the vain struggles of man to snatch that immortality of glory which fate has refused to bestow?—*Sismondi*.

#### SAM SLICK ON SLAVERY.

"I have heard tell, said he, that you British have 'mancipated your niggers. Yes, said I, thank God! slavery exists not in the British empire. Well, I take some credit to myself for that, said the Clockmaker; it was me that sot that agoin' any way. You! said I, with the most unfeigned astonishment;—you! how could you, by any possibility be instrumental in that great national act? Well, I'll tell you, said he, tho' it's a considerable of a long story too. When I returned from Poland, via London, in the hair speckelation of Jabish Green, I went down to Sheffield to execute a commission. \* \* \*

"When I was down there a gentleman called on me one afternoon, one John Canter by name, and says he, Mr. Slick I've called to see you, to make some enquiries about America; me and my friends think of emigratin' there. \* \* I was born a quaker, Mr. Slick. Plenty of 'em with us, says I, and well to do in the world too.—considerable stiff folks in their way them quakers.—Well, lately I've dissented from 'em, says he.—Curious that too, says I. I was a thinkin' the beaver didn't shade the inner man quite so much as I have seed it; but, says I, I like oissent; it shows a man has both a mind and a conscience too; if he hadn't a mind he couldn't dissent, and if he hadn't a conscience he wouldn't; a man, therefore, who quits his church, always stand's a notch higher with me than a stupid obstinate critter that sticks to it 'cause he was born and brought up in it, and his father belonged to it—there's no sense in that. A quaker is a very set man in his way; a dissenter therefore from a quaker must be what I call a considerable of a—obstinate man, says he, larfin'. No, says I, not gist exactly that, but he must carry a pretty tolerable stiff upper lip, tho'—that's a fact. Well, says he, Mr. Slick, this country is an aristocratic country, a very aristocratic country indeed, and it tants easy for a man to push himself when he has no great friend or family interest; and besides, if a man has some little talent—says he, (and he squeezed his chin between his fore-finger and thumb, as much as to say, tho' I say it that shouldn't say it, I have a very tolerable share of it at any rate,) he has no opportunity of risin' by bringin' himself afore the public. Every avenue is filled. A man has no chance to come forward,—money won't do it, for that I have,—talent won't do it, for the opportunity is wantin'. I believe I'll go to the States where all men are equal, and one has neither the trouble of risin' nor the vexation of fallin'. Then you'd like to come forward in public life here, would you, said I, if you had a chance? I would, says he; that's the truth. Give me your hand then, says I, my friend, I've got an idea that will make your fortune. I'll put you in a track that will make a man of you first, and a nobleman afterwards, as sure as thou says thee. Walk into the niggers, says I, and they'll help you to walk into the whites, and they'll make you walk into parliament. Walk into the niggers, said he, —I don't understand you.—Take up 'mancipation, says I, and work it up till it works you up; call meetin's and make speeches to 'em;—get up societies and make reports to 'em;—get up petitions to parliament, and get signers to 'em. Enlist the women on your side, of all ages, sects, and denominations. Excite 'em first tho', for women folks are poor tools till you get 'em up; but excite them, and they'll go the whole figur',—wake up the whole country. It's a grand subject for it,—broken-hearted slaves killin' themselves in despair, or dyin' a lingerin' death,—task-master's whip acuttin into their flesh,—barnin' suns,—days o' toil—nights o' grief—pestilential rice-grounds—chains—starvation—misery and death,—grand figur's them for oratory, and make splendid speeches, if well put together. Says you, such is the spirit of

British freedom, that the moment a slave touches our sea-girt shores, his spirit bursts its bonds; he stands 'mancipated, disenthrall'd, and liberated; his chains fall right off, and he walks in all the naked majesty of a great big black he nigger!—When you get 'em up to the right pitch, then, says you, we have no power in parliament; we must have abolition members. Certainly, says they, and who so fit as the good, and pious, the christian-like John Canter; up you are put then, and bundled free gratis, head over heels, into parliament. When you are in the House o' Commons, at it ag'in, blue-jacket for life. Some good men, some weak men, and a'most a plaguy sight of hypocritical men will join you. Cant carries sway always now. A large party in the House, and a wappin' large party out 'o the house, must be kept quiet, conciliated, or whatever the right word is, and John Canter is made Lord Lavender. I see, I see, said he; a glorious prospect of doin' good, of aidin' my fellow mortals, of bein' useful in my generation. I hope for a more imperishable reward than a coronet,—the approbation of my own conscience. Well, well, says I to myself, if you ain't the most impudent as well as the most pharisaical villain that ever went unhung, then I never seen a finished rascal,—that's all. He took my advice, and went right at it, tooth and nail; worked day and night, and made a'most a duce of a stir. His name was in every paper;—a meetin' held here to-day,—that great and good man John Canter in the chair;—a meetin' held there to-morrow,—addressed most eloquently by that philanthropist, philosopher, and Christian, John Canter;—a society formed in one place, John Canter secretary;—a society formed in another place, John Canter president;—John Canter every where;—if you want to London, he handed you a subscription list,—if you went to Brighton, he met you with a petition,—if you went to Sheffield, he filled your pockets with tracts;—he was a complete jack-o'-lantern, here and there, and every where. The last I heard tell of him he was in parliament, and agoin' out governor-general of some of the colonies. I've seen a good many superfino saints in my time, squire, but this critter was the most uppercrust one I ever seed,—he did beat all. Yes, the English desearve some credit, no doubt; but when you substract electioneerin' party spirit, hippocrasy, ambition, ministerial flourishes, and all the other ondertow causes that operated in this work, which at best was but clumsily contrived, and bunglin'ly executed, it don't leave so much to brag on arter all, does it now."

After all, remember, Mr. Slick, that the slave trade is abolished; that the people of England were content to pay twenty millions of money to accomplish their purpose;—and that "alone we have done it." Here, however, to avoid controversy, we shake hands and part for the present.

#### SCRIPTURE EXPLANATION.

"The stone which the builders refused, is become the headstone of the corner."—PSALM CXVIII. 22.

The idea of the corner-stone repeatedly alluded to in the scriptures, is not to be taken from the science of modern or of classical architecture, but from the practice of building in remote and ruder ages. Imagine a massive stone, like one of those at Stonehenge or Abury, cut to a right angle, and laid in the building so that its two sides should lie along the two walls, which met at the corner, and thus binding them together in such a way, that neither force nor weather could dis sever them. The term does not necessarily signify that it would be put at the top of the building; it only necessitates the idea of a very important position, which it would have, if it lay a few courses above the lowest, so as to act by its weight on those below, and to serve as a renewed basis to those above.

"The stone which the builders have thrown away, is made to be the corner-stone." I understand this literally. It appears that, probably at the building of Solomon's temple, one of those stones which David had taken care to get provided and made ready for use, was found fault with by the builders, and declared to be useless; and that God, for altogether different reasons, commanded, by a prophet, that this stone should be made the corner-stone. The orientals regard the corner-stone as the one peculiarly holy stone in a temple, and that it confers sanctity on the whole edifice. It is, therefore, the more probable that, either by Urim or Thummim, the sacred lot of the Jews, or by a prophet, God was consulted, which stone he would direct to be taken for the corner-stone. The answer was—That which they have so perseveringly rejected and declared to be quite unserviceable. Certainly it must have been for a very important reason, that God positively appointed this stone to be the corner-stone. But the New Testament discloses it to us, in Matt. xxi. 42, and 1 Pet. ii. 7, showing us that it referred to the Lord Jesus Christ.

The Jewish nation would conduct themselves towards the Messiah, precisely as the builders did towards this stone, and would reject him; but God would select him to be the corner-stone, which should support and sanctify the whole church.—*Dr. Smith, and Michaelis*.

FALSEHOOD.—Falsemen's words and deeds remind us of thunder and lightning on the stage, which, united in heaven, in the theatre are generated in opposite corners of the house, and by different operators.

## SONG OF THE BRIDEGROOM.

BY LEIGH CLIFFE, ESQ.

The blush is on thy cheek, and thy hand is trembling still,  
Like a blossom to the breeze, and I feel thy bosom thrill:  
The tear is in thine eye, and a sigh burst from thy breast,  
Oh! tell me, dearest, truly, what 'tis disturbs thy rest?  
Is parting from thy mother a source of grief to thee?  
Cast all thy fears away, my love, and cling through life to me.

For I have vowed to cherish thee beneath the holy fane,  
In health and pleasure's happy hours, and in the time of pain,  
And the bells are ringing still so joyously and gay,  
To greet with many a merry chime thee on thy wedding day,  
And thy Sister with a laughing eye has whispered a farewell,  
Then wherefore art thou sad, my love, the hidden secret tell?

Again thy smile returns as the sunbeam after rain,  
Beams forth afresh more brilliantly upon the dewy plain;  
Thou creep'st like a timid dove to nestle on my breast,  
And there repose, my only love, both blessing me and blest;  
Believe me I will never prove a source of grief to thee,  
Cast all thy fears away, my love, and cling through life to me.

## FLOWER GARDENS OF THE ANCIENTS.

BY JAMES MACAULEY, ESQ. M. A.

This very interesting paper, full of the lore of classic gardening, graces the pages of the *Magazine of Natural History*.

"It is always asserted by modern writers on gardening, that the ancients did not cultivate flowers as a source of amusement.—In the descriptions, it is said, of all the most famous gardens of antiquity which have come down to us, we read merely of their fruits and their shade; and when flowers are mentioned, they are always reared for some special purpose, such as to supply their feasts, or their votive offerings.

