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From a New Work, by Boz.

MASTER HUMPHREY'S COMPANIONS.

My old companion tells me it is midnight. The fire glows brightly, crackling with a sharp and cheerful sound as if it loved to burn. The merry cricket on the hearth (my constant visitor,) this ruddy blaze, my clock, and I, seem to share the world among us, and to be the only things awake. The wind, high and boisterous but now, has died away, and hoarsely mutters in its sleep. I love all times and seasons, each in its turn, and am apt perhaps to think the present one the best, but past or coming I always love this peaceful time of night, when long-buried thoughts, favoured by the gloom and silence, steal from their graves and haunt the scenes of faded happiness and hope.

The popular faith in ghosts has a remarkable affinity with the whole current of our thoughts at such an hour as this, and seems to be their necessary and natural consequences. For who can wonder that man should feel a vague belief in tales of disembodied spirits wandering through those places which they once dearly affected, when he himself, scarcely less separated from his old world than they, is for ever lingering upon past emotions and by-gone times, and hovering, the ghost of his former self, about the places and people that warmed his heart of old? It is thus that at this quiet hour I haunt the house where I was born, the rooms I used to tread, the scenes of my infancy, my boyhood and my youth; it is thus that I prow around my buried treasure, (though not of gold or silver) and mourn my loss; it is thus that I revisit the ashes of extinguished fires, and take my silent stand at old bedsides. If my spirit should ever glide back to this chamber when my body is mingled with the dust, it will but follow the course it often took in the old man's lifetime, and add but one more change to the subjects of its contemplation.

In all my idle speculations I am greatly assisted by various legends connected with my venerable house, which were current in the neighbourhood, and are so numerous that there is scarce a cupboard or corner that has not some dismal story of its own. When I first entertained thoughts of becoming a tenant, he was assured that it was haunted from roof to cellar; and I believe the had opinion in which my neighbours once held me, had it risen in my not being torn to pieces, or at least distracted with terror on the night I took possession: in either of which cases I should doubtless have arrived by a short run at the very summit of popularity.

But traditions and rumours all taken into account, who so abets me in every fancy and climes with my every thought, as my dear deaf friend; and how often have I cause to bless the day that brought us together! Of all days in the year I rejoice to think that it should have been Christmas Day, with which from childhood we associate something friendly, hearty, and sincere.

I had walked out to cheer myself with the happiness of others, and in the little tokens of festivity and rejoicing of which the streets and houses present so many upon that day, had lost some hours. Now I stopped to look at a merry party hurrying through the snow on foot to their place of meeting, and now turned back to see a whole coachful of children safely deposited at the welcome house. At one time, I admired how carefully the working-man carried the baby in its gaudy hat and feathers, and how his wife, trudging patiently on behind, forgot even her care of her gay clothes, in exchanging greetings with the child as it cowered and laughed over the father's shoulder; at another, I pleased myself with some passing scene of gallantry or courtship, and was glad to believe that for a season half the world of poverty was gay.

As the day closed in, I still rambled through the streets, feeling a companionship in the bright fires that cast their warm reflection on the windows as I passed; and losing all sense of my own loneliness in imagining the sociality and kind fellowship that everywhere prevailed. At length I happened to stop before a Tavern, and encountering a Bill of Fare in the window, it all at once brought it into my head to wonder what kind of people dined alone in Taverns upon Christmas Day.

Solitary men are accustomed, I suppose, unconsciously to look upon solitude as their own peculiar property. I had sat alone in my room on many, many, anniversaries of this great holiday, and had never regarded it but as one of universal assemblage and rejoicing. I had excepted, and with an aching heart, a crowd of prisoners and beggars, but these were not the men for whom the Tavern doors were open. Had they any customers, or was it a mere form? A form no doubt.

Trying to feel quite sure of this I walked away, but before I had gone many paces, I stopped and looked back. There was a provoking air of business in the lamp above the door, which I could not overcome. I began to be afraid there might be many customers— young men, perhaps struggling with the world, utter strangers

in this great place, whose friends lived at a long distance off, and whose means were too slender to enable them to make the journey. The supposition gave rise to so many distressing little pictures that in preference to carrying them home with me, I determined to encounter the realities. So I turned, and walked in!

I was at once glad and sorry to find that there was only one person in the dining-room; glad to know that there were not more, and sorry to think that he should be there by himself. He did not look so old as I, but like me he was advanced in life, and his hair was nearly white. Though I made more noise in entering and seating myself than was quite necessary, with the view of attracting his attention and saluting him in the good old form of that time of year, he did not raise his head, but sat with it resting on his hand, musing over his half-finished meal.

I called for something which would give me an excuse for remaining in the room (I had dined early, as my housekeeper was engaged at night to partake some friend's good cheer) and sat where I could observe without intruding on him. After a time he looked up. He was aware that somebody had entered, but could see very little of me as I sat in the shade and he in the light. He was sad and thoughtful, and I forebore to trouble him by speaking.

Let me believe that it was something better than curiosity which riveted my attention and impelled me strongly towards this gentleman. I never saw so patient and kind a face. He should have been surrounded by friends, and yet here he sat dejected and alone when all men had their friends about them. As often as he roused himself from his reverie he would fall into it again, and it was plain that whatever were the subject of his thoughts they were of a melancholy kind, and would not be controlled.

He was not used to solitude. It was sure of that, for I know by myself that if he had been, his manner would have been different, and he would have taken some slight interest in the arrival of another. I could not fail to mark that he had no appetite; that he tried to eat in vain—that time after time the plate was pushed away, and he relapsed into his former posture.

His mind was wandering among old Christmas Days, I thought. Many of them spring up together, not with a long gap between each, but in unbroken succession like days of the week. It was a great change to find himself for the first time (I quite settled that it was the first) in an empty silent room with no soul to care for. I could not help following him in imagination through crowds of pleasant faces, and then coming back to that dull place with its bough of mistletoe sickening in the gas, and sprigs of holly parched up already by a Simoom of roast and boiled. The very waiter had gone home, and his representative, a poor lean hungry man, was keeping Christmas in his jacket.

I grew still more interested in my friend. His dinner done, a decanter of wine was placed before him. It remained untouched for a long time, but at length with a quivering hand he filled a glass and raised it to his lips. Some tender wish to which he had been accustomed to give utterance on that day, or some beloved name that he had been used to pledge, trembled upon them at the moment. He put it down very hastily, took it up once more, again put it down—pressed his hand upon his face—yes—and tears stole down his cheeks, I am certain.

Without pausing to consider whether I did right or wrong, I stepped across the room, and sitting down beside him laid my hand gently on his arm.

"My friend," I said, "forgive me if I beseech you to take comfort and consolation from the lips of an old man. I will not preach to you what I have not practised, indeed. Whatever be your grief, be of a good heart—be of a good heart, pray!"

"I see that you speak earnestly," he replied, "and kindly I am very sure, but—"

I nodded my head to show that I understood what he would say, for I had already gathered from a certain fixed expression in his face, and from the attention with which he watched me while I spoke, that his sense of hearing was destroyed. "There should be a freemasonry between us," said I, pointing from himself to me to explain my meaning—"if not in our grey hairs, at least in our misfortunes." You see that I am but a poor cripple.

I have never felt so happy under my affliction since the trying moment of my first becoming conscious of it, as when he took my hand in his with a smile that has lighted my path in life from that day, and we sat down side by side.

This was the beginning of my friendship with the deaf gentleman, and when was ever the slight and easy service of a kind word in season, repaid by such attachment and devotion as he has shown to me!

He produced a little set of tablets and a pencil to facilitate our conversation, on that our first acquaintance, and I well remember

how awkward and constrained I was in writing down my share of the dialogue, and how easily he guessed my meaning before I had written half of what I had to say. He told me in a faltering voice that he had not been accustomed to be alone on that day—that it had always been a little festival with him—and seeing that I glanced at his dress in the expectation that he wore mourning, he added hastily that it was not that; if it had been, he thought he could have borne it better. From that time to the present we have never touched upon this theme. Upon every return of the same day we have been together, and although we make it our annual custom to drink to each other hand in hand, after dinner, and to reel with affectionate garrulity every circumstance of our first meeting, we always avoid this one as if by mutual consent.

Meantime we have gone on strengthening in our friendship and regard, and forming an attachment which, I trust and believe, will only be interrupted by death, to be renewed in another existence. I scarcely know how we communicate, as we do, but he has long since ceased to be deaf to me. He is frequently the companion of my walks, and even in crowded streets replies to my slightest look or gesture as though he could read my thoughts. From the vast number of objects which pass in rapid succession before our eyes, we frequently select the same for some particular notice or remark, and when one of these little coincidences occurs I cannot describe the pleasure that animates my friend, or the beaming countenance he will preserve for half an hour afterwards at least.

He is a great thinker from living so much within himself, and having a lively imagination has a facility of conceiving and enlarging upon old ideas which renders him invaluable to our little body, and greatly astonishes our two friends. His powers in this respect are much assisted by a large pipe, which he assures us once belonged to a German Student. Be this as it may, it has undoubtedly a very ancient and mysterious appearance, and is of such a nature that it takes three hours and a half to smoke it out. I have been told by a barber, who is the chief authority of a sort on such subjects, that every evening in a small back shop, he has related anecdotes of this pipe, and the grim figures that have carved upon its bowl; at which all the smokers in the neighbourhood had stood aghast, and I know that my housekeeper, while she holds it in high veneration, has a superstitious feeling connected with it, which would render her exceeding unwilling to be left alone in its company after dark.

Whatever sorrow my deaf friend has known, and whatever grief may linger in some secret corner of his heart, he is now a cheerful, placid, happy creature. Misfortune can never have fallen upon such a man but for some good purpose, and when I see its traces in his gentle nature and his earnest feeling, I am the less disposed to murmur at such trials as I may have undergone myself. With regard to the pipe, I have a theory of my own; I cannot help thinking that it is in some manner connected with the event that brought us together, for I remember that it was a long time before he even talked about it; that when he did, he grew reserved and melancholy; and that it was a long time yet before he brought it forth. I have no curiosity, however, upon this subject, for I know that it promotes his tranquility and comfort, and I need no other inducement to regard it with my utmost favour.

Such is the deaf gentleman. I call up his figure now, clad in sober grey, and seated in the chimney corner. As he puffs out the smoke from his favourite pipe, he casts a look of some brilliant cordiality and friendship, and says all manner of kind and genial things in a cheerful smile; then he raises his eyes to my clock which is just about to strike, and glancing from it to me and back again, seems to divide his heart between us. For myself, it is not too much to say that I would gladly part with one of my poor limbs, could he but hear the old clock's voice.

Of our two friends, the first has been all his life one of that easy wayward truant class whom the world is accustomed to designate as nobody's enemies but their own. Bred to a profession for which he never qualified himself, and reared in the expectation of a fortune he has never inherited, he has undergone every vicissitude of which such an existence is capable. He and his younger brother, both orphans from their childhood, were educated by a wealthy relative who taught them to expect an equal division of his property, but too indolent to court, and too honest to flatter, the elder gradually lost ground in the affections of a capricious old man, and the younger, who did not fail to improve his opportunity, now triumphs in the possession of enormous wealth. His triumph is to hoard it in solitary wretchedness, and probably to feel with the expenditure of every shilling a greater pang than the loss of his whole inheritance ever cost his brother.

