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HALIFAX PEARL,

A VOLUME DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

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VOLUME TWO.

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NUMBER TWENTY-NINE.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

DARKNESS.

Darkness hath bound
All nature around,
And the night-queen summons her pearly train,
Lighting each star
To its watch from afar,
O'er a world of visions and dreams again.

Lulled to its sleep
Is the mighty deep,
And hushed the lament of its glutton wave;
But false the smile,
As a demon's guile,
That sports on its bosom, and fades in its grave.

Trust not the rest
Of a traitor-broust,
Billows now slumbering shall wake, and be free,
Their syren chain
Shall they burst again,
And the storm-fiend call them to liberty.

Soon the grey dawn
Shall usher the morn
With a tale of woe for her sainted breath;
Night winds shall rush,
Torrents shall gush
O'er the mariner's brow in its ocean-death.

JULIAN.

FALL OF THE ARABIAN EMPIRE.

From a Paper of great power and beauty, in Blackwood's Magazine.

Three thousand years had elapsed since Ishmael, a friendless wanderer, left his parent's home, and owed his preservation in the desert to a miracle. More than six centuries had passed since Mahomed, like the great ancestor of his people, was expelled from the place of his birth, and was banished from the city of his fathers. The polished Arab now yielded to the ferocious Bactrian; and as the great Roman Empire had fallen beneath the inundating torrents from the European north, so the great Arab power was overwhelmed by impetuous invasions from the Asiatic deserts. Similar in grandeur, it was similar in fate; it had risen more rapidly, its ruin was as hasty, not more complete. It left behind a moral and a memory of desolation; its scattered vestiges of magnificence are a standing evidence of temporary pride; its recollection is suggestive of mournful and chastening feelings. The Arabic heroes are forgotten by name; their monuments are admired for their architectural beauty, not for the nobility of the spirit they were erected to honour; the bones deposited within them, to employ the eloquent elegiac language of Sir Thomas Browne, "have now rested quietly in the grave beneath the drums and trappings of three conquests." The field of Tours has been whitened by them, but even tradition there bears no record of the event; Jerusalem has seen them laid side by side with prophets and with kings, and the tombs of all are forgotten together. Ishmael and Isaac, foes on earth, rest peacefully in alliance in the same grave. Spain has been beautified by their memorials, but degraded by the practical negation of their independent, heroic spirit; and if there is truth, as we would desire to believe, in the tale of the Cid's funeral, when death re-assumed vitality to protect nobility from profanation, surely there has been in that land enough of degradation to arouse alike Christian and Moorish warriors from the sepulchre to vindicate the character of the nation. Every where

"Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers."

Every where Saracenic glory and power have faded away; the Arabian aspiring blood has sunk into the ground, and not to vegetate there. Shorn of strength, the Arabs have lost also the moral splendour that adorned them. Their sciences, their refinement, their valour, have decayed, or been wasted; their hand once more is against every man, and every man's hand against them; the Turk is their master and the desert is their home! Their fathers—where are they? Departed from memory as their nation has faded from fame, their history is a blank, their boasted empire has vanished and gone for ever! The standard of Islam no longer is the banner carrying terror and dismay along the confines of Christendom; the pale despots that rear it are defeated, despite its sacred and inspiring renown; fanaticism, pointing to heaven as a conqueror's reward, utters a feeble sound unheeded in the regions it formerly startled from torpor; the deluge of Mahomedanism having at length subsided from the ark of Christianity, the dove has gone forth to show every nation that the olive branch of peace now tranquilly and triumphantly waves over this globe to

add a pure and moral loveliness to those fields of nature designed as the dwelling-place of man!

Our remaining consideration is the influence of the Arabian empire on the world. That it must have operated powerfully, few will deny; for a mighty dominion could not have been raised and then fall, without leaving traits of influence on every land once stamped by the powerful ensigns of its transient authority.

"What deep wounds ever closed without a scar?"

Still we must not hope to find evidences of direct effects very perspicuously displayed in history. The fall of an empire chiefly operates on the mind with a force which can scarcely be calculated, and yet which is sensibly felt. When a thralldom is shaken off, and the restraints that tinged the sentiments with a particular colour, and directed the energies of the population in a particular direction, are suddenly loosened, the re-action, like that of the fabled oak, may be destructive and must be severe. Its extent and precise power remain more matters of speculation than of certainty; the equilibrium of the mind, once disturbed, may easily settle again, or, once shaken, may, like the pendulum, under regulated laws, continue vibration. We know that, shortly after the Arabian empire departed, mankind commenced those strides which since have incessantly been taken, leading onward to ends as yet dimly developed, opening constantly fresh hopes of advancement, and expanding the horizon which recedes from our approach, and tempts us by its resplendent brilliancy still further in the search. But we cannot positively determine the value of the impulse afforded by the stirring events we have considered—the crash of thrones, the destined fall of dynasties—we can merely admit them into the catalogue of causes, and acknowledge their united power, without attributing to each individual agency a definite relative importance. When we see civilization creeping into a country once the residence only of the barbarous and the bold—

"Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trode,
To his hills that encircle the sea;"

and in the rising state of society observe the intellect more asserting its sovereignty over matter, and controlling the passions; the sword and the spear rusting on the walls, the national phalanx disappearing altogether; the posterity of heroes seeking the glories of peace, and adorning by mental triumphs the bright land of their nativity, consecrating every effort to mental improvement, and speculating with sublimated affections, yet not resisting the force of those patriotic emotions which burned in the bosoms of their fathers, we can recognise the effect of some great causes, without distinguishing with exactitude their nature, or the force of each; we see knowledge increase, and refinement influence the heart, and we marvel whence they came. But when, as in the case of the Arabian empire, we know that there was a degree of learning, a latent moral influence, which could not be entirely lost, we can appreciate the operation in subsequent events, and trace it in future changes. We know that we owe to the Arabs the use of the numerical character, the manufacture of paper, of cotton, and perhaps of gunpowder; we know that we are indebted to them for much of that spirit of scientific and experimental inquiry which for a time was abused indeed by the alchemists, but which afterwards was visible in the pursuits of Lavoisier and Black. In mechanics too, and in medicine, we experience the advantage of Arabian researches; and still more have we felt that advantage in earlier and less cultivated times. In some things, however, the immediate contemporaries of the Arabs, or the generations living directly after them, have experienced benefits which we should not have enjoyed, had they not handed down to us a tradition of their knowledge. Our acquaintance with the sublime truths of astronomy would, for instance, have been as deep, had Eastern philosophers never turned their eyes to the realms of illimitable space, gazed enraptured on the canopy above, and watched with enraptured and admiring minds the harmonious movements of the countless worlds that career along in unrivalled beauty, adorning the firmament they people. "The moment," says Sir John Herschel, "astronomy became a branch of mechanics, a science essentially experimental, (that is to say, one in which any principle laid down can be subjected to immediate and decisive trial, and where experience does not require to be waited for,) its progress suddenly acquired a tenfold acceleration, nay, to such a degree, that it has been asserted, and we believe with truth, that were the results of all the observations from the earliest ages annihilated, leaving only those made in Greenwich Observatory during the single life-time of Maskelyne, the whole of this most perfect of sciences might, from those data, and as to

the objects included in them, be at once re-constructed, and appear precisely as it stood at their conclusion. The operation, indeed, of Arabian knowledge of astronomy in the early ages, was perhaps principally to lend a plausibility to astrology. The observers of stars, like Columbus predicting the eclipse, had the power of astonishing, when they prepared to delude. We must not, however, under-rate the debt we owe the Arabians. If it be true that they have added nothing to our astronomical lore, they have at least been greatly influential in imparting to us the bold spirit of inquiry, by which alone that lore can be collected. We do in some measure owe it to those early philosophers that we now have reached a noble enlightenment, and live in days when Galileo is no longer heretical, and Kepler no longer mad; for surely we must frankly acknowledge that we can trace the enterprising time to no source but the example of Arabian speculators; and therefore it is to them we should feel indebted, if not for our stores of learning, at least for the energy that dictates their discovery, and the spirit that directs their use. If we have in some cases improved on the legacy they left us, in some we remain listless, without any effort to increase the value of our possession; and in others we have, it must be feared, degenerated. Heraldry may have been expanded in its uses, but it can scarcely be considered improved; and when we regard the gorgeous relics of the olden time, the architectural adornments of the East; when we contemplate the delicate fretwork, and the ingenious combination of their ornaments, the boldness of their design, their gigantic proportions, we must admit, that though other lands may possess attractions derived from noble exertions of art, yet that our country is covered with few modern evidences that we can despise the graceful power of the Saracenic artists. Generally, we have benefited greatly by Arabian examples. Universally the influence of that empire has not only been good, but lasting. It aroused that European genius from the lethargy of inactivity which since has wrought such marvels in moulding matter, and in elevating mind, which has alone in the conceptions of our poets and our statesmen, in the daring schemes of the foes of tyranny and wrong. That influence, though slow in its operation, though for a time lost in the darkness of the ages succeeding the Arabian fall, now operates with powerful effect; it has cast round the western nations an electric chain, that conveys a mysterious emotion to the very core, and touches the nerves and the springs of action; it has awakened the populations to an ennobling and still-improving appreciation of their destinies and hopes; it has penetrated the most humble ranks, from which of times since the greatest of our intellectual nobility have sprung. So long as the spirit shall live which is not content with first impressions or casual observations, which dives into the recesses of nature for accumulating evidences of a great first cause, which traverses the regions of space, and dignifies earth by making it the receptacle of knowledge, shall the empire and the men whence so much of that spirit was derived live in the memory, and be cherished there. Ay, and when the recollection of Arabian conquests has departed, the remembrance of their nobler deeds shall not perish. Arabia, a desert, shall be venerated as the birthplace of wisdom; and once the shrine of the wise, though desolate, it shall not be despised. And Arabian power, a name, shall yet be revered, because used to exalt the sentiments, and to advance the interests of every tribe of man. The vanquishers of the world shall be remembered long after their temporal ambition is forgotten, from a just admiration of their mental triumphs, and of the impulse they imparted to its people.

ARAB BEAUTY.—Among them was one of the most beautiful girls I ever saw, apparently about twenty years of age. She was of a dark complexion, with eyes black as jet; the inside of her eyelids was blackened with kohl, her teeth were white as ivory, and her long hair fell down her neck and over her shoulders behind long enough for her to sit down upon. She had large silver ear-rings, and a silver ring through her under lip, gently drawing it down and displaying her fine teeth. Through her hair was passed a silver arrow, confining her veil to the top of her head, which was thrown back negligently over her shoulders; she was habited in a long, blue, loose shirt, open at the breast; her bare arms were covered with bracelets and amulets, and a string of beads was wound round her neck; her feet wore bare, and two large rings were fastened round her ankles. She walked as all the Arab women do, with a grace and beauty of carriage I never saw surpassed; nor in simplicity and elegance of appearance have I ever seen a fine lady of Europe, with her jewels and pearls, equal this plain and simple Arab girl.—*Addison's Travels*

ORIGINAL COLONISATION OF CANADA.

From Sharon Turner's "History of Henry VIII.

As Canada has now become the most important relic of our North American possessions, and is daily increasing in its population, property, and commercial relations, and was first colonised in the reign of Henry VIII. it may gratify the reader to peruse the original instructions for the earliest settlement that was made upon it, from the European branch of the human race, as they were either dictated or approved by Francis I.

This region was existing unknown to all other parts of the globe, until the year 1508, when some Norman and Breton adventurers, seeking their fortune at sea, under one John Denys, of Normandy, accidentally roved near it. They did little more than inspect some of its coasts, but it became afterwards known to several of their countrymen, who went to fish near its shores, and whose reports about it at last interested Francis I. to desire that it should be more specially examined.

With this view, in the year 1534, he sent Jacques Cartier Mabuoin to reconnoitre the country, inspect its havens and ports, and by sailing up the great river which flowed from it, to learn all that he could collect of its soil, climate, and inhabitants. Cartier executed his commission with satisfactory diligence, and the information which he communicated on his return, determined the French king to establish a colony in the country, near its principal river, now called St. Lawrence, which is the largest stream of water in North America. This important river was then termed Canada, by the natives, and its name became transferred to the Country itself, though it was afterwards also called New France.

His expensive wars with the emperor prevented Francis I. from pursuing his plan of colonising Canada till the year 1538. But having at last agreed with Charles V. to establish a general truce between them for ten years, from the 18th June, 1538, he proceeded three months afterwards to the accomplishment of his colonial enterprise, and it is in the September of this year that the following official document occurs, for the outfit of the expedition to establish the first settlement in this territory of North America, which has now become such an important member of the foreign dominions of Great Britain.

"Memoir of the men and Provisions necessary for the Vessels which the King intends to send into Canada.

"To perform the voyage which the king our sovereign lord desires to have made to Canada, it must go, at the latest, in the middle of May, and must have the number of the persons and ships hereinafter mentioned, to be increased or lessened as M. le Connetable (the prime minister) shall think proper.

"It will be requisite to have, as well for guarding the ships that will remain there, as for the equipment of several boats, which will be wanted to go into the various streams and rivers, 120 mariners.

"Also forty men of war; harquebuziers.

"Also thirty carpenters, as well of ships as of houses and sawyers who work lengthways.

"Ten master masons, who can be assisted by those of the country who will serve them.

"Three men who can make lime.

"Three makers of tiles.

"Two coalmen to make charcoal.

"Four master farriers, each having a forge and two servants, with two locksmiths.

"Four smiths, to search and ascertain if there be any mine of iron, and to make forges and work iron there.