Considered merely as an useful art, gardening must be one of the earliest cultivated; but as a refined source of pleasure, it is not till civilization and elegance are far advanced among a people, that they can enjoy the poetry or the pleasure of the artificial associations of nature. Hence this question is interesting, as illustrating the manners and the tastes of the times referred to.

Negative proofs are not sufficient to determine the point. To show that the gardens of the Hesperides contained nothing but oranges, or that of King Alcinoüs (Odys. vii.) nothing but a few fruit-trees and pot-herbs, does not disprove the opinion that others cultivated flowers as a source of pleasure.

Before speaking of the Roman flower-gardens, I would offer a few remarks on those of Greece and the east.

From the little mutability of oriental customs, their ancient gardening did not probably differ much from that of modern times. The descriptions given by Maundrell, Russell, and other travellers, agree with what we read in the Scriptures of the Hebrew gardens three thousand years ago.

Solomon, who had so extensive a knowledge of the vegetable kingdom, that he knew plants from the cedar of Lebanon to the moss on the wall, enumerates gardening among the pleasures he had tasted in his search after happiness: "I made me great works; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards; I made me gardens and orchards."—Eccles. ii: 14.

From Xenophon and other writers we have a few notices of the Persian gardens. Xenophon relates that Cyrus was much devoted to the pleasures of gardening; and wherever he resided, or whatever part of his dominions he visited, he took care that the gardens should be filled with every thing both beautiful and useful, which the soil could produce. These were sometimes only hunting-parks, or inclosed forests, but there were also flower-gardens among them. Cicero ("De Senectute") relates the following anecdote of Cyrus. When Lysander the Spartan came to him with presents to Sardis, Cyrus showed him all his treasures and his gardens;—and when Lysander was struck with the height of the trees, and the arrangement and fine cultivation of the grounds, and the sweetness of the odours which were breathed upon them from the flowers, ("suavitate odorum qua afflantur e floribus," he said, that he admired not only the diligence but the skill of the man, who had contrived and laid out the garden, And Cyrus answered, "Atqui ego omnia ista sum dimensus; mei sunt ordines; mea descriptio; multa etiam istarum arborum meo munu sunt satæ."

One of the earliest and best known of all the Grecian gardens is that of King Alcinoüs, described in the *Odyssey*. "What," says Sir Robert Walpole, "was that hoasted paradise with which

the Gods ordained  
To grace Alcinoüs and his happy land?"

Why, divested of harmonious Greek and bewitching poetry, it was a small orchard and vineyard, with some beds of herbs, and two fountains that watered them, inclosed within a quick-set hedge! Of course, the whole scene is a mere romantic creation of the poet; but, in describing it, he would be guided by what actually existed in nature, and, perhaps, took his idea of the garden for some particular spot with which he was acquainted. It is described as consisting of four acres, surrounded by a fence, and adjoining the gates of the palace. It contained a few trees for shade and for fruits, and two fountains; one for the palace,

and the other for the garden. But then he thus ends the simple and beautiful picture of the place with these lines:—"And there are beautiful plots of all kinds of plants at the extreme borders of the garden, flowering all the year round."

The Athenians always had flower gardens attached to their country-houses, one of which Anacharsis visited. "After having crossed a court-yard, full of fowls and other domestic birds, we visited the stables, sheepfolds, and likewise the flower-garden; in which we successively saw bloom narcissuses, hyacinths, irises, violets of different colours, roses of various species, and all kinds of odoriferous plants."\*

There was at Athens a public flower-market, and there were persons whose trade it was to make bouquets, and to construct letters with flowers symbolical of certain sentiments; as is still done in oriental countries.

The gardens of Epicurus, and the other philosophers, were mere groves and shaded walks, where the disciples were wont to listen to the lessons of their masters:

"Atque inter sylvas academi querere verum."

We are not to look for ornamental gardening in the early history of the Romans, as the soil of their little *horti* was cultivated merely for the sake of procuring the necessaries of life. Excellence in war and in agriculture were the chief virtues as well as duties of the citizens; and we find *bonus agricola* and *bonus colonus* used as synonymous with a good man. Some of the noblest families of Rome derived their names from particular grains, such as the *Lentuli*, *Pisones*, *Fabii*, and many others. The story of Cincinnatus being found by the messengers of the senate at the plough, is well known; and Curius, after triumphing over the Samnites, the Sabines, and Pyrrhus, spent his old age in the labours of the field. So late as the Punic wars, Regulus, in the midst of his victories in Africa, wrote to the senate, that his steward had left his service, and stolen his implements of agriculture; and begged leave of absence from the army, to see about his affairs, and prevent his family from starving. The senate took the business in hand, recovered his tools, and supported his wife and children till his return.

It was not till they had come much in contact with the Greeks that the Romans would be anxious about pleasure or elegance in their gardens; for it was thence they derived their taste for all the arts of peace:

"Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit: et artes  
Intulit agresti Latio."

Even in later Roman authors the allusion to gardening often relate more to the general pleasures and occupations of a country life, than to the special cultivation of flowers. But this is the richest theme in all ages, inasmuch as the subordinate display of human art in gardening is eclipsed from the eye of the poet by the beauties of nature even there displayed. The scene of the "Song of Solomon" is laid in a garden; but the finest allusions which it contains are to the general appearance of nature. For example: "Arise my love, my fair one, and come away. For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over, and gone: the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; the fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grapes give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away."—And, again: "Come, let us go forth into the field; let us get up early to the vineyards; let us see if the vine flourish, whether the tender grape appear, and the pomegranates bud forth: there will I give thee my loves."

Our own poets, when they paint a modern garden, dwell most on its shade and freshness, its verdure and music, without descending to particular description. Examples of this must occur to every one. The garden of the Corycian old man, described in the fourth *Georgic*, and other similar classical scenes, are sometimes quoted as proving the absence of flowers as part of the ornaments of an ancient garden. But we must not thus judge from negative or detached instances: we might as well argue the poverty of that of Horace, merely from what he says in his invitation to Phyllis:—

"Est in horto  
Phylli, nectentis apium coronis:  
Est hederæ vis  
Multa, quæ crines religata fulges."

He mentions only what was connected with his drinking invitation; the parsley being supposed to ward off intoxication, and the ivy being the sacred plant of Bacchus.

Nor is the garden of Lucullus which is so often referred to, to be regarded as a specimen either of the art or the taste of his time. We are told of its terraces and fish-ponds, its statues and sumptuous temples, and not of the cultivation of flowers; but this was alluded to by his own contemporaries. Cicero records that Lucullus was often blamed for the vast extravagance displayed in his Tusculan villa; and says, that he used to excuse himself by pointing to two neighbours, a knight and a freedman, who tried to vie with him in the splendour of their gardens.

In Latin authors, the word *Hortus* seems to have four distinct significations. First, a garden, analogous to the gardens of the

Tuileries and the Luxembourg, at Paris, composed chiefly of shaded walks, with statues, water-works, and other ornaments. Such were the gardens of Lucullus, Cæsar, Pompey, Mæcenas, and the rich Patricians, who used to seek popularity by throwing them open to the people. The second signification is, a little farm, or any place for the cultivation of esculent vegetables. Perhaps the garden of the Corycian old man was only one of these; but they seldom contained such a variety as we find there. In the laws of the twelve tribes, *hortus* is always put for a farm or a villa. The third sort of *hortus* was devoted to the cultivation of those flowers, which were used at festivals and ceremonies, and for similar special purposes. Such were the "*biferi rosaria Pasti*;" and gardens of this sort surrounded the city, to supply the markets. It is to these three species of *horti* alone that modern authors refer; but there are many allusions in the Classics, showing that the Romans had flower gardens for pleasure as well as utility. Such were the "*delicati horti*," the "*venusti hortuli*" of private individuals, which we read of in Tibullus, Phædrus, Martial, and other authors, who occasionally refer to the domestic manners of the Romans. If they cultivated their flowers for the purposes alluded to, a single dinner party, or a few chaplets would have stripped bare the whole garden.

The citizens of Rome used to cultivate plants in the balconies of their houses, (Hor. I. Ep. x. etc.) and to rear flowers in boxes and flower-pots, which were called "*Horti imaginarii*." (Pliny.) It is not likely that the rich would do this, merely to procure materials for their votive offerings, or to supply the ornaments for their entertainments, when these could be easily purchased at the public markets. It shows that a taste for their cultivation, as objects of amusement, did prevail, which followed them even amidst the "*sumum, et opes, strepitumque Romæ*."

There are, also, small garden-grounds attached to the houses in many of the streets of Herculaneum, which, from their size and their position in a great city, could not have been used, either for the cultivation of the festal flowers, or of esculent vegetables, and probably contained only a few beds of flowers for ornament."

## THE STEAM-ENGINE.

(From a luminous paper, entitled "Ocean Steamers," in the Monthly Chronicle.)