Jack Redburn—he was Jack Redburn at the first little school he went to, where every other child was mastered and surnamed;

and he has been Jack Redburn all his life or he would perhaps have been a richer man by this time—has been an inmate of my house these eight years past. He is my librarian, secretary, steward, and first minister: director of all my affairs and inspector-general of my household. He is something of a musician, something of an author, something of an actor, something of a painter, very much of a carpenter, and an extraordinary gardener: having had all his life a wonderful aptitude for learning every thing that was of no use to him. He is remarkably fond of children, and is the best and kindest nurse in sickness that ever drew the breath of life. He has mixed with every grade of society and known the utmost distress, but there never was a less selfish, a more tender-hearted, a more enthusiastic, or a more guileless man, and I dare say if few have done less good, fewer still have done less harm in the world than he. By what chance Nature forms such whimsical jumbles I don't know, but I do know that she sends them among us very often, and that the king of the whole race is Jack Redburn.

I should be puzzled to say how old he is. His health is none of the best, and he wears a quantity of iron-grey hair which shades his face and gives it rather a worn appearance; but we consider him quite a young fellow notwithstanding, and if a youthful spirit surviving the roughest contact with the world confers upon its possessor any title to be considered young, then he is a mere child. The only interruptions to his careless cheerfulness are on a wet Sunday when he is apt to be unusually religious and solemn, and sometimes of an evening when he has been blowing a very slow tune on the flute. On these last-named occasions he is apt to incline towards the mysterious or the terrible. As a specimen of his powers in this mood, I refer my readers to the extract from the clock-case which follows this paper; he brought it to me not long ago at midnight and informed me that the main incident had been suggested by a dream of the night before.

His apartments are two cheerful rooms looking towards the garden, and one of his great delights is to arrange and re-arrange the furniture in these chambers and put it in every possible variety of position. During the whole time he has been here, I do not think he has slept for two nights running with the head of his bed in the same place, and every time he moves it, is to be the last. My housekeeper was at first well nigh distracted by these frequent changes, but she has become quite reconciled to them by degrees, and has so fallen in with his humour that they often consult together with great gravity upon the next final alteration. Whatever his arrangements are, however, they are always a pattern of neatness, and every one of the manifold articles connected with his manifold occupations, is to be found in its own particular place. Until within the last two or three years he was subject to an occasional fit (which usually came upon him in very fine weather) under the influence of which he would dress himself with peculiar care, and going out under pretence of taking a walk, disappear for several days together. At length after the interval between each outbreak of this disorder had gradually grown longer and longer, it wholly disappeared, and now he seldom stirs abroad except to stroll out a little way on a summer's evening. Whether he yet mistrusts his own constancy in this respect, and is therefore afraid to wear a coat, I know not, but we seldom see him in any other upper garment than an old spectral-looking dressing gown with very disproportionate pockets, full of a miscellaneous collection of odd matters, which he picks up wherever he can lay his hands upon them.

Every thing that is a favourite with our friend is a favourite with us, and thus it happens that the fourth among us is Mr. Owen Miles, a most worthy gentleman who had treated Jack with great kindness before my deaf friend and I encountered him by an accident to which I may refer on some future occasion. Mr. Miles was once a very rich merchant, but receiving a severe shock in the death of his wife, he retired from business and devoted himself to a quiet unostentatious life. He is an excellent man of thoroughly sterling character: not of quick apprehension, and not without some amusing prejudices, which I shall leave to their own development. He holds us all in profound veneration, but Jack Redburn he esteems as a kind of pleasant wonder, that he may venture to approach familiarly. He believes, not only that no man ever lived who could do so many things as Jack, but that no man ever lived who could do any thing so well, and he never calls my attention to any of his ingenious proceedings but he whispers in my ear, nudging me at the same time with his elbow—"If he had only made it his trade, sir—if he had only made it his trade!"

They are inseparable companions; one would almost suppose that although Mr. Miles never by any chance does any thing in the way of assistance, Jack could do nothing without him. Whether he is reading, writing, painting, carpentering, gardening, flute-playing, or what not, there is Mr. Miles beside him, buttoned up to the chin in his blue coat, and looking on with a face of incredulous delight, as though he could not credit the testimony of his own senses, and a misgiving that no man could be so clever but in a dream.

These are my friends; I have now introduced myself and them.

An amateur medical adviser at Boulogne has lately discovered an ingenious method of causing physic to remain on the stomach of a patient. His direction is, that when pills are making up, the chemist is to put a small fish-hook into each pill!

WATTY AND THE LAWYER.

In time this fine springer produced a calf, which he ought to have reared, but "light come, light go," was ever the proverb most applicable to Watty. Nor had this calf revelled more than two months in the enjoyment of existence ere Watty heard that there were great "goins on" in Limerick, and that balls, and other entertainments, had occasioned such a demand that a good "veal calf" was reported to be worth any money. Away he went; and having brought his calf into Limerick, drove it to that quarter of the city called Irish Town, where the butchers then had their slaughter-houses. Watty, clever as he was, did not know the value of his calf; probably he would have made a better guess had he paid for the milk it was fattened on. He entered a crowded street, looking about him like a country booby, and trusting to the chapter of accidents. By the by, this sort of character is more generally assumed by my honest countrymen than any other; Paddy knows, generally speaking, nothing till he is about to be cheated, and then back come his wits, accompanied by an army of auxiliaries. Fancy Watty driving his calf before him, his mouth open, and his whole appearance betokening simple ignorance. Also imagine a stout butcher throwing his knife down upon his block as he beheld this fine calf. Running up to Watty, he addressed him, "What do you want for the calf?"—"Eh-ah?" exclaimed Watty. "What'll ye give?" The butcher, handling it, told him "thirty shillings."

"Say thirty-five," replied Watty.—"Well," says the butcher, "as you're not so much out of the way; why, win or lose, I'll give you the money. Keep her there till I bring it out."

"Very well," cried Watty; and the moment the butcher disappeared he drove his calf on, having perceived another butcher on the watch farther up the street.

"Is that one sould, my man?"—"Eh-ah?" said Watty.

"Did you sell the calf?" cried the butcher.

"Not a half-penny I got for yet," replied Watty.

"What'll you have for her then?"—"Why, thin, by dad! I can hardly say," says Watty; "but under the two guineas there'll be no use our talking."—"Say thirty-five hogs, and it's a bargain," replied the butcher.—"Oiy eh!" said Watty, "a purty figure I'd be cutting with your thirty-five hogs. It 'ud be best for you to say the two guineas at wanst, and the fat calf 'll be yours."

"Do you know what it is?" says the butcher. "I never had any difference with a man that I'd see going about the thing fair; and so, if you'll wait, I'll go to a man that owes me money, and come back and pay you."

"With all my heart," answered Watty, who perceived another butcher eyeing him so, pushing forward as quick as possible, the third enquired the price of the calf?

Watty resolved to ask a fine price this time, and, at any rate, sure what can he do but refuse? Haven't I the calf sould? and what harm to knock some *devarsiun* out of it?

"What's the price?" says the butcher.—"Three pounds," replied Watty.

"That's a sight of money for that one," said the butcher.

"Did I ask you to give it?" answered Watty.

"I'll tell you what; I'll give you two guineas and a half," says the butcher.

"Begor, have her!" exclaimed Watty, pretty sure he had got a fair value for his calf,—a high price indeed, though the butcher knew what he was about also. Watty delivered up the animal, and was on the point of receiving the money, when up came the first butcher, cash in hand, followed by the second, equally prepared, and hereupon commenced a regular row. The country-people, among some of whom Watty was known, prepared to support his cause. The tranquility of this ancient city was, now, on the point of being disturbed, and Watty to Limerick might have proved as fatal as Helen to Troy. A few paving-stones already performed their gyrations in the air. Brickbats had begun to mingle with the storm; and Watty's fears increased in proportion as his arms were nearly pulled off by the two brawny specimens of "injured innocence." His cries of "murder" were piercing when a company of soldiers marched suddenly up, surrounded Watty and his accusers, suppressed the incipient war, and hurried the four principals into the castle guardhouse. Watty was now in a ticklish predicament; he had left his calf with the third butcher, and his money was in jeopardy. His wits, however, had not yet forsaken him; and he so earnestly implored the officer for time to go to his master's attorney, telling him in whose service he was, that the permission was finally granted, and two soldiers appointed to escort him to that man of law, whilst he sent the three butchers to the court-house.

The attorney practised frequently for Mr. O'Dowd, and knew Watty well.—His stature and rotundity were equally remarkable; his humour was inexhaustible, and his dear love for "a handsome fee" never diminished so long as he was able to shut his hand. Such was Mr. Gallagher; whose surprise was great when Watty was conducted into his presence between two grenadiers. Recognizing Watty, he took off his spectacles, and assuring the soldiers that he would be answerable for their prisoner, requested they would withdraw while he heard his case.

"Well, Watty," said Mr. Gallagher, "what brought you to Limerick. What's the matter?"

"Troth, your honour, 'twas an honest errand; I came upon, and that was to sell a calf of my own."

"All fair so far," said the lawyer; "but something else must have occurred?"

"Faix, and so there did, your honour; for myself not knowing the good prices that was going, I sould the calf, your honour, to a blackguard of a butcher, that did not give me near to a pound of its value; and then I sould it to another butcher, that was almost as big a *villyan* as the other; and then I sould it to another, that was the only honest man of the three."

"Sold your calf three-times over!" said Mr. Gallagher, amused with the scrape Watty had got into. "I never heard of such a thing!" Then looking very grave, "I fear this will be a very bad business for you, my man. I think we had better send off an express for Mr. O'Dowd."

"Oh, your honour, don't!—I'd as soon loose my life as trouble the master."

"Well, as you please," said Mr. Gallagher; "but I tremble for you."

"Ah, don't say that, your honour! Sure they can't do much to me."

"Why, the ancient laws of the city are very strict. Market riots are punished by a fine and imprisonment."

"Oh murder!" cried Watty. "But sure your honour can save me?"

"Save you? I don't know that; a long imprisonment, I fear—"

"Oh, your honour dear, don't talk of the jail!"

"Or a public whipping; or one hour in the pillory, would be sooner over, to be sure; but the risk of life," continued Mr. Gallagher.

"Oh, what'll become of me, your honour! Oh, your honour, *thry* again, and do something for me! Sure your honour would not wish to see a poor man humbugged by them blackguards of butchers? Oh, murder, murder! don't let me go to the jail!"

"Nor will I, if I can help it," replied the lawyer, relaxing to a smile; "but you well know I never work without a fee. I must go to court with you, for which you ought to pay me one guinea; but as you are serving my particular friend and client, my charges shall be only half a guinea if I get you off, and not one farthing if I lose. Is that fair, Watty?"

"Mighty fair, intirely," answered Watty.

"Well, then," said Mr. Gallagher, "while slipping on my coat, and changing my wig, I'll tell you what to do. Now mind every word I say."

"Never fear, your honour."

"Well, then, Watty, when we go into court, you must open your mouth, and stare about you like a fool."