"To take, at least, six vine-dressers and six labourers.

"Three barbers, and each a servant.

"Two apothecaries, with each a servant, to examine and see the useful qualities of the herbs.

"A physician and a servant.

"Two goldsmiths who are lapidaries, with their necessary utensils, and each a servant.

"Two master tailors and two master hosiers, and each a servant.

"Two joiners and two servants, with their tools.

"Two master rope-makers and two servants, because there is hemp to make cordage.

"Four cannoneers, at least, and the men-of-war will make use of these men when need requires.

"Six churchmen, with all things necessary for Divine service; in all 276 men.

"To be victualled for two years at least; that if the ships that shall be sent there next year should not arrive, those now going may not want food.

"These victuals must be well made, and so good as to last all this time; and there must be some of the dry wines of Spain.

"These victuals may cost ten sols a month for each man, which for the 276 men, for 24 months, will amount to 33,120 livres.

"They must also be furnished with clothes, beds, coverings, and all other necessaries, for two or three years; and they must leave some money behind for their wives and children.

"Therefore they must be paid in advance for fifteen or sixteen months, and this will cost at least, one with the other, 100 sols a month.

"Ten tons of iron, which will cost fifty livres.

"Eight or ten prizes of salt, as well for the people of the country, who very much value it, as for those of the ships. This will cost in Brittany sixty sols for each prize.

"Four milliers yards of common linen, as well for the natives as for the ships.

"Three hundred pieces of crezeaus, for natives and ships.

"Also millstones, to make water-mills, wind-mills, and hand-mills.

"They must also carry out as many as possible of all manner and kinds of domestic beasts and birds, as well to do the work as to breed in the country; and all sorts of grains and seeds.

"For their passage there must be at least six ships, of not less than 110 tons, with two barks of forty-five or fifty tons each; these, with the smallest of the six ships, will remain there, and the other five will return as soon as they have landed the victuals and goods. For the return of these five, each must have twenty men over and above the aforesaid number. They may take in going and coming, and in staying there, five or six months, for which time they must be victualled; and be paid two months on going out, and the remainder on their return.

"There must be munitions of war to land for the forts; artillery arquebuzes a croc, pikes, halberts, lead, balls, powder, and other things.

"In the ships must be three boats, ready to put out when there, to go out on the streams and rivers.

"All sorts of nail-work, pitch, and tar for the ships.

"The six ships, being from 700 to 800 tons, will cost a crown per ton a month, for moorage; or about 900 crowns a month, and for the six months 4900 crowns.

"There must be also provided pay and victuals for 100 men, to bring back the shipping this year, who may be detained six months; which would amount to 1000 livres a month, and therefore for the six months 6000 livres.

"Made the . . . September, 1538.

I derive this curious paper from the collection of state letters made by Ribier, in 1666, and addressed by him to Colbert, the celebrated minister of Louis XIV. This counsellor of state describes Canada as then a vast country, uncultivated like a desert, and in most places uninhabited, except by demons and wild beasts."

It was in 1540 that this colonising expedition reached Canada, under the Sieur de Roberval, and in 1543 another fleet under his superintendence was sent to it, by the same intelligent monarch, Francis I., who seems not to have suffered either of his contemporaries, Charles V. or Henry VIII., to have surpassed him in his encouragement to every laudable undertaking which the intellect and spirit of the day were inclined to pursue.

For the Pearl.

PROPHECY FULFILLED.

PETRA.—No. 3.

"I have sworn by myself, saith the Lord, that Bozrah (the strong or fortified City) shall become a desolation, a reproach, and a waste, and a curse, and all the Cities thereof shall be perpetual waste. Lo I will make thee small among the Heathen, and despised among men. Thy terriblest hath deceived thee, and the pride of thy heart, oh thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rocks, that holdest the height of the hill; though thou shouldst make thy nest as high as the Eagle, I will bring thee down from thence, saith the Lord."—JEREMIAH LXVI: 13, 16.

Mr. Stevens has observed that he could not generally distinguish the dwellings from the tombs in Petra; but this was not invariably the case. Some were certainly tombs, as the pits in which the dead were laid were clearly visible; but the houses had no similar excavations. Mr. S. describes one of these dwellings in form like the divans of the East, divided into divers apartments, with regular partitions. The second and third stories were not in fashion with the Edomites; there were no partitions within the chambers, but the rock was similar to that we have described as composing the entire stone rampart enclosing the venerable city. From its commanding site, and the high finish of the work, this had been the abode of a wealthy citizen. In front was a large table of rock, forming as it were a court of entrance, where probably the owner sat under the shades of evening, overlooking the assembly in the Theatre, or beyond upon the palaces and dwellings in the then populous city, the climate of which must have made Petra a charming place of residence. In the all-engrossing interest of this sublime scene this traveller hurried through the broken range of ruins, clambered the staircases, and made the entire circuit of Petra in a few hours, where an interest must have been excited impossible to describe. The traveller and his servant, who it seems followed his master's steps, though at first reluctant, were quite exhausted with fatigue. The shades of evening were collecting as they stood for the last time on the steps of the Theatre. Perfect as has been the fulfilment of the Prophecy against this devoted city, in no one particular has its truth been more awfully verified than in the complete extermination of the race of Edom; and while their enemies the Jews have been dispersed all over the earth, still retaining their peculiar polity, customs and religion; and though conversant with the people of all lands are still a separate nation, the Edomites have been cut off for ever, and not even one remains of the house of Esau, to disclose their awful doom. Thus is the Prophecy fulfilled: "Wisdom hath departed from Teman, and understanding

from the Mount of Esau," and its miserable Arabs cannot appreciate the august works of its former lords, who ruled over it in the days of its glory. In the summer the poor Arab cultivates the few valleys which are arable, and in the winter inhabits the tombs. His barbarian hands will mutilate the fine remains of art; and as he breaks to atoms the sculptured rocks, he vainly hopes to find hidden treasures. Stevens could have lingered for days on the steps of the Theatre, but the sheik hurried him away—so dangerous would it have been to have passed even one night in that most interesting city. Turning back, therefore, from the Theatre, the whole stupendous area of the city burst upon the sight at once, filled with crumbling masses of rock and stone—the excavated residences of a mighty people long since obliterated from the face of the earth—and surrounded (as before said) on all sides by vast masses of everlasting mountains, with sides smoothed by human art even to the summit, and many of the dwellings appeared utterly inaccessible, as is the case in Switzerland, Norway, and other rocky regions. The travellers now ascended the valley, and rising to the summit of the mighty rocky rampart at dark, they found a range of tombs in the suburbs of the city: here they spread their couches in a tomb of rock. Stevens observes that he had just then completed one of the most interesting days in his life; for the singular character of this august city—the uncommon beauty and preservation of its ruins—its remote antiquity—the denunciations of prophecy so signally verified—its long loss to the civilized world—and the dangers and hurried nature of the route, imparted a thrilling and almost fearful interest to the time and place, of which even an adequate idea can hardly be conveyed. In the morning, Mr. Stevens and his man Paul had determined, whilst the Arabs still slept, to ascend Mount Hor, where was the tomb of Aaron, by moonlight; but now they thought only of rest. The tombs were cut lengthwise in the rock like ovens, so that a body might be admitted with the feet foremost. Engravings are given both of the temples and tombs—the latter indeed resemble temples; but the most splendid engravings of Petra will be found in Laborde's Travels, lately published in Paris. By presents of much value Laborde and Linant prevailed on the avaricious Arabs to admit of their remaining some time at Petra, to enable them to finish these superb drawings, which will at once impart to the eye of taste as true a representation as possible of the transcendent grandeur, and chaste simplicity of the monuments of Petra. Mr. Stevens was satisfied that he had made a fortunate escape from the grinding extortions of the Arabs; his ascent to the tomb of Aaron was opposed on the pretence that Turks only visited it; but as the Arabs were aware that a sheep must be sacrificed, and afterwards eaten by the tribe, they consented, but assured Stevens that Mahommed was a greater man, and lived long before Aaron was born. Little did the wealthy Edomite imagine that his ashes would be scattered to the winds, and that an American stranger and a gang of Arabs, living thousands of miles distant, would be sleeping in his superb tomb, alike ignorant and careless of the quondam possessor of this august mausoleum.

A man rising from a tomb with his clothes on does not require much time to arrange his toilet—an ascent to the tomb of the Prophet Aaron, on the summit of Mount Hor, was now the object. This immense mountain towered aloft in awful dignity and majesty, bare and rugged to its very summit,—not a tree or even a shrub growing on its barren sides. For some distance they found the ascent rather easy, when they arrived at a precipitous gap, opening its terrific jaws almost from the very base of the venerable mountain. We stood on its brink and observed each other with wild amazement. We descended, and were more fortunate in our second effort; what had appeared at a distance slight undulations, we found on nearer approach great fissures presenting themselves in quick succession. We had to lay hold of the broken corners of the porous sandstones, which crumbled under our feet, and frequently put our lives in danger. Many times, after desperate exertion, we sat down utterly exhausted, and in despair for the result; but the distant glimpse of the whitened door of the tomb would revive our spirits and stimulate us to renew our efforts on the sides of that truly rugged mountain, so desolate, whose perilous ascent has been undertaken by so few enterprising travellers since the time when "Moses and Aaron ascended in the sight of all the congregation." The master and the man lay on the same rocky couch, encountering the same dangers, and inspired by the same hopes. These travellers ascended on the east side of the mountain, on which, resting to breathe, when half way up, they looked back on the high rampart of rock that walled the city of Petra, and on the outside of the rock they observed the facade of a beautiful temple, resembling in its prominent features the great temple before described, which was opposite the principal entrance of the city. Independent of its fine architecture, it would have been curious to have examined, and if possible discover, why it was constructed, standing alone outside of the venerable city, and apart from all the dwellings, sitting in sublime but solitary grandeur. This enquiry they were compelled to omit, and by climbing—and at times even lifting each other—the master and man, through the most persevering efforts, at length attained the bold and rocky summit of the majestic mountain; and before they had time for general observation, their attention was

engrossed by a view of the Dead Sea, situate and lying between the barren mountains of Arabia and Judæa,—presenting from that vast eminence only a small, calm, and silvery surface, was that awful sea of “mystery profound,” which roiled its dark waters over the guilty cities of the Plain, over whose surface, according to the Arabs, no bird can fly, or fish swim in its waters (but our traveller had seen gulls flying over and resting on its banks. The Dead Sea receives the Jordan, but sends no tribute to the ocean. Mr. Stevens expected to find in its waters the ruins of the overwhelmed cities. This zealous traveller now observes, “If I had never stood on the top of Mount Sinai, I should say that nothing could exceed the desolation exhibited from the summit of Mount Hor,—its most striking object being the dreary and ragged mountains of Seir—bare and naked both of trees and verdure, and heaving their majestic summits to the skies. Before me lay in wide extent a land of utter desolation, barrenness and ruin—a land accursed by God, and against which the Prophets of the Most High had set their faces—a land of which it was thus written in the Book of Life, in Ezekiel xxxv. ‘Moreover, the word of the Lord came unto me, saying, Son of man, set thy face against Mount Seir, and prophesy against it, and say unto it, Thus saith the Lord God, Behold, oh Mount Seir, I am against thee, and I will stretch out mine hand against thee, and I will make thee most desolate. I will lay thy cities waste, and thou shalt be desolate; and thou shalt know that I am the Lord. Because thou hast had a perpetual hatred, and hast shed the blood of the children of Israel by the force of the sword in the time of their calamity, in the time that their iniquity had an end: therefore, as I live, saith the Lord God, I will prepare thee unto blood, and blood shall pursue thee: since thou hast not hated blood, even blood shall pursue thee. Thus will I make Mount Seir most desolate, and cut off from it him that passeth out and him that returneth. And I will fill his mountains with his slain men: in thy hills, and in thy valleys, and in all thy rivers shall they fall that are slain with the sword. I will make thee perpetual desolations, and thy cities shall not return: and ye shall know that I am the Lord.’”

In Numbers 20th, an account of the death of Aaron is given—“And the children of Israel, even the whole congregation, journeyed from Kadesh, and came unto Mount Hor. And the Lord spake unto Moses and Aaron in Mount Hor, by the coast of the land of Edom, saying, Aaron shall be gathered unto his people: for he shall not enter into the land which I have given unto the children of Israel, because ye rebelled against my word at the water of Meribah. Take Aaron and Eleazer his son, and bring them up unto Mount Hor; and strip Aaron of his garments, and put them upon Eleazer his son: and Aaron shall be gathered unto his people, and shall die there. And Moses did as the Lord commanded: and they went up into Mount Hor, in the sight of all the congregation. And Moses stripped Aaron of his garments, and put them upon Eleazer his son; and Aaron died there in the top of the mount; and Moses and Eleazer came down from the mount. And when all the congregation saw that Aaron was dead, they mourned for Aaron thirty days, even all the house of Israel.”

On the very summit of Mount Hor is revered alike by Turks and Christians the tomb of Aaron, 30 feet square, containing a single chamber; a stone on which sheep had been sacrificed, black with the smoke of ages was apparent, and the only ornaments were a few ostrich eggs, suspended to the ceiling, as is common in the mosques. At the foot of certain steps was a narrow chamber; at the other end an iron grating, opening in the middle, and behind the grating a tomb excavated in the living rock—this was the tomb of Aaron. Mr. Stevens tore aside the rusty grating, and with his right hand extending his arm up to the shoulders, touched the sacred spot. In fine, after an ascent the most toilsome, and a descent the most hairbrained and perilous, ever perhaps accomplished by any travellers, they arrived in half an hour at the base of this terrific mountain, and hurried on to join their escort.