"Within the memory of persons who have not yet passed the meridian of life, the possibility of traversing by the steam-engine the channels and seas that surround and intersect these islands, was regarded as the dream of enthusiasts. Nautical men, and men of science, rejected such speculations with equal incredulity, and with little less than scorn for the understandings of those who could for a moment entertain them. Yet have we lived to witness the steam-engine traversing, not these channels and seas alone, but sweeping the face of the waters round every coast in Europe. The seas which interpose between our Asiatic dominions and Egypt, and those which separate our own shores from our West-India possessions, have offered an equally ineffectual barrier to its power. Nor have the terrors of the Pacific prevented the "Enterprise" from doubling the Cape, and reaching the shores of India. If steam be not used as the only means of connecting the most distant habitable points of our planet, it is not because it is inadequate to the accomplishment of that end, but because the supply of the material from which at the present moment it derives its powers is restricted by local and accidental circumstances."\*

The irresistible energy of British enterprise, aided by the inexhaustible resources of national art and science, is rapidly enlarging these limits, not indeed as yet by the discovery of a new element of power, (though even that may not be far distant,) but by economising the consumption, and improving the application of the combustible, to the properties of which the nation is already so largely indebted for her greatness.

When we pause and look back upon the birth and growth of steam power, it is impossible not to be filled with astonishment at the colossal magnitude to which it has already attained, though it cannot be justly regarded as having passed the state of adolescence. It is little more than sixty years since Watt found the steam-engine a mere pump, (and not a very perfect one,) used for the drainage of mines; and within a few short years afterwards, he bestowed upon it powers, the extent and influence of which on the well-being of the human race have thrown into the shade every other production of art or science. Whether we regard the history of this invention as to time or place, the effects which it has produced, or the means by which it has produced these effects, we find every thing to gratify our national pride, excite our wonder, and command our admiration.

Within the last century the steam-engine had its birth, and was cradled in Britain. The offspring of British genius, it was fostered by British enterprise, and supported by British capital. It has grown with a rapidity which has no example in the annals of mechanical invention to its present giant stature. To enumerate its effect would be to count almost every comfort and every lux-

\* For authorities see "Voyage d'Anacharsis," tome v. p. 20.

\* Lardner on the Steam-Engine, 6th edit. London, 1836. Also, Edinburgh Review, October, 1832, p. 104.

ary of civilized life. It has increased the sum of human happiness, not only by calling new pleasures into existence, but by so cheapening former enjoyments as to render them attainable by those who never could have hoped to share them. Nor are these effects confined to England alone; they extend over the whole civilized world; and the savage tribes of America, Asia, and Africa, already begin to feel, in a thousand ways, directly and indirectly, the advantages of this all-powerful agent.

Regarded as affecting the material condition of man, the steam-engine has no rival. Considered as a moral and social agent, it may be placed beside, if not before, the press. Extensive as were the former powers of that vast instrument of intellectual advancement, who can measure the augmentation which its influence has received from its combination with the steam-engine?

But among the unnumbered benefits which this creation of Watt has showered on mankind, there is assuredly none attended with consequences of such magnitude and importance as the powers of locomotion, both by land and water, which it has conferred upon us. Every line of easy and rapid intercommunication between nation and nation is a new bond of amity, and a channel through which streams of reciprocal beneficence will flow. The extension of commercial relation thus produced will generate community of interests, and will multiply the motive for the maintenance of universal peace. Channels will be opened, through which information and knowledge will pass from people to people; civilization will be stimulated, morals elevated, taste cultivated, manners refined. The temples of superstition will be razed to the ground, the darkness of ignorance dispelled, national antipathies uprooted, and the population of the globe taught to regard themselves as denizens of one great commonwealth, and children of one common FATHER.

Such are the benefits which flow from the triple league of the Steam-engine with the Press, the Ship, and the Railway. These are the combined powers to which nations may securely tender unqualified allegiance. This is the true Holy Alliance, which will cause the sceptre to tremble in the hands of the despot, and the chains to fall from the limbs of the slave.

#### THE QUICKSILVER STEAMER.

One of the boldest enterprises among the projected improvements of the steam-engine, which has emerged from the condition of a mere experiment, is the vapour engine, as it is called, of Mr. Howard. The extent to which the economy of the combustible is professed to be carried by this contrivance is sufficiently startling to entitle it to attention; and as trips of some length have been already made by vessels propelled by engines on this principle, and a vessel is in preparation for the Atlantic voyage, we should hardly be justified in classing it among mere speculations, or in passing it over without particular notice.

Mr. Howard applies the furnace, not immediately, to the water, but to a pan of quicksilver. He proposes to maintain this at a temperature below its boiling point, but very much above the boiling point of water. On the surface of this hot quicksilver he injects the water, which is converted instantaneously into steam, containing much more heat than is sufficient to maintain it in the vaporous form.

This superheated steam is used to work the piston; and being subsequently condensed by means of a jet of fresh water, the mixture of warm water, produced by the steam and the water injected, is conducted through the cooling pipes, and subsequently used—partly to supply the water for vaporation, and partly to supply the water for injection. Thus, in this contrivance, as it now stands, not only the boiler, but the use of the sea-water is altogether dispensed with; the same distilled water constantly circulating through the cylinder and the condenser. It appears to have an advantage over Hall's condenser, inasmuch as it preserves the method of condensing by injection, which has, since a very early epoch in the history of the steam-engine, been found to be attended with considerable advantages over any method of condensation by cold surface. It is right however, to state, that the idea of supplying the water of injection by cooling the water drawn from the condenser, by passing it through pipes, has been patented by Mr. Symington.

The economy of fuel proposed to be attained by Mr. Howard's contrivance is so great, that, if it should prove successful, it must put every other form of marine engines altogether out of use. We regret that we have not had opportunities of immediate observation of the experimental results of this engine; but they have inspired confidence into several persons competent to judge of them, who have not hesitated to embark capital in their realization and improvement. The question must now soon be decided, as the steam vessel *Columbus*, having her machinery constructed on this principle, is understood to be in a forward state of preparation at Liverpool for the Atlantic voyage.

As the British and American Steam Navigation Company proposes to introduce the method of condensation by surface into the *British Queen*, we shall have all the different expedients, which afford an immediate prospect of material improvement in the economy of fuel and the preservations of the machinery, speedily

in operation on the Atlantic, and the result of experience will afford grounds for judging the respective merits, more conclusive than any theoretical skill can pretend to offer.—*Monthly Chronicle.*

#### THE WORTH OF HOURS.

BY R. N. MILNES.

"Believe not that your inner eye  
Can ever in just measure try  
The worth of Hours as they go by:

"For every man's weak self, alas!  
Makes him to see them, while they pass  
As through a dim or tinted glass:

"But if in earnest care you would  
Metre out to each its part of good,  
Trust rather to your after-mood.

"Those surely are not fairly spent,  
That leave your spirit bowed and bent  
In sad unrest and ill-content:

"And more,—though, free from seeming harm,  
You rest from toil of mind or arm,  
Or slow retire from Pleasure's charm,—

"If then a painful sense comes on  
Of something wholly lost and gone,  
Vainly enjoyed, or vainly done,—

"Of something from your being's chain  
Broke off, nor to be linked again  
By all mere Memory can retain,—

"Upon your heart this truth may rise,—  
Nothing that altogether dies  
Suffices Man's just destinies.

"So should we live, that every Hour  
May die as dies the natural flower,—  
A self-reviving thing of power;

"That every Thought and every Deed  
May hold within itself the seed  
Of future good and future need;

"Esteeming Sorrow, whose employ  
Is to develope, not destroy,  
Far better than a barren Joy."

From Travels in the Brazils, etc.

#### SLAVE-MARKET IN THE BRAZILS.

The place where the great slave-market is held (in Rio de Janeiro) is a long winding street, called Vallongo, which runs from the sea at the northern extremity of the city. Almost every house in this place is a large ware-room, where the slaves are deposited, and customers go to purchase. Those ware-rooms stand at each side of the street; and the poor creatures are exposed for sale like any other commodity. When a customer comes in, they are turned up before him: such as he wishes are handled by the purchaser in different parts, exactly as I have seen butchers feeling a calf; and the whole examination is the mere animal capability, without the remotest inquiry as to the moral quality, which a man no more thinks of than if he was buying a dog or a mule. I have frequently seen Brazilian ladies at these sales. They go dressed, sit down, handle and examine their purchases, and bring them away with the most perfect indifference. I sometimes saw groups of well-dressed females here, shopping for slaves, exactly as I have seen English ladies amusing themselves at our bazaars.

There was no circumstance which struck me with more melancholy reflections than this market, which I felt a kind of morbid curiosity in seeing, as a man looks at objects which excite his strongest interests while they shock his best feelings. The ware-rooms are spacious apartments, where sometimes three or four hundred slaves, of all ages and both sexes, are exhibited together. Round the room are benches, on which the elder generally sit, and the middle is occupied by the younger, particularly females, who squat on the ground, stowed close together, with their hands and chins resting on their knees. The only covering is a small girdle of cross-barred cotton tied round the waist.

The first time I passed through the street, I stood at the bars of the window looking through, when a cigano came and pressed me to enter. I was particularly attracted by a group of children, one of whom, a young girl, had something very pensive and engaging in her countenance. The cigano, observing me look at her, whipped her up with a long rod, and bade her with a rough voice come forward. It was quite affecting to see the poor timid shrinking child standing before me, in a state the most helpless and forlorn that ever a being endued, like myself, with a reasonable mind and an immortal soul, could be reduced to. Some of these girls have remarkably sweet and engaging countenances. Notwithstanding their dusky hue, they look so modest, gentle, and sensible, that you could not for a moment hesitate to acknowledge that they are endued with a like feeling and a common nature with your own daughters. The seller was about to put the child into all the attitudes, and display her person in the same way as he

would a man; but I declined the exhibition, and she shrunk timidly back to her place, seeming glad to hide herself in the group that surrounded her.

