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THOUGHTS ON HAND-WRITING.

BY THE LATE R. C. SANDS.

I have had reasons for meditating much on the mystery of hand-writings, though my reflections have resulted in no new discoveries; and I have neither solved any of the paradoxes, nor come to a definite conclusion on any of the doubtful points with which the subject is pregnant. The first difficulty which was suggested to my mind about it, occurred in early childhood. I could not discover how the rapping me over the knuckles with a long, round, lignumvite ruler, until those articulations were discolored and lame, was to assist me in using my fingers with ease and grace, in copying the pithy scraps of morality which were set before me. My master, however, seemed to think it was good for me. The poor man took a world of pains, and gave me a great many, to very little purpose. He was very fond of quoting to me a passage from Horace, in an English version he had picked up somewhere, of the fidelity of which I have since had my doubts:

'In wisdom and sound knowledge to excel
Is the chief cause and source of writing well:
The manuscripts of Socrates were writ
So fairly, because he had so much wit.'

I certainly never became a proficient in calligraphy. I have, however, in the course of my life, been consoled for my own imperfections on this score, by observing scholars, statesmen, and gentlemen at large, who passed very well in the world, and obtained professorships, outfits, and salaries, and the entree into polite society, whose signs manual were hieroglyphics, which Champollion himself would give up in despair. Their whole manipulation (as the learned would say,) with pen, ink, and paper, produced a result so utterly undecipherable, that, instead of its 'painting thought, and speaking to the eyes,' if their secretaries or correspondents had not known what they wanted to have said for them, the persons interested in their despatches might as well have been in the innocent situation of John Lump and Looney Mactwoler, when they had 'mixed the billy-duckses.'

I have known lawyers and doctors, whose autographic outpourings the solicitor and apothecary alone understood, by professional instinct; and yet the bills in chancery of the former, fairly engrossed, produced suits which are not yet decided; and the prescriptions of the latter found their way into the patient's system, and caused a great effect.

There is one thing, however, on which I have made up my mind decidedly; which is, that a person who writes so detestable a hand that he cannot read it himself, acts in an improper manner, and abuses the gift which Cadmus was good enough to introduce into Europe.

The character of my own writing seems somewhat amended, since time has laid his frosty hand upon my head, and cramped the joints of my fingers. It is less capricious in the variety of directions in which the letters run, and less luxuriant in gratuitous additions to their tops, and bottoms, and natural terminations. They look more like a platoon of regular troops, and less like a militia-training; more like an arrangement produced by the agency of human intellect, and less like the irregular scratches made by the brute creation in the surface of the soil. So that I get along without any material difficulty; and have, indeed, been sometimes complimented on the elegance of my writing.

One thing which has always been unaccountable to me, is the nice acquaintance some persons acquire with the signatures of particular individuals, so that they can detect a forgery at first sight, however well it may be executed, and can swear to the spuriousness of the sophisticated writing. Neither, for the life of me, can I understand the wisdom of the rule of evidence, which makes the question important, whether a witness has ever seen the person write, about whose autography he is interrogated. I am sure it would puzzle the twelve judges of England to explain why our having seen a man write, should enable us to distinguish the character of his hand, any more than we should be enabled to identify his clothes, by having seen him put them on.

That the intellectual and moral character of a person may be ascertained from his hand-writing, is a theory in which many are fond of believing. It seems, certainly, a more plausible one than those of chiromancy or phrenology; but beyond a certain extent, I think it can be shown to be as visionary as either. Up to a certain point, however, it may be far more rational.

The sex of the writer may be conjectured with more infallibility than any other attribute:

'The bridegroom's letters stand in row above,
Tapering, yet straight, like pine trees in his grove;
While free and fine, the bride's appear below,
As light and slender as her jasmines grow.'

Still, you cannot always tell, from the appearance of a manuscript, whether a lady or a gentleman has held the pen. I had a female relative, who was a strong, stout-built woman, to be sure; but she wrote a hand so formidably masculine, that the only suitor who ever made her an offer, was terrified out of his negotiation by the first billet-doux he had the honor of receiving from her. He was a slender and delicately made man, and wrote a fine Italian hand.

Next to the sex, the age of a writer may be guessed at with most certainty from the chirograph. If the gods had made me poetical, I would paraphrase the seven ages of Shakspeare, (omitting, of course, the infant in his nurse's arms,) with reference to this theme. But I must 'leave it to some fitter minstrel.' There are, however, more exceptions to this than to the former proposition. Some people write a puerile hand all their lives: and the gravest maxims, the profoundest thoughts, the most abstruse reasonings, have sometimes been originally embodied in signs as fantastical as the scrawl made in sport by a child. On the other hand, men of regular temperament, and methodical habits of business, will acquire a formal and deliberate character in their hand-writing, which is often not impaired until extreme age.

The nation, profession, and other accidental properties of a person, may also, perhaps, be discovered in a majority of instances, from his chirograph. But it is obvious that there is no mystery in this, which philosophy need be invoked to elucidate. Mr. Owen's doctrine of circumstances will explain it very satisfactorily. I am only disposed to deny that the bent of natural inclination, or the predominance or deficiency of any intellectual quality, can be ascertained by this test. I have never met with any one who possessed the art of divination in this way; nor, as the theory cannot be proved by any process of reasoning from first principles, can it be supported by a fair examination of any miscellaneous collection of autographs. Imagination may carry us a great way, and suggest resemblances of its own creation, between the characters of men known in history and fac-similes of their autographs. But, divesting ourselves of its influence, let us look at the signatures to the death-warrant of Charles I., or the Declaration of American Independence; which instruments I do not bring into juxtaposition irreverently, but because every one has seen them. I believe it will be impossible, without the aid of fancy, from recorded facts in the lives of those who subscribed these documents, compared with the peculiarities of their signs manual, to found an honest induction in support of this hypothesis.

Some conceited people try to write as badly as they can, because they have heard and believe that it is a proof of genius. While all will admit that this notion is very absurd, it is still generally believed that men of genius do write in a very obscure, infirm, or eccentric character: and we are told of a thousand familiar instances; such as Byron, and Chalmers, and Jeffrey, and Bonaparte, etc. A goodly assortment in the same lot! One thing is very certain, that those who write a great deal for the press, will soon write very badly: without its being necessary to ascribe that circumstance to intellectual organization. Bonaparte had no time, when dictating to six clerks at once, or signing treaties on horseback, to cultivate a clear running hand. Distinguished as he was above other men, in his fame and in his fortunes, I believe we may also concede to him the honor of having written the worst possible hand, decipherable by human ingenuity. And when we find, from the fac-similes of some of his early despatches, how abominably he spelled, as well as wrote, we are led to infer that a defective education, and an eagle-eyed ambition, which soon began to gaze too steadily at the sun to regard the notes in the atmosphere, will sufficiently account for a matter of such small importance to so great a man, without resorting to 'metaphysical aid' to account for his bad writing.

The hand-writing of an individual is not as much connected with the machinery of his mind, as is the effect of any other personal habit. Neat people do not always write neatly; and some very slovenly persons, whom I have known, were distinguished for a remarkably elegant formation of their letters. Affectation, on the contrary, being out of nature, will always betray itself in this particular, as in every other.

I am disposed also to treat, as a fond chimera, a notion I have

often heard expressed, that there is a natural gentility appertaining to the chirographs of nature's aristocracy; supposing such a phrase to be proper. Every thing else about a gentleman's letter will furnish better hints as to his breeding and quality, than the character of his hand-writing. Set a well-taught boot-black and a gentleman down to copy the same sentence on pieces of paper of like shape and texture, and few of your connoisseurs in autographs will be able to guess, from the specimens, which is the gentleman and which is the boot-black.

But to leave this drouthy and prosing disquisition, I am minded to illustrate both the evils and the advantages of bad or illegible writing, by incidents which have occurred, or are easily supposable, in real life. My poor old master, against whose memory I cherish no malice, notwithstanding his frequent fustigation of my youthful knuckles, when he despaired of my profiting either by the unction of his precepts, or the sore application of his ruler, endeavoured to frighten me into amendment by examples. He composed for my use a digested chronicle of casualties which had befallen those who perpetrated unseemly scrawls; and, after the manner of Swift, entitled his tract, 'God's revenge against Cacography.' I have long since lost the precious gift; but I have not forgotten all the legends it contained.

The tale is old, of the English gentleman, who had procured for his friend a situation in the service of the East India Company, and was put to unprofitable expense by misreading an epistle, in which the latter endeavored to express his gratitude. 'Having,' said the absentee, 'been thus placed in a post, where I am sure of a regular salary, have it in my power, while I enjoy health, to lay up something every year to provide for the future, I am not unmindful of my benefactor, and mean soon to send you an equivalent. Such a rascally hand did this grateful Indian write, that the gentleman thought he meant soon to send him an elephant. He erected a large out-house for the unwieldy pet; but he forgot my thing to put in it, except a little pet of several months, and an additional bundle of compliments.'

Few who read the newspapers, have not seen an anecdote of an amateur of queer animals, who sent an order to Africa for two monkeys. The word two, as he wrote it, so much resembled the figures one hundred, that his literal and single-minded agent was somewhat perplexed in executing this commission, which compelled him to make war on the whole nation. And great was the naturalists' surprise and perplexity, when he received a letter informing him, in mercantile phraseology, that eighty monkeys had been shipped, as per copy of the bill of lading enclosed, and that his correspondent hoped to be able to execute the rest of the order in time for the next vessel!

Many, too, must have read a story which appeared in the English newspapers, a few years since, of the distressful predicament into which a poor fisherman's wife was thrown, by the receipt of a letter from her husband, who had been absent from home, with several of his brethren, beyond the ordinary time. The honest man stated, in piscatorial phrase, the causes of his detention, and what luck he had met with in his fishing. But the conclusion of his bulletin, as spelled by his loving amphibious helpmate, was as follows: 'I AM NO MORE!' The poor woman gazed awhile on this fatal official intelligence of her husband's demise, and then on her eleven now fatherless infants; and then she burst into a paroxysm of clamorous sorrow, which drew around her the consorts of seventeen other fishermen, who had departed in company with the deceased man. None of them could read; but they caught from the widow's broken lamentations the contents of the supernatural postscript; and taking it for granted that they had all been served in the same manner by the treacherous element, they all lifted up their voices, and the corners of their aprons, and made an ululation worthy of so many forsaken mermaids. In the words of the poet, they made 'high water in the sea,' on whose margin they stood; when one of the overseers of the poor, who came to the spot, alarmed by the rumour that the parish was like to be burthened with eighteen new widows and an hundred and odd parcel orphans, snatched the letter from the weeping Thetis, and silenced the grief of the company, by making out its conclusion correctly, which was, 'I add no more.'