H. H.

ANCIENT EGYPT.—Ancient Egypt, in all ages of literary inquiry, has been, like the source of her own Nile, the great object of eager research, patient hope, and perpetual disappointment. The mysteries of her elder power and wisdom were surveyed with something of religious awe by the Greeks and Romans, who generally acknowledged in her the parent of their deities, their arts, and their civil government. To the Christian world, her connexion with the early history of the Jews has kept alive the same powerful interest. The literary pilgrims, who have visited the shores, from the days of old Herodotus, down to our own time, have perpetually maintained or rekindled the excitement by new accounts of the wonders of this inexhaustible region. In the darkest ages, the pyramids, that stood as it were, almost on the verge and entrance of the land of marvel, were known and familiarly spoken of as among the wonders of the world; while later diligence and enterprise have gradually opened to us the whole valley,

‘Far off from sun-burnt Meroe,
From falling Niles to the sea
That beats on the Egyptian shore.’

Our travellers, if we may again, tempted by the beautiful language of Gray, venture into poetry, have penetrated wherever

— with adventurous oar and ready sail,
The dusky people drove before the gale;
Or on frail floats to neighbouring cities ride,

which, alas, no longer

‘Rise and glitter o’er the ambient tide,’

but lie in their massy and majestic ruins on each side of the stream. City after city, up to the cataracts, even where the mouldering porticos are of a later date, still displays the architectural characters of weight, solidity, and colossal proportion, which belongs to the more ancient edifices; while above the limits of Egypt, temple after temple, either built with the same gigantic labour, or hewn out of the solid rock, shows, that if one mighty empire did not, at a very remote period, extend along the course of the Nile, from the borders of Abyssinia to the sea, yet one religion predominated from Meroe to Memphis, the same arts, usages, and perhaps civil polity, followed, either ascending or descending, the course of the great river.

A FUTURE STATE.—Revelation declares that we are to live hereafter in a state differing considerably from that in which we live here. Now the Constitution of Nature in a manner says so too. For do we not see birds let loose from the prison of the shell, and launched into a new and nobler state of existence? insects extricated at length from their cumbrous and unsightly tenement, and then permitted to unfold their beauties to the sun? seeds rotting in the earth, with no apparent promise of future vegetation, yet quickened after death, and clothed with luxuriant apparel? Is not our own solid flesh perpetually thawing and restoring itself, so that the numerical particles of which it once consisted have by degrees dropped away, leaving, meanwhile, the faculties of the soul unimpaired, and its consciousness uninterrupted for a moment? Is not the eye a telescope, and the hand a vice, and the arm a lever, and the wrist a hinge, and the leg a crutch, and the stomach a laboratory, and the whole frame but a case of beautiful instruments, which may accordingly be destroyed without the destruction of the agents that wield them? Nay, cannot that agent, when once master of its craft, work without the tools, and are its perceptions in a dream as vivid as when every organ of sense is actively employed in ministering to its wants? What though the silver chord be loosed, and the golden bowl broken, and the pitcher broken at the well, and the wheel broken at the cistern, still may yet the immortal artist itself have quitted the ruptured machinery, and retired to the country from which it came? What though the approach of death seem, by degrees, to enfeeble, and at last to suspend the powers of the mind, will not the constitution of nature bid us be of good cheer, seeing that the approach of sleep does the same? Of sleep, which, instead of paralyzing the functions of the man, is actually their

‘second course
Chief nourished in life’s feast.’

And if, in some instances, death does lie heavy on the trembling spirit, in how many others does it seem to be only cutting the chords that bound it to earth, exonerating it of a weight that sunk it—so that, agreeably to a notion too universal to be altogether groundless, at the eve of its departure it should appear

‘to attain
To something of prophetic strain?’

Here, then, the constitution of nature and the voice of revelation conspire to teach the same great truth, ‘non omnis moriar.’

Quarterly Review.

CRIME OF PARTIALITY.—Whether partiality must be regarded as the daughter, or as the sister of bigotry, may perhaps bear a dispute; but as they have the striking and identical likeness of twins, we may safely call them sisters. The just definition of partiality, is, the confined affection and confidence which a man has for his own party, and which produces a corresponding disaffection and distrust towards all others. How lovely, in the estimation of such a man, are all the peculiarities comprehended under the particular *ism*, by which he and his party are distinguished! and how dark and doubtful is all beside! While his mind is amusing itself in surveying the vast beauties of his party, and imitating excellencies of its plan, the cloud which obscures the horizon of every other, appears to grow darker every hour! His feelings are sublime and inexpressible, and perhaps advance almost to that state of devotion which is due alone to the Deity, whose only plan is unexceptionable, and who has no party under the sun. Now as God has no party, and as his ministers are to do nothing by partiality, and as the wisdom from above is without partiality, as well as without hypocrisy, we might as well doubt whether hypocrisy be a moral evil, as to doubt whether partiality be such. And yet, alas! both it and bigotry have been protected and encouraged as the great champions and defenders of each sectarian cause. They make a man zealous and decided—they make him resolute and courageous! Yes, and let it be added, they make him uncandid, fierce, dogmatical, and blind. They are as fine and acceptable allies for a Jew or a Turk—for a Pagan or an Atheist—as they are for a sectarian Christian.

Let their effects be considered within any religious denomination. They say to the soul of every member, So far shall you go in your meditations, and no farther: your business is not to inquire what is true, but merely to inquire what are the sentiments of our church, that you may defend them to the end of the world. You must silence every heretical thought of improvement, and merely walk in the good old way, as we have pointed it out to you. Thus, whatever error may be in the church, it seems it must be held fast to eternity. The intellectual faculties of the members must be hampered, and their hearts corrupted, by doing violence to honest conviction, and by warping both reason and revelation into the pale of their sectarian boundaries. And even the truth itself is hindered by these evils from producing its native and salutary effects: for truth, when believed merely with the faith of bigotry, is little better than error. Its evidence is not examined, and its value, as truth, is not apprehended; but merely its subserviency to the support of our beloved cause.

Let their effects be considered upon the different denominations, in their relation to each other. We stand with surprise and wonder to behold the errors and absurdities of other denominations; they stand with equal surprise and wonder, to behold the errors and absurdities of ours: while the true cause of wonder is, that each party cannot see that they are holding fast the same identical error, namely, the infallibility of our party. One party enjoins on all its members to defend everything here, and to oppose every thing there: the other party does the same. Thus the inquiry What is truth? is neglected and laid aside. One says, There is no religion with you; and another, There is no religion with you. One says, This is a damnable heresy; and the other says, That is a damnable heresy. One wonders at the blindness and obstinacy of this people; the other wonders at the blindness and obstinacy of that people; while all Heaven pities the selfish vanity of man, and all Hell is pleased with our destructive and ridiculous conduct.

THE INFIDEL MOTHER.

BY CHATEAUBRIAND.

How is it possible to conceive that a woman should be an atheist? What shall prop this reed if religion does not sustain her? The feeblest being in nature, even on the eve of death, or loss of her charms; who shall support her if her hopes be not extended beyond an ephemeral existence? For the sake of her beauty alone, woman should be pious.

Gentleness, submission, suavity, tenderness, constitute part of the charms which the Creator bestowed on our first mother; and to charms of this kind infidelity is the mortal foe.

Shall woman, who takes delight in concealment—who never discloses more than half her thoughts, whom Heaven formed for virtue and the most mysterious of sentiments, modesty and love—shall woman, renouncing the most engaging instinct of her sex, presume, with rash and feeble hands, to attempt to draw the thick veil which conceals the Divinity? Whom doth she think to please by an effort alike absurd and sacrilegious? Does she hope, by adding her pretty reasoning and her frivolous metaphysics to the imprecations of a Spinoza, and the sophistry of a Bayle, to give us a higher opinion of her genius? Without a doubt she has no thoughts of marriage, for what sensible man would unite himself for life to an impious partner?

The infidel wife has seldom any idea of her duties; she spends her days either on reasoning on virtue without practising its precepts, or in the enjoyment of the tumultuous pleasure of the world.

But the day of vengeance approaches. Time arrives, leading Age by the hand. The spectre, with silver hair and icy hands, plants himself on the threshold of the female Atheist: she perceives him and shrieks aloud. Who shall hear her voice? Her husband? She has none—long, very long, has he withdrawn from the theatre of dishonor. Her children? Ruined by impious education, and by maternal example, they concern themselves not about their mother. If she surveys the past, she beholds a pathless waste: her virtues have left no traces behind them. For the first time she begins to be sensible how much more consolatory it would have been to have a religion. Un-availing regret! When the Atheist, at the term of his career, discovers the illusions of a false philosophy; when annihilation, like an appalling meteor, begins to appear above the horizon of death, he would fain return to God: but it is too late—the mind, burdened by incredulity, rejects all conviction.

How different is the lot of the religious woman! Her days are replete with joy; she is respected, beloved by her husband, her children and her household; all place unbounded confidence in her, because they are firmly convinced of the fidelity of one who is faithful to her God. The faith of this Christian is strengthened by her happiness, and her happiness by her faith; she believes in God because she is happy, and she is happy because she believes in God.

Nature has perfections in order to show that she is the image of God, and defects in order to show that she is only his image.
—PASCAL.

THE SUN TO THE EARTH, ON THE DAWN OF MORNING.

BY THOMAS RAGG.

Rejoice! rejoice! let the valleys laugh,
Let the mountains smile, and the hills look gay,
And flowers lift their heads as they fondly quaff
The beams of the bright returning day.
I come! I come in my splendour now,
Chasing the gloom from the welkin's brow;
I come! I come with my gladdening ray,
Driving the shades of the night away.

Rejoice! rejoice! let the rolling streams
Pour forth their song to the morning breeze,
Reflecting abroad my brilliant beams
In forms like the dreamer's phantasies.
I come! I come on the wings of love,
Let all to meet my embraces move;
I come! I come on the wings of day,
To chase the shades of the night away.

Rejoice! rejoice! let the woodlands ring
With music's sweetest, gladdest sound;
Let the lark ascend on delighted wing,
And tell his joy to the heavens around.
I come! I come! let the glad sound spread,
And wake the drone from his drowsy bed,
As my plouger, the twilight gray,
Scatters the shades of the night away.

Rejoice! rejoice! let each waking eye
Be gladly turned to the eastern sphere,
And every heart be fill'd with joy,
To see my beams of brilliance near.
I come! I come! let all rejoice,
And wake the song with a cheerful voice,
I come! I come with a flood of day
To sweep the shades of the night away.

Nottingham.

Metropolitan for June.

From Bentley's Miscellany for June.

THE WIDOW CURED, OR MORE THAN THE DOCTOR AT FAULT.

It was in the year—, but no matter, I have the most treacherous memory imaginable for dates; when Quarz was at Berlin,—you, of course, knew who Quarz was,—if you do not, I'll tell you. He was the celebrated musical composer and musician at the court of Frederick the Great, and, by the way, taught him the flute. Quarz was the pupil of the famous counterpointist, Gasparini; Quarz, in short, was the man who, as he was leaving the orchestra one night, heard a ball whistle in his ear, ticketed for him by the Spanish Ambassador, who was in love with a certain marchioness. I can assure you the aim was a good one, and the maestro might well bob his head, and wink his eyes.

At the time of which I was speaking before I got into these parentheses, Quarz was forty-one: tall, and well made in his person, and of a noble and characteristic countenance, which, joined to a talent whose superiority no one could dispute, gave him free access to all societies, and caused him to be well received everywhere. He was, among others, particularly intimate with one Schindler, a friend of his youth, who had followed the same studies—almost with the same success—what a blessing was such a friend! In his house, after the fatigues and adulations that every coming day brought with it, Quarz passed his evenings. At Schindler's he sought for a balm to the wounds of envy and jealousy, fortified his mind against the caprices of the great, and, above all, from Schindler he was sure to meet with a tribute due to his genius, and praises that came from the heart.

But death laid his cold and pitiless hand on Schindler, and with his terrible scythe cut that knot, which only he could sever.

No record of the time remains to tell us whether Madame Schindler "lamented him sore." There are some sorrows over which we are forced to throw a veil. Perhaps she did, perhaps she did not, shed a tear—perhaps a flood of tears. Habit and long intimacy are mighty and powerful things.

Yet, though Schindler was no more, Quarz still continued his visits: whether from long custom, or particular affection for his lost friend, does not appear, and the young widow continued to receive him with her accustomed welcome.

For a considerable time no particular occurrence happened to interrupt their interviews, the motive of which seemed to be a mutual consolation. It is only by looking closely, and examining events with attention, that we can discover any diminution of their affections for poor Schindler, but by degrees he faded from their memory. They now and then spoke of him, it is true, but less and less, till at last they ceased to speak of him at all. Schindler was allowed to slumber peaceably in his case of wood, "was quietly inurned," *requiescat in pace*.

For myself, I can perfectly understand all this. I can see no necessity for remaining inconsolable at an irreparable loss, and can conceive no folly greater than his or hers had they doomed themselves to eternal regrets.

Whilst the lamp burns, if ever so feebly, nourish the flame by all means; but when once it is extinguished, it is a waste of time

and common sense to trim or supply it with oil. There is an old French song that runs thus:—

"Quand on est mort, c'est pour long temps."