The men were generally less interesting objects than the women; their countenances and hues were very varied, according to the part of the African coast from which they came; some were soot-black, having a certain ferocity of aspect that indicated strong and fierce passions, like men who were darkly brooding over some deep-felt wrongs, and meditating revenge. When any one was ordered, he came forward with a sullen indifference, threw his arms over his head, stamped with his feet, shouted to shew the soundness of his lungs, ran up and down the room, and was treated exactly like a horse put through his paces at a repository; and when done, he was whipped to his stall.

The heads of the slaves, both male and female, were generally half-shaved, the hair being left only on the fore part. A few of the females had cotton handkerchiefs tied round their heads, which, with some little ornaments of native seeds and shells, gave them a very engaging appearance. A number, particularly the males, were affected with eruptions of a white scurf, which had a loathsome appearance, like a leprosy. It was considered, however, a wholesome effort of nature to throw off the effects of the salt provisions used during the voyage; and, in fact it resembled exactly a saline concretion.

Among the objects that attracted my attention in this place were some young boys, who seemed to have formed a society together. I observed several times, in passing by, that the same little group was collected near a barred window; they seemed very fond of each other, and their kindly feelings were never interrupted by peevishness; indeed, the temperament of a negro child is generally so sound, that he is not affected by those little morbid sensations which are the frequent cause of crossness and ill temper in our children. I do not remember that I ever saw a young black fretful or out of humour; certainly never displaying those ferocious fits of petty passion in which the superior nature of white infants indulges. I sometimes brought cakes and fruit in my pocket, and handed them in to the group. It was quite delightful to observe the generous and disinterested manner in which they distributed them. There was no scrambling with one another; no selfish reservation to themselves. The child to whom I happened to give them took them so gently, looked so thankfully, and distributed them so generously, that I could not help thinking that God had compensated their dusky hue by a more than usual human portion of amiable qualities.

A great number of those who arrive at Rio are sent up the country, and we every day met cofilas, such as Mungo Park describes in Africa, winding through the woods, as they travelled from place to place in the interior. They formed long processions, following one another in a file; the slave-merchant, distinguished by his large felt hat and puncho, bringing up the rear on a mule, with a long lash in his hand. It was another subject of pity to see groups of these poor creatures cowering together at night in the open ranchos, drenched with cold rain, in a climate so much more frigid than their own.

#### NECESSITY OF CONTROLLING THE PASSIONS.

A proud, irritable, discontented and quarrelsome person, can never be happy. He has thrown a tempestuous atmosphere around himself, and must forever move in the region of storms. He has employed sure means to embitter life, whatever may be his external circumstances. He has been the architect of his temper, and misery must be the result of his labour. But a person who has formed his temper and dispositions of mind after a right model—who is humble, meek, cheerful and contented, can commonly find a convenient shelter when overtaken by the storms of life. It should, therefore, be our early lesson to subject the passions, appetites and desires, to the control and guidance of reason. The first are the gales to impel us in the voyage of life, but the last ought still to sit at the helm and direct our course. The stream, when it slowly descends with a hoarse murmur from the mountain and ripples through the plain, adorns and enriches the scene; but when it rushes down in a roaring and impetuous torrent, overflowing its banks, it carries devastation and ruin along with it: so, when the passions, appetites and desires, are kept under due restraint, they are a useful and felicitating part of our nature; but when they are allowed to rage with unbridled fury, they commit fearful ravages on the character which they were fitted to adorn and exalt. We must watch over the first movements of the heart, and not indulge, with secret complacency, in imaginations which we would be ashamed to avow. If we wish the stream of life to be pure, it ought to be our aim to preserve the fountain whence it flows unpolluted, "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life."

EXCERPTS.—"If religion," says Law, in his *Serious Call to a Holy Life*, "commands us to live wholly unto God and do all to his glory, it is because every other way is living wholly against ourselves, and will end in our shame and confusion of face."

Mankind too frequently wed opinions, and, having taken them "for better or worse," conceive it a point of honour to maintain them ever after; though Reason and Truth sue for a divorce.

Abridged from Macculloch's *Proofs and Illustrations of the Attributes of God.*

## ON THE LANGUAGE OF ANIMALS.

No. I.

THE language of animals has at all times been a favourite subject of speculation; but this has been limited to poetry and fiction. No rational inquiry has yet been made respecting the possibility of what appears incapable of proof. We have reason to expect it; and we have no right to decide against it, if it can be shown that our faculties and observations are incompetent to discover what the fact is. Thus far the balance is, at the very least, in suspense; and it should turn decidedly in favour of such a conclusion, if we can find, in animals, actions which could not be conducted without language; still more if we can trace variety of sounds, and those accompanied by peculiar actions, though we should be unable to analyze them, and give their definite applications.

On the subject of hearing, as being fundamental on this question, we are accustomed, not unnaturally, to give more credit to our own senses than they deserve. We decide on their perfection by an estimate drawn from themselves; which is as if he who is without ear for music should dispute the existence of refined harmonies. Even in the musical scale, which forms the most audible collection of discriminate sounds, there are tones at each extremity, which we cannot distinguish, as at length there are also notes that we do not hear. We know that they exist, from the visible vibrations and the measures of strings; but the ear has ceased to discern them. The snoring of a dormouse is so acute that the note cannot be assigned, as it is also on the very verge of inaudibility. In a string or an organ pipe, it is easy to produce indiscriminate, and even inaudible tones, at the opposite extremity of the scale.

If now we take sounds that are not in the diatonic or chromatic scale, the difficulty of distinguishing them augments rapidly as the ratios approach nearer to each other, till at length, to imperfect ears, dissimilar ones appear the same. This is the case, even if those sounds are single, or truly musical, belonging to fixed divisions of the scale; but if at all vacillating, as are the sounds of speech, there is no human ear that can follow and distinguish them, however widely sundered they may be. Our ears are not calculated for such distinctions: in many persons, they cannot distinguish even among neighbouring enharmonic tones, except in the case of a chord, where there is a fixed and known note of reference, or in that of a false unison. Hence it is probable, that however music may continue to improve under the increase of enharmonic chords, we shall never produce enharmonic melodies, because unintelligible to our organizations.

Yet such melody is intelligible to the birds which produce it; since it is produced, definitely and intentionally, under finer organizations of the musical instrument, and of the sense of hearing. Thence may it be inferred that those, and other animals also, may both hear and discriminate those unsteady sounds produced by themselves which should constitute their own language, although we cannot; while to assume that they do not, is plainly to measure their faculties by our own defective ones.

It is not less true that we have been accustomed to decide against the sensibility of these animals on false grounds, and under an ignorance of the very nature of music. We dispute it, because they do not produce and enjoy that which we term music; a succession and consonance of intervals in the diatonic and chromatic scale. But while this is the produce of an arbitrary law of nature, rendering that class of sounds pleasing, it is evident that instead of proving the high sensibility of our own ears, it is a proof of the exact reverse; since those pleasing sounds demand little effort of discrimination, from the distances of their ratios. Hence should the sensibility to sounds in the birds at least, far exceed our own; since their power, with their pleasure, consists in producing intervals more minute, and thence demanding finer senses, that they may delight in what was appointed for them, as our own less refined ones were for us. That they hear and understand what they produce is evident, since otherwise it could not be executed.

In the nightingale and thrush, we distinguish a great number of sounds and articulations, because they belong, or approach, to that musical scale for which our sense of hearing is adapted. But we cannot doubt, that in these, and still more in birds whose tones are less musical and definite, there are sounds which we do not truly distinguish, and which we therefore neglect in favour of those to which we are most sensible. And there is no difficulty in believing that the song of a nightingale is better understood by itself than by us, or that it contains much more than we hear. If I were to suggest that it contains a definite set of phrases, with meaning, to the animal itself and its kind, there would be nothing absurd in the proposition; since it possesses, even to our ears, a greater variety of articulation than we can find in any language with which we are unacquainted: while, in confirmation of this general view, all who have attended to such subjects must know, that where these birds abound, long debates are often carried on among them, in tones and articulations quite distinct from the ordinary songs. When we decide otherwise, we are deciding from a prejudice, or assuming that it is not a language,

because we do not understand it. We should be equally justified in thus deciding as to the Arabic.

But there is another circumstance relating to sound, which may concern this question. This is the quality, or timbre. We distinguish this readily, in the several musical instruments; and even in the different qualities of human voices, which depend on this mysterious property of sonorous bodies. It requires far nicer ears to perceive the minute differences in the qualities of two instruments of the same kind, which are still differences of timbre: and if the ordinary ears which distinguish among singing-birds do this chiefly through the melodies, a finer one is fully sensible of the difference of timbre among many of them. And thus we may grant a still finer perception of this kind to animals of nicer sensibilities: of which indeed we have a proof in the fact, that the wild birds and the domestic fowls recognise the voices of their own partners and offspring, and that even the sheep knows the bleat of its own lamb. Thus can we grant again, that animals may possess means of discrimination for the purpose of language, where we can distinguish nothing.

The human language, to those unacquainted with it, presents nothing but noises, or sounds, which we can scarcely perceive to be articulate ones. If not rigidly true of the European languages derived from a common root, of which we are familiar with one branch, it is notorious in that of a Greenlander or a Hottentot, or in that of the Celtic dialects of our own country. Not to speak ludicrously on a grave subject, the objurgations of an assembled multitude of Welsh do not exceed, in articulate and discriminate sounds, the noise of a rookery. We happen to know that there is language, but our ears do not give us that information.