There is a memorable passage in our annals, which must be familiar to those who have read the old chronicles and records of our early colonial history. I allude to the consternation into which the General Courts of the Massachusetts and their associated settlements were thrown, when their clerk read to them a letter from a worthy divine, purporting that he addressed them, not as magistrates, but as a set of Indian devils. The horror-

stricken official paused in his profection, aghast as was the clerk in England, for whose proper psalm a wag had substituted 'Chevy Chase,' when he came to the words 'woful hunting.' He looked at the manuscript again, and after a thorough examination, exclaimed, 'Yea! it is Indian devils!' A burst of indignation from the grave sanhedrim, long, loud, and deep, followed this declaration. They would all have better brooked to have been called by the name of any pestilent heretics, than to be branded as the very heathen whom they had themselves never scrupled to compliment, by calling them children of Babel. If I remember aright, the venerable Cotton Mather notes, in his biographies of the eminent divines of his day, that the innocent offender was, in this instance, roughly handled by the secular arm of justice, for insulting the dignitaries both of church and state, before he had an opportunity of convincing his brother dignitaries that the offensive epithet, *Indian devils*, was a pure mistake in their manner of reading his epistle; inasmuch as he meant to employ the more harmless phrase, *Individuals*. The apology was accepted; though I observe that the latter word is, at present, deemed impolite, if not actionable, in Kentucky; and is as provoking to a citizen of that state, as it was to Dame Quickly to be called a woman, and a thing to thank God on, by Sir John Falstaff.

I knew a gentleman, who would have been very well pleased to have received a lucrative appointment, in a certain state of the Union; because his patrimony was naught, and his professional profits, to speak mathematically, were less. His joy was unbounded, therefore, on reading a letter from a very great man, who wrote a very little and a very bad hand, responsive to his application for the post which he coveted. He deciphered enough of the letter to make out, that many were soliciting the station for which he had applied, and that his testimonials had been received. But the concluding sentence was that from the favorable angury of which the young ambition of the aspirant ran at once, in imagination, to the top of its ladder. 'Though last not least,' were the cabalistic words, by virtue of which he founded many Spanish castles; destined, alas! like those of Arabian enchantment, to vanish or fly away at the spell of a more powerful magician, or the loss of the talisman which summoned the goni to erect them. He might have launched into dangerous prodigality on the strength of his anticipated promotion, if a friend had not succeeded in convincing him, that the flourish with which the great man had terminated his honourable scrawl, if it was not a verso from the Koran, in the Arabic character, must have been meant for that very insignificant and unfruitful expression, 'Yours in haste.'

No executive sunshine ever beamed on him. But being of a philosophic turn of mind, he devoted much of this time, for some years after this disappointment, to an analysis of the precise meaning of these three unlucky words, and read all the writers on our language, from the Diversions of Purley to the last wonderful discoveries on the subject made in this country. I suppose that he passed his time pleasantly in these researches, but not, I should think, very profitably: for the only result of all his reading, which I ever heard him utter, was, that 'yours, in haste,' is a most unphilosophical, ungrammatical, and nonsensical expression; involving a confusion of time, place, and circumstance. He said, it was a sort of bulls; a metaphysical absurdity; a moral insult to good sense and good feeling; and that he never would continue correspondence with any person who had used it in addressing him.

It is very easy to conceive what sad consequences may result in affairs of love and matrimony, from careless scribbling, by which idoms may be suggested directly the reverse of those intended to be expressed by the writer. In insinuating the delicate question orally, much ambiguity may be allowed for, on the score of anxiety and embarrassment; and it has always been understood, that the lady's answer, like a certain character in algebra, which combines the positive and negative signs, must be interpreted by accompanying circumstances; or rather, that it is like the adverb of answer, in some of the dead languages, which is both *yes* and *no*, and requires an inclination of the head, or the expression of the countenance, to make it intelligible. Lawyers say, too, that it is difficult, in many cases, to prove a verbal promise of marriage. But equivocal writing has not the advantage of being illustrated by tone, glance, feature, or attitude, and may lead to very dangerous consequences.

In that department of the post-office, of which Cupid is master, the mails should contain only perfumed and gilt-edge billets, written in fair, soft, legible characters, like the correspondence of Julie and St. Preux, as conducted by their inspired amanuensis. I perceive these remarks have run to a greater extent than I had anticipated; and for this reason, but more particularly because I would not encourage fraud or deception, in any form or under any pretext, I will not even hint at the possible advantages which may flow from bad or ambiguous hand-writings.

I can conceive no instance in which sound morality will tolerate the commission of such a thing, with malice afore-thought, or from sheer carelessness: unless it be where the ingenuity of the writer is taxed for common-place complimentary flourishes,

or at the conclusion of an epistle. It is sometimes a very perplexing thing to make a proper obeisance at the end of a letter, when we are at a little loss about etiquette, or fear to be too formal or too familiar, too cold or too tender. Whether an imitation of the Chinese or the Sanscrit characters may be employed with propriety, in any such dilemma, is a case of conscience, which I will not undertake to decide. I must refer the reader to an excellent work by Mrs. Opie, with a most unfashionable name; and if such an evasion is not classed by her among the peccadilloes which she has denounced, it may be safely resorted to by the most scrupulous precisian.

From Buckland's Bridgewater Treatise.

GEOLOGY AND THE BIBLE,*

OR THE CONSISTENCY OF GEOLOGICAL DISCOVERY WITH SACRED HISTORY.

A third opinion has been suggested, both by learned theologians and by geologists, and on grounds independent of one another; namely, that the days of the Mosaic creation need not be understood to imply the same length of time which is now occupied by a single revolution of the globe; but successive periods, each of great extent: and it has been asserted that the order of succession of the organic remains of a former world, accords with the order of creation recorded in Genesis. This assertion, though to a certain degree apparently correct, is not entirely supported by geological facts; since it appears that the most ancient marine animals occur in the same division of the lowest transition strata with the earliest remains of vegetables; so that the evidence of organic remains, as far as it goes, shows the origin of plants and animals to have been contemporaneous; if any creation of vegetables preceded that of animals, no evidence of such an event has yet been discovered by the researches of geology. Still there is, I believe, no sound critical, or theological objection, to the interpretation of the word 'day,' (a) as meaning a long period, but there will be no necessity for such extension, in order to reconcile the text of Genesis with physical appearances, if it can be shown that the time indicated by the phenomena of Geology may be found in the undefined interval, following the announcement of the first verse.

In my inaugural lecture, published at Oxford, 1830, I have stated my opinion in favour of the hypothesis, "which supposes the word 'beginning,' as applied by Moses in the first verse of the book of Genesis, to express an undefined period of time, which was antecedent to the last great change that affected the surface of the earth, and to the creation of its present animal and vegetable inhabitants; during which period a long series of operations and revolutions may have been going on; which as they are wholly unconnected with the history of the human race, are passed over in silence by the sacred historian, whose only concern with them was barely to state, that the matter of the universe is not eternal and self-existent, but was originally created by the power of the Almighty. A very interesting treatise on the Consistency of Geology with Sacred History, has recently been published at Newhaven by Professor Silliman. The author contends that the period alluded to in the first verse of Genesis, "In the beginning," is not necessarily connected with the first day, and that it may be regarded as standing by itself, and admitting of any extension backward in time which the facts may seem to require.

I have great satisfaction in finding that the view of this subject which I have here expressed, and have long entertained, is in perfect accordance with the highly valuable opinion of Dr. Chalmers, recorded in some passages of his Evidence of the Christian Revelation.

In Warburton's Divine Legation of Moses will be found a vindication of the popular view, that the six days of creation were six natural days. And in Faber's Treatise on the Three Dispensations an ingenious reply is given to the assumption of Bishop Warburton; and in opposition to it, the Rev. G. S. Faber contends that they were six periods each of vast though uncertain length. This he observes may be proved by four several arguments. 1, By analogy of language;—2, By the necessity of the Mosaic narrative;—3, By the tenor of ancient tradition;—and 4, By the discoveries of modern physiologists. Dr. Mason Good in his Book of Nature contends for the uncertain length of the first three or four days that marked the great work of the creation. "For all that appears to the contrary," he says, "they may have been as long as the Wernerian system, and the book of nature, and I may add the term *generations* employed by Moses himself seems to indicate." Nor do we see how an individual can (with any degree of consistency), believe otherwise, who assumes that the sun was not created until the fourth day. For with this hypothesis how can he decide that each of the three days was the same length of time which is now occupied by a single revolution of the globe, when there was no sun to indicate the division of day and night. For our part we are of the opinion, that the six days were six natural days, although we cannot but perceive that such a view is beset with many difficulties. Let any plain reader of the Bible observe the number of different transactions assigned to the sixth day, and we think he will not decide in an authoritative manner on the term 'day' as being twenty-four hours only.—Ed. Pearl.

It has long been matter of discussion among learned theologians, whether the first verse of Genesis should be considered prospectively, as containing a summary announcement of that New Creation, the details of which follow in the record of the operations of the six successive days; or as an abstract statement that the heaven and earth were made by God, without limiting the period when that creative agency was exerted. The latter of these opinions is in perfect harmony with the discoveries of Geology.

The Mosaic narrative commences with a declaration that "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." These few first words of Genesis may be fairly appealed to by the geologist, as containing a brief statement of the creation of the material elements, at a time distinctly preceding the operations of the first day: it is nowhere affirmed that God created the heaven and the earth in the first day, but in the beginning; this beginning may have been an epoch at an unmeasured distance, followed by periods of undefined duration, during which all the physical operations disclosed by Geology were going on.

The first verse of Genesis, therefore, seems explicitly to assert the creation of the Universe; "the heaven," including the sidereal systems: [The Hebrew plural word, *shamayim*, Gen. i: 1, translated heaven, means etymologically, the higher regions, all that seems above the earth. Professor Pusey] "and the earth," more especially specifying our own planet, as the subsequent scenes of the operations of the six days about to be described: no information is given as to events which may have occurred upon the earth, unconnected with the history of man, between the creation of its component matter recorded in the first verse, and the era at which its history is resumed in the second verse; nor is any limit fixed to the time during which these intermediate events have been going on: millions of millions of years may have occupied the indefinite interval, between the beginning in which God created the heaven and the earth, and the evening or commencement of the first day of the Mosaic narrative. [To this part of the chapter is appended an elaborate note by Professor Pusey in which the important sanction of Hebrew criticism is given, in support of the interpretations by which we may reconcile the apparent difficulties arising from geological phenomena, with the literal interpretation of the first chapter of Genesis. The criticism is to the following effect—the Hebrew word *bara*, created, does not signify necessarily "created out of nothing," although it may in some cases bear such an import. The English word *created* does not signify this necessarily, and hence the addition of the words 'out of nothing.' Whether *bara*, created, should be paraphrased by "created out of nothing," or "gave a new and distinct state of existence to a substance already existing" must depend upon the context. The word *bara* is, however, stronger than *asah*, made, as *bara* can only be used in reference to God, whereas *asah* may be applied to man. *Bara* and *asah* are so constantly interchanged in the Mosaic narrative, that they may be considered synonymous (although the former is to us the stronger of the two)—and hence it is probable *bara*, *create*, as being the stronger word, was selected to describe the first production of the heaven and the earth. That the two first verses of Genesis contain an account of an act of creation, and not merely a summary statement of what is related in detail in the rest of the chapter, and a sort of introduction to it, the Hebrew Professor shows from the following reasons: first, because there is no other account of the creation of the earth; secondly, as the second verse describes the condition of the earth when so created, and thus prepares for the account of the work of the six days; but if they speak of any creation, it appears to me that this creation "in the beginning" was previous to the six days, because the creation of each day is preceded by the declaration that God said, or willed, that such things should be, and therefore the very form of the narrative seems to imply that the creation of the first day began when these words are first used, that is, with the creation of light in the third verse. The time then of the Creation in ver. 1. appears to me not to be defined: we are told only what alone we are concerned with; that all things were made by God. Professor Pusey also in his note gives incontrovertible proof that the above is no new opinion.]