"Troth, then, I think I'll please your honour that way."—"Well, then, it's little more I have to say. Whatever question is asked you, make no other answer than, 'O please your worship, leave it so.' Now, do you perfectly understand?"

"I do, your honour. I'll go bail I'll look like a fool in court; and if the tongue o' me says any thing but 'Oh, please your worship, lave it so,' I'll cut it off for pickling."

"Very well, Watty, you have the words; now mind how well you will say them after any question asked you by the Mayor; and recollect our bargain,—half a guinea, Watty."

"Oh, never fear your honour."

And off they went, escorted by the soldiers.

The officer stated the circumstances of the row, and was thanked by the mayor for his interference.

The butcher triumvirate were now called upon to state their cases in turn; whereupon the first spoke as follows:—

"Please your worship, that scoundrel at the bar sould me a fine fat calf, and we had a regular bargain, your worship; and it was agreed I should give him thirty-five shillings for the calf; your worship, and while I went to fetch the money, and come out with it in my fist, the vagaboue was clean out of sight. Here's the very money itself, your worship, and I expect your worship will order me the calf."

Mayor (*with emphasis*). Prisoner, what say you to this?

Watty. Oh, please your worship, lave it so.

Mayor. Fellow, that is an admission.

Watty. Oh, please your worship, lave it so.

Mayor. He is evidently guilty.—Then addressing the second, he desired what he had to say.

2d Butcher. Please your worship, that thief of the world sould me that same fat calf, and after *bargaining* awhile, I agreed to buy it for two guineas, and by the same token here's the very two guineas themselves; and when I stopt a short distance for the money, your worship, the black-guard was gone, and he selling it to another; and so it's only honest justice and the calf I am asking for, your worship.

Mayor. Why, prisoner, you seem to be a finished swindler. What answer do you make to this?

Watty. Oh, please your worship, lave it so.

Mayor. Guilty again! I tell you, you have twice admitted your guilt now.

Watty. Oh, please your worship, lave it so.

Mayor (*turning to the aldermen*). The case appears distinct enough. But I should like to hear what the third has to say. Butcher, relate the facts.

3d Butcher. Please your worship, this man came to me fair, and open, and asy, with his calf; and, having a great call for *wale*, and besides, not knowing where to lay my hands on a fillet ordered for

your worship, and the calf being a very fine one, I gave the poor man what he asked, which was two guineas and a half; and here's the money, your worship, and I don't think it too much.

Mayor. Upon my word, gentlemen, (turning to the two aldermen,) this seems a very rascally piece of business. Prisoner, do you admit this man's statement?

Watty. Oh, please your worship, I've it so.

Mayor. If your case is singular, your answers are more so. Can you bring forward any person to speak to your character?

Watty. Oh, please your worship, I've it so.

This was Mr. Attorney Gallagher's critical moment, and rising, he addressed the bench—"Mr. Mayor, and worshipful magistrates of Limerick, compassion for the unfortunate man, now before you has alone prompted me to attend to the case, he having sought me out, being often employed by a most excellent gentleman, whom you all know, Mr. O'Dowd of Malgawley, to bring messages to my office. I have known him for years. Of his honesty I have no doubt; but the man is a mere simpleton. The calf was, I am sure, his own; for no person would have employed him to sell it. He came among the butchers as unsuspecting as the beast he drove; and when, instead of receiving the money, he saw the two men turn their backs upon him and go away, the poor creature of course believed the bargain was off, and so strolled on."

I may also take the liberty of stating, that full advantage seems to have been taken of the extreme ignorance of the servant of my client; and that among the three butchers there appears to be only one conscientious man; and I appeal to your worships whether such a difference as seventeen and sixpence in the value of a small animal actually sold for two pound twelve and sixpence, is not a plain proof of the fact.

"I therefore respectfully solicit of your worships, that as this harmless simpleton cannot take care of himself, that you will order the only honest butcher before you to take what justly belongs to him, and pay this natural his two guineas and a half, and let him go back to his family."

This address carried every thing before it; three of the wisest heads in Limerick were immediately in contact; two butchers looked very blue; and the Mayor, drawing himself up with becoming dignity, spoke as follows—

Mr. Gallagher, on the first view of the case, my own opinions and those of my worthy brother magistrates were much against the prisoner; but, considering your knowledge of the man, and the advantages which have been taken of him, we are of opinion that John O'Rorke is entitled to the calf, and he is accordingly ordered to hand the money over in open court. As to the other butchers who were instrumental in causing a riot, you James Hallinan, and you Denis Moylan, are required to give security to keep the peace for twelve calendar months. Officers, clear the court.

Mr. O'Rorke immediately handed two guineas and a half to Watty, whose eyes glistened somewhat too knowingly as he stowed them safely away in his leathern purse, making also rather too knowing a bow to the bench. Mr. Gallagher was all hurry and impatience to get him away, and leading him out of court, as soon as they got to a lane, turned round and said, "Now, Watty, for our bargain. Hand me over that half guinea."

To which Watty replied, throwing all the drollery into his face he could muster, "Oh, please your honour, I've it so."

The effect was irresistible; Gallagher was caught in his own net; and, after a hearty laugh, actually gave Watty half a guinea, on condition that he "would have it so," and never say a word of their bargain.

MY FIRST DESPATCH.

Within less than eight-and-forty hours after my father had announced to me that I was to leave Eton, and not to go to Oxford, I had been, in all due form presented to the man who at that time might be said to control the destiny of nearly half the globe, had taken possession of my desk and arm-chair at the Treasury, had been installed in handsome lodgings within a hundred yards of St. James's-square, and had taken leave of my respected parent, who was all anxiety to return home, to make the necessary preparations for the entertainment which was to astonish the country, and to which I was to contribute additional brilliancy, by fulfilling a long list of commissions which my mother had entrusted to me on my departure; a list which received further additions before my father had taken leave on his return to the country.

The first few days of my official career were marked by no very uncommon occurrence; and finding that little or no duty was imposed upon me, I amused my leisure by looking into some ponderous blue books which I found scattered about the office, and which I learnt, from certain typographical notices on the wrapper, had been printed by order of the House of Commons.

My diligent perusal of these blue books, which, to say truth, I found were frequently far from dull, was observed; and upon the strength of what was thought an uncommon predilection in one so young, I was immediately pronounced to have shown a taste for business. The first consequence of so flattering a judgment was, that I was intrusted with the confidential duty of answering a part of the numberless letters on a vast variety of subjects, which were daily addressed to my patron. My place was now no longer a sinecure. Often when my official hours were over, and my less-favoured fellow-labourers were about to retire to the diversions of the

evening, I was presented with from thirty to fifty letters, most of them solicitations for favours which it was impossible or inconvenient to grant, and to each of these was I respected, before the ensuing morning, to prepare a point-blank refusal couched in such agreeable terms of negation as might leave the disappointed applicant not the most distant excuse for anger or mortification. On each letter a hieroglyphic mark, intelligible only to the chosen few to whom they had been revealed, indicated the precise limits of civility to which it was my duty to confine myself, for the nature of the motives, if any, that I was to assign, for not acceding to the wishes of the great man's volunteer correspondent.

My performances in this line gave satisfaction, indeed, so much satisfaction, that I began to apprehend I should be confined almost exclusively to so monotonous an occupation; perhaps never rise beyond the very questionable dignity of my lord's walking-liver-writer—a kind of machine for the manufacturing of polite refusals and obliging refusals. Such an apprehension did occasionally haunt me, but I was soon relieved from it.

I had one evening returned home, somewhat out of humour at being obliged to decline an agreeable invitation, and had shut myself up in my own room with two score of petitioning epistles before me; to each of which it was my duty to indite a handsome reply, when I was suddenly started by the entrance of an office-messenger, with an order to repair immediately to Downing-street. The poor fellow had been sent out in search of several of the clerks of the establishment, in one of whom he was able to find at home, with the single exception of myself. On my arrival at the office, I was immediately summoned into my patron's presence, whom I found in company with two or three of his most active colleagues of the cabinet. Their discussion had just closed, and they were anxiously waiting the arrival of an amanuensis to draw up some important despatches, that were to be forwarded that very night from town to the diplomatic agent at one of the New South American States; and a fast-sailing schooner, I soon learned, was waiting at Falmouth with orders to start for her destination, the very moment the expected despatches had been put into the hands of the commanding officer.

On my entrance, I found there was some demur at entrusting the purport of so important a business to one so young and inexperienced; but my patron soon satisfied his colleagues that my discretion was to be relied on. The work was put into my hands; and in the course of a few hours the original despatch was drawn out, and, after receiving a few corrections from the hands of a crotchety young minister, who was known to exercise no small influence over his more experienced but less active colleagues, had been fairly copied and unanimously approved of.

Not a moment was to be lost in sending off the despatch to Falmouth. All but the crotchety young minister had retired; and to my great surprise, he declared, that as I was in full possession of the contents, and aware of its momentous nature, I was the person best calculated to deliver the despatch into the hands of the officer who was to be the bearer of it to its destination.

No one minute was unnecessarily lost between London and Falmouth; and, on arriving at the end of my journey, without even waiting to enter my hotel, I jumped into the nearest boat, and in a few minutes found myself alongside of the neat little skimmer of the waves, whose commanding officer was anxiously awaiting the arrival of the important paper of which I was the bearer. He met me as I stepped upon the deck. 'Twas my old school-fellow and crony Frederick Harley, whom I had not seen for nearly ten years, and with whose rapid, but well-earned promotion in his arduous profession, I was now for the first time made acquainted.

Considering the importance of the despatch of which Frederick was to be the bearer to the other side of the Atlantic, and our constraints me to admit, that there was considerably more time consumed in getting up the anchor and getting under weigh, than with the aid of his smart little crew would have been the case, had a friend less dear to him been at that moment sharing the hasty hospitality of his cabin. We tore ourselves away from each other with mutual protestations to become the most sedulous and constant correspondents. At the gangway, our hands were tightly clasped together, and with swimming eyes once more we bade each other a mute farewell.

I stepped into my boat again. The men who had been holding on for some time let go, and in a few seconds it seemed as though our little tub had been moving backward with a velocity which it had never been able to attain in its forward movements, while the delicate schooner was lightly floating over the water before a smart breeze, rising gracefully over the summit of each succeeding wave, then dipping her bows again to catch the kiss of the next billow that came to court her caresses, and then breaking away in frolicsome mood from the embrace which it had just seemed to invite.

I remained for some time standing in my boat, and watching the lessening form of the schooner, as her hull sunk deeper and deeper in the water.

The night was closing rapidly, and my boatmen at length ventured to remind me that it might perhaps be prudent to make for shore. I gave the required assent, and the men began to ply their oars with a briskness that showed me how little they were desirous of remaining on the water any longer than was absolutely necessary.

The night had now closed in, and veiled the departing schooner from my view, I sat down, and faced the breeze to which hither-

to I had turned my back, but whose chilling influence now induced me to button my great coat closely about me. As I was preparing to do so, I dropped almost senseless to the bottom of the boat, every limb trembled, a cold sweat started from my temples, and a half-suppressed scream of agony escaped my lips. The despatch was still in the breast-pocket of my great coat, and Harley was crossing the Atlantic in apparent unconsciousness, how utterly purposeless must be the voyage on which he was embarked.