When we have learned the meaning of those sounds, we can also discriminate them, but not tell them: not even, easily, except under that slow and distinct articulation which allows us to study each. Thus, if animals have been taught by the Creator such languages as are necessary for their wants, since more cannot be expected, it is plain that they may perfectly understand each other, or be expressing even numerous and definite ideas, where we perceive nothing but noise, and probably never shall.

There are valid reasons in the necessity of the case, and in the general conduct of the Creator, why animals ought to possess language. There is, or may be, language accompanying the means of language, for ought that we can decide to the contrary: so that the question remains suspended between a high probability and an ignorance which has nothing to oppose. In evidence of this probability, a very few positive facts out of many may be selected.

Communication is peculiarly necessary among the gregarious and social animals; and we accordingly see that many of those do act together under peculiar sounds. Let us not, however, be misled by the term language, since it is in terms that our difficulties often lie. The communications of animals are not the language of the fabulists. The range of their ideas is limited, and so must be the modes of their expression. And, as a natural language, or a gift to those which are incapable of educating each other, it is probably fixed, or incapable of extension: though there are reasons for believing, that where educated by us, they increase its range. But if this inquiry is limited to a language of sounds, it must not be forgotten that the social animals do understand each other, as some different kinds also probably do, by means of some physiognomic or phantasmic signs, equally taught by nature.

Familiar examples of various and vocal language exist in the duck tribe, followed by correspondent actions, in marshalling their flights, and in much more. The sounds and articulations of the domestic duck and goose in particular, are so numerous and marked, that they are not equalled by any human language; while it is not difficult to learn the definite, if the general, meaning of many of them. It is not easy to see how else the decoy duck can perform its treacherous office. It is the same notably with the hog; while if we see the effects in many of the proceedings of this animal in society, I need only note, that thus it will collect its companions to ravage a field, as the dog conducts its own to the chase, and as the rat and the mouse assemble and lead their tribes to a discovery of food. If we do not know that the beaver has similar means of communication, we cannot comprehend the possibility of its conduct in society without some language. In the endeavours of birds to persuade their progeny to fly and to dive, we can scarcely avoid believing that we hear a definite language; so unusual, and varied, and marked, are the articulations and the tones. The quarrels of sparrows are more articulate, and the noises more varied, than those of a human contest. The sounds of a domestic fowl under the approach of a hawk, the intention to sit, the calling its young to feed, and much more, equally familiar, are not less various and definite. However disagreeable the sounds of the cat may be to us, they abound in variety of expression: and in the rook, the comparison of actions and sounds renders it scarcely possible to avoid concluding that the latter constitute a language. The destruction of a rook's nest, occasionally proceeding to the slaughter of the animal, is preceded by a congregation of the society, and a great noise; as all know that the work is executed by the deputation of two or three individuals out of this convention.

Not only the necessity, but the certainty of communication in the gregarious insects has been shown: especially in bees and ants. Huber has thought that he could prove a language of signals, through the antennæ. Some insects can produce sounds, independently of the vibration of their wings, by friction. If these are audible to us, there may also be similar inaudible ones, sufficient possibly for many purposes: while it is not impossible that one or more of their tracheæ may be provided with the means of sound.

**EARTHENWARE.**—There is scarcely any manufacture which is so interesting to contemplate in its gradual improvement and extension, as that of earthenware, presenting as it does so beautiful a union of science and art, in furnishing us with the comforts and ornaments of polished life. Chemistry administers her part by investigating the several species of earths, and ascertaining as well their most appropriate combinations, as the respective degrees of heat which the several compositions require.

Art has studied the designs of antiquity, and produced from them vessels even more exquisite in form than the models by which they have been suggested. The ware has been provided in such gradations of quality as to suit every station, from the highest to the lowest. It is to be seen in every country, and almost in every house, through the whole extent of America, in many parts of Asia, and in most of the countries of Europe. At home it has superseded the less cleanly vessels of pewter and of wood, and by its cheapness has been brought within the means of our poorest housekeepers. Formed from substances originally of no value, the fabrication had produced labour of such various classes, and created skill of such various degrees, that nearly the whole value of the annual produce may be considered as an addition made to the mass of national wealth.

The abundance of the ware exhibited in every dwelling is sufficient evidence of the vast augmentation of the manufacture, which is also demonstrated by the rapid increase of the population in the districts where the potteries have been established.—*Quarterly Review.*

## THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 21, 1838.

**THE DRAMA.**—Theatricals have long been in a languid and declining state in Great Britain, arising, we believe, from the increased prevalence of simpler and purer tastes. The wider diffusion of true religion on the one hand, and the multiplied establishment of Mechanics' Institutes on the other, have been attended by a corresponding diminution in the numbers of those who consume their leisure hours in such pernicious excitement as that of the acted drama.

This change has not, of course, passed unperceived by the members of the dramatic profession, whether actors or authors. Certain recent movements of theirs, evince that they are quite sensible of it. Judging by those movements, however, they would seem to have understood the causes which have led to the desertion of their exhibitions. They appear to think, that by paying a somewhat more plausible regard to the external decorum in the administration of the theatre, and by substituting what they call the legitimate drama for the ridiculous strings of low and profane jests which are the basis and superstructure of the modern "farce," they shall recover their lost ground, and bring back to their empty benches the more respectable classes by whom those benches used to be occupied. If this is the nature of their calculations, most certainly, they are in danger of falling between the two stools. Some from rational and some from religious conviction, many who formerly patronised the theatre have now turned their backs upon it; and though it might be difficult to decide which they are most disgusted—the looseness of the lobby or the swearing on the stage, yet we are persuaded that the growing unpopularity of theatrical representations amongst the middle class, is to be traced chiefly to the persuasion that the excitement they produce is unwholesome and pernicious, and calculated, like all factitious stimuli, to blunt the sensibilities.

Our ingenuous youth sometimes hear of a manager boasting that he has purified the administrative department of his theatre to such an extent that the most delicately modest female need not scruple to attend it, and of the appearance of original dramas from learned and gifted pens, which are wholly free from coarseness and obscenity. To counteract in some measure the influence of such statements, we append a few remarks.

The derivation of the words which signify "Tragedy" and "Comedy" the termination of each of which is derived from the Greek verb "to sing," and that of "Scene," which plainly points to a shady spot surrounded by trees, afford a far simpler method of arriving at the origin of the Drama than the learned would seem to allow. In fact, they go far to prove that it was the amusement of a happy rural population, under a genial sun; that it consisted of singing and dancing, accompanied at intervals by those who did not take an active part in the performance, and

who constituted the chorus. It might be difficult, perhaps, to find reasons cogent enough to lead us to condemn so simple a relaxation; but, unhappily, it did not stop here. The poets having made the Drama their own, it took the colour of the age; and we consequently find it at one time used to obtain a change of political measures, and at another representing the purest systems of morals as a tissue of sophistry. But even these abuses of the theatre were pure and holy, compared with the latter periods of the Roman rule, when thousands of gladiators were displayed on the arena, and when the bent thumb of the spectator decided the fate of the unfortunate victims. To such a pitch did the fondness for these representations lead the ancients, that, instead of improving their taste, scenes of imaginary cruelty led on to scenes of real brutality and actual crime.

With all its follies, however, and with all its abominations, the Roman Drama was not disgraced by female performers and midnight representations. But on the English Stage are still retained some of the most impure productions of the preceding century; and yet we are told that "the stage is reformed," and that the regulations introduced into our theatres, and the superior character of the writers of plays, are to render it "a school of morals!" And did (it has been asked) ADDISON, YOUNG, HANNAH MORE, JOHNSON, and COLERIDGE, all write for the Drama? Yes; but what did they accomplish? They merely afforded the sanction of their great names to the pollutions of this Augean stable, which was still uncleansed of the foul mass accumulated from CIBBER, DRYDEN, VANBRUGH, CENTLIVRE, and, subsequently, the German School; add to which, some pieces that strike at once at religion, and take away every foundation of hope and every criterion of certainty, by holding up to ridicule its most zealous supporters.

The vicious tendencies of the majority of the population, and more especially in cities, are not matters of speculation, they are matters of fact and daily experience. That these tendencies were early in operation, we have the testimony of holy writ; and in modern times even the atheist Hobbes has given his evidence to the same effect. This depraved population, then, being the majority, would by the withdrawal of their patronage, ruin the stage. It has, therefore been always the object of managers to minister to the gratification of their vitiated tastes. GARRICK'S Prologue upon Prologues, and the greater part of the spoken addresses, bear testimony to the fact. But, should one manager determine to oppose this taste, by furnishing entertainment of a purer character, where will he find authors to carry out his purpose? We fearlessly assert that the productions of those who stand highest at the present day contain unwarranted allusions to Scripture, and introduce scenes utterly at variance with the purity of the Gospel. And then, there is the impossibility of finding actors, particularly females, of good moral character.

The religious world are, of course, wholly opposed to the theatre. Under the best, or rather the least bad management, it has generally been a losing speculation; but, whenever it obtains the most brilliant patronage, is it not that of men virtually opposed to religion; of those who, however correct their moral deportment, are not among the number who bear the reproach of the cross, and who "avoid all appearance of evil;" who have learned that not merely the overt act but the thought contaminates; and who do not think that what pleases the world may please the Maker of it, since he himself has declared it to be "a world lying in wickedness?"