The second verse may describe the condition of the earth on the evening of this first day; (for in the Jewish mode of computation used by Moses, each day is reckoned from the beginning of one evening to the beginning of another evening.) This first evening may be considered as the termination of the indefinite time which followed the primeval creation announced in the first verse, and as the commencement of the first of the six succeeding days, in which the earth was to be fitted up, and peopled in a manner fit for the reception of mankind. We have in this second verse, a distinct mention of earth and waters, as already existing, and involved in darkness, their condition also is described as a state of confusion and emptiness, (*tohu bohv*), words which are usually interpreted by the vague and indefinite Greek term "chaos," and which may be geologically considered as designating the wreck and ruins of a former world. At this intermediate point of time, the preceding undefined geological periods had terminated, a new series of events commenced, and the work of the first morning of this new crea-

tion was the calling forth of light from a temporary darkness (a) which had overspread the rains of the ancient earth.

We have further mention of this ancient earth and ancient sea in the ninth verse, in which the waters are commanded to be gathered together into one place, and the dry land to appear; this dry land being the same earth whose material creation had been announced in the first verse, and whose temporary submer- sion and temporary darkness are described in the second verse; the appearance of the land and the gathering together of the wa- ters are the only facts affirmed respecting them in the ninth verse, but neither land nor water are said to have been created on the third day.

A similar interpretation may be given of the fourteenth and four- teenth verses; what is herein stated of the celestial lumina- rias seems to be spoken solely with reference to our planet, and more especially to the human race, than about to be placed upon it. We are not told that the substance of the sun and moon were first called into existence upon the fourth day: the text may equally imply that these bodies were then prepared, and appoint- ed to certain offices of high importance to mankind; "to give light upon the earth, and to rule over the day and over the night—to be for signs, and for seasons, and for days and for years." The fact of their creation had been stated before in the first verse. The stars also are mentioned (Gen. i: 16) in three words only, almost parenthetically; as if for the sole purpose of announcing that they also were made by the same Power, as these lumina- ries which are more important to us, the sun and moon. This very slight notice of the countless host of celestial bodies, all of which are probably suns, the centres of other planetary systems, whilst our little satellite, the moon, is mentioned as next in im- portance to the sun, shows clearly that astronomical phenomena are here spoken of only according to their relative importance to our earth, and to mankind, and without any regard to their real importance in the boundless universe. It seems impossible to include the fixed stars among those bodies which are said (Gen. i: 17.) to have been set in the firmament of the heavens to give light upon the earth; since without the aid of telescopes, by far the greater number of them are invisible. The same principle seems to pervade the description of the creation which concerns our planet: the creation of its component matter having been an- nounced in the first verse, the phenomena of Geology, like those of Astronomy, are passed over in silence, and the narrative pro- ceeds at once to details of the actual creation which have more immediate reference to man.

The interpretation here proposed seems moreover to solve the difficulty, which would otherwise attend the statement of the ap- pearance of light upon the first day, (b) whilst the sun and moon and stars are not made to appear until the fourth. If we suppose all the heavenly bodies, and the earth, to have been created at the indefinitely distant time, designated by the word beginning, and that the darkness described on the evening of the first day, was a temporary darkness, produced by an accumulation of dense vapours "upon the face of the deep;" an incipient dispersion of these vapours may have re-admitted light to the earth, upon the first day, whilst the exciting cause of light was still obscured; and the further purification of the atmosphere, upon the fourth day, may have caused the sun and moon and stars to reappear in the firmament of heaven, to assume their new relations to the newly modified earth, and to the human race.

We have evidence of the presence of light during long and dis- tant periods of time, in which the many extinct fossil forms of animal life succeeded one another upon the early surface of the globe: this evidence consists in the petrified remains of eyes of animals, found in geological formations of various ages. In a future chapter I shall shew, that the eyes of Trilobites, which are preserv- ed in strata of the transition formation were constructed in a manner so closely resembling those of existing crustacea; and that the eyes of Ichthyosauri, contained an apparatus, so like one in the eyes of many birds, as to leave no doubt that these fossil eyes were opti- cal instruments, calculated to receive, in the same manner, im-

a Professor Percy remarks that "the words 'let there be light,' imply, by no means necessarily imply, any more than the English words by which they are translated, that light had never existed before." The Chris- tian Observer, a periodical distinguished for its evangelical tone, favours the theory of Dr. Buckland: "The first verse I consider to be introductory, asserting generally, that God was the Creator of all things, whenever or however they were made. The second verse informs us of a period when our earth was covered by the waters of the ocean. The atmosphere was so loaded with clouds, and obscured by fogs, that the light of the sun, moon, and stars could not penetrate to its surface; and to a being placed where man was destined to reside, the day and the night would have been both alike. In verses 3-5, we are informed that God willed that there should be light; and accordingly the clouds being partially removed by the wind, and the fog clearing, the light of day became visible."—Ed. Pearl.

b And who has not felt this difficulty on the old hypothesis? Light created on the first day, and the sun not created until the fourth! We know that some have supposed that the light was electric, and others that it was phosphorescent, and in both cases that it was diffused through the space surrounding the earth. Others tell us it was a meteor which gave the light for the first three days. But call it latent light or any other kind you please, yet without the supposition that the sun was created prior to it, you cannot account for the succession of day and night.—Ed. Pearl.

pressions of the same light, which conveys the perception of sight to living animals. This conclusion is further confirmed by the general fact, that the heads of all fossil fishes and fossil rep- tiles, in every geological formation, are furnished with cavities for the reception of eyes, and with perforations for the passage of optic nerves, although the cases are rare, in which any part of the eye itself has been preserved. The influence of light is also so necessary to the growth of existing vegetables, that we cannot but infer, that it was equally essential to the development of the numerous fossil species of the vegetable kingdom, which are co- extensive and coeval with the remains of fossil animals.

It appears highly probable from recent discoveries, that light is not a material substance, but only an effect of undulations of ether; that this infinitely subtle and elastic ether pervades all space, and even the interior of all bodies; so long as it remains at rest, there is total darkness; when it is put into a peculiar state of vibration, the sensation of light is produced: this vibra- tion may be excited by various causes; by the sun, by the stars, by electricity, combustion, etc. If then light be not a substance, but only a series of vibrations of ether; that is, an effect produced on a subtle fluid, by the excitement of one or many extraneous causes, it can hardly be said, nor is it said in Gen. i: 3, to have been created; though it may be literally said to be called into action.

Lastly, in the reference made in the fourth commandment, Exod. xx: 11, to the six days of the Mosaic creation, the word *asah*, "made" is the same which is used in Gen. i: 7. and Gen. i: 16, and which has been shown to be less strong and less com- prehensive than *bara*, "created"; (c) and as it by no means necessarily implies creation out of nothing, it may be here em- ployed to express a new arrangement of materials that existed before.

After all, it should be recollected that the question is not re- specting the correctness of the Mosaic narrative, but of our interpretation of it; and still further, it should be borne in mind that the object of this account was, not to state in what manner, (d) but by whom, the world was made. As the prevailing tendency of men in those early days was to worship the most glorious ob- jects of nature, namely the sun and moon and stars; it should seem to have been one important point in the Mosaic account of creation, to guard the Israelites against the Polytheism and idolatry of the nations around them; by announcing that all these magnificent celestial bodies were no gods, but the works of one Almighty Creator, to whom alone the worship of mankind is due.

THE PRAISE OF PIANOS.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

A pianoforte is a most agreeable object. It is a piece of furni- ture with a soul in it, ready to wake at a touch, and charm us with invisible beauty. Open or shut, it is pleasant to look at; but open it looks best, smiling at us with its ivory, like the mouth of a sweet singer. The keys of a pianoforte are, of themselves, an agreeable spectacle—an elegance not sufficiently prized for their aspect, because they are so common, but well worth regarding even in that respect. It is one of the advantages of this instru- ment to the learner, that there is no discord to go through in get- ting at a tone. Tone is ready-made. The finger touches the key, and there is music at once. Another and greater advan- tage is that it contains a whole concert within itself, for you may play with all your fingers, and then every one performs the part of a separate instrument. True, it will not compare with a real concert—with the rising winds of an orchestra; but in no single instrument, except the organ, can you have such a combination of sounds; and the organ itself cannot do for you what the piano- forte does. There are superlative ears that profess not to be able to endure a pianoforte after a concert; others that always find it to be out of tune; and more who veil their insensibility to music in general, by protesting against "everlasting tinkles," and school-girl affectation or sullenness. It is not a pleasure, which a man would select, to be obliged to witness affectation of any sort, much less sullenness, or any other absurdity. With respect to

c Professor Bush in his work on Genesis says that the original word for *made*, *asah*, often implies constituted, appointed, or set apart.—Ed. Pearl. Professor Sedgwick in his remarks on the relations which Geology bears to natural religion, thus sums up his valuable information—"The Bible instructs us that man and other living things, have been placed but a few years upon the earth; and the physical monuments of the world bear witness to the same truth: if the astronomer tells us of myriads of worlds not spoken of in the sacred records; the geologist, in like manner, proves (not by arguments from analogy, but by the incontrovertible evidence of physical phenomena) that there were former conditions of our planet, separated from each other by vast intervals of time, during which man, and the other creatures of his own date, had not been called into being. Periods such as these belong not therefore, to the moral history of our race, and come nei- ther within the letter nor the spirit of revelation. Between the first crea- tion of the earth and that day in which it pleased God to place man upon it, who shall care to define the interval? On this question scripture is silent, but that silence destroys not the meaning of those physical monu- ments of his power that God has put before our eyes, giving us at the same time facilities whereby we may interpret them and comprehend their meaning."

pianofortes not perfectly in tune, it is a curious fact in the history of sounds, that no instrument is ever perfectly in tune. Even the heavenly charmer, music, being partly of earth as well as of hea- ven, partakes the common imperfection of things sublunary. It is, therefore, possible to have senses too fine for it, if we are to be always sensible to this imperfection; to

"Dio of an air in acromatic pain;"

and if we are to be thus sensible, who is to judge at what nice point of imperfection the disgust is to begin, where no disgust is felt by the general ear? As to those who, notwithstanding their pretended love of music at other times, are so ready to talk of "jingling," and "tingling," whenever they hear a pianoforte, or a poor girl at her lesson, they have really no love of music what- soever; and only proclaim as much to those who understand them. They are among the wisecracks who are always proving spleen at the expense of their wit.