I was some minutes before I was sufficiently master of myself to think or speak. My first impulse was to row back to the schooner, but the boatmen answered the suggestion merely by a laugh, and without for a moment relaxing their exertions to reach the shore. A moment's reflection convinced me of the utter uselessness of attempting to overtake Harley's vessel, and in the stupefaction of despair that followed I offered no opposition to the men, but lay in childish helplessness, with my elbow resting on the seat, my head rocking to and fro, my eyes resting on vacancy, while a thousand confused images of shame and degradation crowded in quick succession before my mind, till the very intensity of my agony brought me some relief in that mental torpidity which invariably ensues, when the imagination is no longer able to cope with the confused host of torturing ideas which rush in and overwhelm it.

I felt as one awakening from a dream when the boat grounded on the beach, and the men advanced to help me to land. My limbs were trembling still, and without the kind support of my weather-beaten guides, it would have been impossible for me to have crawled to my hotel. I reached it more dead than alive, and on being shown into my room, flung myself upon a sofa, and at length found relief in a flood of tears.

I was now able to reflect on the ignominy I had brought upon myself. On my way down I had indulged in a thousand delightful anticipations of the honor and promotion that awaited me on my return from so confidential a mission. I had been brought under the personal notice of all the leading members of the cabinet, and I could not but remark that the manner in which I had acquitted myself of a task unexpectedly imposed on me, had given satisfaction to all—and now! To hope forgiveness was idle. Too well I knew the importance of that despatch which had been especially intrusted to my care, and to convey which a vessel of the Royal Navy had been expressly ordered to a distant quarter of the world. My father's hopes were all to be nipped in the bud, and all I could look for now, was to quit a service which the contempt of my superiors, and the derision of my equals would make intolerable, and to return heaped with contumely to my paternal mansion, into which I had flattered myself with the hope, I should one day enter as an honored and distinguished guest. Bonding under a load of disgrace I was to present myself to my mother. A agonizing thought! I could not endure it, but hid my face in my hands, and wept like a child.

I had not long remained thus, when I was roused from my reverie by a loud knock at my chamber door. Before I had time to invite my visitor to enter, the landlord accompanied by a government-messenger walked into the room. The latter was enveloped in great-coats, and had evidently just arrived from a journey of some length. He advanced respectfully towards me and presented a letter. I took it from him almost unconsciously, and tore it open. It was in the minister's hand, but without a signature, and contained only these words:

"I trust this may reach you in time to prevent the despatch from reaching Lieut. Harley's hands. Should he have sailed with it, you must instantly engage the fastest-sailing vessel you can obtain, and follow him to sea."

I need scarcely describe the transition from despair to joy, that followed the perusal of this brief note. I was impatient to return to London, and the same chaise which had brought the messenger down, was instantly put into requisition to convey us back.

I was not without some awkward misgivings as to what my patron might say when he came to know by what means it had happened that his laconic epistle had arrived in time to prevent the transmission of a despatch which might have led to a protracted war. What I had lately suffered, however, made every apprehension light in comparison, and it was with a cheerful heart on my arrival in Downing-street, that I stepped out of my chaise, and was ushered into my patron's presence.

"Have you the despatch?" he exclaimed. I presented it to him without uttering a syllable. Eagerly he snatched it from my hand, and with a hurried ejaculation of "That is all right!" rushed into an inner department. I saw no more of him that day, and on the following morning learned that I had been promoted to a situation that made me an object of undisguised envy to all my official friends.

Before I close, my readers will no doubt be anxious to know how Frederick Harley sped on his important mission to South America. On the morning after his departure from Falmouth, he became aware of the boyish blunder we had both been guilty of, and reasonably enough began to think that there could be little use in proceeding on his voyage without his credentials. He was not long in deciding what was to be done, but quietly put his ship about, and that very afternoon came to anchor again in Falmouth roads. His first course was to inquire after me at my hotel, where he learned that I had started for town in company with a king's messenger. He instantly wrote to me to announce his return to Falmouth, and by the next post I relieved him from all further uneasiness by informing him of the real state of the case. Many a time since then, have we made merry together over the misadventure of "My First Despatch."

From *Master Humphrey's Clock*,—A New Work by Bos.

THE CLOCK-CASE.

A CONFESSION FOUND IN A PRISON IN THE TIME OF CHARLES THE SECOND.

I held a lieutenant's commission in His Majesty's army, and served abroad in the campaigns of 1677 and 1678. The treaty of Nimeguen being concluded, I returned home, and retiring from the service withdrew to a small estate lying a few miles east of London, which I had recently acquired in right of my wife.

This is the last night I have to live, and I will set down the naked truth without disguise. I was never a brave man, and had always been from my childhood of a secret, sullen, distrustful nature. I speak of myself as if I had passed from the world, for while I write this my grave is digging and my name is written in the black book of death.

Soon after my return from England, my brother was seized with mortal illness. This circumstance gave me slight or no pain, for since we had been men we had associated but very little together. He was open-hearted and generous, handsomer than I, more accomplished, and generally beloved. Those who sought my acquaintance abroad or at home because they were his, seldom attached themselves to me long, and would usually say, in our first conversation that they were surprised to find two brothers so unlike in their manners and appearance. It was my habit to lead them on to this avowal, for I knew what comparisons they must draw between us, and having a rankling envy in my heart, I sought to justify it to myself.

We had married two sisters. This additional tie between us, as it may appear to some, only estranged us the more. His wife knew me well. I never struggled with any secret jealousy or gall when she was present but that woman knew it as well as I did. I never raised my eyes at such times, but I found hers fixed upon me; I never bent them on the ground or looked another way, but I felt that she overlooked me always. It was an inexpressible relief to me when we quarrelled, and a greater relief still when I heard abroad that she was dead. It seems to me now as if some strange and terrible foreshadowing of what has happened since, must have hung over us then. I was afraid of her, she haunted me, her fixed and steady look comes back upon me now like the memory of a dark dream and makes my blood run cold.

She died shortly after giving birth to a child—a boy. When my brother knew that all hope of his own recovery was past, he called my wife to his bed-side and confided this orphan, a child of four years old, to her protection. He bequeathed to him all the property he had, and willed that in case of the child's death it should pass to my wife as the only acknowledgment he could make her for her care and love. He exchanged a few brotherly words with me deploring our long separation, and being exhausted, fell into a slumber from which he never awoke.

We had no children, and as there had been a strong affection between the sisters, and my wife had almost supplied the place of a mother to this boy, she loved him as if he had been her own. The child was ardently attached to her; but he was his mother's image in face and spirit, and always mistrusted me.

I can scarcely fix the date when the feeling first came upon me, but I soon began to be uneasy when this child was by. I never roused myself from some moody train of thought but I marked him looking at me: not with mere childish wonder, but with something of the purpose of meaning that I had so often noted in his mother. It was no effort of my fancy, founded on close resemblance of feature and expression. I never could look the boy down. He feared me, but seemed by some instinct to despise me while he did so; and even when he drew back beneath my gaze—as he would when we were alone, to get nearer to the door—he would keep his bright eyes upon me still.

Perhaps I hide the truth from myself, but I do not think that when this began, I meditated to do him any wrong. I may have thought how serviceable his inheritance would be to us, and may have wished him dead, but I believe I had no thought of compassing his death. Neither did the idea come upon me at once, but by very slow degrees, presenting itself at first in dim shapes at a very great distance, as men may think of an earthquake or the last day—then drawing nearer and nearer and losing something of its horror and improbability—then coming to be part and parcel, nay nearly the whole sum and substance of my daily thoughts, and resolving itself into a question of means and safety; not of doing or abstaining from the deed.

While this was going on within me, I never could bear that the child should see me looking at him, and yet I was under a fascination which made it a kind of business with me to contemplate his slight and fragile figure and think how easily it might be done. Sometimes I would steal up stairs and watch him as he slept, but usually I hovered in the garden near the window of the room in which he learnt his little tasks, and there as he sat upon a low seat beside my wife, I would peer at him for hours together from behind a tree, starting like the guilty wretch I was at every rustling of a leaf, and still gliding back to look and start again.

Hard by our cottage, but quite out of sight, and (if there were any wind stir) of sheering too, was a deep sheet of water. I spent days in shaping with my pocket-knife a rough model of a boat, which I finished at last and dropped in the child's way. Then I withdrew to a secret place which he must pass if he stole away a-

lone to swim this bauble, and lurked there for his coming. He came neither that day, nor the next, though I waited from noon till nightfall. I was sure that I had him in my net, for I had heard him prattling of the toy, and knew that in his infant pleasure he kept it by his side in bed. I felt no weariness or fatigue, but waited patiently, and on the third day he passed me, running joyously along, with his silken hair streaming in the wind, and he singing—God have mercy upon me!—singing a merry ballad—who could hardly lisp the words.

I stole down after him, creeping under certain shrubs which grow in that place, and none but devils know with what terror I, a strong full grown man, tracked the footsteps of that baby as he approached the water's brink. I was close upon him, had sunk upon my knee and raised my hand to thrust him in, when he saw my shadow in the stream and turned him round.

His mother's ghost was looking from his eyes. The sun burst from behind a cloud: it shone in the bright sky, the glistening earth, the clear water, the sparkling drops of rain upon the leaves. There were eyes in everything. The whole great universe of light was there to see the murder done. I know not what he said; he came of bold and manly blood, and child as he was, he did not crouch and fawn upon me. I heard him cry that he would try to love me—not that he did—and then I saw him running back towards the house. The next I saw was my own sword naked in my hand, and he lying at my feet stark dead—dabbled here and there with blood, but otherwise no different from what I had seen him in his sleep—in the same attitude too, with his cheek resting upon his little hand.

I took him in my arms and laid him—very gently, now that he was dead—in a thicket. My wife was from home that day and would not return until the next. Our bed-room window, the only sleeping room on that side of the house, was but a few feet from the ground, and I resolved to descend from it at night and bury him in the garden. I had no thought that I had failed in my design, no thought that the water would be dragged and nothing found, that the money must now lie waste since I must encourage the idea that the child was lost or stolen. All my thoughts were bound up and knotted together, in the one absorbing necessity of what I had done.

How I felt when they came to tell me that the child was missing, when I ordered scouts in all directions, when I gasped and trembled at every one's approach; no tongue can tell or mind of man conceive. I buried him that night. When I parted the boughs and looked into the dark thicket, there was a glow-worm shining like the visible spirit of God upon the murdered child. I glanced down into his grave when I had placed him there, and still it gleamed upon his breast: an eye of fire looking up to Heaven in supplication to the stars that watched me at my work.

I had to meet my wife, and break the news, and give her hopes that the child would soon be found. All this I did—with some appearance, I suppose, of being sincere, for I was the object of no suspicion. This done, I sat at the bedroom window all day long, and watched the spot where the dreadful secret lay.

It was in a piece of ground which had been dug up to be newly turfed, and which I had chosen on that account, as the traces of my spade were less likely to attract attention. The men who laid down the grass must have thought me mad. I called to them continually to expedite their work, ran out and worked beside them, trod down the turf with my feet, and hurried them with frantic eagerness. They had finished their task before night, and then I thought myself comparatively safe.