ST JOHN, N. B. Sept. 8.

**BANKING AFFAIRS.**—We learn that a representation was made this week by the Directors of the City Bank, to the Directors of the different Banks in this City, to appoint a deputation from each Bank to meet and to devise some means for the purpose of mitigating the present severe pressure in the money market. Every friend to the interests of this province will rejoice that the above amicable proposal has been made, and will confidently expect that it will be met in spirit of harmony, and with sincere desire to accommodate the public.

**IMPORTANT MOVEMENT.**—Governor Kent, on Saturday last, appointed John G. Deane of Ellsworth, M. P. Norton of Canaan, and James Irish of Goreham, Commissioners to survey the North Eastern Boundary line of the State, agreeably to the Treaty of 1783.—The appointment is made in obedience to a Resolution of the last Legislature. They will proceed forthwith to run and mark the line according to the Treaty, and it is to be hoped they will meet with no molestation from the British authorities. Should they, however, be taken as were Baker and Greeley, and committed to prison in Fredericton, it is hardly to be supposed that Maine would tamely submit to such an indignity. What the issue of this thing may be, can hardly be foretold; we trust it may be the settlement of the long vexed question. A crisis is evidently at hand; and we suppose it is generally agreed that it is time there was a crisis.—From the *Woodstock Times*, Sept. 8.

Liverpool, September 12th, 1838.

**LAUNCHED** from the Ship Yard of Messrs. Freeman, Knowles, & Co., a fine Brig of one hundred and eighty Tons, new measurement; She is called the *MARINER*, and reflects the highest credit on her master builder, Mr. Raudall.

*Extract from the Minutes of the Board of Dalhousie College, 15th September, 1838.*

**RESOLVED**,—That for the present the Rev. Alexander Romans be appointed Professor of the Classical Languages, and the Rev. James McIntosh be appointed Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in the College; and the Governors request that the President and Professors meet and draw up a code of regulations for the Government of the College, according to the directions of the Act."

**DROWNED**—On Tuesday 11th inst. Mr. Gustave La Baume, Jeweller—a native of Germany—on his passage hence to Lunenburg. It appears, in the very moment his untimely fate befel him, that he was heartily enjoying the delights of friendly and social intercourse with his fellow passengers, when the vessel yielding to a surge, suddenly inclined on one side, and Mr. La Baume was instantly precipitated into the deep. The deceased, thus cut off, far from the place of his nativity and relatives, was only in the flower of his days, but his melancholy death is sincerely deplored by a large circle of friends whom he acquired during his residence here by his amiable manners and a course of spotless integrity.—RECORDER.

**ANOTHER MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.**—It is with deep regret we announce the death of Capt. James McKenna, of Weymouth. Captain McKenna sailed from Weymouth in a new Schooner, with a cargo of produce, etc. for Bermuda, but the vessel becoming leaky, bore up for Shelburne, and when off Barrington on Friday last in company with the schr Ino, of Brier Island, was knocked overboard, by the fores boom, the boat of the Ino was immediately got out, but nothing was afterwards seen of him. Capt. McKenna was long a resident of this town, and highly respected; his untimely death is very generally and sincerely regretted by all who knew him.—JOUR.

**THE REGATTA.**—We have seldom witnessed a more rational and enlivening scene than the Regatta presented yesterday. The day was particularly favourable. Want of time and space prevent us from giving any remarks. The following is a list of the competitors:

**FIRST RACE.**—Whalers—not pulled by Fishermen—Prize \$40. Three Whalers started—Cornwallis Moreau; J. Leander Starr, and Joseph Howe. Mr. E.'s Mosely's "Joseph Howe" victorious.

**SECOND.**—Fishing Whalers: Pride; Bleeder, and Jessie—pulled by Fishermen. 1st Prize, \$40; 2nd, \$20. The first prize was awarded to Mr. Brown (Pride), second, to the owner of the Jessie.

**THIRD.**—Fishing Flats,—Who'd have thought it; Victoria; Wag, and Can't help it. Three Prizes, 1st \$16, 2d \$10, 3d \$4. Mr. Johnston's "Who'd have thought it," first; Mr. Smith's "Victoria," second; Mr. Purcell's "Can't help it," third.

**FOURTH.**—Canoes, paddled by Indians. The first prize, \$10 was won by Peter Toney; Prosper Paul, second prize, \$6; and the third prize, \$4 won by James Paul.—Canoes, paddled by squaws,—Prizes, 1st \$6; 2d \$3; won by Anne Paul and Sally Toney.

**SIXTH.**—Gigs of Four Oars, pulled by gentlemen amateurs, members of the club. Prize, a Cup value £10. Contested by Mr. Pryor's Camilla, and Mr. Cunard's Ariel. Mr. Pryor's "Camilla" victorious.

**SEVENTH.**—Gigs, pulled by amateurs, not members of the club. Prize \$40, won by Mr. Cunard's "Ariel"; in opposition to Mr. Fife's Peterel.

**EIGHTH.**—Amateur Wherry Race. Montrose; Katty; Dart; and Midge, were the names of the several boats. Prize \$20 won by Mr. Watson's "Dart."

**NINTH.** The Gigs, Camilla, Ariel, and Petrel, contested; the first prize, \$30 was won by the Camilla; 2d \$15, by the Ariel.

**TENTH.** Sailing Vessels and boats. First Fishermen's class. 1st Prize, 50 dollars, 2d, 20; 3d, 10. Won by Mr. Hartling's "Welcome Return," Mr. Fleming's "Fair Maid," and Mr. Smith's "Dolphin."

**ELEVENTH.**—Second Fisherman's Class. 1st prize \$35; 2d, \$15; 3d, \$10; won by the "Lady Paget," "Lively" and "Mayflower."

**TWELFTH.**—First Class Sail Boats, prize \$100. Eight boats started. The prize was awarded to Mr. Piers' Victoria. [This Race excited much interest. It was remarked that Mr. Howe's "Mary" lost in consequence of some mistake.]

**THIRTEENTH.** Second Class. Prize \$80. Eight boats contested. Won by Mr. Stevens' "Eliza."

**FOURTEENTH.** Third Class. Prize \$30. Won by Lieut. Roebuck's "Maid of Llangollen."

**PASSENGERS.**—In the Dove, from Bermuda, Mr. Bremner, and Capt. Scott, late of the barque Sir Colin Campbell. In the Numa Transport, for Portsmouth, Capt. Evans, R. A.; Lieut. Whitaker, 55th Regt.; Dr. Millar, Staff Asst. Surgeon; 29 non-commissioned Officers, rank and file, Royal Artillery; 10 women, 15 children, 11th, 23d, 43d and 65th Regiments and 7 convicts. In the Acadian from Boston, Mr. and Mrs. C. Patten, Miss Rudolf, Miss Farrell, Miss Sipples, Capt. Fowler, and 2 in the steerage.

#### MARRIED,

At Dartmouth, on Thursday, 13th inst. by the Rev. A. Romans, A. M. Mr. George Gray, of the 93d Regiment, to Elizabeth Sarah Gaston, of Dartmouth.

On Sunday evening by the Rev. John Martin, Mr. Alexander Russell of Pictou, to Miss Margaret Sophia, second daughter of Mr. William Northrup, of this town.

On Tuesday week, by the Rev. C. Churchill, Wesleyan Minister, Mr. Benj. Blakely, of Ship Harbour, to Miss Frances Day of Jedore.

#### DIED,

Thursday morning, Susanna, wife of Mr. John Pierce, in the 58th year of her age—after an illness of two years and ten months. Funeral to morrow afternoon, at 2 o'clock.

At Grenada 12th August, David Haldane, Esquire, of Her Majesty's Customs.—This Gentleman had but lately arrived amongst us; but by his urbane manners, had gained the esteem of a numerous circle of acquaintances, who, with his afflicted widow, sincerely deplore his loss.

On Wednesday morning, the 15th August, Joseph Clarke, Esquire, Acting Collector of Her Majesty's Customs of Grenada. Mr. Clarke was happily endowed with those qualities, which enabled him to fill the duties of his respectable and important situation, with ease to himself, and entire satisfaction to the Public.

At his Residence in Wilmot, County of Annapolis, on Sunday 2nd September, after a short but severe illness, in the 56th year of his age, Capt Timothy Amhurst Ruggles, of the late Nova Scotia Fencibles, and only Son of the late John Ruggles, Esq.; he has left an aged mother and three Sisters, to lament the loss of an affectionate Son and Brother.

#### SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

##### ARRIVED

Friday, September 14th—Brig Micmac, Greely, Gaspe, 6 days—dry fish, to Creighton & Grassie; Am. schr Ellen, Harding, Hartford, Conn. 5 days—onions, apples, etc. to D. & E. Starr, & Co.

Saturday, 15th—Brigt Reindeer, Morrison, Demerara, 27 days—rum and molasses to W. B. Hamilton—4th inst. lat. 37, long. 66, while lying to in a hurricane under bare poles, was hove on her beam ends, and shifted cargo, was obliged to cut away fore-topmast and mainmast—spoke 8th inst. lat. 46½ lon. 64 55, brig Lafette from Bangor, 4 days, who kindly supplied them; brig Griffin, Demerara, 20 days—rum, to Saltus & Wainwright—spoke, 7th inst. lat. 22 long 65½. Am. brig Sterling of Boston; schr Rival Packet, Liverpool, N. S.; Dove, Dunscomb, Bermuda, 6 days—cotton, to J. & M. Tobin; barque Norman, Kinney, Grenada, 12 days—rum, to D. & E. Starr, & Co.—left brig Golden Rule from St. John's, N. F. sold; Quadruple, Swan, hence; 1st inst and sailed for Trinidad; Palmetto from St. John's, N. F., via Demerara and Barbadoes, called and sailed for Trinidad.