CHRISTIAN UNION.—No 3.

SECTARIAN EDUCATION—REPROACHFUL EPITHETS.

1.—Another effectual means of perpetuating divisions among Christians consists in the illiberal prejudices instilled by a party education into the minds of youth. The religious department of instruction is occupied, by many a parent and tutor, not so much with the inculcation of the fundamental doctrines and cardinal duties of Christianity, as in teaching their pupils the peculiarities of their own party, and the errors and evils of those from whom they chiefly differ. But even were they sensible of this impro- priety, and disposed to avoid it, where is the stream of ecclesias- tical history to which they can point the youthful lip, unadulter- ated by the ore and earth of the party-channel through which it flows? and how few the youth who have read treatises of doc- trinal theology without imbibing prejudices against a party, owing to the unjust representation they received of its peculiar ten- ents, or of their supposed practical consequences. Thus charac- ter is poisoned in its infancy, by the very means which should have been its aliment and life. The mind becomes a soil pre- pared for the growth of every root of bitterness; predisposed for whatever is intolerant in spirit, angry in controversy, and slan- derous in report. The party whose prejudices he inherits gains a bigot; every other party, an enemy; and the universal Church of Christ, whose agent and ornament he might have become, is stain- ed with disgrace.

2.—The application to our opponents of reproachful epithets is also to be numbered among the auxiliaries of schism. Terms of this kind have always been acting an important part in the his- tory of mankind. On every subject exciting the passions, whe- ther good or bad, their influence has always been great; and es- pecially, therefore, on that most momentous and exciting of all subjects—religion. Here, almost every appellation has been either a weapon, a stigma, a pass-word, or a badge. Nearly every leading ecclesiastical term has an eventful history of its own. Epithets which at first were innocent and merely distinc- tive, like the distinctive rods of the Egyptian diviners, have been changed into serpents by the necromancy of the passions. Terms which, at first, only served, have at length, like many an obscure individual in eastern lands, come to exercise a despotic sway, and terms which were once *offensively* employed, have at length, like ancient weapons of war, been displaced by others more sure in their aim, and more destructive in their effect; and have even come to be employed as terms of honor and excellence. The *transmigration* of ecclesiastical terms is no fable.

The epithets, Puritans, Methodists, Sectarians, Schismatics, Saints, Evangelicals, Voluntaries, Compulsories, have each in turn been pressed and sworn into the service of party. And the worst purposes of party they answer in two ways. They are so easily remembered and expeditiously applied, compared with an argument, that numbers who could neither comprehend nor em- ploy the latter, are retained in the cause of faction by means of the former. And, having once employed them, their anger rises, and their contempt of those against whom the epithets are cast in- creases, in exact proportion to the frequency with which they are repeated. And, besides inflaming the passions of those who employ them, by excitement, they wound and irritate those who are their objects, by insult. An argument might be answered or evaded; a historical fact might be met by a counter fact; and an assertion be neutralised by denial; and, in either case, the second person feels that he has done something, and is satisfied. But a term of reproach is the barbed and poisoned arrow of controversy which remains and rankles; which turns anger into hatred, and an opponent into a foe. True, he may retaliate in kind; but in that case the evil is doubled; the rent is made worse.—From "Union" by the Author of "Mammon."

FAST DRIVING.—"Coachman," said an outside passenger to one who was driving at a furious rate over one of the most moun- tainous roads in the north of England, "have you no considera- tion for our lives and limbs?"—"What are your lives and limbs to me," was the reply; "I am behind my time!"

THE WORTH OF WOMAN.

Honored be woman! who sweetly discloses
In life's rugged pathway such heavenly roses!
Gracefully weaving love's fortunate band,
While in the Grace's most winning attire,
She carefully watches the bright, genial fire
Of our purest emotions with skillful hand.
Ever from the bounds of reason
Stray the restless powers of man:
In the raging sea of passion
Plunges his thoughts, devoid of plan,
He grasps the future with emotion,
Never is his heart at rest,
Beyond the farthest planet's motion
He seeks what ne'er can make him blest.

But with mild looks, whose sweet magic enthral him
To the straight path of duty 'tis woman recalls him,
Warning of dangers, which threaten in view!
With useful employment wild fancies expelling,
Quiet she rests in her beautiful dwelling.
Daughter of nature, still faithful and true:
Man to conquer still is striving,
Wild destruction spreading round!
Some end pursuing, yet ne'er arriving
Through life unsatisfied is found,
Dally his own works o'erturning,
Never rests the eager strife;
Ere one passion consumes burning,
Another rushing into life!

But woman, with glory less brilliant contented
Gathers the slow-rot each moment presented
Cherishing gently their fragrance and bloom;
In her limited circle more free in her motion,
To knowledge more true is her spirit's devotion;
To her, fancy's flowers yield their sweetest perfume:
Strong and proud, himself sufficing,
Man's cold heart is never moved,
Another's sympathy by prizing,
To seek the bliss of being loved!
He cannot know the rapturous feeling
Confidence and love impart,
Life's hard contest ends in stealing
Harder still his rugged heart.

But the pitying bosom of woman resembles
The Æolian harp, which so easily trembles
At Zephyr's soft breathing, its chords passing through,
Her heart swells with pity when misery viewing,
The accents of woe, her compassion renewing—
Glistens her bright eye with heavenly dew.
Man, in his proud and high dominion,
Makes strength usurp the throne of right;
With the sword he rules opinion,
Governing by force and might!
His passions no repose e'er finding,
Wildly rage unchained and free:
Where peaceful streams were gently winding,
Rushing torrents we may see!

But, with the soft magic of gentle persuasion,
Sweet woman can sway the wild sceptre of reason,
Allay the fierce tempest when wildly it blows:
Instruct warlike powers foolish hate to relinquish;
In each various being the good to distinguish,
Thus bringing together the deadliest foes!
Then honored be woman! who sweetly discloses,
In life's rugged pathway such heavenly roses!

From the Friendship's Offering.

ELIODORE.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES OF CORFU;" "EVENINGS ABROAD," ETC.

V.

It was a day of busy preparation; her Ladyship was closeted all the morning with Madam Guiletta, gauzes, laces, etc. Her Ladyship's page had a sorry time of it, and her Ladyship's lady's maid—poor thing! her fate would have drawn tears from a stone image. All the white kid gloves in the place were bought up, all the laurel bushes for miles round were stripped—spangles and red roses were not to be had at any price—the book of costumes,—there was one only in the library,—was in constant request. If it had but been private property, a man might have made his fortune; as it was, two duels were almost fought about it. As to the poor aides-de-camp—Captain Donothing actually walked his feet to stumps, so that he never could dance afterwards, and consequently lost his place,—while the Right Honourable Augustus Frederick Fiddle-de-dee, sunk into an easy chair half an hour earlier than was his wont, and declared that if the very existence of the British Army depended on his carrying out one more card of invitation, he really could not do it,—all this fuss was for a fancy ball.

It was a brilliant evening. The apartments in the Casino were one blaze of light, and groups of merry masques wandered hither and thither, and exchanged gay sally and quick repartee. The band rang out glorious snatches of martial music, and light feet responded to the quick measure. The gardens too, were like a scene of enchantment, for bright lamps gleamed among citron flowers, and all the night blossoms gave their richest perfume to the air. It was a strange scene for an English eye to dwell on, for the trees were of southern growth, and the rich flowers that

grew so luxuriantly by the paths of the parterre, were such as we behold only in green houses. The figures that flitted about were dressed in costumes of all nations, and strange and gorgeous as were their aspects, turbaned head, and jewelled scymetar, gleaming through orange trees and palms, were in perfect harmony with the scene. There were characters there of all sorts, good, bad, and indifferent. The seven native legislators came disguised as the seven wise men of Greece. Two or three imps came fresh from Lucifer's domain, and acted their parts to the very life. Some came as gentlemen—they were the hardest to be recognised,—one noble Lord wore the very same suit of armour, in which he had valiantly sustained a defeat, at the siege of Cadiz. Another came as an old gipsy-woman. He drew from his pedlar's basket some slips of folded paper, and gave one to every body that drew nigh. Peals of laughter were heard all around, for these papers contained each a verse, in which some witty or unexpected allusion was made to the private history of the reader. The perfect knowledge which every individual in that limited circle had obtained by means of *on dits*, letters from home, etc. of each other's affairs, rendered this practicable.

Edmund Gray stood by a marble pillar near, but he was in no mood for such fooleries. He turned loftily away and went out on the terrace. There all was calmness, and peace, and beauty; the blue sea slept below, the dark sky above was spangled with a thousand living lights; even the breeze that came softly up from the waters, seemed to linger lovingly among the myrtles and oleanders, that stood on the low balustrade of the terrace, ere it came to bathe the brow of the young enthusiast with its cool freshness. "It is a lovely scene," at last he said, half aloud.

"It is lovely," echoed a soft voice near him; "nature is more beautiful than art. Those lights are brighter than the brightest in the ball room, and they whisper far different thoughts." In a moment Edmund was at the speaker's side. "You here, Eliodore! how came you here?"

She to whom he spoke was habited as a young priestess of the sun, but her long loose robe could not conceal her figure; her dark eyes peered through her mask, and her voice was not to be mistaken; but how could the wild mountaineer have entered in such a scene?

"Shall we join the dancers,—the music is striking up?" said Edmund, anxious to hear her speak again.

"Music," answered the young priestess, "music,—call you that clanging of trumpets and jarring of strings, music? Come hither, Edmund Gray! Do you hear those sounding waves that have murmured on, in their everlasting harmony since time began? No human being may stand by the sea-shore and listen without feeling that he too is immortal, without dim and delicious aspirations after purer felicity than earth can yield—that is music."

"Eliodore," said the young soldier, "let us go down to the sea-shore and talk of all these things."

"Ay!" answered Eliodore, "let us leave this noise and dazzle that bewilder the brain and fatigue the eye. It is all vanity." Edmund started, for the girl, unconsciously, had awakened an echo that had long slumbered in his spirit.

VI.

"And I have found happiness at last," said Edmund, "here where I least expected it, in a mountain wilderness, and with a companion wild and untutored as her own mountain olives, ay, and as graceful too."