Thus, as I said, Madame Schindler had given up weeping, and as every one should have some occupation or other, she thought herself of getting a new husband in lieu of the old. The idea was not a bad one. Is it not so? With this view she employed herself in repairing the disorder of her toilette—in smiling on her visitors—in coquetting with them a little. And who can blame her? If you know mankind as well as I do, you must be aware that these things, much as we may despise them, go a great way in the world. Depend on it, that if a woman is simple in her manners, and plain in her dress, and without what most people term affectation or coquetry, no one will take the trouble of looking at her twice.

Madame Schindler's house underwent a similar metamorphosis to her own. The venetians, that had for a whole year been carefully closed, began to let in the day, and were draped with more care and elegance than ever. The very furniture seemed to assume a new life. Her doors opened almost of themselves to her former friends or new acquaintances, and more than one guest at the time took his seat at her dinner-table.

Quarz was, as may be supposed, always welcome; and he had this advantage, that come when he might she was at home to him.

Nothing less could be expected from so old a friend, and no one could possibly find fault with her for that, you will allow.

One day, in the midst of an animated conversation with her amiable favourite, Madame Schindler all at once burst into tears, complaining of a pain in her side, and a violent headache. Quarz was "aux petits soins," and did and said all that might have been expected of him in such a case.

Madame Schindler went to bed, and sent for a physician.

Well, you will say, what is there extraordinary in that? Yesterday I had a stitch in my side and a headache, and what can they have to do with your anecdote?

Don't be impatient—much. As you shall hear.

Quarz was seated by her bedside when the doctor entered. He felt her pulse, and his lips expressed, by a slight but significant contraction, that he entertained no very favourable opinion of her symptoms: whilst Quarz kept his eye constantly fixed on her pale countenance, where the finger of death seemed to have set its fatal seal. He was sad and motionless, and awaited in silence the stern decrees of Heaven. But the patient had perceived the evil augury of the physician's eye.

"I see," said she with a feeble voice, "I see, alas! that I am doomed to die. Doctor I am grateful to you. I had rather know the worst, than flatter myself with a vain delusion."

"Well," said he, "since I must—since all the aid of medicine is vain, I leave you, madam." He cast a melancholy glance at Quarz, who was now really affected.

The patient expressed a wish to be alone, and Quarz and the doctor retired to an adjoining chamber.

Some minutes afterwards, they were again summoned.

"Joachim," said the dying lady, addressing Quarz; "you perceive that I am about to leave you. But before I quit this world—before I take my eternal rest, I have one favour to beg of you—one only—say, will you refuse it on my death-bed?"

You may imagine the reply; Quarz did what you or I would have done in his place. He promised, whatever it might be, to comply with it.

"I hoped it would be so," said the widow, with a voice still feebler; "but dared not rely on it. It is—that before I die, you should make me yours. Call me but your wife. I shall then be the happiest of women, and have nothing further to wish for."

The request was a singular one, but Quarz had promised, and really the engagement bound him to nothing, for, in a few moments, the tie would be broken by the divorce of death.

He therefore consented with a good grace, and sent for a notary public. The deed was drawn up in due form. He signed it. The doctor signed it as a witness. The widow, with a trembling hand, affixed her signature to the paper; and all was over.

But all was not over.

"Doctor;" cried Mrs. Quarz, jumping nimbly, and completely dressed, out of bed. "I am not so near the point of death as you imagine, and have every inclination to live long for my husband."

Now look upon the *tableau*. The astonishment of the two witnesses—the notary, wiping his spectacles, thinking his eyes deceived; the doctor biting his nails at being deceived, as well as the rest. Only think of a doctor being taken in!

Quarz, who was well pleased with the adventure, said smilingly aside.

"A good actress, 'faith! If I were an author I would write a part for her."

The curtain fell. Madame Schindler was young and pretty, and rich besides.

WRITING FOR THE CLOSET AND THE STAGE.—As the difference between the effective oration and the eloquent essay—between Pitt so great to hear, and Burke so great to read, so is the difference between the writing for the eye of one man, and the writing for the ears of three thousand.

From the Athenæum.

T. A. KNIGHT, ESQ.

It is with sincere regret that we announce the death of Thomas Andrew Knight, Esq., of Downton Castle, in Herefordshire, the President of the Horticultural Society of London. A correspondent has favoured us with the following biographical notice of this lamented gentleman.

Mr. Knight was born at Wormsley Grange, near Hereford, on the 10th October, 1758. He was the youngest son of the Rev. Thomas Knight, a clergyman of the church of England, whose father had amassed a large fortune as an iron-master, at the time when iron-works were first established at Colebrook Dale. When Mr. Knight was three years old, he lost his father, and his education was in consequence so much neglected, that at the age of nine years he was unable to write, and scarcely able to read. He was then sent to school at Ludlow, whence he was removed to Chiswick, and afterwards entered at Balliol College, Oxford. It was in the idle days of his childhood, when he could derive no assistance from books, that his active mind was first directed to the contemplation of the phenomena of vegetable life; and he then acquired that fixed habit of thinking and judging for himself, which laid the foundation of his reputation as an original observer and experimentalist. He used to relate an anecdote of his childhood, which marks the strong original tendency of his mind to observation and reflection. Seeing the gardener one day planting beans in the ground, he asked him why he buried those bits of wood; being told that they would grow into bean plants and bear other beans, he watched the event, and finding that it happened as the gardener had foretold, he determined to plant his pocket-knife, in the expectation of its also growing and bearing other knives. When he saw that this did not take place, he set himself to consider the cause of the difference in the two cases, and thus was led to occupy his earliest thoughts with those attempts at tracing the vital phenomena of plants to their causes, upon which he eventually constructed so brilliant a reputation.

It was about the year 1795 that Mr. Knight began to be publicly known as a vegetable physiologist. In that year he laid before the Royal Society his celebrated paper upon the inheritance of disease among fruit trees, and the propagation of debility by grafting. This was succeeded by accounts of experimental researches into vegetable fecundation, the ascent and descent of sap in trees, the phenomena of germination, the influence of light upon leaves, and great variety of similar subjects. In all these researches, the originality of the experiments was very remarkable, and the care with which the results were given was so great, that the most captious of subsequent writers have admitted the accuracy of the facts produced by Mr. Knight, however much they may have differed from him in the conclusions which they draw from them.

The great object which Mr. Knight set before himself, and which he pursued through his long life with undeviating steadiness of purpose, was utility. Mere curious speculations seem to have engaged his attention but little; it was only when facts had some great practical bearing that he applied himself seriously to investigate the phenomena connected with them. For this reason, to improve the races of domesticated plants, to establish important points of cultivation upon sound physiological reasoning, to increase the amount of food which may be procured from a given space of land, all of them subjects closely connected with the welfare of his country, are more especially the topics of the numerous papers communicated by him to various societies, especially the Horticultural, in the chair of which he succeeded his friend Sir Joseph Banks. Whoever calls to mind what gardens were only twenty years ago, and what they are now, must be sensible of the extraordinary improvement which has taken place in the art of horticulture during that period. This change is unquestionably traceable in a more evident manner to the practice and writings of Mr. Knight than to all other causes combined. Alterations first suggested by himself, or by the principles which he explained in a popular manner, small at first, increasing by degrees, have insensibly led, in the art of gardening, to the most extensive improvements, the real origin of which has already, as always happens in such cases, been forgotten except by those who are familiar with the career of Mr. Knight, and who know that it is to him that they are owing. Of domesticated fruits, or culinary vegetables there is not a race that has not been ameliorated under his direction, or immediate and personal superintendence; and if henceforward the English yeoman can command the garden luxuries that were once confined to the great and wealthy, it is to Mr. Knight, far more than to any other person, that the gratitude of the country is due.

The feelings thus evinced in the tendency of his scientific pursuits, was extended to the offices of private life. Never was there a man possessed of greater kindness and benevolence, and whose loss has been more severely felt, not only by his immediate family, but by his numerous tenantry and dependents. And yet, notwithstanding the tenderness of his affection for those around him, when it pleased Heaven to visit him, some years since, with the heaviest calamity that could befall a father, in the sudden death of an only and much beloved son, Mr. Knight's philosophy was fully equal to sustain him in his trial.

Mr. Knight's political opinions were as free from prejudices as his scientific views; his whole heart was with the liberal party, of which he was all his life a strenuous support.

It is no exaggeration to add, that great as is the loss sustained by his country and his friends, it will be equally difficult to fill his vacancy in science. No living man now before the world can be said to rank with him in that particular branch of science to which his life was devoted.

Mr. Knight died in London, at the house of Mrs. Walpole, one of his daughters, after a short illness, on the 11th of May in the 80th year of his age.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

This "National Journal of Politics, Literature, Science, and Art" has completed its first volume. Conducted by such eminent men as Bulwer, Brewster, Lardner, Phillips, Powell etc. etc., it has already attained to a high degree of celebrity. Its plan differs very materially from any of the other monthly or quarterly journals. It has all the advantages of a newspaper, with all the more solid benefits of a review. In the number for May we have an admirable article on "Lord Brougham." The remarks on the famous enunciation, "The schoolmaster is abroad," while simple in thought and expression, are really profound, and reach to the very soul of the noble orator's intellectual peculiarity and power. The review of "Lockhart's Scott," is written by one enamoured of his subject. It abounds with the choicest snatches from the memoirs; and even the minutest details of Sir Walter's life are presented in a concentrated yet most attractive form. It is, indeed, a rapid but complete and delightful sketch of this great man. There is much force and wisdom in the contrast the reviewer introduces between the rearing, social relations, and worldly circumstances, of Scott and Byron. These men may be contrasted, indeed, in every view; but they can never be compared. They were, and always must have been, essentially different men. Scott possessed the highest moral endowments, the germs of which were beautifully put forth even in his childhood: Byron was steeped in selfishness and vanity, from a boy. The "Notes of the Months" are very racy and piquant. A few extracts from the Monthly Chronicle we annex.

CHARACTER OF WILBERFORCE.—The character of Mr. Wilberforce, as it is developed in these affectionate but unexaggerated pages, must extort admiration even from those, if such there be, who, upon narrow and sectarian grounds, have hitherto imagined that his religious zeal unfitted him for that sphere of worldly utilities and interests, in which he moved like an inspired Intelligence. There never was a man in whom an unwavering, uniform, and deep belief in Revealed Truth were so felicitously blended with practical views of life and persevering activity in their pursuit. This was the great and distinguishing peculiarity that raised him above all contemporary enthusiasts and politicians—that abated in him all tendencies to excess either way—and that enabled him to achieve such remarkable triumphs over the prejudices and sordid spirit of the age, without provoking the ridicule or exciting the hostility of his opponents. In Mr. Wilberforce fortunately, there was none of the gloom of religious severity; his mind was essentially catholic. If he was expressly claimed by one party, which arrogated to itself a right of monopoly in doing good, he belonged to none; but was emphatically the agent of a great moral revolution, which included in its operation all sects and divisions of the people. * * The best evidence, perhaps, of the implicit respect which his public character inspired was, that men of all parties, and of the highest station, testified their admiration of his virtues, by following his remains to the grave, and by the suspension of public business on the day of his funeral.

TELLING A LONG STORY.—A long story is a trait of incorrect manners. Such is the quantum of matter stirring in London that London will not endure it. Sir Andrew Narrative told one lately at a house dinner at the Athenæum with very good effect. It was to the following purport or effect:—A decent young woman entered a Paddington omnibus with an infant in her arms, of whom the other passengers admired the beauty. Sir Andrew and the young woman, when the vehicle arrived in Skinner-street, were the only parties left in the carriage. "Will you have the goodness, sir," said the damsel, "just to hold this child while I step into that shop?"—"Certainly," answered Sir Andrew. The living burden was accordingly deposited, and away went the proprietor of it. A few minutes elapsed—she returned not. The cad banged to the door, ejaculating "All right," and the omnibus proceeded on its journey, carrying Sir Andrew in the situation of Don John in the Chances. When the driver arrived at the corner of Ironmonger-lane, a grave, elderly gentleman was taken up, who in his turn, expressed his admiration of the infant's beauty. "Will you have the goodness, sir, to hold this child for one minute?" said Sir Andrew, in his turn, beckoning the cad to stop at Bow Church.—"By all means, sir," answered the elderly gentleman. Hereupon Sir Andrew boanded from the carriage, paid the cad his sixpence, and ran down Friday-street like the innkeeper in Joseph Andrews, "without any fear of breaking his neck." Dick Duplicate was so pleased with this story, that he determined to tell it at a dinner of Americans, who were going afterwards to

Madame Vestris's theatre, to see Puss in Boots. Here Mr. Duplicate was terribly out in his reckoning for the three following reasons:—1st. Americans eat with railroad velocity; 2nd. They never laugh at a joke; and 3rd. Being engaged to go to the theatre, they must see every thing in order to obtain their money's worth. The consequence was that Dick was left to tell the conclusion of his story to empty decanters. The poor fellow came to me for consolation. "Never mind, Dick," said I, "you are going next Wednesday to York, to visit your two maiden aunts. York is dull and distant, and your aunts have no occupation but a poodle dog. Tell them the story: amplify it *ad libitum*;—you may enlarge upon the utility of omnibuses, speculate upon the condition in life of the young woman, and the probable motive of her thus getting rid of her charge. Talk of Skinner-street. Say you remember when a boy, its non-existence, and its circuitous predecessor, Snow Hill; and after mentioning Bow Church, talk of the dragon on the top of its steeple, with a suitable allusion to Sir Thomas Gresham's grasshopper. All this will be good manners at York; for, depend upon it, your maiden aunts will stand all this and a great deal more if you are in the humour to utter it."