I slept—not as men do who wake refreshed and cheerful, but I did sleep, passing from vague and shadowy dreams of being hunted down, to visions of the plot of grass through which now a hand and now a foot and the head itself was starting out. At this point I always woke and stole to the window to make sure that it was not really so. That done I crept to bed again, and thus I spent the night in fits and starts, getting up and lying down full twenty times, and dreaming the same dream over and over again—which was far worse than lying awake, for every dream had a whole night's suffering of its own. Once I thought the child was alive, and that I had never tried to kill him. To wake from that dream was the most dreadful agony of all.

The next day I sat at the window again, never once taking my eyes off the spot, which although it was covered by the grass, was as plain to me—its shape, its size, its depth, its jagged sides, and all—as if it had been open to the light of day. When a servant walked across it, I felt as if he must sink in! when he had passed I looked to see that his feet had not worn the edges. If a bird lighted there, I was in terror lest by some tremendous interposition it should be instrumental in the discovery; if a breath of air sighed across it, to me it whispered murder. There was not a sigh or sound how ordinary mean or unimportant soever, but was fraught with fear. And in this state of ceaseless watching I spent three days.

On the fourth, there came to the gate one who had served with me abroad, accompanied by a brother officer of his whom I had never seen. I felt that I could not bear to be out of sight of the place. It was a summer evening, and I bid my people take a table and a flask of wine into the garden. Then I sat down with my chair on the grave, and being assured that nobody could disturb it now, without my knowledge, tried to drink and talk.

They hoped that my wife was well—that she was not obliged to keep her chamber—that they had not frightened her away. What could I do but tell them with a faltering tongue about the

child? The officer whom I did not know, was a down-looking man, and kept his eyes upon the ground while I was speaking. Even that terrified me. I could not divest myself of the idea that he saw something there which caused him to suspect the truth. I asked him hurriedly if he supposed that—and stopped. "That the child has been murdered?" said he looking mildly at me. "Oh, no! what could a man gain by murdering a poor child?" I could have told him what a man gained by such a deed, no one better, but I held my peace and shivered as with an ague.

Mistaking my emotion, they were endeavouring to cheer me with the hope that the boy would certainly be found—great cheer that was for me—when we heard a deep howl, and presently there sprung over the wall two great dogs, who bounding into the garden repeated the baying sound we had heard before.

"Blood-hounds!" cried my visitors.

What need to tell me that! I had never seen one of that kind in all my life, but I knew what they were and for what purpose they had come. I grasped the elbows of my chair, and neither spoke nor moved.

"They are of the genuine breed," said the man whom I had known abroad, "and being out for exercise have no doubt escaped from their keeper."

Both he and his friend turned to look at the dogs, who, with their noses to the ground moved restlessly about, running to and fro, up and down, and across, and round in circles, careering about like wild things, and all this time taking no notice of us, but ever and again lifting their heads and repeating the yell we had heard already, then dropping their noses to the ground again and attacking earnestly here and there. They now began to sniff the earth more eagerly than they had done yet, and although they were still very restless, no longer beat about in such wide circuits, but kept near to one spot, and constantly diminished the distance between themselves and me.

At last they came up close to the great chair on which I sat, and raising their frightful howl once more, tried to tear away the wooden rails that kept them from the ground beneath. I saw how I looked, in the faces of the two who were with me.

"They scent some prey," said they, both together.

"They scent no prey!" cried I.

"In Heaven's name move," said the one I knew, very earnestly, "or you will be torn to pieces."

"Let them tear me limb from limb, I'll never leave this place!" cried I. "Are dogs to hurry men to shameful deaths? Hew them down, cut them in pieces."

"There is some foul mystery here!" said the officer whom I did not know, drawing his sword. In King Charles's name assist me to secure this man."

They both set upon me, and forced me away, though I fought and bit and caught at them like a madman. After a struggle they got me quietly between them, and then, my God! I saw the angry dogs tearing at the earth and throwing it up into the air like water.

What more have I to tell? That I fell upon my knees, and with chattering teeth confessed the truth and prayed to be forgiven. That I have since denied and now confessed to it again. That I have not the courage to anticipate my doom or to bear up manfully against it. That I have no compassion, no consolation, no hope, no friend. That my wife has happily lost for the time those faculties which would enable her to know my misery or hers. That I am alone in this stone dungeon with my evil spirit, and that I die to-morrow!

ISABELLE AND HER SISTER KATE AND THEIR COUSIN.

From the *Western Monthly Magazine*, an excellent periodical, Edited by Judge Hall, and published at Cincinnati, the metropolis of the West.

Mistakes and misunderstandings are not such bad things after all, at least not always so; circumstances alter cases.

I remember a case in point. Every body in the Country admired Isabelle Edmonds, and in truth, she was an admirable creature, just made for admiration and sonnetting, and falling in love with, and accordingly all in the county of ——— was in love with her. The columns of every *Argus*, and *Herald*, and *Sentinel*, and *Gazette*, and *Spectator*, and all manner of newspapers, abounded with the effusions, supplicatory and declaratory of her worshippers; in short, Miss Isabelle was the object of all the spare 'ideality' in all the region round about. Now I shall not inform my respected readers how she looked, you may just think of *Venus*, a *Psyche*, a *Madonna*, a *fairy*, an *angel*, and so forth, and you will have a very definite idea on the point. I must run on with my story. I am not about to choose this angel for my heroine, because she is too handsome, and too much like other heroines for my purpose. But Miss Isabelle had a sister, and I think I shall take her.—"Little Kate," for she was always spoken of in the diminutive, was some years younger than her sister and somewhat shorter in stature. She had no pretensions to beauty—none at all: yet there was a certain something, a certain—in short, Sir, she looked very much like Mrs. A. or Miss G. whom you admire so much, though you always declare she is not handsome.

It requires very peculiar talent to be overlooked with a good grace, and in this talent Miss Kate excelled. She was as placid and as happy by the side of her brilliant sister, as any little contented star that for ages has twinkled on, unnoticed and almost

eclipsed by the peerless moon. Indeed the only art or science in which Kate ever made any proficiency, was the art and science of being happy, and in this she so remarkably excelled, that one could scarcely be in her presence half an hour without feeling unaccountably comfortable themselves.

She had a world of sprightliness, a deal of simplicity and affection, with a dash of good-natured shrewdness, that after all, kept you more in awe than you would ever suppose you could be kept by such a merry, good-natured little body. Not one of Isabelle's adorers ever looked at her with such devout adoration as did the laughter-loving Kate. No one was so ready to run, wait and tend—to be up stairs and down stairs, and everywhere in ten minutes, when Isabelle was dressing for conquest: in short, she was, as the dedications of books sometimes set forth, her ladyship's most obedient, most devoted servant.

But if I am going to tell you my story, I must not keep you all night looking at pictures: so now to my tale, which I shall commence in manner and form the following:

It came to pass that a certain college valedictorian and a far off cousin of the two sisters, came down to pass a few months of his free agency at their father's: and, as aforesaid, he had carried off the first collegiate honor, besides the hearts of all the ladies in the front gallery at the last commencement.

So interesting! so poetic! such fine eyes, and all that, was the reputation he left with the gentler sex. But alas, poor Edward, what did all this advantage him? so long as he was afflicted with that unutterable, indescribable malady, commonly rendered bashfulness—a worse nullifier than any ever heard of in Carolina. Should you see him in company, you would really suppose him ashamed of his remarkably handsome person and cultivated mind. When he began to speak, you felt tempted to throw open the window and offer him a smelling bottle, he made such a distressing affair of it, and as to speaking to a lady! the thing was not to be thought of.

When Kate heard that this 'rara avis' was coming to her father's, she was unaccountably interested to see him, of course—because he was her cousin, and because—a dozen other things too numerous to mention.

He came, and, was for one or two days an object of commiseration as well as admiration to the whole family circle. After a while, however, he grew quite a domestic; entered the room straight forward, instead of stealing in sideways—talked off whole sentences without stopping—looked Miss Isabelle straight in the face without blushing—even tried his skill at sketching patterns, and winding silk—read poetry and played on the flute with the ladies—romped and frolicked with the children, and, in short as old John observed, was as a psalm book from morning till night.

Divers reports began to spread abroad in the neighborhood, and great confusion was heard in the camp of Miss Isabelle's admirers. It was stated with great precision, how many times they had ridden—walked—talked together, and even all they had said. In short, the whole neighborhood was full of

That strange knowledge that doth come,
We know not how—we know not where.

As for Kate, she always gave all admirers to her sister, ex officio; so she thought, that of all the men she had ever seen, she should like cousin Edward best for a brother, and she did hope Isabelle would like him as much as she did; and for some reason or other, her speculations were remarkably drawn to this point; and yet for some reason or other, she felt as if she could not ask any questions about it.

At last, events appeared to draw towards a crisis. Edward became more and more brown studious every day, and he and Isabelle had divers solitary walks and confabulations, from which they returned with a peculiar solemnity of countenance. Moreover, the quick-sighted little Kate noticed that when Edward was with herself, he seemed to talk as though he talked not, when he was with Isabelle, he was all animation and interest; that he was constantly falling into trances and reveries, and broke off the thread of conversation abruptly; and, in short, had every appearance of a person who would be glad to say something if he only knew how.

So, said Kate to herself, they neither of them speak to me about it—but I should think they might. Belle I should think would, and Edward knows I am a good friend of his; I know he is thinking of it all the time, he might as well tell me, and he shall!

The next morning Miss Kate was sitting in the little back parlor. Isabelle was gone out shopping, and Edward was—she did not know where. Oh, no, here he is, coming book in hand, into the self-same little room: 'now for it,' said the merry girl mentally; 'I'll make a charge at him.' She looked up; Master Edward was sitting diagonally on the sofa, twirling the leaves of his book in a very unscholarship manner; he looked out of the window and then he walked to the sideboard and poured out three tumblers of water; then he drew a chair up to the work table and took up first one ball of cotton, looked at it all over, and laid it down again, then another, then took up the scissors and minced up two or three little bits of paper, and then he began to pull the needles out of the needle book, and put them back again.

'Do you wish some sewing, sir?' said the young lady, after having very composedly superintended these operations.

'How—mam, what?' said he starting, and upsetting the box, stand and all, on the floor.

'Now, cousin, I'll thank you to pick up that cotton,' said Kate, as the confused collegian stood staring at the cotton balls rolling in divers directions. It takes sometime to pick up all the things in a lady's work box; but at last peace was restored, and with it came a long pause.

'Well, cousin, said Kate, in about ten minutes, if you can't speak I can; you have something to tell me, you know you have.'

'Well, I know I have, said the scholar in a tone of hearty vexation.

'There's no need of being so fierce about it,' said the mischievous maiden, 'nor of tangling my silk, and picking out all my needles, and upsetting my workbox as preparatory ceremonies.'

'There's never any need of being a fool, Kate, but I am vexed that I cannot say—[a long pause.]

'Well, sir, you have displayed a reasonable fluency so far, don't you feel as you could finish?—Don't be alarmed; I should like of all things to be your confidante.'

But Edward did not finish—his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth, and he appeared to be going into convulsions.