It was a pretty pastoral scene on which the young soldier looked; one which, in its very simplicity, possessed a thousand charms for an eye that had gazed to weariness on worldly splendour, that had roved from scene to scene until it had been sated with variety.

The old Syndic, venerable and placid, with his white flowing hair and his picturesque capote thrown carelessly over his shoulders, sat smoking his pipe under a broad Spanish chesnut, that shaded the door of his white-washed dwelling. There was peace in the old man's heart, and an expression of deep happiness in his eye as he looked down on his fertile vineyards, and around on the many signs of opulence that begirt his home. The low pilasters that supported his broad verandah were decorated with wreaths of Indian corn, and festoons of tobacco, hanging to dry in the sun, that promised an abundant supply of comfort for the coming winter: little Dimos, his youngest darling, frolicked beside him in the unthinking glee of childhood; the old man stroked lovingly the boy's sunny ringlets, and when he turned and looked within, there too, all was peace and beauty; Edmund could not but own that the pride which then lit up the old Syndic's eye, was pardonable pride, for Eliodore sat there, bending in the twilight over her guitar. Edmund too looked proudly on her innocent beauty, for he had made her his own. He had asked her of the old Syndic fairly and honourably for his bride, and though the good gentleman did demur awhile at giving her to a heretic, yet Eliodore and young Dimos pleaded, and they overruled his scruples. Edmund would not look too curiously to the future,—for the present he had no apprehension; he loved his dear one not only for her flashing eye and bright cheek, but for the soul that beamed in both. He knew too that her young spirit was attuned to the deep poetry of his own, and that her heart was as an unfa-

thomed well of affection, so what cared he for the laugh and jeer of his comrades? Neither smile nor sneer could detract one atom from her beauty or from her worth.

"But, Eliodore," he said one evening as they ascended the narrow path that led to their favourite little church, "one thing I cannot understand yet; how could you find me out on that dismal rock at Paolo Castrizza, and the masque evening?"

"I know, I know," she replied. "what you would ask; Johannes is my foster brother, and I have some young cousins in the city with whom I went to the palace; but let us not talk on these things now,—must you go, must you go, dearest, to-morrow?"

"I will return," answered Edmund; "my duty calls me to the city, but fear not, Eliodore, my home, the home of my soul is with you."

They entered together the mountain church. It was a meet sanctuary for Love and Hope, for twilight threw a veil of softness over all harsher objects that might offend the eye, and invested with beauty even the rude painting of the Madre Dolorosa. Eliodore threw her votive offering of orange blossoms in fragrant heaps below the picture, and then, kneeling down, she veiled her fair young face, and poured out her soul in prayer. For the first time in her happy life, her prayers were freighted with sighs and tears.

"Come away, dear one," said Edmund at last, "come, the dews are falling, and I must away,—I cannot leave you here."

"Yes, yes," she softly whispered, "let us part here,—this is a holy place—let us meet here again—here I shall come every day to watch for the first gleam of your white feathers among the trees; leave me here, if go you must."

So there on the threshold, beneath the dark cypress trees, they parted. "Johannes," were the last words of Eliodore, "you have been as a brother to me from the cradle;—guard his life and his safety, as you would guard your own soul."

And the young wife watched them depart,—she stood under the dark trees as they slowly descended the narrow hill-path, noting every wave of Edmund's lofty plume, as it glimmered through the flickering olive boughs. There was a pause in the sound of their footsteps; she bent down her bright face to the earth to listen for the patter of the horses' hoofs; one by one the heavy sounds fell like a knell upon her heart; when the last had died away in the distance, she arose, folded her veil about her, and returned to the silence of her father's hearth.

VII.

There is one fault, peculiar almost to a high spirit and generous disposition. It is the pride which will not condescend even to explain away an error; the impetuosity which will not even wait for or admit expostulation. The blow first, right or wrong, the blow must be given first. The unavailing regret, the bitter self-condemnation come afterwards. It was but a light word, lightly spoken at a picnic party, after dinner, when wine circulates freely, and the spirits are let loose, and prudence is sometimes forgotten; but that word related to Eliodore; her name was not mentioned, only implied, and something was said about an infectious fever, lingering longer than such fevers are wont to linger, and being a cheap price to pay for the attendance of a young Grecian beauty. It was enough. Edmund's was not the spirit to suffer such words to pass unanswered. No apology was offered or would have been received, but a soldier's short and decisive measure of settling all quarrels was adopted. "To-morrow—the pass of Panta Leone—at day dawn;—and the affair was settled.

As long as Edmund remained with his noisy companions it was well; as long as he drank the red wine and joined in the chorus of the loud song, it was well; the still small voice was unheard; but when, one by one, they had departed; when the horse's head of the last lingerer was turned city-wards,—for they had been dining *al fresco*, far enough away from the capital—when quiet and rest stole over the still landscape, he began to ask himself if he had not done an unjustifiable as well as a sinful thing. It had been arranged that Edmund and his antagonist, with their seconds, should sleep at the neighbouring village, that they might be nearer their place of rendezvous in the morning. "We may as well settle the matter now," said young Mordaunt; "what need to sleep over it?" But Edmund replied, "No, I have some affairs to arrange, some ties yet remain to me in this world."—So they parted, and Edmund persuaded even his friend to leave him alone.

Edmund's preparations were soon finished. He had but little to leave, and but one in the world to regret, and over her he determined to bend yet one more parting look; so, calling his trusty Johannes, who, so he believed, knew nothing of all that had passed, he resolved to revisit once again his happy home.

But Johannes was a Greek, and knew well enough how to employ both eyes and ears. He could form a shrewd guess why, when all the rest departed homewards, these four remained behind; he could read the troubled aspect and flushed cheek of his young master; he could also divine why Edmund should go by night, in silence and in darkness to visit that village paradise, whereat his presence was always welcome as the day light itself. He, however, kept all his imaginings to himself, rightly judging,

that now was not the moment, nor himself the fittest person for expostulation.

Edmund effected his purpose. He entered the house with his master-key, and without disturbing the slumbers of any, he penetrated to his own apartment and stood by the couch of the only being for whom he had felt a true and deep affection, since in early childhood he had followed his mother to her grave.

Eliodore was asleep, and the traces of tears were on her cheek; she had been weeping for his absence, and in her hand, held fast even in slumber, a bunch of withered myrtle flowers,—his last gift to her,—and he, who had parted from her but a few hours before so buoyant with hope and happiness, stood now above her with agony in his soul, and a death-weight at his heart, and yet she did not waken. He stood above her, and there was but one step, but one hope between his life and eternity, and yet she did not waken—nay, once she even smiled, or perhaps it was the moonlight playing on her cheek that made her seem to smile. That he could not bear; one light kiss he pressed upon her forehead, and then left her in her unconsciousness.

The antagonists came almost at the same moment to the meeting spot. It was not a place in which a man would choose to say farewell to this beautiful and breathing world, for scarcely could Fancy herself imagine a more lovely spot. On the little plain there was scarcely a tree, no building excepting a small ruined and roofless church; rude masses of red rock stood around, through which, as at intervals the sea might be seen almost on every side. The opening that faced the city was skirted to the right by a sloping hill covered with dark fir-trees; to the left, by a gentle declivity, gay with broom and heather, now just lighted up by the morning sun; and far down in the depth between these two slopes, spread out like a sleeping picture, were olive-grove and vineyard, and cultivated plain, white convent and smiling village. Yet farther in the distance might be seen, the fair city running out like a silvery line into the sea; the fortress island of Vido and the Lazaretto, lying like white winged birds at rest upon the waters,—the blue, sparkling and foaming waters shut in as by a barrier, by the violet-tinged and snow-crowned hills of Epirus. And yet it was in such a spot as this, that these two hot-headed and foolish young men came to mar the fair impress of the Divine image stamped upon mortality; to send one, perhaps two, immortal spirits into the unknown, unfeared, unthought-of future. Mordaunt fired first, as being the receiver of the challenge, but his ball whizzed harmlessly by. Edmund Gray raised his arm; he intended to fire in the air, but his piece went off he scarcely knew how, and his victim fell,—Mordaunt was not that victim. Eliodore had watched nearly all through the long night, in the ruined church for their coming. At their first appearance on the plain, she left her shelter but her foot would not speed fast enough. Her wild scream was unheard amidst the fierce conflict of contending passions that swayed them both. Her movements were rapid; the light too in the enclosed spot was but dim and uncertain; so she hastened forward, still faster, still silently; she was in time to receive the death-blow from the hand of him who would freely have laid down his life for her.

ORIGIN OF FEMALE NAMES.

Arabella, the first in alphabetical order of the female names, derived from the Latin, means a *fair altar*. Whether this word was originally suggested by the conceit that woman is a shrine at which many vows are offered up, we cannot say; but certainly we have seen many fair ones whose attractions rendered them worthy of this pretty name. *Barbara* is from the same source as our word *barbarous*, but has properly the softer meaning of *strange* or *foreign*. *Beatrice* signifies making happy. Few names have been so sweetened and hallowed by poetry as this. The pure and stately love of the Italian poet Dante—the arch and sprightly, yet strong-minded and deeply-feeling heroine of Shakespeare's finest comedy—and the high-souled but ill-fated daughter of the unnatural Cenci, whom Shelley's powerful pencil has given to tragic immortality—all bore this name, and have associated it in our minds with thoughts at once of the lovely and terrible. *Cecilia*, (and the less common male name *Cecil*.) have, in the Latin, the signification of *gray-eyed*, or perhaps rather *dim-sighted*. This is not a good etymology, for *Cecilias* there assuredly are over whose visual orbs, so darkly bright, no vestige of film or dimness interposes a shield to save the heart of susceptible man. This complimentary sentence, we trust, will make up to all our readers of the name under consideration, for the slight which etymology casts on their eyes. *Cicely* is a pretty familiarization of the name, giving it quite a rural character, and bringing before our minds a rosy damsel, tossing the hay-ricks in the sun, or pressing with embrowned hand the udder of the patient cow. *Cicely* is intrinsically and everywhere a maid of the dairy. *Clara* is one of the very finest of our female names. It has the meaning of *clear* or *bright*. A strange illustration it is of the power of men of genius, that they can bind up their own memories in lasting association in our minds, with whatever they have chanced or chosen to touch or record. Thus it is with the word or name of *Beatrice*, as we have seen, and thus also it is with the name of

Clara; for who can pronounce it without having Scott brought to mind, and the sad heroine of what will yet, we think, rank with the finest of his tragedies? The world has as yet been inclined to underrate the story of *St. Roman's Well*, but they will not do so always, if we have the slightest skill in critical prophecy.