I was led into this vein of admonition, from a circumstance that occurred to myself at the Union Club. A huge double sheeted copy of the Times newspaper was put into my hands by one of the waiters. "Oh! what a bore all this is," said I, surveying the gigantic journal.—"Ah!" answered one of the members who overheard me, "it is all very well for you who are occupied all day by business, and come here to read for your diversion, to call this double paper a bore; but what a blessing it is to a man living in the country;—it's equal to a day's fishing."

LONDON AS IT WAS.—Cast back the memory to those periods when the north bank of the Thames from Temple Bar to Thorney Island, was an open space, dotted with mansions chiefly the residence of the Bishops and a few of the nobility; while on the opposite side stood, perhaps, an ancient church, or some secluded inn of court for the accommodation of country suitors and students. The traveller crossed a dozen streams descending rapidly from the then exposed hills towards the Thames, and which were spanned by several bridges, now buried deep beneath the rising soil and arched foundations of the present Strand. Then, he would pass on by the beautiful cross at the little village of Charing, and through no less than three gates before he entered the sanctuary at Westminster. Here was the Abbey church surrounded by its monastic buildings, by its far-extending walls, and, on the other side, the buildings of the ancient Palace (now the Parliament Houses and the Courts of Law) jutting out so far as to be confounded with Whitehall. He would pass houses and Palaces famous for their sometime inmates, and remarkable for their galleries of sculpture and painting, open to the artist up to the period of the Reformation; when, in dread of the idolatry of art, those treasures of the chisel and the pencil were shut up, if not buried from the public eye. He would pass the house adorned by the residence of the illustrious Sally, the hotels of many distinguished foreigners, and the house assigned to the homage-bringing kings of Scotland. Earlier, he might have seen the clock-tower, erected out of the fine levied on an unjust judge; if earlier still, the house in which Chaucer lived, almost on the site of the present chapel of Henry VII., would have greeted his curious eye. At a later period he might have seen the exhumed heads of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw, rock to the wind from poles erected over the roof of Westminster Hall, above the seats on which they had doomed a monarch to the scaffold. At a much more recent date, the more pleasing picture of the old palace and its gardens, as Canaletto saw them, under a warm clear sky, would have delighted our traveller: but he might have lived in our own times, when the land we have described was a peopled wilderness,—the site of the old Palace was covered with a mass of the most incongruous buildings; and this beholding, he might have pardoned the fire which, sweeping them away, afforded an opportunity for the restoration of the ancient Palace of Westminster, dedicated however, to a purpose more exalted than the pageants of a court.

LORD BROUGHAM AS AN AUTHOR.—Brougham gave early proof of scientific capacity, but Edinburgh, the place of his education was not the school of mathematics; and his essays, printed—and forgotten—in the Philosophical Transactions, only prove his aptitude. He has since achieved a popular reputation for scientific acquirements. It is one which men of science, emphatically so called, would not and do not recognise,—but it suffices for his noble mission of leading the march of education and knowledge, and proves the extraordinary compass, clearness, and rapidity of his apprehension. He converses and reads, seizes and fixes, general principles, general laws, leading conclusions, and wields them with a dexterity and boldness which fill the multitude with admiration, but are far from imposing on men really scientific. These soon detect him in some loose phrase or palpable error, which proves that his science is information,—not knowledge. His celebrated discourse, on the Objects and Pleasures of Science, would furnish more than one example. But that discourse could have been written by no other man living; and perhaps will

never be rivalled as a porch by which to lead the popular mind into the temple of scientific truth and useful knowledge.

His discourse on Natural Theology may be called the tenth Bridgewater Treatise. It however aims only at rivalry, not, collision with its predecessors written by command. This tract has been charged with strenuous and artful advocacy, instead of the search of truth—with pressing into its service what was long familiar to philosophic divines, and could be new only to the uninitiated: but, like most of his productions, it proves his wonderful vigour and versatility.

He has written on various other subjects—some of temporary, others of permanent interest—but all having reference to the education, the liberty, the happiness of the people,—down to his last essay in the Edinburgh Review.

BYRON AND SCOTT.—We lament and deprecate the disparaging and ungenerous parallels insinuated at times between the excellencies of Scott, and what Mr. Lockhart is pleased to call "the malignity of Byron." Scott needed no rivals to be sacrificed on his tomb; and if the genius that has delighted a world and adorned a nation, has some right to claim the indulgence and implore the peace which are given in the grave to the errors of unearner men; Byron has at least an equal right with Scott in the heirlooms he has left to posterity, and a far greater right than Scott in those extenuations of circumstance and position which God and man take into account when they balance our merits against our misdeeds. Scott, carefully and sedulously trained into decorous habits, religious principles, and prudent consideration of worldly seeming—from his cradle to his manhood; Byron, fatherless, and almost worse than motherless, thrown, while yet a boy, into the world, without a guide but the light of an untutored intellect, clouded by uncorrected passions: Scott, confined to worldly rules and sober ceremonials, by the exercise of a stern profession: Byron, without an aim or an object, "halting, rudderless, in the wide sea of wax;" Scott, with an easy income, proportioned to his middling station, gradually widening as his wants expanded: Byron, in youth the pauper peer, galled by all the embarrassments with which a haughty spirit can be stung, and which a generous heart could not fail to create: Scott—united by prudent and well-assorted ties to a faithful and affectionate partner, who jarred not against whatever were the inequalities of his character: Byron—shipwrecked in health and home by the very union which, under happier stars, might have corrected his infirmities, and given solidity to his wild and inconsistent virtues: Scott—undertaking his great enterprises from the midst of tranquil and happy scenes, in the sober discretion of ripened years: Byron—rushing into the stormiest field of letters, in the very heat of boyish passions; and acquiring too soon a character, which made at once his anguish and his glory:—Scott—if subject to occasional and severe illness, still of the most robust constitution, and the most hardy nerves: Byron—the prey to maladies, which evinced from his youth a general derangement of some of the most important organs of the human frame—not occasional, but constant—interfering with the most ordinary comforts of life, and making the body itself the tormentor of the mind: the career of Scott, all serenity and gladness—without foes—without obstacles—without envy—without calumny: Byron—ere the beard was well dark upon his chin—persecuted—maligned—shunned—and exiled. His private sorrows, usually sacred to the meanest, but which unhappily the melodious cries of his own deep anguish gave some right to the crowd to canvass, made the matter of a thousand public and most malignant accusations! Can we institute a parallel between their situations and temptations? If not, all parallel between their errors is uncharitable and unfair.

SCOTT AND SHAKESPEARE.—It is a sign of the low state of criticism in this country that Scott has been compared to Shakspeare. No two writers can be more entirely opposed to each other in the qualities of their genius, or the sources to which they applied. Shakspeare ever aiming at the development of the secret man, and half disdainful the mechanism of external incidents; Scott painting the ruffles and the dress, and the features and the gestures—avoiding the movements of the heart, elaborate in the progress of the incident. Scott never caught the mantle of Shakspeare, but he improved on the dresses of his wardrobe, and threw artificial effects into the scenes of his theatres.

GENIUS OF SCOTT.—In the mechanism of external incidents, Scott is the greatest model that fiction possesses; and if we select from his works that in which this mechanism is most artificial, we instance not one of his most brilliant and popular, but one in which he combined all the advantages of his multifarious and matured experience in the craft: we mean the "Fair Maid of Perth." By noting well the manner in which, in this tale, the science is ever varied at the right moment and the exact medium preserved between abruptness and *longueur*; how all the incidents are complicated, so as to appear inextricable, yet the solution obtained by the simplest and shortest process, the reader will learn more of the art of mechanical construction, than by all the rules that Aristotle himself, were he living, could lay down.

GENIUS AND CRITICISM.—Genius will arrive at fame by the light of its own star, but Criticism can often serve as a sign-post to save many an unnecessary winding and indicate many a short way.

VARIETIES.

EXTRAORDINARY ANTIPATHIES.—What jarring chord of the human fabric is struck? and how is it struck, to produce effects both involuntary, irresistible, and unaccountable, similar to the following remarkable sensations?—Henry III., of France, could not stay in a room where there was a cat, although he was so immoderately fond of dogs that he was seen to go about with a basket of young puppies suspended from his neck by a black string. The Duc D'Epéron fainted at the sight of a leveret. Marechal D'Albert could not endure the presence of a wild boar, nor even that of a sucking-pig. Uladislav, King of Poland, was distracted at the sight of apples. Erasmus could not smell fish without being greatly agitated. Scaliger trembled at the sight of water-cresses. Tycho Brahe felt his limbs sink under him when he met either a hare or a fox. Bacon swooned at an eclipse of the moon. Boyle fell into convulsions on hearing the sound of water drawn from a cock. James I., of England, could not endure the sight of a drawn sword; and Sir Kenelm Digby narrates that the king shook so vehemently in knighting him, that he would have run the point of his sword into the eye of the knight elect, if the Duke of Buckingham had not guided it across his shoulder. M. La Motte de Vayer could not endure music, but delighted in the sound of thunder. An Englishman of the seventeenth century was nearly expiring whenever the 53rd of Isaiah was read to him. A Spaniard, about the same period, fell into a syncope whenever he heard the word *lana* (wool) mentioned, although his coat was made of that material.

INTRODUCTION OF GARDENING.—A knowledge of gardening was first introduced into England from the Netherlands, and, until 1509, our vegetables were imported from thence. Currants (or Corinthian grapes) were brought from the Isle of Zante, then belonging to Venice, and planted in England in 1535; about thirty years afterwards the Flemings planted a number of flowers, unknown in England, at Norwich and its vicinity, including gillyflowers, carnations, the Province rose, etc. In 1552, grapes were brought to England, and planted in Bloxhall, in Suffolk; and in 1587, tulip-roots were brought from Vienna. Hops were sent over from Artois in 1720, but five years elapsed before they were in general use for malt liquors.

EASTERN SUPERSTITION.—A circumstance occurred here, (Cawoor,) which marks the superstitious fears of the natives. The coolies, (or porters,) in passing through the forest, came upon a tiger, crouched on the path; they immediately stopped, and addressed him in terms of supplication, assuring him they were poor people, carrying the *Tuan Basar*, great man's luggage, who would be very angry with them if they did not arrive in time, and therefore they implored permission to pass quietly, and without molestation. The tiger, being startled at their appearance, got up, and walked quietly into the depths of the forests; and they came on, perfectly satisfied that it was in consequence of their petition that they passed in safety.—*Lady Raffles's Journey in Sumatra.*

THE HUMAN RACE.—The whole human race, if collected together in one spot, would not occupy a space equal to that in which our metropolis stands. For suppose the population of the globe to be equal to 1,000,000,000 souls, and the average space occupied by each individual to be one square foot, the whole of the human family collected together in one column would cover a square of 31,620 feet, or of about six miles. They would all easily be contained within the circumference of London.

PHOSPHORIC LIGHT EMITTED BY FLOWERS.—In the garden of the Duke of Buckingham, at Stowe, on the evening of Friday, September 4th, 1835, during a storm of thunder and lightning, accompanied by heavy rain, the leaves of the flower called *Oenothera macrocarpa*, a bed of which is in the garden, immediately opposite the windows of the manuscript library at Stowe, were observed to be brilliantly illuminated by phosphoric light. During the intervals of the flashes of lightning, the night was exceedingly dark, and nothing else could be distinguished in the gloom except the bright light upon the leaves of these flowers. The luminous appearance continued uninterruptedly for a considerable length of time: it did not appear to resemble any electric effect; and the opinion which seemed most probable was, that the plant, like many known instances, has a power of absorbing light, and giving it out under peculiar circumstances.—*Magazine of Popular Science.*

INTRODUCTION OF POTATOES AND CHERRIES INTO IRELAND.—From Sir Walter Raleigh's constant employment in England, it was scarcely to be expected that he would personally devote much time to the improvement of his Irish estates. Yet it is a remarkable point about this eminent man, that, wherever he had settled, or his influence extended even for a short period, he has left some traces of his usefulness and activity. At Youghall, in the county of Cork, of which town he was mayor, and where his house and gardens are still seen, the first potatoes ever planted in Ireland were introduced by Raleigh, who had brought them from Virginia; and he is also said to be the first propagator of the cherry in that island, which was imported by him from the Canaries. At Lismore, which formed part of the extensive grant made to

him by Elizabeth, we find a still more interesting memorial in a free-school which he founded: and the large and beautiful myrtles in his garden at Youghall, some of them twenty feet high, are associated with the love of shrubs and sweet-smelling plants, and that elegance of taste in his rural occupations which remarkably distinguished him.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library.*

UNANIMITY IN CROWDS.—The shouting of multitudes, by the sole strength of the sound, so amazes and confounds the imagination, that, in this staggering and hurry of the mind, the best-established tempers can scarcely forbear being borne down, and joining in the common cry and common resolution of the crowd.—*Burke.*

THE WATERS.—*Waves of the Ocean.*—The largest waves proceed at the rate of from thirty to forty miles an hour; yet it is a vulgar belief that the water itself advances with the speed of the wave. The form of the wave only advances, while the substance, except a little spray above, remains rising and falling in the same place.