'Well, I must finish for you, I suppose,' said the young lady, 'the short of the matter is, Master Edward, you are in love, and have exhibited the phenomena thereof this fortnight. Now you know I am a friendly little body, so do be tractable, and tell me the rest. Have you said anything to her about it?'

'To her? to who?' said Edward starting.

'Why Isabelle, to be sure—it's she, isn't it?'

'No, Miss Catharine, its you!' said the scholar, who like most bashful persons, could be amazingly explicit when he spoke at all. Poor little Kate! it was her turn to look at the cotton balls, and to exhibit symptoms of scarlet fever; and—but that's no concern of mine.

THE EARTH IS BEAUTIFUL.

BY CAROLINE GILMAN.

The whole broad earth is beautiful
To minds attuned aright,
And whereso'er my feet are turned,
A smile has met my sight.
The city, with its bustling walk,
Its splendour, wealth, and power,
A ramble by the river side,
A passing summer flower.

The meadow green, the ocean swell,
The forest waving free,
Are gifts of God, and speak in tones
Of kindness to me.

And oh, where'er my lot is cast,
Where'er my footsteps roam,
If those I love are near to me,
That spot is still my home.

RELIGION PLEASANT.

From the Canada Baptist Magazine.

Now surely it is a most unfair and unreasonable thing to throw on religion the scandal of making a man unhappy, because it has not given enjoyment to those who never cordially embraced it; and such must be all those persons who can give up the truth, and walk no more in the way of godliness.

But if, after all we have said, the objector is not satisfied, let him appeal to the thousands who have embraced religion, and have lived and died in her service. Let the records of the church be examined, and the testimony of the wisest and best of men be received. Or let him appeal to Christians around him; let him enquire from them where happiness can be found, and they will give the same answer. Let him visit the death bed of the believer, and tell us what but religion can impart so much serenity, and enabled its possessor to enter the valley of the shadow of death with exalted pleasure, saying to his relatives as he retires from the world, "Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves." Philosophy never did this; it has in some of its happiest efforts preserved the mind from violent agitations, but it never could point the way in which its adherent could obtain a victory over death, and descend to the grave singing, "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" Triumphs like these are peculiar to the religion of the gospel, which ennobles and dignifies its possessor, throws the purest pleasure in the path he has now to walk, enables him to contemplate his departure from the world with joy, and then conducts him to a state where he shall for ever engage in the praises of his Saviour, who has led him to the fountain of happiness.

NECESSITY FOR CONTROLLING THE PASSIONS.—A proud, irritable, discontented and quarrelsome person, can never be happy. He has thrown a tempestuous atmosphere around himself, and must forever move in the region of storms. He has employed sure means to embitter life, whatever may be his external circumstances. He has been the architect of his temper, and misery must be the result of his labor. But a person who has formed his temper and dispositions of mind after a right model—who is humble, meek,

cheerful and contented, can commonly find a convenient shelter when overtaken by the storms of life. I should, therefore, be our early lesson to subject the passions, appetite and desire, to the control and guidance of reason. The first are the gales to impel us in the voyage of life, but the last ought still to sit at the helm and direct our course. The stream, when it slowly descends with a hoarse murmur from the mountain, and ripples through the plain, adorns and enriches the scene; but when it rushes down in a roaring and tempestuous torrent, overflowing its banks, it carries devastation and ruin along with it; so, when the passions, appetites and desires, are kept under due restraint, they are a useful and felicitating part of our nature; but when they are allowed to rage with unbridled fury, they commit fearful ravages on the character which they were fitted to adorn and exalt. We must watch over the first movements of the heart, and not indulge, with secret complacency, in imaginations, which we would be ashamed to avow. If we wish the stream of life to be pure, it ought to be our aim to preserve the fountain whence it flows unpolluted. Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life.

RECOLLECTIONS.—Time mellow ideas. Things in themselves indifferent acquire a certain tenderness in recollection; and the scenes of our youth, though remarkable neither for elegance nor feeling, rise up to our memory dignified and at the same time endeared. As countrymen in a distant land acknowledge one another as friends, so objects, to which, when present, we gave but little attention, are nourished in distant remembrance with a cordial regard. If in their own nature of tender kinds, the ties which they had in the heart are drawn still closer, and we recall them with an enthusiasm of feeling which the same objects at the immediate time are unable to excite.—The hum of a little tune, to which in our infancy we have often listened; the course of a brook, which in our childhood we have frequently traced; the ruin of an ancient building which we remember almost entire—these remembrances sweep over the mind with an enchanting power of tenderness and melancholy, at whose bidding the pleasures and the ambitions of the present moment fade and disappear. Our finer feelings are generally not more grateful to the fancy than genial to the mind.—Of this tender power which remembrance has over us; several uses might be made; this divinity of memory, did we treat it aright, might lend its aid to our happiness as well as our virtue.

SINGULAR WILL.—An English miser, John Bluech, lately died in London, leaving the following will: I give and bequeath to my nephew, my old black coat; I give and bequeath to my niece, the flannel waistcoat I now wear; I give and bequeath to each of my sister's grand-children, one of the little earthen pots on the top of my wardrobe; finally, I give and bequeath to my sister, as a last token of the affection I have always felt for her, the brown stone jug at the head of my bed. The disappointment of the legatees, when this strange will was read, may easily be imagined. The deceased was spoken of by all in a way by no means flattering to him, and his sister, in a fit of anger, gave the brown stone jug, her legacy, a kick, which broke it in pieces, when 10 l a complete stream of guineas poured out of it, and the general disappointment gave way to joy. Each hurried to examine his or her legacy, and the flannel waistcoat and little earthen pots were found equally well filled, the testator having only wished to cause them an agreeable surprise.

The cultivation of flowers is, of all the amusements of mankind, the one to be selected and approved as the one most innocent in itself, and most perfectly devoid of injury or annoyance to others; the employment is not only conducive to health and peace of mind, but probably, more good-will has arisen and friendships been founded, by the intercourse and communication connected with this pursuit, than from any other whatever; the pleasures, the ecstasies of the horticulturalist are harmless and pure; a streak, a tint, a shade, become his triumph, which, though often obtained by a chance, are secured alone by morning care, by evening caution, and the vigilance of days; an employ which, in its various grades, excludes neither the opulent nor the indigent, and teeming with boundless variety, affords an unceasing excitement to emulation, without contention or ill-will.

An Orchard is a very pleasing appendage of the garden. If thickly planted with dwarfs, the ground should be always kept digged, the surface around the stems strewn with stable litter, and the central intervals cropped in lines with potatoes. But if the trees be tall standards, not very near to each other, a very good crop of grass can be obtained, which may be made into hay, or cut green for a cow, always remembering to carry the fodder to the stall. The grass of an orchard is generally too much neglected; it ought never to be tramped by horses or cattle, but fed off by sheep in October and November, then dressed with some maiden loam, mixed with a fourth of rotten manures and a trifle of soot and salt, being sprinkled with a pound or two of Dutch clover to the acre, raked or bush-harrowed, and rolled every March; a pasture of no despicable quality, will speedily reward the industry of the occupier.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.—"Well, Norah, is your husband at home?"
"No, sir, he has gone to court."
"Gone to court!"
"Yes, sir; he is summoned to the Court of Requests."

THE SABBATH DAWN.

How still the morning of the hallowed day!
Mute is the voice of rural labor; hush'd,
The ploughboy's whistle, and the milkmaid's song;
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of tedded grass; mingled with fading flowers,
That yesternorn bloom'd waving in the breeze.
Sounds the most faint attract the ear,—the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating midway up the hill.
Calmness sits throned on yon unmoving cloud.
To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
The blackbird's note comes mellow from the dale:
And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
Warbles his heaven-tuned song; the lulling brook
Murmurs more gently down the deep-worn glen:
While from yon lonely roof, whose curling smoke
O'er mounts the mist, is heard at intervals
The voice of Psalms, the simple song of praise.

CHILLON.

Victor Hugo has lately paid a visit to the castle of Chillon, which is thus described in a letter to the *Moniteur Parisien*.

Chillon is a mass of towers piled on a mass of rocks. The whole edifice is of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, except some of the wood work, which is of the sixteenth. It is now used as an arsenal and powder magazine for the canton of Vaud. Every tower in the castle would have a sad story to tell: in one, I was shown three dungeons placed one upon the other, closed by trap-doors which are shut on the prisoners; the lowermost receives a little light through a grating; the one in the middle has no entrance for either light or air. About fifteen months ago, some travellers were let down by ropes, and found on the stone floor a bed of fine straw, which still retained the impression of a human body, and a few scattered bones. The walls of the upper dungeon are covered with those melancholy devices common to prisoners. The captive in this cell could see through his grating a few green leaves, and a little grass growing in the ditch. In another tower, after advancing a little way on a rotten flooring which travellers are prohibited from walking on, I discerned through a square opening, a hollow abyss in the middle of the tower wall. This was the *oubliettes*. These are ninety-one feet deep, and the floor was covered with knives set upright. In these were found a fractured skeleton, and a coarse goat-skin mantle which were taken up and flung in a corner, and on which I found I was standing, as I looked down the gulf.

SCRIPTURE GEOLOGY.

It is stated, as a fact by Moses, not in the first chapter of Genesis alone, but in many other parts of his writings, that in six days God created the heavens and the earth; while it is confidently stated by modern philosophers that there are facts in nature totally at variance with such an assertion. Both cannot be correct. The matter is worthy of inquiry, and a few words will fortunately suffice.

It is curious, we had almost said providential, that at the very time the objections to the Mosaic account are beginning to be noised abroad, certain electrical discoveries are made, which confounded the wise as much as they have astonished the simple. It is not necessary for us to allude to them here, farther than to say, that we believe no truly scientific person now can hesitate for a moment to grant, that the operations of nature which, under ordinary circumstances, might require thousands of years to perfect them, might under strong electrical influence, be produced in an incredibly short space of time; within a period, in short, directly in proportion to the degree of electric influence brought to bear on the materials employed. If therefore we find from the mosaic account, that the earth must, at one period, have been under a peculiarly excited electric action, all objections to rapidity of formation become as unphilosophical, as they always have been unscriptural. It is too generally supposed that light dawned gently at the first, and broke in upon the earth by degrees, much in the same manner as we now see the sun breaking through a cloud. But such a supposition is at variance with all the rest of the description. The light was—*instantaneously burst forth in the darkness—in the very atmosphere itself.* In this condensed atmosphere, light of fire burst forth; and if its power and effects, are at this day, so wonderful, when proceeding from a body 95 millions of miles distant from us, what must they have been, acting in such a powerful atmosphere, in immediate contact with the earth! Let it be remembered that the earth was then under water; and let the attentive observer of nature say, whether there be any phenomena in the stratification of the earth, so far as they can be discovered, which are not explained, by the shell of the earth being under water while undergoing this concentrated action of electric fire?—or whether there be any one, amongst all the theories which have attempted to overturn the Mosaic narrative, which accounts so satisfactorily as it does for the formation of crystallized rocks, and of basaltic strata; for the pulverization of that part of the crust which came into immediate contact with the water, as well as for the diffusion of melted minerals through the fissures which the heat laid open?—*Morrison's Religious History of Man.*