Constance bears a similar meaning to that of *Constantine*—namely, *resolute*. *Grace*, one of the sweetest of all the names given to *Christian women*, signifies simply *favour*, or grace is the sense of *favour*. *Felicia*, the feminine form of *Felix*, has the same signification of *happy*. Sad to say, the name was not at all times etymologically applicable to one who recently honoured it, *Felici Hemans*. *Julia* is a name rather in an awkward etymological predicament, if Leigh Hunt be correct in his translation of the term *Julius*, of which *Julia* is the feminized form. *Julius*, he says, means *soft-haired* or *mossy-bearded*—evidently thinking the last phrase, at the same time, the most literally and radically correct. Now, what in the name of horror are we to do with a mossy-chinned *Julia*, or, still worse, a *Juliet*, for they are all of a kin? As the appellation, however, of *Julia*, is too fine a one to be given up, every lover must resolve to think of the name he sighs over, only in the sense of *soft-haired* or *sicken-tressed*. *Letitia*, usually shortened into *Letice*, denotes *joy*. No sense could be better than this, whether the word is thought of as falling from parent's or from lover's lips. A sweet living poetess of England graces this name—*Letitia Eliza Landon*; though a fortunate gentleman has lately contrived to hide it under that of Mrs. George Maclean.

Lucy is a favourite name with almost all. It is derived from the same Latin word as the adjective *lucid*, and has much the same meaning. Never was the image which one instinctively associates with the name of *Lucy* better painted than in the lines which Wordsworth puts into the mouth of Nature, when he paints that power as proposing to mould a maiden to her own tastes—

She shall be sportive as the fawn,
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm,
Of mute insensate things.

The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place,
When rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell!
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell.

Ma bel is one of the good old names once borne by ancient spectated dames who lived in the castles of mighty barons, and told all sorts of traditional stories to the young ladies o' nights, and were by them much beloved and revered withal. Such, at least, is the idea attached to the name in our mind, derived possibly from old silly novels rather from reality. *Mabel* is either from *mabella*, signifying *my fair*, or contracted from *amibalis* *lovely* or *amiable*. In sound and sense, whichever way is right, *Mabel* is well worthy of being perpetuated. *Olivia* is a good name, derived, like *Oliver*, from the symbol of peace, the olive. *Patience* means what, in common speech, the word implies. There is an over-homeliness in this name, which certainly constitutes an objection to its general use. Never, perhaps, was there an appellation so consistent in its meaning with the impression we have of those who bear it, as *Priscilla*. A *Priscilla* is an antiquated, starched demoiselle, in nine cases out of ten, and the word, with a touch almost of irony or satire in it, signifies a *little ancient*. Avoid *Priscilla*, ye matrons of Britain, for, in spite of the old interrogatory saying, there is something in a name. To *Prudence*, which denotes what it professes to do, we have the same objection as to *Patience*. *Rosa*, of which *Rose* is the prettier form, denotes simply a *rose*. The name is redolent of all that is sweet and fragrant; and if we had fifty sweethearts, wives, or daughters—to the conversion of which *if* into certainty, the law of the land, happily it may be for ourself, would in some respects object—we should not care if they were all *Roses*.

To close this catalogue of baptismal names from the Latin, we have but one other to allude to, namely, *Ursula*; and how this appellation came to be given to any mortal woman, we cannot guess. One unconsciously thinks of an aged woman, stooping, withered, and wrinkled, at mention of the name of *Ursula*; but the etymology justifies even worse thoughts, for the word signifies a *female bear*!

TIME.—Time is a ceaseless dropping away of moments, which fall and disappear; while the future hangs unchanged on high, and the past is ever growing below, and increases the more, the farther it recedes. What, then, remains to us? I answer, the present: fast is time may fly by, the present is our eternity, and never deserts us.

EGYPTIAN DANCING MADNESS, AND FIRE-EATING.

Professor Hecker has written a valuable and elaborate history of the dancing madness that seized multitudes of religious fanatics in the middle ages, and of which the name is still preserved in our nosology, under the title of *St. Vitus's dance*. The effects of the various positions and motions of the limbs and body on the mind have not yet been studied by physiologists with all the attention the subject deserves and requires. That attitudes and gestures exert a very important influence on the mind, may be proved by the effects of the manipulations used by the practitioners of animal magnetism, and by the testimony of actors who acknowledge that it is difficult to assume the posture indicating any passion, without feeling, more or less of that particular emotion. We cannot throw ourselves into the attitude of the striking combatant, without feeling somewhat of the ardor which would give strength to his blow; neither can we imitate the shrinking posture of the terrified, or the head-long flight of the pursued without partaking more or less of their fears. To a certain extent this circumstance, combined with the contagious nature of fears, may explain the difficulty of rallying troops if once they have turned their backs to the enemy; and even the bravest and best disciplined soldiers, in retreating leisurely before an advancing foe, find it a task to proceed in good order. The attitudes of the female dancers at Gades, described by Martial and Juvenal, and those of the Egyptian public singing girls called *Ghawazee*, exert an influence over the passions, not only of the spectators but of themselves. Some dances consist of motions, calculated to excite an amorous, some a martial spirit. The latter are the chief favorites of barbarous, the former of the more polished nations; and without fear of giving offence, we may be permitted to rank the waltz among the physiologically erotic species of dancing, although we do not quite agree with Byron in unconditionally reprobating its introduction among the English. Again, among the ancients the value of forms in encouraging feelings of devotion or respect, seems to have been fully understood, and certain postures were accordingly scrupulously enforced in the ceremonies of religious worship, or in the respects paid to kings and princes. Hence the different values attached in different parts of the world to prostrations and genuflexions, when a subject approaches his sovereign; matters which the unthinking regard as mere idle ceremonies, but which the physiologist must consider as founded on the fact, that these positions do actually increase the awe felt on the occasions. The priest and priestesses most celebrated among the ancients, never thought themselves inspired, never ventured to utter oracles, even at Delphi, until they had worked themselves into a frenzy, by a quick succession of forced attitudes and grimaces. In Grand Cairo, at the public festival of the *Mon-haaram*, and others, kept periodically, the whole population of Cairo, says Mr. Lane, is on the move, when the crowding, jostling, and pushing in the narrow streets and in the mosques is quite intolerable. "At these times the convolving and dancing dervises are performing tricks in every part of the town, blasphemously bawling out the name of God, and asking charity in the name of the Koran." Mr. Lane says that "each seemed to be performing the antics of a madman; now moving his body up and down, the next moment turning round; then using odd gesticulations with his arms, next jumping, and sometimes screaming; in short, if a stranger observing them were not told that they were performing a religious exercise, supposed to be the involuntary effect of enthusiastic excitement, he would certainly think that these dancing dervises were merely striving to excel each other in playing the buffoon." We cannot agree with Mr. Lane in this opinion, and have no doubt that the motions of the frantic dervises, properly analysed, would be found essentially different from those of the buffoon. Thus, says the writer of an article in the *Quarterly Review*, they dance and whirl till they become as crazy as our own Irvingites with their gibberish howling in an unknown tongue; but the feat performed by one of these enthusiasts is so surprising that we must transcribe it. "In the middle of the ring was placed a small chafing dish of tinned copper, full of red hot charcoal; from this the dervise just spoken of seized a piece of live charcoal, which he put in his mouth; then did the same with another and another, until his mouth was full, when he deliberately chewed these live coals, opening his mouth wide every moment to shew the contents, which after a few minutes he swallowed; and all this he did without evincing the slightest pain; appearing during the operation and after it to be even more lively than ever. The other dervise before alluded to as half naked, displayed a remarkably fine and vigorous form, and seemed to be in the prime of his age. After having danced not much longer than the former, his actions became so violent that one of his brethren held him; but he released himself from the grasp, and rushing toward the chafing dish, took out of it the largest live coals, and put them into his mouth. He kept his mouth open for about two minutes, and during this period, each time he inhaled, the large coal appeared to be almost of a white heat; and when he exhaled, numerous sparks were blown out of his mouth. After this he chewed and swallowed the coal, and then resumed his dancing."

FLOWERS.—Flowers are the arabesques round the throne of God.

For the Pearl.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

It has often been with me a source of surprise that in this community, where literary taste has received so powerful an impulse in the formation of scientific and literary institutions,—so little of its spirit is infused into the original contributions to the periodical Press. While we have weekly lectures, rich in style, and replete with information, on the most interesting departments of human knowledge,—the Press is either looked upon as an unfashionable organ through which to communicate thought, or a culpable indifference exists among the leading minds of the community to the growing importance of our Provincial Literature. When it is considered honourable, by the most eminent and talented men in Great Britain, to employ their powerful pens in the promotion of literature and science, surely it need not be further urged on those who have the ability in this Province, to follow so noble an example. In these days of form and fashion—and especially in Halifax—almost every attempt at improvement requires the connection of the name or influence of the rich or talented to make it popular—and if the vigour and nerve of our literati, were once infused into the cause of literature, our youth would, with an enthusiastic spirit, apply their energies to the development of their mental resources.

The studies of our young writers have long been diverted into an improper channel. Every novice in composition, who may have read Junius, imagines the stormy sea of politics to be the proper element over which his genius may expand, and after fluttering awhile in his upward flight, he finds his pinions shaken, and sinks at last into the mighty depths over which he vainly attempted to soar. With the most shallow conception of the profound subject he is endeavouring to elucidate, he apes the dictator, and substitutes scurrility and invective for correct reasoning and common sense. If the time and opportunities, thus uselessly frittered away, were applied in literary pursuits—in the production of essays of a literary character and tendency—a healthy tone would be given to the mind, and the exercise would call into action powers, which otherwise would remain passive or dormant. First attempts, naturally, may possess a looseness or weakness of style, but this should not deter the aspiring student; for these faults would soon be remedied by care and application, and the first efforts of some of the master-spirits of literature have partaken of the same character.

But to bring this subject more closely to the point. Has the establishment of the Mechanics' Institute in Halifax increased the respectability of our periodical press? Have the lectures, delivered with so much ability, elicited any contributions from any of the members who weekly assemble there? No;—the wonders of science, and the subjects of general interest, discussed within its walls, though abounding in themes of exciting interest, seem but to share the passing attention of the moment. No effort is made to retain the impressions they produce, and the public generally receive only a summary of the lectures through the agency of a circumscribed editorial.

The Literary and Scientific Association, also—a very respectable and praiseworthy institution—has as yet bequeathed nothing to the general treasury of literature. Surely if its members wish to excel in the art of Public Speaking, they must first become acquainted with the elements of literary composition; and among the various interesting subjects discussed among them, a choice selection might be made for the public eye. Let not diffidence check their ardour for improvement; for although a presuming confidence may disgust, a retiring diffidence too often acts as a total check to all honorable exertion. If the intelligent young writers in our midst will not arouse their energies, our literature will soon bear the impress of that leaden dullness, so characteristic of our present social condition. The riches of the intellect, unlike the miser's glittering hoards, depend not on the fluctuations of circumstances; and though we may not keep pace with the gigantic strides of steam, or with the growth of general improvement, we may in the rudest but unfold the beauties of literature, and derive a pleasure unfelt by the gorged sensualist in the sumptuous palace.