DEATH BEDS.—Of the great number to whom it has been my painful professional duty to have administered in the last hour of their lives, I have sometimes felt surprised that so few have appeared reluctant to go to the undiscovered country "from whose bourne no traveller returns!" Many, we may easily suppose, have manifested this willingness to die from an impatience of suffering, or from that passive indifference which is sometimes the result of debility and bodily exhaustion. But I have seen those who have arrived at a fearless contemplation of the future, from faith in the doctrine which our religion teaches. Such men were not only calm and supported, but cheerful, in the hour of death; and I never quitted such a sick chamber without a hope that my last end might be like theirs.—*Sir Henry Hallford.*

CHANGE IN THE VALUE OF MONEY.—The following scale of prices for seats at coronations is amusing, as showing the relative value of money, if not of public curiosity and love of exhibition:—Edward I., half a farthing; Edward II., a farthing; Edward III., halfpenny; Richard II., a penny; Henry IV., a penny; Henry V., two-pence; Henry VI., two-pence; Edward IV., two-pence; Richard III., two-pence; Henry VII., two-pence; Henry VIII., fourpence; Edward VI., fourpence; Mary, fourpence; Elizabeth, sixpence; James I., one shilling; Charles I., one shilling; Charles II., half-a-crown; James II., half a crown; William and Anne, half-a-crown; George I., five shillings; George II., half-a-guinea; George III., in abbey, ten guineas; in street from one to ten guineas; George IV., in street from one to twenty guineas.

INSANITY.—M. Briere de Boisemont makes the following estimate in his *Essay on the Effect of Civilization with reference to Insanity*:—In London there is 1 lunatic or idiot in every 200 persons; in Paris, 1 in 222; in St. Petersburg, 1 in 3133; in Naples, 1 in 729; in Rome, 1 in 418; in Milan, 1 in 242; in Turin, 1 in 434; in Florence, 1 in 338; in Madrid, 1 in 3350; in Dresden, 1 in 466; and in Cairo, 1 in 30,714.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 20, 1838.

EMIGRATION FROM THE CANADAS.—The Hamilton (U. C.) Express, in an article which we copy below, presents a melancholy picture of the state of affairs in the Provinces.

Emigration from this Province to the United States still continues, notwithstanding the immense numbers who have already left; but it has changed its character, and now, instead of being composed of men of strong political feelings, embraces the more cautious and industrious classes—old countrymen as well as natives. Military clangor keeps one portion of the people from brooding over the general depression, while a morbid melancholy seems to have seized others, who are apathetic as to the consequences of passing events, and look upon emigration as a panacea for all their ills.

To such an extent has emigration been carried on, that in some parts of the London District, we have credibly been informed, there are not males enough left to gather in a tithe of the crops. Some farmers have sacrificed their homesteads for a trifle, whilst others have actually abandoned them.

But this is not all. The spirit of change is extending like an epidemic, and several parties from different parts of the Province are now traversing the western States, looking for locations to provide for an extensive emigration. Something should be done to stop this general depopulation of the country and give hope to the people; what that ought to be we leave to the wisdom of Lord Durham, merely observing that from very wide inquiry, we are led to believe that a general amnesty for political offences (with certain exceptions) would bring back many valuable subjects, retard the departure of others, and restore confidence among the mass of the people.

TEMPERANCE STATISTICS.—Since the passage of the law in Boston prohibiting all persons from selling ardent spirits, except druggists, no less than seventeen hundred and eighty new apothecaries' shops have been started in different parts of the city. A man has nothing to do but to buy a bushel of Epsom salts, a jar of magnesia, and a box of Lee's pills, and he can keep and retail as much of the "O be joyful" as he pleases.

THE ARMY.—The bill for the increase of the army of the United States, provides that the Artillery shall be increased 830 men, with the reduction of 20 lieutenants, one in each company. The Infantry is to be increased 3670 men, with an increase of the complement of commissioned officers, of 13.

MONTREAL, July 4.—We have been favoured with the following extract of a private letter, dated Toronto, 30th June, 1838:—

"The 34th are ordered off to Hamilton to-night. The rebels or yankees had made a landing West to the number of Eight Hundred, and are now in the London District. This is by a special dispatch this evening, there is no mistake.

QUEBEC, July 7.—Accounts from Upper Canada contain authentic information of the movements of the pirates and rebels in different parts of the Western and London Districts. The loyal inhabitants are up in arms, and no doubts are entertained of the whole of these pirates being accounted for.

The following is the latest intelligence we have received. It is copied from an extra of the Kingston Chronicle of the 2d July:—

"We hasten to lay before our readers the following important intelligence received by the Steamboat Commodore Barrie from Toronto, in which arrived Col. Farquharson, bearer of Despatches from His Excellency Sir George Arthur to Col. the Hon. H. Dundas, Commandant at this station, informing him that the pirates have effected a landing at two points, viz—at Bear Creek, near the entrance of the Thames, and at Sarnia on the River St. Clair. The joint force is said to be one thousand men.

The Merchants at Sandwich, etc. have ordered their goods at this place not to be forwarded to them until further orders.

A number of prisoners in the London District have been rescued from prison by the Rebels, and yesterday morning the steamboat Cobourg left Toronto for Hamilton with the 34th Regiment on their way to the quarter."

We understand that Captain Fitzroy, Lieutenant-Governor of Prince Edward's Island, is expected at Quebec in a few days.—*Quebec Herald.*

SHORT HILLS.—The statement that the insurgents at Short Hills had been captured, is confirmed. About twenty, all Canadians, were taken in the immediate vicinity of the outbreak, and a number more have been subsequently taken on Gull Island, at the mouth of Grand river. These were nearly all Americans, and a physician from this side, name unknown, was among them. The Tamarack Swamp, extending from Short Hills to Grand River, which was the retreat of the insurgents, has been thoroughly cleared. The prisoners captured have been taken to Chippewa, for trial before a commission.

KINGSTON, U. C. June 30.—Of the piratical band apprehended as being concerned in the Short Hills affair, near Niagara, the following were brought to Toronto on Friday evening the 29th, in the Transit steamer from Niagara, to wit—9 Yankees, 3 Scotchmen, and 10 Canadians.

WASHINGTON JULY 7.—Mr. Fairfield, from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, reported the bill for running the North Eastern Boundary line, in conformity with the treaty of 1783. It was accompanied by a resolution, setting forth that the line could be run by the objects selected as points in the treaty, and that the United States had a clear right to the whole of the territory in dispute. Also expressing an earnest wish that Great Britain will no longer refuse to grant our just claims, by throwing obstacles in the way of a speedy adjustment of this vexatious question. The resolution was agreed to, and, with the bill, laid on table, and ordered to be printed.

NEW YORK, JULY 5.—L'Hussier, one of the men charged with the murder of Lieut. Vier, whose escape from prison in Montreal we have already mentioned, has arrived at Burlington.

TROUBLE ON BOARD THE SIRIUS AT N. YORK.—On Saturday morning the steamer Sirius was the scene of a disturbance, between the crew of that vessel and some of the Catharine market butchers, etc. It appears that a boy who was carrying some meat on board, got into an altercation with one of the hands, who struck him. He instantly ran up to the market, and on making his case known the butchers and boys, went down en masse on board the vessel, and a regular row ensued, in which, as we are informed, the crew of the Sirius came off second best. A large mob collected around the vessel, and threatened all sorts of mischief unless the first aggressor was given up to their vengeance; and as things began to wear a serious aspect, the aid of the police was called in, who quieted the passions of the mob by marching the man off to the police office. He was kept in durance until the vessel was about starting, and was then put on board in a boat from the Battery.

FREDERICTON, N. B. July 14.—His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor arrived in town yesterday afternoon, at half past six o'clock, having descended the St. Lawrence in H. M. S. *Andre-mache*, and passed through Miramichi.—*Sentinel.*

WOODSTOCK, July 7.—The Massachusetts and Maine Land Agents, Messrs. Coffin and Hamblin, passed through this place last week on their way to Moose Head Lake, on the Aristock, where they intend running out townships, allotting land, etc. to such individuals as wish to settle there. We learn from these gentlemen that General Wool, Major Graham, Gen. Irish and J. E. Johnson, Engineer of the U. S. Army, are already on the spot taking sites for military posts, forts, etc. The posts we further learn are to be established immediately.—*Times*.

SYDNEY, July 4, 1838.

MURDER.—On the evening of the 28th ult. Roderick McIsaac, a Scotchman, residing in the Bras d'Or Lake, was murdered in the street at Sydney, by one William Ormond, who, it appears, had a quarrel with McIsaac, some months since, and who declared that he would have revenge of him. Ormond watched at a corner of the street, with a large bludgeon, and after the poor man passed, struck him a violent blow on the side of the head, which split the skull. Ormond being prepared, ran off immediately; although several persons were near the spot at the time, he has not as yet been taken.

H. M. Steamer Dee arrived here in three days from Quebec, took in coal, and sailed yesterday for Jamaica.

PICTOU, July 10.—A melancholy accident occurred at the Albion mines on Thursday last, accompanied, we regret to say, with loss of life.

The information we have obtained was to the effect that two young men, both about 22 years of age, were descending into one of the new range of pits recently sunk by the Company, for the purpose of directing the course of some others, who were at work completing a communication with the water pit intended to drain the new coal pits. They had not descended about 30 feet, when one of them announced that his safety lamp indicated a heavy pressure of gas. This announcement was instantaneously followed by a terrific explosion, by which the two young men were blown into the air to the height of 150 feet. Instant death was of course the result. At the time the explosion occurred the mouth of the pit was surrounded by people, eight of whom were severely wounded, and an old man whom curiosity attracted to the spot, was so severely injured that he died not long after.—*Observer*.

LAUNCHED, from the Ship yard at Port Medway, on Thursday the 12th day of July, amid the cheers of upwards of eight hundred persons, the fine Ship *Superior*, burthen 862 Tons. She is 140 feet on the keel, and is, with the exception of the ship *Halifax*, the largest ship ever built in this province; and has for superior workmanship and beauty of model never been equalled by any built in this County. She is allowed by competent judges to be a staunch strong vessel, and one that reflects the highest credit on her master builder, Mr. Stalker, and on her enterprising owners, Messrs. C. Seely & Co. She is intended for the Timber Trade, and will sail for Liverpool, G. B. in all next month.—*Times*.

LIVERPOOL, June 2.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.—Shot silks are very fashionable in Paris this season of lively colours, and are used for dresses a points wide flounces and mantelet of the same. All colours are selected of delicate hues: grey in every shade is worn, sometimes stripes of two shades of grey.

Flounces and wide sleeves are very general; those a la Jardiniere seem the only ones used at this moment; the principal difference in them consisting of the ornaments at the top, and their being more or less wide at the wrist.

The corsages of redingotes are sometimes full, sometimes plain behind, but the fronts are always en cœur, and the enchanerure is cut rather low, and it in muslin or jaconot, trimmed with two rows of lace or tulle. Low bodies are made of a similar form. Buckles are gone by, the bodies being attached to the skirts by lissers, and when a ceinture is used on a peiquors, it fastens with gold or covered buttons. Ceintures with long ends are worn in dress. The skirts seem to increase in width, but are a little shorter. Some short sleeves have loose ones of blond or tulle attached to the manchette, and finished with a wristband the same as the dress.

Organdy muslin and jaconots spotted are rather in favour; the spots of blue or green are the most admired: Generally speaking, small patterns are preferred this season. Black lace is more than ever fashionable, and is worn very deep and very handsome.

The black silk shawls have rather already yielded to those of colour: but black mantelets and scarfs are among the indispensables this season, and are trimmed with lace, fringe, frills beuillons, ruches, etc. Mantelets and shaws of muslin, lined and trimmed with lace, are also fashionable.

Bonnets of paille de riz and silk are worn small; low at the ears, and shorter over the forehead—ruches are very general round the edge. Leghorn bonnets do not vary much in size. Capotes a coulisses have wider runners, which are placed further apart. Capotes of crape, with ruche of tulle, are very light and elegant; also of muslin lined or not.

The cottage bibi has been worn in Paris, in paille de riz and straw, with ruche and trimming of dark riband; royal blue and chocolate were thought the prettiest. Capotes of crape baillonis, supported by whalebone are quite the rage in Paris.

For silk capotes, white or light colours shot with white, are the most fashionable.

Jamaica Royal Gazette, June 9.—It has been decided by the Honorable House of Assembly, that the remaining two years of the apprenticeship of the Prædial Laborers shall be abandoned, and that ENTIRE, COMPLETE, and UNRESTRICTED FREEDOM shall take place on the 1st of August next in this Island.

Thus, while Americans are perjuring themselves before God and the world, by impiously and hypocritically declaring their solemn belief in the self-evident truth, 'that all men are created equal,' and celebrating their 'independence' in the midst of whips, yokes, fetters and thumb-screws, which their own vile hands have made and imposed upon 2,350,000 of their countrymen, we are permitted to record the cheering fact, that THE SUBJECTS OF A MONARCH HAVE RESOLVED TO STRIKE THE MANACLES FROM 330,000 HUMAN BEINGS!—*Liberator*.

A VIOLENT THUNDER STORM, visited Halifax on Tuesday evening. At the time of its occurrence we were a few miles distant from town, but even in the vicinity of Margaret's Bay the storm was dreadful. The noise of the thunder was terrific, and at intervals the lightning had a blinding effect. In a few instances the lakes presented a magnificent sight, appearing as immense sheets of flame. We hope no accidents occurred from the electric fluid.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Several favors have been received, which will meet with due attention. "THE SERGEANT'S WIFE," a Tale written for the Pearl will appear next week.

PASSENGERS.—In the Richmond from New York, Mrs. King, Mr. Fox, and 3 in the steerage. In the Hilgrove from Demerara, Mr. W. Reynolds. In the Packet from St. John's, 2 Miss Greens, and Mrs. Howe. In the Acadian for Boston, Messrs. Blodgett, Warner and Potts, Capt Lunt, and J B Tremlett, Mesdames Jennings, Lawler, Potts, Montgomery, Carrol, and 2 Miss Jennings,—50 in the steerage. In the Malabar, Reverend Doctor Twining, and Miss Twining.