NEW-YORK SQUARES AND NEW-YORK PLACES.—It is matter of mystery to most people, especially to strangers from abroad, who have been tolerably well instructed in the meaning of English words—what is signified in this city by "squares" and "places." Some of our squares have the merit of coming near enough to that appellation, to be triangles, but, very few quadrangular squares have we to boast of, and if the truth must be acknowledged, our civic trigonometry should be but daintily touched upon. We are rather more than three-cornered in these matters, when we go to the luxury of angularity at all, and still more ridiculous when we "approach the rotundity of the matter." For instance, "Chatham square" is incontrovertibly three-cornered, and the same must be said of "Franklin-square," unless the extra critical should contend that both of them, like the "Dutchman's oath," has short corners enough to be called nine-sided. Good old "Hanover-square," is as far from that mathematical figure, as the cocked hat of a presbyterian puritan. It has one more *punctum* than the celebrated "Five Points." It is what is called in Connecticut, *cater-cornered*. Union-square is an ellipsis, and the next corporation christening will probably bestow the title of "Republican-square" upon a "locality" laid out in imitation of a quartered orange-peel. As to the "places" in New York, the least said is the soonest mended. The very word "in that connexion" is "sickening enough to send for the doctor." Place, forsooth! What is there so astonishing in this apery of aristocracy that should lead people into the slippancy! Waverly-place, and St. Mark's-place, and Carroll-place, and Battery-place, may all be very good "places" for aught we know—some of them are certainly inhabited by very good people to our personal knowledge, but we should think they would grow a little sick of their designation, when they look at certain other precincts, where their ambitious *conciotoyens* have dignified their groggeries into "places" also.—*Mirror.*

CAUSES OF CONJUGAL QUARRELS.—For Pope's exquisite good sense, take the following master-piece.—"Nothing hinders the constant agreement of people who live together, but mere vanity—a secret insisting on what they think their dignity or merit, and inward expectation of such an over measure of deference and regard as answers to their own extravagant false scale, and which nobody can pay, because none but themselves can tell readily to what pitch it amounts." Thousands of houses would be happy to-morrow if this passage were written in letters of gold over the mantle-piece, and the offenders could have the courage to apply it to themselves.

LEAF YEAR.—The following is extracted from an old volume printed in 1606, entitled, 'Courtship, Love and Matrimony.'—'Albeit it is now become a part of the common law, in regard to social relations of life, that as often as every bissextile year doth return, the ladies have the sole privilege, during the time it continueth, of making love unto the men, which they doe either by wurdres or looks, as to them it seemeth proper; and moreover, no man will be entitled to the benefit of clergy who dothe refuse to accept the offers of a ladye, or who dothe in any wise treat her proposal with slight or contumely.'

THE TWO MOTHERS.—It was a judicious resolution of a father, as well as a most pleasing compliment to his wife, when, on being asked by a friend what he intended to do with his girls, replied, 'I intend to apprentice them to their mother, that they may learn the art of improving time, and be fitter to become, like her—wives, mothers, heads of families, and useful members of society.' Equally just, but bitterly painful, was the remark of an unhappy husband, of a vain, thoughtless, dressy, slattern. 'It is hard to say it, but if my girls are to have a chance of growing up good for any thing, they must be sent out of the way of their mother's example.'

FAMILY PHYSICIAN.—In Burmah, when a young woman is taken very ill, her parents agree with the physician, that if he cures the patient, he may have her for his trouble; but if she dies under his medicines, he is to pay them her value. It is stated that successful physicians have very large families of females, who have become their property in this manner.

GEORGE III AND LORD BATEMAN.—In March 1781, Lord Bateman waited upon the King, and with a very low bow begged to know at what hour his majesty would please to have the stag-hounds turned out. 'I cannot exactly answer that,' replied the king, 'but I can inform you that your lordship was turned out about two hours ago.' The Marquis of Carmarthen succeeded him.

MENTAL EXCITEMENT.—So long as excessive mental excitement is kept up but little relief can be obtained from the strictest attention to dietetics. Abstinence from mental toil, cheerful company, a country excursion, and relaxation of mind, will soon accomplish a cure when all the dietetics, precepts and medicines in the world would prove inefficacious.

At a pleasant dinner-party, Mrs. Mountain, the vocalist, (who was a very lively person,) asked Mr. David Grove, who had been invited, "Whether he was any relation to the Groves of Blarney?" Grove gravely replied that he had but one relation and that was his brother John.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 6.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.—The additional intelligence of consequence, brought by the latest dates, is very brief.

The struggle respecting the Irish Registration Bill, was going on, and there appeared some probability of its passage. Its effect would be to weaken the popular party in Ireland, but it is supported on the ground that it would check corruption and deception at elections. Lord John Russell had given notice of the introduction of a new Registration Bill for England, the principle of which it is said, will be subsequently extended to Ireland. This would be a counter move to the Bill now in dispute.

The Law officers of the Crown had decided against the action of the Legislature of U. Canada, in passing the Clergy Reserves Bill.

The dispute with Naples had been arranged.

Southampton has been fixed upon as the West India, Steam Packet Station.

Trade had revived in the manufacturing districts.

Lord William Russell, uncle to the Colonial Secretary, was found dead in his bed on the morning of the 6th of May, with marks of violence, which left no doubt that the deed had not been committed by the deceased's own hands. He was 72 years of age—lived retired, with one male and two female servants in his establishment. The former, a native of France, has been arrested and examined on suspicion. Money and trinkets of the deceased were found curiously secreted in the prisoner's pantry, this and other circumstances, served to confirm the public impressions of his guilt.

It is expected that the Committee of enquiry into the bankrupt and insolvent laws will recommend the abolition of imprisonment for debt.

A royal patent has been granted to Trinity College, creating ten new fellowships and removing the restrictions on marriage.

Father Matthews was still active, and in his wake grog shops and distilleries were going down. So be it.

The basis of a commercial Treaty between England and France, it is said has been agreed on.

The Thames Tunnel was drawing near completion. The present year, it is said, will see it open all through. When finished, what a stupendous work of art and science it will be. A tide of human beings carrying on traffic, and flowing regularly, far beneath the keels of the ships which connect the links of trade on another element.

The town of Crimsten, Prussia, has been almost totally destroyed by fire. 230 buildings are said to be in ruins, and 600 persons destitute of shelter.

Railroads were making progress on the continent of Europe.

CELEBRATION.—Her Majesty's Marriage was celebrated in St. John, on Saturday, the 23d of May. A display of flags, Military evolutions, discharges of ordnance and musketry, and a public repast, were the chief incidents of the day.

On Monday evening a *Temperance Soiree* was held. His Excellency attended and addressed the meeting. We copy some extracts from the remarks of his Excellency on this interesting topic.

"I have willingly accepted your invitation, and present myself among you for the purpose of thus publicly declaring, as the Representative of my Sovereign, my warmest approbation of the principles and objects of Temperance Associations, than which in my estimation nothing can be more strictly in accordance with the most enlarged charity and the purest benevolence;—in a word with the very spirit of the Divine precept, by which we are enjoined to love and to do good to one another. Of these Associations, it may be confidently predicted, that they are destined to work the greatest and most beneficial moral revolution and reformation which have ever been wrought in the condition of the human race since the promulgation of the Christian Dispensation. I rejoice to find myself surrounded by so many individuals who have so zealously devoted themselves to his good cause, but more especially do I rejoice to observe so large a proportion of the gentler sex—with regard to which I do not hesitate in avowing myself an admirer (at least) of that fanciful and beautiful Theory, "That women are the good angels of the other sex sent to win them back to ways of Purity and Peace." Heretofore they have continued to struggle separately and individually and how often ineffectually! to rescue those they love from an indulgence in habits destructive of Health and Life, entailing misery on their innocent families and endangering their eternal salvation; but in these latter days it has pleased God to put it into their minds to associate themselves for the furtherance of these works of love. Union is strength; and I for one will refuse to believe that associations formed for purposes so holy, including creatures so pure, and animated by zeal so fervent, can fail in accomplishing their benevolent objects.

Even if persons were mischievous enough to become members of these associations with latent designs, of so purifying and elevating a character do I deem their principles to be, when duly carried out into practice, that the effect in such cases as I have supposed, would be, I am convinced, to convert the partizan from the folly of his ways, and, by rendering him a wiser and a better man, to

make him incapable of harbouring or aiding designs adverse to the interest of his country or the well being of Society...

On Tuesday a Military review took place, and on Wednesday the Corner Stone of the Mechanics Institute was laid...

As the Representative of a Sovereign who feels the liveliest interest in all that can conduce to the well-being of her faithful and loyal subjects...

Without entering into the question as to whether the bounds of Science have or have not been materially enlarged and extended by the researches of learned men of recent times...

Such opportunities are afforded, and such advantages are to be derived from the excellent Institution which I now address...

Gentlemen, — The astonishing increase and improvements which have taken place in this City since my first visit to it...

A GEOGRAPHICAL PROBLEM SOLVED. — The New-York Albion has the following (abbreviated) paragraph respecting the discovery of the North-West Passage.

The fact of an entire and unobstructed communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, at the northern extremity of this continent, is fully and indisputably established.

The fortunate agents in settling this long-doubted point, are Messrs. Dease and Simpson, of the Hudson's Bay Company; who

under the patronage and at the expense of their principals, have undertaken the necessary voyage, to achieve the work...

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK. — Those who attend to the features of the ocean, as it may be called, of modern literature...

Master Humphrey is a benevolent old man, who lives in an old House, rich in traditional lore. Without relations of blood, he makes relations of the heart, and gathers around him a few philosophic, and, otherwise, solitary, individuals, like himself.

The writer, in all his works, exhibits amazing riches of incident and illustration. He expends as much of these in one of his volumes, as with some very allowable and elegant verbiage, would form half a dozen volumes in the hands of other masters.

Some extracts from Mr. Dickin's new work, Master Humphrey's Clock, appear in to-day's number.

MUTATION. — Napoleon rose from obscurity, attained the imperial purple, astonished and affrighted Europe, and deposed or created Kings at his pleasure.

gence states, that leave for the removal of these honoured remains had been granted by the English Government...

THE UNICORN. — The first of the Halifax line of Steamers arrived on Monday last, in fine style. She came up the harbor beautiful and rapid, like a race-horse...

A Tornado swept through the town of Natchez, U. S. on the 7th of May. The damage done to property and life was most lamentably severe.

Much of the Country near New-Orleans was under water, the river was still rising, and many fears respecting additional mischief were entertained.

INSURANCE CASE. — A new trial has been granted by the Judge of the Supreme Court, in the case of T. Kenney and others against the Halifax Insurance Company...

A meeting has been held for the purpose of arranging a subscription for a monument to the Duke of Wellington, to be erected in Edinburgh.

A Temperance Meeting is to be held in the old Baptist Meeting House, next Monday evening, at seven o'clock.

MARRIED.

On Sunday, by the Rev. Prof. Romeo, A. M. Mr. John Gammon, to Lucy, daughter of Mr. Asa Graham, both of Dartmouth.

DIED.

At Chester, on the 25th of May, Catherine, widow of the late Martin Beck, of Cole Harbour, aged 63 years.