Sunday, 16th—Brig Standard, Blay, Port Antonio, Jam. 32 and Bermuda, 4 days—rum and sugar, to J. & M. Tobin; Angeliq, P. E. Island, 6 days—produce; Elizabeth, Sydney—coal; Margaret, Antigonish—butter, etc.—passenger, Capt. Redding and 3 of the crew of the schr Union; Govt. schr Victory, Darby, Lunenburg; Three Brothers, Tracadie—fish and oil; Ben, Furry, Bridgeport—coal; barque John Porter, Crowder, Liverpool, G. B. 40 days—salt and dry goods, to Fairbanks & McNab—left Ship Halifax, Cleary, to sail in 4 days; Louisa, Milgrove, uncertain; Greyhound, Tucker, Hamburg, 49 days assorted cargo, to J. Allison & Co.—left brig Falcon, to sail in 3 days.

Monday, 17th—Schr Placid, Harrison; Trinidad, 22 and Ponce, 14 days—ballast, to J. A. Moren; the Neptune left for this place sailed 9 days, and brig Coquette 3 days before; left John Ryder; the Vernon, hence, had called at Trinidad and sailed again; schr Ino, Brier Island, —lumber and mackerel, to J. H. Reynolds.

Tuesday, 18th—Schr Gentle, Fader, Bay Chaleur; Enterprise, La-Blanc, Pugwash, 7 days—deals, to M. G. Black; Two Brothers, Pictou—butter and meal; John, Vigneau, Quebec, 12 days, pork, etc. bound to St John, NB; Mary Ann, McLeod, P. E. I. 7 days, fish, etc.

Wednesday, 19th—Messenger, Sydney, coal; Royal Adelaide, Kirkby, Dominica, 22 days, rum, etc. to J. & M. Tobin; Three Masted Sibella, Musgrove, New York, 13 days, rice, etc. to J. H. Braine and others—5 passengers.

Thursday, 20th—schr Swallow, Canso, fish; Lucy, Pugwash, deals; Betsy, Barrington, dry fish; Algerine, do. do; Rambler, and Thistle Port Medway, lumber; Dove, Marmand, Boston, 8 days, and sailed for Arichat; Lady, La Vache, do. do; Collector, Phelan, Boston, 9 days, tobacco, to H. Fay, J. Dunn, and Master, 3 passengers; Am. Packet brig Acadian, Jones, Boston, 6 days, flour, etc. to Wier & Woodworth, and others; left Mailboat Lady Ogle, Stairs, hence in 3 days—Packet Industry, Simpson to sail in 3 days; Speculator, Young, Lunenburg; Chance, do; Ruth, Dolliver, Liverpool, N. S. bound fishing; Broke, Cann, Yarmouth, tar etc.; Albion, Moore, P. E. I. 7 days; Armide, Smith, St. Andrews, lumber, J. W. Young, Eliza Ann, do. do. to W. B. Hamilton; Henry Harding, Julius, Nevis, 22 days, rum, sugar, etc. to J. & M. Tobin; brig John Lawson, loading at Pernambuco, 29th July for Hamburg.

Friday, 21st—brig Columbia, Kennedy, Liverpool, via St. Michael's and Sydney, 60 days, salt, etc. to Mr. Hays. Passenger, Mr. Hays. Frigate Inconstant, Bermuda.

##### CLEARED,

Friday, September 14th—Edward & Samuel, Balcom, Burin, N. F.—assorted cargo, by J. Strachan; Magdelaine, Jervis, P. E. Island—tobacco, by the master; brig Coquette, Trimmingham, St. John's, N. F.—rum, tea, etc. by Saltus & Wainwright; Albion, Leslie, Miramichi—assorted cargo, by S. Cunard & Co. and others; Flea, Evans, Kingston, Jam.—dry and pickled fish, by W. Pryor & Sons; Transit, Hughs, West Indies—do by J. & M. Tobin; Beaufort, Gaden, St. John's, N. F.—oatmeal, by G. P. Lawson 17th—Emily, La Blanc, Miramichi, herrings, etc. by A. Fraser, and others. 18th—Mary and Margaret, La Frane, Magdalen Isles, rum, etc. by J. Allison & Co.; Ann, Wolfe, P. E. I.; Sarah, Reynolds, Burin, flour, etc. by J. J. Strachan; brig Harriet and Elizabeth, Butler, Boston, salmon, etc.; by J. T. Williamson. 19th—ship Douglas, Hamilton, Miramichi, ballast; barque Europe, Davie, Bay Chaleur, ballast; schr Caroline, Crouse, St. John, N. B.—rum, etc. by T. U. Ross, and others. 20th—brig Stedfast, Wingood, B. W. Indies, fish, etc. Saltus & Wainwright; schr Mary, Garrett, Boston, salmon, etc. by H. Fay; Ion, Hammond, St. John, NB. sugar by S. Starr and others.



## A CHAPTER ON ANGLING.

An angler is a fish-butcher, a piscatory assassin, a Jack Ketch—catcher of jack—an impaler of live worms, frogs and flies, a torturer of trout, a killer of carp, and a great gudgeon who sacrifices the best part of his life in taking away the life of a little gudgeon. Every thing appertaining to the angler's art is cowardly, cruel, treacherous and cat-like. He is a professional dealer in 'treasons stratagems, and plots;' more subtle and sneaking than a poacher, and more exclusively devoted to snares, traps and subterfuges. He is at the same time infinitely more remorseless, finding amusement and delight in prolonging to the last gasp the agonies of the impaled bait, and of the wretched fish writhing with a barb in its entrails.

The high priest of anglers is that demure destroyer, old Izaak Walton, who may be literally called the Hooker of that piscatory polity. Because he could write a line as well as throw one, they would persuade themselves that he has shed a sort of classical dignity on their art, and even associated it with piety and poetry. What profanity! The poet is not only a lover of his species, but of all sentient beings, because he 'looks through nature up to nature's God.' But how can an angler be pious? How can a tormentor of the creature be a lover of the Creator? Away with such cant! Old Izaak must either have been a demure hypocrite or a blockhead, unaware of the gross inconsistency between his profession and his practice. If he saw a fine trout, and wished to trouble him with a line, just to say he should be very happy to see him to dinner, he must first torture his postman, the bait, and make him carry the letters of Bellerophon. Hark how tenderly the gentle ruffian gives directions for baiting with a frog. 'Put your hook through the mouth and out of his gills, and then with a fine needle and silk sew the upper part of his leg, with only one stitch, to the arming wire of the hook, and in so doing use him as though you loved him!'

Tender-hearted Izaak! What would be his treatment of animals whom he did not love?

An angler may be meditative, or rather musing, but let him not ever think that he thinks, for if he had the healthy power of reflection he could not be an angler. If sensible and amiable men are still to be seen squatted for hours in a punt, 'like patience on a monument smiling at grief,' they are as much out of their element as the fish in their basket, and could only be reconciled to their employment by a resolute blinking of the question. In one of the admirable papers of the 'Indicator,' Leigh Hunt says, 'We really cannot see what equanimity there is in jerking a lacinated carp out of the water by the jaws, merely because it has not the power of making a noise; for we presume that the most philosophic of anglers would hardly delight in catching shrieking fish.' This is not so clear. Old Izaak, their patriarch, would have probably maintained that the shriek was a cry of pleasure. We willingly leave the anglers to their rod, for they deserve it, and we allow them to defend one another, not only because they have no other advocates, but because we are sure that the rest of the community would be glad to see them hang together, especially if they should make use of their own lines.

Averse as we are from extending the sphere of the angler's cruelty, we will mention one fish which old Izaak himself had never caught. A wealthy tradesman having ordered a fishpond at his country house to be cleared out, the foreman discovered at the bottom a spring of ferruginous-colored water, and on returning to the house told his employer that they had found a chalybeate. 'I am glad of it,' exclaimed the worthy citizen, 'for I never saw one. Put it into the basket with the other fish. I'll come and look at it presently.'

**ANECDOTE OF A MONKEY.**—We find in a French paper a curious account of a trick played by a monkey in Marseilles in November last, which shows that animal must possess a large share of sagacity, as well as an unforgiving disposition. A painter was busily employed in decorating with fancy colors some carved work on the stern of a French brig which lay in the harbor, and had a stage suspended from the tufferel for that purpose. A monkey which belonged to the captain of an American vessel, moored almost in contact with the stern of the brig, appeared much interested in the progress of the decorations, and watched the artist very closely; and occasionally, as if he wished to criticise or ridicule the performance, he would grin and chatter most furiously. The painter, although first amused, soon became indignant at the insolent bearing of the monkey; and while Jacko was in the midst of a critical dissertation, and appeared hugely tickled at being able to discompose the nerves of the artist, the latter thrust his largest brush, well charged with a beautiful verdigris green, full in the mouth of the chattering quadruped. Jacko retreated to his habitation, exhibiting manifest signs of wrath and indignation. The captain of the vessel, who was well acquainted with the character of the monkey, who would never suffer a trick to be played upon him without retorting in kind, advised him to be particularly cautious, or the monkey would do him some injury. The painter, however, laughed at the idea, and soon after left his work and entered a coffee-house on the quay, where in drinking a cup of coffee and in conversation with some friends he passed half an hour. In his absence the monkey

left his retreat and passed through a port on to the painter's stage, where all his pots, brushes, etc. were deposited. He commenced an attack on the ropes which held the stage, and employed his time so well that before the painter appeared two of them were nearly severed; and when the unsuspecting artist placed his foot upon the stage, for the purpose of resuming his work, the ropes broke, and painter, pots, paints and brushes were precipitated without ceremony into the dock. Then commenced the triumph of the monkey, who sprang to the gunwale, and while gazing on his floundering foe evinced his delight by his gesticulations and his loud clattering.