The Mail for England, by H. M. Packet "Lord Melville," will be closed To-morrow afternoon, at 5 o'clock.

MARRIED,

On Wednesday evening, 11th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Marshall, Capt. Joseph Harrison, to Miss Martha Brady, both of this town.

On Saturday evening, 23d ult. Mr. Andrew J. Beecher, Ordnance Department, to Charlotte Augusta, eldest daughter of the late Henry Crosskill, of this town.

At Trinity Church St. John N. B. on Saturday the 8th instant, by the Rev. I. W. D. Gray, A. M. Edward DeWolf, Esq. M. D. of St. Andrews, to Sarah Catharine, eldest daughter of the late William Hazen, Esq. of that place.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED,

Friday July 13—H. M. Ship Malabar, Captain Harvey, Quebec, 13 days—with Lieut. Robertson and 13 men of the Royal Artillery.—Spoke on Tuesday, H. M. S. Madagascar, hence for P. E. Island, with a detachment of the 93d Regt., and ordered her direct for Quebec.—Brig Nancy, Bichan, Ponce, 16 days—sugar to J. Strachan; Ton, Hammond, St. John, N. B. 9 days—salt, whiskey, to Wm. M. Allan, W. J. Starr and others.

Saturday—Schr. Nancy, Barrington—fish; brig Tory, Kelly, Demerara, 25 days—rum and molasses, to Fairbanks & Allison; schrs. Richmond, Gerrier, New York, 15 days—cocoa, etc. to A. Keith—left schr. Irene to sail 5th inst.; Forrest, Swaine, Burin, N. F. 9 days—fish, to Fairbanks & Allison.

Sunday—Schr. Packet, Graham, St. John's N. F. 9 days—fish, to Saltus & Wainwright; Dolphin, Lunenburg; Seaflower, Arichat; William Penn, Fraser, Liverpool, N. S. bound to Antigua—left brig Hero, to sail 16th for Halifax; Am. schr. Gerarde, Sheffield, Pictou, coal, bound to Boston.

Monday—Schr. Artic, Port Medway,—lumber, to D. & E. Starr & Co.

Tuesday—Schr. Mary, Petipas, Quebec, 17 days—flour, to Alexander Murison.

Wednesday—Schr. Royal Adelaide, St. Mary's, lumber; Thorn, Canso, Pickled fish; Sally, Margaret's Bay, Mackerel; Esperance, Acadian, Nancy, and Angeliq, Sydney, Coal; Defiance, P. E. Island, 9 days—Lumber, etc. to J. Mundell; Mary, Garret, Miramichi, 8 days—lumber and shingles, to J. Fraser; Two Brothers, Mercier, Quebec, 25 days, flour, to A. Murison,—8 passengers; Am. schrs. Shannon, Boudroit, New York, 7 days—meal, tobacco, etc., to Stewart & Elliot, S. Binney, and others—8 Passengers; Ann, Harden, Washington, N. C. 13 days, Staves, Pease, Naval Stores, etc. to D. & E. Starr, & Co.

Thursday—Schr. Broke, Cann, Yarmouth, 3 days—400 qtls. Dry fish; Speculator, Young, Lunenburg, staves; schrs Stranger, Crawford, Lunenburg and Prospect, 117 bbls mackerel; Rival, Jones, Liverpool, N. S. 2 days, lumber; May Ann, Dover, 200 qntls fish; Dolphin, Chester, 100 bbls mackerel.

Friday, 29th.—Schr. Victoria, Savage, Quebec, 14 days, beef, & flour, bound to St. John, N. B. schr. Trial, Robertson, P. E. I. 5 days 50 quintles, dry fish, 240 barrels herrings, & Shingles, to W. M. Allan; schr. Snowbird, Pierce, Shelburne, lumber, and 20qtls dry fish.

CLEARED,

Friday July 13—Jane, Wilson, St. Andrews,—molasses, flour, and bread, by G. P. Lawson; Albion, Belfountain, Montreal,—sugar, molasses, and coffee, by A. Murison, Fairbanks & Allison and J. Fairbanks; brig Ambassador, Clark, West Indies,—assorted cargo, by D. & E. Starr, & Co. 14th, schr. Caroline, Crouse, St. Andrews,—flour and bread, by S. B. Smith and A. Murison; John Ryder, Wilson, Barbadoes—fish, etc. by W. B. Hamilton; Enterprise, LeBlanc, Richibucto,—assorted cargo, by S. Binney and others; ship Dorothy, Keiller, Aberdeen,—timber by McNab, Cochran & Co., and J. & W. Robinson. 16th—brig. Persa, Pengilly, Demerara, fish, etc. by T. C. Kinneary; brig Harriet & Elizabeth, Butler, Boston, seal skins, etc. by J. Ferguson; schr Breese, Gaspé, Magdalen Isles, assorted cargo by D. & E. Starr & Co. 17th—Oracle, Muirhead, St. Andrews, flour, bread, etc. by W. Roche and others; Portuguese brig Amelia, Menerez, St. Michael's, boards, etc. by McNab, Cochran & Co.; brig James D. Dickson, St. John, N. B. ballast. 18th—Am. Packet Acadian, Johnston, Boston, seal skins, specie, etc. by J. Clark, S. Binney and others; brig Sir Peregrine, Crosby, West Indies, lumber and empty casks, by G. P. Lawson; schr Watchman, Whitney, Antigua, fish, shingles, etc. by Frith, Smith & Co; Mary Ann, Archbold, Cape Ray, N. F. salt by Archbold & Wilkie. 19th—schr Alicia, Currie, Miramichi, assorted cargo, by D. & E. Starr & Co; Reliance, Bell, Magdalen Isles, by the master; Placid, Harrison, W. Indies, fish, by J. A. Moren.

SAILED.—Yesterday H. M. Ship Malabar, with the 73d Regiment for Quebec; Am. brig Acadian, Johnson, Boston; schr Wm. Penn, Fraser, Antigua.

MEMORANDA.

Falmouth, G. B. June 3.—Arrived, H. M. Packet, brig Swift, Lieut. Walsh, hence. May 31.—Sailed, brig Greyhound, Hamburg, Havanna, June 6.—Brig Herald, Berwick, and schr. Catherine, Walker, Halifax; 14th, brig George McLeod, Miller, Halifax.

Hamburg, May 28.—Arrived, brig Pleaides, Falmouth, G. B. St. John's, N. F., June 27.—Cleared, schr. Albion, Forrest, Boston; Cicely, Pernambuco, 2800 qtls. fish. 3d. brig. Breeze, Hurst, Barbadoes, 1250 do; brig Herald, Frith, Demerara, 1580 do. 4th, brig. Palmetto, Grenada. Loading, 5th, Clondolia, Barbadoes; schr. Emulator, Demerara.

Schr. Gipsy, Stowe, hence, at Trinidad.

London, June 3.—Sailed Association, Carr, Halifax. 5th, Mineral, Saville, do. 6th, hauled out, brig James, for Halifax.

The James Dee, left at Falmouth, Jamaica, June 1.—brig. John Young, to sail in 8 days for New York.

The Ship Henry IV. from Havre at New York, 3d inst. passed 26th ult. lat. 42, long. 60½, brig Lousia, of Halifax.

Lisbon, May, 29.—The Majestic of St. John, N. B. timber laden, was brought in here on the 25th inst. by H. M. S. Trinculo, having been fallen in with to the N. W. of the Berlings totally dismantled, water-logged and abandoned.

The Trinculo was to proceed on a cruise next day in search, it was surmised, of a large abandoned timber ship called the Britannia, of Liverpool, N. S. which was seen 200 miles due west of Cape St. Vincent, on the 19th of April.

Spoken, May 22, lat. 49 24 N. lon. S 40 W. brig Rosalind, Kerr, from Troon, for Marseilles.

At Miramichi, July 5th—barque England, hence; brig Triton, do. 8th—Radical, Nfund; ship Rothschild, Liverpool. C'd. brig Margaret, London—ship Majestic, Liverpool; brig Aucea, Nfund.

At Richibucto, June 25th—barque Edydston, Gloster; brig Dew Drop, Falmouth. July 2nd—Jane, Nfund. 4th—brig Nimrod, do.

At Bathurst, 23rd ult—brig Vastic, Nfund. 25th—Isabella, hence. C'd. 19th—schr Hope, Halifax, 20th—barque Lydia, Liverpool.

At St. John, N. B. July 11th—ship Rebecca, Liverpool. 12th—Albion, do. C'd. schr Nile, Halifax.

At St. Andrews, 4th inst—schr Susan, Cranc, hence. 5th—Amethyst, do, 7th—brig Elgin, Berbie; Mary, Demerara. C'd. July 2nd—schr Prospect, Windsor; brig Kingston, Demerara.

At Eastport, July 6th—schr Matilda, Yarmouth; George and Lion, Windsor. 7th—Morning Star, Truro. 8th—British Token, Cumberland. 9th—Active, Windsor.

At Yarmouth, July 8th—brig Lady Douglas, Savannah. 10th—barque Tory's Wife, do. C'd. 8th—Emeline, Trinidad.

At Quebec, July 2nd—schr. Caroline, Richibucto. 3rd—brig Mary and Dorothy, hence; Johns, St. John, N. F. 4th—barque Cato, St. John, N. F. James Dennison, do; 5th H. M. schr. Skipjack, hence; brig Thos. Tyson, Nfd.; schr. John, Mag. Islands; barque Sophia, Buones Ayres, and hence; brig Sarah Lovett, Jamaica; Young Queen, Nfd. 7th—Doncaster, St. John N. F.; schr. Unity, Bay Chaleur, C'd. July 2nd—schr Hertford, St. John N. B.; 3rd—Victoria, do; 6th—Triton, St. Kitts; 7th—ship Spencer, Demerara, brig. Countess of Durham, Barbadoes.

Quebec, July 2nd—Entered for loading, Venus, Yarmouth.

Quebec, July 3rd—Yesterday the Brig. *Consolation*, Allen, of Halifax came into collision with the steamer *John Bull*, and suffered some trifling damage. The *Consolation* cleared on the 30th ult. for Jamaica.

H. M. S. *Charybdis* sailed this morning. The wind was fresh from the east, and she beat out under double reefed top sails.

H. M. S. *Andromache* sailed yesterday, for Miramichi, conveying His Excellency Sir John Harvey, Lieut. Governor of New Brunswick, on his return to the seat of his government.

H. M. S. *Vesta*, having on board W. Nelson, Bouchette, etc. sailed for Bermuda yesterday morning, at half past 5 o'clock.

MARKETS.—At Demerara, June 21—Dry fish 3½ stivers; Lumber \$26 a 27; Flour \$11; At Pernambuco, May 1st, Fish, 12mf; Exchange 52d. At Berbice, June 16—Dry Fish 3½ stivers; Lumber \$18

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.—No 2.

OF THE INTERNAL ECONOMY OF DOTHEDDY'S HALL.

A ride of two hundred and odd miles in severe weather, is one of the best softeners of a hard bod that ingenuity can devise. Perhaps it is even a sweetener of dreams, for those which hovered over the rough couch of Nicholas, and whispered their airy nothings in his ear, were of an agreeable and happy kind. He was making his fortune very fast indeed, when a voice he had no difficulty in recognising as part and parcel of Mr. Squeers, admonished him that it was time to rise.

"Past seven, Nickleby," said Mr. Squeers.

"Has morning come already?" said Nicholas, sitting up in bed.

"Ah! that has it," replied Squeers, "and ready iced too. Now, Nickleby, come; tumble up, will you?"

Nicholas needed no further admonition, but "tumbled up" at once, and proceeded to dress himself by the light of the taper which Mr. Squeers carried in his hand.

"Here's a pretty go," said that gentleman; "the pump's froze." "Indeed!" said Nicholas, not much interested in the intelligence. "Yes," replied Squeers. "You can't wash yourself this morning." "Not wash myself!" exclaimed Nicholas. "No, not a bit of it," rejoined Squeers tartly. "So you must be content with giving yourself a dry polish till we break the ice in the well, and can get a bucketful out for the boys. Don't stand staring at me, but do look sharp, will you?"

Offering no further observation, Nicholas huddled on his clothes, and Squeers meanwhile opened the shutters and blew the candle out, when the voice of his amiable consort was heard in the passage, demanding admittance.

"Come in, my love," said Squeers.

Mrs. Squeers came in, still habited in the primitive night-jacket which had displayed the symmetry of her figure on the previous night, and further ornamented with a beaver bonnet of some antiquity, which she wore with much ease and lightness upon the top of the nightcap before mentioned.

"Drat the things," said the lady, opening the cupboard; "I can't find the school-spoon any where."

"Never mind it, my dear," observed Squeers in a soothing manner; "it's of no consequence."

"No consequence, why how you talk!" retorted Mrs. Squeers sharply; "isn't it brimstone morning?"

"I forgot, my dear," rejoined Squeers; "yes, it certainly is. We purify the boys' bloods now and then, Nickleby."

"Purify fiddlesticks!" said his lady. "Don't think, young man, that we go to the expense of flower of brimstone and molasses just to purify them; because if you think we carry on the business in that way, you'll find yourself mistaken, and so I tell you plainly."

"My dear," said Squeers frowning. "Hem!"