A LOVER OF LITERATURE.

For the Pearl.

LECTURE ON LIGHT.

Pictou, December.

On the last evening of meeting the Rev. John McKinlay read a paper on the Chemical property of Light. He exhibited several original experiments which reflected much credit on his researches. The lecturer is favorable to the corpuscular theory, and proved by several ingenious experiments that oxygen is necessary to its development—if so, it goes far to prove the undulatory theory incorrect. He said the phosphorescent appearance of the sea was not caused as had been supposed by animalculæ, but by the Iodine which salt water held in solution.—This he proved by exhibiting a bowl of water in which soap made from marine alkali had been dissolved—and so soon as the room was darkened and

the solution agitated, an appearance really resembling that above mentioned was observable.

After the paper had been read—which occupied rather more than an hour—a very interesting conversation took place, during which some highly interesting remarks were made by James Dawson, Esq. and others, respecting the power of some animals to emit light at pleasure. Mr. Stiles said he had made a series of experiments himself on the Firefly, and had uniformly observed that oxygen was given out by the insect each time that the light was emitted. Mr. D. B. Fraser made some remarks upon the magnetising property of violet coloured rays when light was decomposed by the prism, and showed the society a very delicate needle which he had succeeded in polarising with the violet coloured rays from flowers—this novel and scientific exhibition excited a great deal of interest. He also showed another in which polarity had been produced by covering it with a pigment of a violet colour. These effects, he observed, were produced in no other part of the spectrum, and all other coloured paints had failed to produce the slightest magnetic effect.

The discussion was the most animated and important that we have ever had, and was exceedingly interesting from the vast amount of original research that was displayed. The subject for next evening was announced from the chair to be—On the formation of Coal, with some remarks on the Albion—Cumberland—New Brunswick—Prince Edward's Island and other coal beds in the provinces, by Martin Wilkins, Esq.

THE LAST SONG.

A LEAF FROM THE FORT-FOLIO OF A BOOK WORN.

Must it be? Then farewell!
Thou whom my woman's heart cherished so long,
Farewell! and be this song
The last, wherein I say, 'I loved thee well.'

Many a weary strain
Never yet heard by thee, hath this poor breath
Uttered of Love and death,
And maiden grief hidden and hid in vain.

Oh; if in after years
The tale that I am dead shall touch thy heart
Did not the pain depart,
Beshed, over my grave, a few sad tears.

Think of me still so ye
Silent, though fond, who cast my life away,
Daring to disobey
The passionate spirit that around me clung.

Farewell again!—and yet
Must it indeed be so?—and on this shore
Shall you and I no more
Together see the sun of summer set?

For me, my days are gone!
No more shall I in harvest-time prepare
Chaplets to bind my hair,
As I was wont: oh, 'twas for you alone!

But on my bier I'll lay
Me down in frozen beauty, pale and wan,
Martyr of love to man,
And like a broken flower, gently decay.

TYPE-WASHING.—The Fort's Gazette, in a second article on the new method of washing type by means of ammonia, carbonate of ammonia, or solution of black ashes, applied to the form by means of a sponge instead of the brush, states that one objection has occurred to this plan, owing to the extremely caustic properties of this ley destroying the sponge used in laying it on. To obviate this (it proceeds) we made trial of a solution of caustic soda, prepared in a similar manner, and found that it cleared away the ink as effectually as the stronger alkali, and was not so liable to waste the mop in the operation. It has also this most essential recommendation, that it is only one-half the price of the other. RECEIPT—Take one pound of soda, three-quarters of a pound of recently slacked lime, and two gallons of rain or river water; mix them well together; boil for ten minutes in a clear iron or earthen vessel; pour into a bottle or other vessel which can be accurately closed; allow it to lie over for a day or two to settle; then pour off the clear liquor into another close vessel for use. The part of the liquor left adhering to the carbonate of lime may be obtained by throwing the wet lime into a funnel, the throat of which is partially obstructed by tow, and pouring hot water upon it; this will force down the residuary portion of the solution into the vessel, into the neck of which the funnel has been placed. The sponge mop should be soaked with it, and gently drawn once over the face of the letter. The form is then cleansed in the usual way by water.—*Scotsman.*

A CONTEMPTIBLE OBJECT.—There is not a more disgusting object in the world than a vulgar, ignorant person, in the possession of wealth, and making use of his golden influence to oppress the poor, who are in every respect, his superiors.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 29, 1838.

The following official document by Lieut. Col. Airey shows that the American Brigands have not yet abandoned their vile, murderous projects in reference to Upper Canada. One instance of savage barbarity is related by Col. Airey which we hope for the sake of our common humanity, is not correct. Later accounts concerning the treatment of the body of Lieut. Johnson by the Prescott invaders have proved that the former reports were untrue. Perhaps the Col. may have been misinformed with regard to the mangling of the corpse of Asst. Surgeon Hume, although we must admit that men who can engage in the work of blood against their unoffending neighbours are prepared for any diabolical act.—

EXTRACT OF A DESPATCH FROM LIEUT. COL. AIREY,
34TH REGT. TO THE ASSIST. ADJT. GENERAL AT
TORONTO,—DATED,

"AMHERSTBURG, 4th Dec. 1838 }
12 o'clock, at Night.

"I have the honour to acquaint you for the information of his Excellency the Major General Commanding, that a party of Brigands amounting to 350 men, as has been stated to me by the prisoners taken and now lodged in Sandwich Gaol, landed this morning about daylight a little above Windsor Ferry, about nineteen miles from this post and about three from Sandwich.

"They immediately set fire to a hired house used as a Militia Barracks, a short distance out of the village, which was burnt to the ground.

"They also set fire to and burnt the steamer Thames which, in consequence of having within the last few days burst her boiler, was laying at a small wharf, close to the above house, without any body in her, preparatory to being repaired.

"Captain Sparke, of the Incorporated Volunteer Companies, and some Militia under Colonel Prince, immediately turned out from Sandwich and proceeded against these ruffians, and after a few exchanges of shot, dispersed them, the Brigands crossing the fields and taking to the woods, where Col. Prince did not consider it prudent to allow his men to follow them.

"On the first intimation of the landing, which was effected by the United States steamer Champlain, Col. Prince informed me of it. I immediately sent up Capt. Broderick, 34th Regt. and one hundred men (in waggons) who had been ready all night, to move at a moment's notice, and one nine pounder brass field gun with a detachment of artillery.

"This party arrived at 11, A. M. and immediately proceeded in pursuit, but the Brigands had so dispersed towards the woods, that nothing could be seen of them, except in one boat crossing the river, which was fired upon by the gun, and one man killed and one wounded.

"The pursuit by parties of militia in the woods is still going on, but up to three hours ago only nine persons had been taken and are now lodged in Sandwich Gaol.

"It is with great regret I have to report that Staff Asst. Surgeon Hume, was killed by these ruffians early in the morning. He went close up to them, seeing them drawing up in line three deep, with white crossbelts on, imagining them to be Provincial Militia, when he was shot dead. His corpse was afterwards mangled and both his arms broken.

"The Erie, United States steamer, with a detachment of the United States troops on board, was very active in trying to cut off the Brigands, and take prisoners, and fired several shots at them.

"I rode up to Sandwich this evening and collected these details, but have not yet received the report of the proceedings from Col. Prince—but the number killed on the part of the Brigands, amounts by Col. Prince's verbal statement to twenty-five; wounded, unknown—but I saw three wounded amongst the prisoners, and it is stated that several were carried off by their own party.

"On the part of the Militia there were two men burnt in the Barracks and one shot.

"During the time I was at Sandwich General Brady sent over two gentlemen, Judge Ingersoll and Mr. Elliott Grey, from Detroit, to state that it was the positive intention of the Patriots to make an attack in force upon Amherstburg this night.

"I have consequently withdrawn Capt. Broderick's party from Sandwich, especially as I do not suppose they will renew the attack there so soon."

A LOVER OF LITERATURE, in another column, calls attention to a subject of much interest to ourselves. We must candidly confess that in regard to original contributions for the Pearl we have been sadly disappointed. Appeals we have made, but they have been lightly regarded. Whether 'a lover of literature' will be more successful than ourselves, remains to be proved. Nothing would gratify us more, than the publication of fine original articles in the Pearl. That there are persons in this com-

munty well qualified to instruct the public through the medium of the press we well know; and it is matter of regret to us, that talents so fitted to be useful, are allowed to remain unemployed. For the honour of our provincial literature we do hope to see a revolution of feeling on this point.

A small portion of the 7th page of the Pearl will for the future be appropriated to advertisements. Any favors in that way will be thankfully received and duly attended to. Our circulation of late has very considerably extended, thereby rendering the Pearl a very suitable medium for the insertion of Auction Sales, etc. For particulars as to price, etc. reference may be had to our publisher, to whom this department of our paper is committed.

Our exchange list has become so numerous that in justice to ourselves we shall be compelled very considerably to reduce it with the commencement of the new year. We tender our thanks to all our exchanges for the regularity with which they have been forwarded.

A large meeting has been held at Buffalo in favour of the Canadian Rebels, and against the Neutrality Law of the United States. As a specimen of the wicked spirit which pervaded the meeting we copy the following: Resolved "That we recommend to our fellow citizens in every county on the northern frontier, to call public meetings on the 29th December, the anniversary of the BURNING OF THE CAROLINE, to remind our Government that that bloody outrage upon the lives and property of our fellow citizens has neither been atoned for, revenged, nor forgotten." This is the accursed war-spirit all over—but how different is the spirit of christianity. "Avenge not yourselves. Lay aside all malice. Put off anger, wrath and malice. See that none render evil for evil."

Some of the prisoners taken at Prescott have been executed. Von Schoultz the leader of the shameful expedition, has left the following document. No one will read it without feeling deeply grieved that such a man should have ever engaged in the diabolical work of invading Upper Canada. We are grieved on other accounts, but few can appreciate the nature of our feelings and we refrain from their utterance. No advocate for death punishments can entertain so high a sense of the enormity of the guilt of this Pole as we do; let a man firmly believe in the strict inviolability of human life, and then he will think as we do of the exceeding great wickedness of this Pole in entering upon the murderous work of death. But the rack has gone—the pillory is no more—and the gallows will soon meet the same fate. Punishments in christian lands will, some time or other, have more relation to the security of society, and the reformation of the offender, than to the supposed principle of "not letting vice go unpunished." But here is the knell of the murderer: we hope its publication will produce a salutary effect—

Kingston Jail, December 7th, 1838.