MR. W. F. TEULON,

DESIROUS that Professional aid at the Confinements of Mothers (considering themselves at present unable to afford it), might be generally rendered as in Great Britain, and other countries...

NO. 88 & 89, GRANVILLE STREET.

THE SUBSCRIBER has received, per recent arrivals from Great Britain, the largest collection of JUVENILE WORKS ever before offered for sale in this town...

THE COMPASS.

The following chaste and beautiful lines are from the London Evangelical Magazine:

The storm was loud—before the blast
Our gallant bark was driven;
Their foaming crest the billows reared,
And not one friendly star appeared,
Through all the vaults of heaven.

Yet dauntless still the steersman stood,
And gazed without a sigh,
Where poised on needle bright and slim,
And lighted by a lantern dim,
The compass meets his eye.

There taught his darksome course to steer,
He breathed no wish for day;
But braved the whirlwind's head-long might,
Nor once throughout that dismal night,
To fear or doubt gave way.

And what is oft the Christian's life
But storms as dark and drear,
Through which without one blithsome ray
Of worldly bliss to cheer his way,
He must his vessel steer!

But let him ne'er to sorrow yield,
For in the sacred page
A compass shines divinely true,
And self-illuminated greets his view;
Amidst the tempest's rage.

Then firmly let him grasp the helm
Though loud the billows roar,
And soon his toils and troubles past,
His anchor he shall safely cast
On Canaan's happy shore.

THE RUSSIAN KNOT.

Many paragraphs have appeared both in our newspapers and magazines, descriptive of the punishment of the knot in Russia; but the following, related by the Abbe d'Auteröche is the most thrilling, horrible recital, we have ever read on the subject, and is no doubt strictly true:

Madame Lapouchin was one of the finest women belonging to the Court of the Empress Elizabeth; she was intimately connected with a foreign ambassador, then engaged in a conspiracy: Madame Lapouchin, who was supposed to be an accomplice in this conspiracy, was condemned by the Empress Elizabeth to undergo the punishment of the knot. She appeared at the place of execution in a genteel undress, which contributed still more to heighten her beauty. The sweetness of her countenance and her vivacity, were such as might indicate indiscretion, but not even the shadow of guilt; although I, says the Abbe, have been assured by every person of whom I made enquiry, that she was really guilty. Young, lovely, admired, and sought after at the court, of which she was the life and spirit, instead of the number of admirers her beauty usually drew after her, she then saw herself surrounded only by executioners. She looked on them with astonishment, seeming to doubt whether such preparations were intended for her; one of the executioners then pulled off a kind of cloak, which covered her bosom; her modesty taking the alarm, made her start back a few steps; she then turned pale, and burst into tears; her clothes were soon after stripped off, and in a few moments she was quite naked to the waist, exposed to the eager looks of a vast concourse of people, profoundly silent.

One of the executioners then seized her by both hands, and turning half around, threw her on his back, bending forwards so as to raise her a few inches from the ground; and the other executioner then laid hold of her delicate limbs with his hands hardened at the plough, and without any remorse adjusted her on the back of his companion, in the properest posture for receiving the punishment. Sometimes he laid his large hand brutally upon her head, in order to make her keep it down; sometimes like a butcher going to slay a lamb, he seemed to soothe as soon as he fixed her in the most favourable attitude. The executioner then took a kind of whip called the knot, made of a long strap of leather, prepared for this purpose; he then retreated a few steps, measuring the requisite distance with a steady eye; and, leaping backwards, gave a stroke with the end of the whip, so as to carry away a slip of skin from the neck to the back, then striking his feet against the ground, he took his aim for applying a second blow, parallel to the former; so that, in a few moments, all the skin of her back was cut away in small strips, most of which remained hanging to her under garment. Her tongue was cut out immediately after, and she was banished into Siberia.

AN OLD TREE.

After riding a mile or two further up the road, they leaped over a very low mound of fence, which formed the extreme boundary of that part of the estate, and having passed through a couple of

fields, they entered the lower extremity of that fine avenue of elms, at the higher end of which stood Kate's favourite tree, and also Waters and his under-bailiff—who looked to her like a couple of executioners, only awaiting the fiat of her brother. The sun shone brightly upon the doomed sycamore—"the axe was laid at its root." As they rode up the avenue, Kate begged very hard for mercy; but for once her brother seemed obdurate—the tree, he said, must come down.

"Remember, Charles," said she, passionately, as they drew up, "how we've all of us romped under it! Poor papa also!"

"See, Kate, how rotten it is," said her brother; and riding close to it, with his whip he snapped off two or three of its feeble silvery grey branches—"it's high time for it to come down."

"It fills the grass all round with little branches, sir, whenever there's the least breath of wind," said Waters.

"It won't hardly hold a crow's weight on the topmost branches, sir," said the under-bailiff.

"Had it any leaves last summer?" enquired Mr. Aubrey.

"I don't think," said Waters, "it had a hundred all over it."

"Really, Kate, 'tis such a melancholy, unsightly object, when seen from any part of the quadrangle,"—turning round on his horse to look at the rear of the hall, which was at about eighty yards' distance. "It looks such an old withered thing among the fresh green trees around it—'tis quite a painful contrast." Kate had gently urged on her horse while her brother was speaking, till she was close beside him. "Charles," said she, in a low whisper, "does it not remind you a little of poor old mamma, with her grey hairs, among her children and grand children? She is not out of place amongst us—is she?" her eyes filled with tears. So did her brother's.

"Dearest Kate," said he, with emotion, affectionately grasping her little hand, "you have triumphed! The old tree shall never be cut down in my time! Waters, let the tree stand; if any thing be done to it, let the greatest care be taken of it." Miss Aubrey turned her head aside to conceal her emotion. Had they been alone, she would have flung her arms round her brother's neck.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.—The following is the conclusion of the review of the Rev. Ralph Weldon Emerson's Discourses in the Westminster Quarterly:

"It is the fortune of the period in which we are writing that America is brought as near to us as Rome; already has the circumstance begun its influence, already has it been shown more clearly than was even before believed, that the links of national sympathy are to be found on each side of the Atlantic, and that the chain but wants to be well soldered together. We have heard Mr. Webster speak of our ancient cathedrals, and Miss Sedgwick of our ivied cottages, and the veneration and affectionate interest in these things, which they have taken home with them, will be fruitful seeds in the hands of such sowers. Let us only earnestly and freely reciprocate these feelings; let us visit the United States, not merely to enjoy the humours of a young civilization, or to write treatises on practical democracy, or to glorify our exclusive nationality, or to foster our political discontents, or for any other purpose under the sun, but to delight in the spectacle of that other and greater England, 'England in a state of glorious magnification,' and be proud of this our country's conquest of the world of brute and barren space, this our country's victory over incalculable provinces of time to come. And then, what American will refuse to acknowledge, in the fine language of Mr. Southey, that 'what Italy and Greece are to the classical scholar, what Rome to the Roman Catholic, what Jerusalem to the Christian would, that England is to him.'"

CHALKING WALLS.—The Athenians anticipated our system of writing upon walls. Mr. Wordsworth, in his recent collection of inscriptions from Pompeii, has shown that they carried the art to a degree of refinement unknown to our country. Every inch of paling within ten miles of the metropolis, bears the inscription of Mr. Warren, or Mr. Mechi, or some other equally distinguished professor of the fine arts; but the Pompeian, instead of being told where the cheapest boots, or the washable hat, or the magic strop, was to be purchased, was arrested in his saunter by some line from the Propertius, or the witty Ovid, or the more beloved Mantuan. Visions of the sweetest scenery of that enchanted region broke upon his memory; scenes embalmed in delicious poetry. The most enthusiastic optimist cannot pretend to foresee the day when a custom so beautiful will pass into our habits of feeling; when Thomson will shed a poetical light over the lanes of Wapping; or woodland streams, "inaudible by day," murmur along Holborn Hill; or the changing colours, the glimmering foliage, and the cool repose of sylvan landscape, be diffused over Piccadilly; or the lark, or the nightingale, in the verse of Milton or of Wordsworth, salute the drowsy dawn, or welcome the shadowy moonlight, in the bustle of Cheapside. For these another destiny is reserved. The literature of the walls was buried with Pompeii.

There is a great deal which passes for luck, which is not such. Generally speaking, your "lucky fellows," when one searches closely into their history, turn out to be your fellows that know what they are doing, and how to do it in the right way. Their luck comes to them because they work for it: it is luck well earned. They put themselves in the way of luck. They keep themselves

wide awake. They make the best of what opportunities they possess, and always stand ready for more; and when a mechanic does thus much, depend on it, it must be hard luck if he do not get, at least, employers, customers, and friends. One needs only, says an American writer, to turn to the lives of men of mechanical genius to see how, by taking advantage of little things and facts which no one had observed, or which every one had thought unworthy of regard, they have established new and important principles in the arts, and built up for themselves manufactories for the practice of their newly discovered processes. And yet these are the men who are called the lucky fellows; and sometimes, envied, as such. Who can deny that their luck is well earned? or that it, as much in my power to 'go ahead,' (as the Yankees say) as it was in theirs.—*Hints to Mechanics.*

IMMORTALITY.—It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble, cast up by the ocean of eternity, to float a moment upon the waves, and sink into nothingness. Else why is it that the high and glorious aspirations, which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars, which hold their festival around the midnight throne, are set before the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their approachable glory? And finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us; leaving the thousand streams of our affection to flow back in an Alpine torrent upon our hearts? We are born for higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread before us, like the islands that slumber on the ocean, and where beautiful beings which here pass before us like shadows, will stay in our presence for ever.

SOURCES OF SOCIAL HAPPINESS.—As regards public happiness, statesmen and politicians too often forget that though good political institutions conduce to it, yet that they are but one means to the attainment of this end, and that more than these are requisite to make individuals and nations happy. The cultivation of good will, kindness, and humanity, and all the gentler affections, are far more influential in the promotion of private happiness than the justest balance of the political constitution; so that though the value of civil and religious liberty is great, and has a large influence on national well being, still it does not constitute happiness; and therefore it seems to me, that those writers who devote their energies to the task of endeavouring to soften and improve the social affections, do incomparably more to promote the benefit of communities, than those who have only in view what is more strictly designated "the public weal."—*Curtis on Health.*

TO CLEAN PAINT THAT IS NOT VARNISHED.—Take upon a plate some of the best whiting, have ready some clean warm water and a piece of flannel, which dip into the water and squeeze nearly dry; then take as much whiting as will adhere to it, apply it to the paint, when a little rubbing will instantly remove any dirt or grease; wash well off with water, and rub it dry with a soft cloth. Paint thus cleaned looks equal to new, and, without doing the least injury to the most delicate colour, it will preserve the paint much longer than if cleaned with soap, and it does not require more than half the time usually occupied in cleaning.

SAVING GREEN PEAS.—A Maine farmer informs us that he preserves green peas for winter use, simply by shelling them and putting them into bottles and corking them very tightly. They should be used as soon as the bottle is open. In this way you may have green peas, if you like.

CAUTION.—Although the same brine will answer for pickling beef as that for hams, and pork generally, yet the two kinds of meat should never be in the brine at the same time. A small piece of beef, placed in a barrel with pork, would spoil the latter.

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