"Oh! nonsense," rejoined Mrs. Squeers. "If the young man comes to be a teacher here, let him understand at once that we don't want any foolery about the boys. They have the brimstone and treacle, partly because if they hadn't something or other in the way of medicine they'd be always ailing and giving a world of trouble, and partly because it spoils their appetites and comes cheaper than breakfast and dinner. So it does them good and us good at the same time, and that's fair enough I'm sure."

"A most invaluable woman, that, Nickleby," said Squeers when his consort had hurried away.

"Indeed, Sir!" observed Nicholas.

"I don't know her equal," said Squeers; "I do not know her equal. That woman, Nickleby, is always the same—always the same bustling, lively, active, saving creature that you see her now."

Nicholas sighed involuntarily at the thought of the agreeable domestic prospect thus opened to him; but Squeers was, fortunately, too much occupied with his own reflections to perceive it.

"It's my way to say, when I am up in London," continued Squeers, "that to them boys she is a mother. But she is more than a mother to them, ten times more. She does things for them boys, Nickleby, that I don't believe half the mothers going would do for their own sons."

"I should think they would not, Sir," answered Nicholas.

"But come," said Squeers, interrupting the progress of some thoughts to this effect in the mind of his usher, "let's go to the school-room; and lend me a hand with my school-coat, will you?"

Nicholas assisted his master to put on an old fustian shooting-jacket, which he took down from a peg in the passage; and Squeers arising himself with his cane, led the way across a yard to a door in the rear of the house.

"There," said the schoolmaster, as they stepped in together; "this is our shop, Nickleby."

It was such a crowded scene, and there were so many objects to attract attention, that at first Nicholas stared at him, really without seeing anything at all. By degrees, however, the place resolved itself into a bare and dirty room with a couple of windows, whereof a tenth part might be of glass, the remainder being stopped up with old copybooks and paper. There were a couple of long old rickety desks, cut and notched, and inked and damaged, in every possible way; two or three forms, a detached desk for Squeers, and another for his assistant. The ceiling was supported like that of a barn, by cross beams and rafters, and the walls were so stained and discoloured, that it was impossible to tell whether they had ever been touched with paint or whitewash.

But the pupils—the young noblemen! How the last faint traces of hope, the remotest glimmering of any good to be derived from his efforts in this den, faded from the mind of Nicholas as he looked in dismay around! Pale and haggard faces, lank and bony figures, children with the countenances of old men, deformities with iron upon their limbs, boys of stunted growth, and others whose long meagre legs would hardly bear their stooping bodies, all crowded on the view together; there were the bleared eye, the bare-lip, the crooked foot, and every ugliness or distortion that told of unnatural aversion conceived by parents for their offspring, or of young lives which, from the earliest dawn of infancy, had been one horrible endurance of cruelty and neglect. There were little faces which should have been handsome, darkened with the scowl of sullen dogged suffering; there was childhood with the light of its eye quenched, its beauty gone, and its helplessness alone remaining; there were vicious-faced boys brooding, with leaden eyes, like malefactors in a jail; and there were young creatures on whom the sins of their frail parents had descended, weeping even for the mercenary nurses they had known, and lonesome even in their loneliness. With every kindly sympathy and affection-blinded in its birth, with every young and healthy

feeling flogged and starved down, with every revengeful passion that can fester in swollen hearts, eating its evil way to their core in silence, what an incipient Hell was breeding there!

And yet this scene, painful as it was, had its grotesque features, which, in a less interested observer than Nicholas, might have provoked a smile. Mrs. Squeers stood at one of the desks, presiding over an immense basin of brimstone and treacle, of which delicious compound she administered a large instalment to each boy in succession, using for the purpose a common wooden spoon, which might have been originally manufactured for some gigantic top, and which widened every young gentleman's mouth considerably, they being all obliged, under heavy corporal penalties, to take in the whole of the bowl at a gasp. In another corner, huddled together for companionship, were the little boys who had arrived on the preceding night, three of them in very large leather breeches, and two in old trousers, a something tighter fit than drawers are usually worn; at no great distance from them was seated the juvenile son and heir of Mr. Squeers—a striking likeness of his father—kicking with great vigour under the hands of Sniike, who was fitting upon him a pair of new boots that bore a most suspicious resemblance to those which the least of the little boys had worn on the journey down, as the little boy himself seemed to think, for he was regarding the appropriation with a look of most rueful amazement. Besides these, there was a long row of boys waiting, with countenances of no pleasant anticipation, to be treaced, and another file who had just escaped from the infliction, making a variety of wry mouths indicative of any thing but satisfaction. The whole were attired in such motley, ill-assorted, extraordinary garments, as would have been irresistibly ridiculous, but for the foul appearance of dirt, disorder, and disease, with which they were associated.

"Now," said Squeers, giving the desk a great rap with his cane, which made half the little boys nearly jump out of their boots, "is that physicking over?"

"Just over," said Mrs. Squeers, choking the last boy in her hurry, and tapping the crown of his head with the wooden spoon to restore him. "Here, you Sniike; take away now. Look sharp."

Sniike shuffled out with the basin, and Mrs. Squeers having called up a little boy with a curly head, and wiped her hands upon it, hurried out after him into a species of wash-house, where there was a small fire and a large kettle, together with a number of little wooden bowls which were arranged upon a board.

Into these bowls Mrs. Squeers, assisted by the hungry servant, poured a brown composition which looked like diluted pincushions without the covers, and was called porridge. A minute wedge of brown bread was inserted in each bowl, and when they had cut their porridge by means of the bread, the boys eat the bread itself, and had finished their breakfast; whereupon Mr. Squeers said, in a solemn voice, "For what we have received may the Lord make us truly thankful!"—and went away to his own.

After some half-hour's delay Mr. Squeers re-appeared, and the boys took their places and their books, of which latter commodity the average might be about one to eight learners. A few minutes having elapsed, during which Mr. Squeers looked very profound, as if he had a perfect apprehension of what was inside all the books, and could say every word of their contents by heart if he only chose to take the trouble, that gentleman called up the first class.

Obedient to this summons there ranged themselves in front of the schoolmaster's desk, half-a-dozen scarecrows, out at knees and elbows, one of whom placed a torn and filthy book beneath his learned eye.

"This is the first class in English spelling and philosophy, Nickleby," said Squeers, beckoning Nicholas to stand beside him. "We'll get up a Latin one, and hand that over to you. Now, then, where's the first boy?"

"Please, Sir, he's 'cleaning the back parlour window,'" said the temporary head of the philosophical class.

"So he is, to be sure, rejoined Squeers. "We go upon the practical mode of teaching, Nickleby; the regular education system. C-l-e-a-n, clean, verb active, to make bright, to scour. W-i-n, win, d-e-r, der, winder, a cusement. When the boy knows this out of book, he goes and does it. It's just the same principle as the use of the globes. Where's the second boy?"

"Please, Sir, he's weeding the garden," replied a small voice.

"To be sure," said Squeers, by no means disconcerted. "So he is. B-o-t, bot, t-i-n, tin, bottin, b-e-y, ney, bottinney, noun substantive, a knowledge of plants. When he has learned that bottinney means a knowledge of plants, he goes and knows 'em. That's our system, Nickleby: what do you think of it?"

"It's a very useful one, at any rate," answered Nicholas significantly.

"I believe you," rejoined Squeers, not remarking the emphasis of his usher. "Third boy, what's a horse?"

"A beast, Sir," replied the boy.

"So it is," said Squeers. "Ain't it, Nickleby?"

"I believe there is no doubt of that, Sir," answered Nicholas.

"Of course there isn't," said Squeers. "A horse is a quadruped, and quadruped's Latin for beast, as every body that's gone through the grammar knows, or else where's the use of having grammars at all?"

"Where, indeed!" said Nicholas abstractedly.

"As you're perfect in that," resumed Squeers, turning to the boy, "go and look after my horse, and rub him down well, or I'll rub you down. The rest of the class go and draw water up till somebody tells you to leave off, for its washing day to-morrow, and they want the coppers filled."

So saying he dismissed the first class to their experiments in practical philosophy, and eyed Nicholas with a look half cunning and half doubtful, as if he were not altogether certain what he might think of him by this time.

It was Mr. Squeers's custom to call the boys together, and make a sort of report after every half-yearly visit to the metropolis regarding the relations and friends he had seen, the news he had heard, the letters he had brought down, the bills which had been paid, the accounts which had been left unpaid, and so forth. This solemn proceeding always took place in the afternoon of the day succeeding his return; perhaps because the boys acquired strength of mind from the suspense of the morning, or possibly because Mr. Squeers himself acquired greater sternness and inflexibility from certain warm potatoes in which he was wont to indulge after his early dinner. Be this as it may, the boys were recalled from horse-window, garden, stable, and cow-yard, and the school were assembled in full conclave, when Mr. Squeers, with a small bundle of papers in his hand, and Mrs. S. following with a pair of canes, entered the room and proclaimed silence.

"Let any boy speak a word without leave," said Mr. Squeers, mildly, "and I'll take the skin off his back."

This special proclamation had the desired effect, and a death-like silence immediately prevailed, in the midst of which Mr. Squeers went on to say—

"Boys, I've been to London, and have returned to my family and you, as strong and well as ever."

According to half-yearly custom, the boys gave three feeble cheers at this refreshing intelligence. Such cheers! Sighs of extra strength with the chill on.

"I have seen the parents of some boys," continued Squeers, turning over his papers, "and they're so glad, to hear how their sons are getting on that there's no prospect at all of their going away, which of course is a very pleasant thing to reflect upon for all parties."

Two or three hands went to two or three eyes when Squeers said this, but the greater part of the young gentlemen having no particular parents to speak of, were wholly uninterested in the thing one way or the other.

"I have had disappointments to contend against," said Squeers, looking very grim, "Bolder's father was two pound ten short. Where is Bolder?"

"Here he is, please Sir," rejoined twenty officious voices. Boys are very like men to be sure.

"Come here, Bolder," said Squeers.

An unhealthy-looking boy, with warts all over his hands, stepped from his place to the master's desk, and raised his eyes imploringly to Squeers's face; his own quite white from the rapid beating of his heart.

"Bolder," said Squeers, speaking very slowly, for he was considering, as the saying goes, where to have him. "Bolder, if your father thinks that because—why what's this, Sir?"

As Squeers spoke, he caught up the boy's hand by the cuff of his jacket, and surveyed it with an edifying aspect of horror and disgust.

"What do you call this, Sir?" demanded the schoolmaster, administering a cut with the cane to expedite the reply.

"I can't help it, indeed, Sir," rejoined the boy, crying. "They will come; it's the dirty work I think, Sir—at least I don't know what it is, Sir, but it's not my fault."

"Bolder," said Squeers, tucking up his wristbands and moistening the palm of his right hand to get a good grip of the cane, "you're an incorrigible young scoundrel, and as the last thrashing did you no good, we must see what another will do towards beating it out of you."

With this, and wholly disregarding a piteous cry for mercy, Mr. Squeers fell upon the boy and caned him soundly: not leaving off indeed, until his arm was tired out.

"There," said Squeers, when he had quite done; "rub away as hard as you like, you won't rub that off in a hurry. Oh! you won't hold that noise, won't you? Put him out, Sniike."

The drudge knew better from long experience, than to hesitate about obeying, so he bundled the victim out by a side door, and Mr. Squeers perched himself again on his own stool, supported by Mrs. Squeers, who occupied another at his side.

"Now let us see," said Squeers. "A letter for Cobbe, Stand up, Cobbe."

Another boy stood up, and eyed the letter very hard while Squeers made a mental abstract of the same.

"Oh! said Squeers: "Cobbe's grandmother is dead, and his uncle John has took to drinking, which is all the news his sister sends, except eightpence, which will just pay for that broken square of glass. Mrs. Squeers, my dear, will you take the money?"

The worthy lady pocketed the eightpence with a most business-like air, and Squeers passed on to the next boy as coolly as possible.

"Graymarsh," said Squeers, "he's the next. Stand up, Graymarsh." Another boy stood up, and the schoolmaster looked over the letter as before.

"Graymarsh's maternal aunt," said Squeers when he had possessed himself of the contents, "is very glad to hear he's so well and happy, and sends her respectful compliments to Mrs. Squeers, and think she must be an angel. She likewise thinks Mr. Squeers is too good for this world; but hopes he may long be spared to carry on the business. Would have sent the two pair of stockings as desired, but is short of money, so forwards a tract instead, and hopes Graymarsh will put his trust in providence. Hopes above all, that he will study in everything to please Mr. and Mrs. Squeers, and look upon them as his only friends; and that he will love Master Squeers, and not object to sleeping five in a bed, which no Christian should. Ah!" said Squeers, folding it up, "a delightful letter. Very affecting, indeed."

It was affecting in one sense, for Graymarsh's maternal aunt was strongly supposed by her more intimate friends, to be no other than his maternal parent.

Mr. Squeers then proceeded to open a miscellaneous collection of letters, some enclosing money, which Mrs. Squeers "took care of;" and others referring to small articles of apparel, as caps and so forth, all of which the same lady stated to be too large or too small, and calculated for nobody but young Squeers, who would appear indeed to have had most accommodating limbs, since every thing that came into the school fitted him to a nicety. His head, in particular, must have been singularly elastic, for hats and caps of all dimensions were alike to him.

This business despatched, a few slovenly lessons were performed, and Squeers retired to his fireside, leaving Nicholas to take care of the boys in the school-room, which was very cold, and where a meal of bread and cheese was served out shortly after dark.

AGENTS FOR THE HALIFAX PEARL.

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