**Dennis, the Critic.**—Among the many singular peculiarities of this author, was his intolerance of punning. So much did he execrate this species of wit, that he would quit the company where puns were made and tolerated. One night at Rut-ton's, Steele was desirous of excluding Dennis from a party he wished to make, but which he could not conveniently manage, Dennis at that time being in the coffee-room. While he was at a loss to get rid of him, he observed Rowe sitting on the opposite side of the box to Dennis, the latter of whom he asked, "what was the matter with him?" "Why do you ask the question?" inquired the critic. Steele replied, "You appear to me to look like an angry waterman, for you look one way and Rowe the other." The effect of this pun was successful, and the critic left the room execrating all puns and punsters.

**Moral effects of Marriage.**—The statistics of the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania are curious in the great inequality which they exhibit between married and unmarried convicts. Of the one hundred and sixty prisoners received the last year, one hundred and ten were unmarried, six were widowers, and forty five only were married. I have never seen a stronger illustration of the moral influence of marriage. It is too late to eulogise the institution, after the world's experience of its ameliorating influence upon the human condition, for six thousand years. But we may take this instance, as an evidence of its effects, in promoting good habits, morality and virtue, among the lowest classes of society.—*Boston Atlas.*

**Economy.**—A rich and parsimonious person, remarkable for having by his will preferred public charities to his relations, was fond of going to the theatre, and taking his great-coat with him. But where should he leave this useful appendage during the performance? The box-keepers would expect at least sixpence; and, should he leave it at a coffee-house, he must pay threepence to obtain house-room for it. His invention supplied him with a method cheaper, and equally secure. He pledged his garment every evening that he attended the play, at a pawnbroker's, near the door, for a shilling. This sum he carried back at the close of the play, added one penny to it for interest, and received his great-coat again, safe and sound, as it had literally been laid up in lavender.

**Friendship on the Nail.**—When Marigny contracted a friendship with Menage, he told him he was "upon his nail." It was a method he had of speaking of all his friends; he also used it in his letters; one which he wrote to Menage begins thus:—"Oh! illustrious of my nail." When Marigny said, "you are upon my nail," he means two things—one, that the person was always present, nothing being more easy than to look at his nail; the other was, that good and real friends were so scarce, that even he who had the most, might write their names on his nail.

**Fashionable Religion.**—A French gentleman, equally tenacious of his character for gallantry and devotion, went to hear mass at the chapel of a favourite saint at Paris. When he came there he found repairs were doing in the building, which prevented the celebration. To show that he had not been defective in his duty and attentions, he pulled out a richly-decorated pocket-book, and walking with great gravity and many genuflexions up the aisle, very carefully placed a card of his name upon the principal altar.

**An Inviting Invitation.**—An Irishman, newly arrived from Conemara, seeing on the door of a shop, "Money lent," went in and asked the pawnbroker to lend him a sovereign. On its being explained to him that he could not have the money without leaving *quantum sufficit* of goods, vastly disappointed, he exclaimed, "Ye swindlers, then what do you mane by writing up 'money lent,' when all the time it ought to be 'goods borrowed?'"

## FRENCH CHARACTER.

The French are passing courtly, ripe of wit;  
Kind, but extreme dissemblers: you shall have  
A Frenchman ducking lower than your knee,  
At the instant mocking e'en your very shoe-ties.

**Ancient Mound in Virginia.**—The citizens of Elizabethtown, Virginia, have commenced excavating one of the Indian tumuli near their town. They have discovered the ruins of an arch eight or ten feet high, also two skeletons, on their backs and interred in opposite directions, and numerous beads and ornaments made of human bones, as is believed. The bones of the skeleton, particu-

larly those of the jaw, are described as larger than those of the present race of men.

**Very Affecting.**—A farmer going to "get his grist ground," at a mill, borrowed a bag of one of his neighbours. The poor man was somehow or other knocked into the water by the water-wheel, and the bag went with him. He was drowned; and when the melancholy news was brought to his wife, she exclaimed, "My gracious! what a fuss there'll be now about that bag!"

## POETIC DICTION.

—Worthiest poets  
Shun common and plebeian forms of speech  
Every illiberal and affected phrase,  
To clothe their matter; and together tie  
Master and form with art and decency.

**A Polite Town.**—Charles the second, on passing through Bod-min, is said to have observed, that "this was the politest town he had ever seen, as one half of the houses appeared to be *bowing*, and the other half *uncovered*." Since the days of Charles, the houses are altered, but the inhabitants still retain their politeness, especially at elections.

**Effective Preaching.**—In 1104, when Henry I. was in Normandy, a prelate named Serlo, preached so eloquently against the fashion of wearing long hair, that the monarch and his courtiers were moved to tears; and, taking advantage of the impression he had produced, the enthusiastic prelate whipped a pair of scissors out of his sleeves, and cropped the whole congregation.

*Planché.*

**Touching for the Evil** was, in past ages, a pretended miracle, performed by our sovereigns at their coronations. In the parish register books of St. Nicholas, Cole Abbey, is a list of persons, with their ages, whom James II. had touched for the cure of the "evil" at his coronation!

**Trotzendorf**, the celebrated German schoolmaster, of the sixteenth century, encouraged his scholars to learn music, by saying: "Learn to sing, my dear boys, and then, if you go to heaven, the angels will admit you into their choir."

**Natural History.**—So great is the desire now evinced to obtain the various species of the brute creation for the metropolitan and provincial "Zoological Gardens," that the importation of animals has become an every-day commercial transaction. During one week lately, there arrived in the Docks, a rhinoceros, tiger, porcupine, sloth bear, Indian elk, axis deer, and several birds. The four first were purchased for "the Surrey Zoological Gardens."

**Teheraun or Teheraun**, stated to have been recently captured by the Russians, is the present capital of Persia. It is surrounded with a strong mud wall, about four miles in circuit, but contains no building of consequence, except the royal citadel, or fortified palace. Half a century ago, it was an inconsiderable place; and it started at once into the first consequence under Aga Mahomed Khan, the uncle to the present Shah, and the first sovereign that made this city a royal residence. It is 242 miles north of Ispahan, and about half that distance from the southern shore of the Caspian Sea.

**The Canada Thistle** can only with great difficulty be eradicated, on account of the distance to which its roots penetrate. An instance is related of its descending roots having been dug out of a quarry nineteen feet in length; and it has been found to shoot out horizontal roots in every direction, some eight feet in length, in a single season.

**Old London Bridge.**—"As fine as London Bridge," was formerly a proverbial saying in the city; and many a serious, sensible tradesman used to believe that heap of enormities to be one of the seven wonders of the world, and next to Solomon's temple, the finest thing that ever art produced.

**Humility.**—Hail humility! thou art the only virtue that was created by God himself, not by man, or by human institutions. Thou art like light, which shows all other things in their fairest colours, itself invisible in heaven!

## AGENTS FOR THE HALIFAX PEARL.

Halifax, A. & W. McKinlay.	River John, William Blair, Esq.
Windsor, James L. Dewolf, Esq.	Charlotte Town, T. Desbrisay, Esq.
Lower Horton, Chs. Brown, Esq.	St. John, N.B., G. A. Lockhart, Esq.
Wolfville, Hon. T. A. S. De Wolfe,	Sussex Vale, J. A. Reeve, Esq.
Kentville, J. F. Hutchinson, Esq.	Dorchester, C. Milner, Esq.
Bridgetown, Thomas Spurr, Esq.	Sackville, { Joseph Allison, and
Annapolis, Samuel Cowling, Esq.	{ J. C. Black, Esqrs.
Digby, Henry Stewart, Esq.	Fredericton, Wm. Grigor, Esq.
Yarmouth, H. G. Farish, Esq.	Woodstock, John Bedell, Jr. Esq.
Amherst, John Smith, Esq.	New Castle, Henry Allison, Esq.
Parrsboro', C. E. Ratchford, Esq.	Chatham, James Cale, Esq.
Fort Lawrence, M. Gordon, Esq.	Carleton, &c., Jos. Meagher, Esq.
Economy, Sijas H. Crane, Esq.	Bathurst, William End, Esq.
Pictou, Dr. J. W. Anderson.	St. Andrews, R. M. Andrews, Esq.
Truro, John Ross, Esq.	St. Stephens, Messrs. Pengree &
Antigonish, R. N. Henry, Esq.	Chipman.

Published every Friday evening, at the Printing Office of W. CUNNABELL, South end of Bedford Row, and opposite the Apothecaries' Hall, where Books, Pamphlets, Bank Checks, Cards, Circulars, Posting and Shop-Bills, etc. etc. will be neatly printed.