When you get this letter, I am no more. I have been informed, that my execution will take place to-morrow. May God forgive them who brought me to this untimely death. I have made up my mind, and I forgive them. To day I have been promised a Lawyer, to draw up my Will. I have appointed you my Executor of said Will. I wrote to you in my former letter about my body. If the British Government permit it, I wish it may be delivered to you to be buried on your farm. I have no time to write long to you, because I have great need of communicating with my Creator, and prepare for his presence. The time has been very short that has been allowed. My last wish to the Americans is, that they will not think of revenging my death. Let no further blood be shed; and, believe me for what I have seen, that all the stories that were told about the sufferings of the Canadian people, were untrue. Give my love to your sister, and tell her I think on her as on my mother. God reward her for all her kindness. I further beg you to take care of W. Johnston, so that he may find an honourable bread. Farewell, my dear friend; God bless and protect you.

S. VON SCHOULTZ.

(Signed)
To Warren Green, Esq., Salina, }
State of New York, U. S.

CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION.—A public meeting was held this morning, for the purpose of considering the best means of affording assistance to the families who have been deprived of their natural protectors, or of their property, during the troubles in Canada. We are sorry that we cannot give the results of the benevolent meeting, as we were unavoidably compelled to be absent.

A number of accidents have lately occurred at St. Andrews, N. B. A boat was upset in a violent squall and three persons drowned. Also a Robert McWhinnie met with a watery grave owing to one of the thole pins of the boat giving way. Mr. Cline the pilot on board the Colonist has likewise perished by the equal swamping his boat. The Colonist when struck by the equal squall dragged her anchors, and drove on shore at McMaster's Island and is a perfect wreck.

The three Judges who have lately pronounced the acts of the Governor and Council of Lower Canada to be illegal, are it is said, suspended from their office until the pleasure of the Queen is known.

A meeting was held in Quebec on Dec. 14th,—in consequence of the Collector of Customs demanding specie in payments of duties, and the impossibility of doing this, in many instances, on account of the suspension of specie payments by the Banks. Resolutions passed, stating that the notes of the Banks which had suspended, were made a legal tender by the Ordinance 2d Victoria;—that the refusal of the Collector to receive chartered Bank notes had excited surprise and alarm; that the Legislature could not have intended to oblige Merchants to receive debts due to them in paper, and to pay in specie their debts to Government;—that an Address should be presented to the Administrator of the Government on the subject, and that the Collector be requested to suspend legal proceedings on bonds till his Excellency's decision be known.

COMMERCIAL SOCIETY.—A public meeting is to take place at the Exchange Coffee House at 12 o'clock to-morrow for the purpose of forming a Commercial Society to embrace the merchant, the manufacturer, and others. On the importance of such a society, an excellent appeal has been circulated during the week. We have not sufficient space to insert the whole of this spirited document.—The three last paragraphs are as below.—

There never was a period, perhaps, in Colonial history, when such combination was more essential than the present. Recent occurrences have rendered it extremely probable that the commercial relations of the neighboring Colonies, together with the Packet communication with the Mother Country, will undergo important revisions, and it is therefore at this time particularly desirable that Halifax should have some channel of correspondence with those whom upon these topics it may be necessary to address.

But many other advantages may be expected to flow from such an institution. The promotion of Steam Navigation with the Mother Country—the United States—the adjoining Colonies—and our flourishing Seaports, east and west, will afford a wide field for combined exertion; and projects for the improvement and prosperity of the Metropolis and its neighbourhood, will probably command, as they certainly deserve, a share of attention and effort—indeed it is wished and intended that this Society should form, upon these, as upon all other subjects in which they have a common interest, a medium of communication not only between persons engaged in kindred pursuits, but between different ranks and classes desirous of contributing to the advancement and prosperity of the town.

The absence of disinterested unanimity—the want of success in public enterprises—charged upon Halifax with some show of reason, those who make this appeal feel to be a stain, which they are anxious to see the community wipe off. They believe that occasional meetings for the friendly discussion of common objects would elicit information and encourage feelings from which public improvements, in the highest degree useful and honorable, would spring—and that an intelligent committee, surveying throughout the year the aspect of affairs, and promptly acting for the good of all, in the spirit of these suggestions, might materially aid in their advancement. They therefore respectfully request all those who are friendly to the formation of such a Society, to meet at the Exchange Coffee House on Saturday, the 29th inst. at 12 o'clock.

H. Bell,
W. A. Black,
Wm. B. Fairbanks,
Stephen Binney,
David Allison,
Joseph Howe,
Halifax, December 24.

Michael Tobin, jun.
J. Leander Starr,
George R. Young,
George P. Lawson,
M. B. Almon,
J. E. Starr,

INDIA.—The U. Service Gazette has some items (received by way of New York) said to be of the highest importance. The U. S. Gazette received the intelligence "exclusively," that 30,000 men had taken the field against the Russians,—25,000 from Bengal and 5,000 from Bombay. The British forces were to take possession of Herat, Cabool, and Candahar,—near the frontiers of the Indian Empire,—the Russians were marching against Cabool. A treaty had been arranged between the British and Runjeet Sing. The British force was to have assembled at Kirnaul on October 30th, thence to proceed to the parts mentioned.—*Novascotian*.

NOTICE.—A considerable quantity of Bank notes, in blank, of the Bank of British North America, were in the Colborne which was wrecked some weeks ago in the St. Lawrence. These, it is known, fell into the hands of persons who recovered articles from the wreck, were sold as waste paper, and have been filled up and put into circulation to some extent. Persons should be careful accordingly.—*Ibid*.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, N. B.—St. John evinces the spirit for which it has become noted, in this matter. A subscription list was opened, and £303 subscribed in one day. The members amounted to 240, and 92 others were in nomination! Well done;—in the race of knowledge and public spirit, they who are left in the rear, triumph, by witnessing the success of those who go ahead.—*Ibid*.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, HALIFAX.—Mr. W. M. Hoffman delivered a very interesting lecture on Biography, last Wednesday evening. The President, Mr. A. McKinlay, will lecture next Wednesday evening on Electricity, should the weather be sufficiently dry for experiments.—*Ibid*.

NEWS BY THE PACKET.

The English Packet which arrived yesterday has brought but little additional news. A Falmouth paper of the 10th of November contains the following items.

We understand that the running of Steam Packets to Halifax is to commence with the January Mail. London November 8.—The breach between Lord Durham and his Colleagues was deemed irreconcilable. The Treasury prints had opened on his Lordship. The Mayor of Dieppe had appointed a commission to enquire the best means of improving the Steam Navigation between that port and England. The Yellow Fever had made ravages on board the French blockading squadron, Gulf of Mexico.—Portugal, at latest dates was in a miserably unsettled state. A conspiracy had been discovered at Madrid, the object of which is said to have been the destruction of Carlists and moderate politicians.—A steam communication is proposed from Bristol to India through Egypt.—Queen Adelaide attended the consecration of a new Protestant church at Gibraltar. Prince George of Cambridge will remain at Gibraltar 3 months, and will be absent from England two years.—Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte has established himself in England, and been visiting the Bank and other public places. The Duke de Tromouille, after many years of childless marriage, has in his 70th year been presented by his lady at Paris with a son. A mass of letters and other documents written by Napoleon between the age of 15 and 21, have been discovered in Corsica. Two Mandarins of high rank are on their way to England, with a pagoda, as a present from the emperor of China to Queen Victoria. Mr. Gahan has been appointed Judge at the Bahamas.—Lord Brougham has been often perambulating the neighborhood of Dover in the company of the Duke of Wellington.

A letter was received yesterday by a house in the city, from Constantinople, which came by an extraordinarily quick conveyance, stating that Lord Ponsonby had written to the British admiral to enter the Dardanelles without delay, to proceed to Constantinople, as the Russians had collected a very large naval force in the Black Sea, and, from all appearances, meditated entering the Bosphorus.

The specific information as to the actual order given to the British admiral to enter the Dardanelles rests on no official authority; the intelligence previously received certainly lends a countenance to it.—*Morning Chronicle* Nov. 7.

MARRIED,

On Thursday evening last, by the Ven. Archdeacon Willis, Esq. John Hawkins, of Jeddore, to Miss Charlotte Nichols of Halifax.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED,

Saturday Dec. 22.—Schr. Louisa, Sydney—coals and butter; Mahone Bay Packet, Cronan, Tatmagouche, 10 days—ballast—reports a schooner belonging to Canso, McMullen, Master, from Newfoundland, bound to Canso, was totally lost near Louisburg, about 11th inst.

Sunday, 23.—Brig Granville, Lyle, Kingston, Jan. 30 days—ballast. to H. Lyle.—left barques John Porter, Crowder, from Barbadoes, just arrived; Georgian, Marshall, hence discharging; brig. Taber, from St. Johns, N. F. Spoke 29th ult. Barque Hector, 18 days from Bay of Honduras, bound to London, left brig Abell, to sail following day, (saw her on the 25th off Grand Caymanas.)

Monday, 24.—Schr. Lark, Guysborough—fish, butter, etc.; Schr. Leopard, Ragged Islands—dry fish; Rival Packet, McLean, Liverpool. N. S., 8 hours—flour.

Tuesday, 25.—H. M. Steamer Medea, Capt. Nott, St. John, 3 days—passenger, Hon. J. Cunard; schr. Mary Ann Starr, Cook, do. 10 days—fish, to J. L. Starr; brig. Reindeer, Morrison, Jamaica, 23 days—ballast, to W. B. Hamilton.

Wednesday, 26.—Brig. Margaret, Conrad, (late Darrell) Savannah La Mar, 26 days—logwood, etc. to J. L. Starr; H. M. Brig Pilot, Captain Ramsay, Portsmouth 63 and Bermuda 14 days—experienced severe gales in October, was obliged to throw some guns overboard; brig. Atlantic, Lewis, Trinidad, 28 days—sugar, etc. to W. H. Neal; barque Norman, Kinney, do. do.—do. to D. & E. Starr & Co.

Thursday, 27.—H. M. Packet Reindeer, Lieut. Dicken, Falmouth, G. B. 47 days—encountered very severe weather on the passage.—Passenger, Mr. Grassie; schr Victoria, New York, 11 days—2 passengers, schr Congress, Cameron, Pictou.

The Magnetizer Outwitted.—The Paris Gazette des Tribunaux relates that an ex-jeweller and amateur of magnetism, enjoying his *otium cum dignitate* in a suburban villa at Passy, was lately visited by a young somnambulist calling himself a painter by profession, and who assured him that he had the happiest natural dispositions for the science of the famous Mesmer; that when under the influence of a magnetic fit he could see like a cat in the dark, and that in that state it frequently occurred to him to commence and finish a painting in a single sitting. The delighted magnetizer opened his eyes to their full extent, and appointed the next day for the young stranger to come to his house at Passy and "give a taste of his quality" in the united capacities of somnambulist and painter. Punctual to the hour, the young man arrived with his canvass, pallet, and brushes, and was ushered into the amateur's private cabinet, from which every ray of light was carefully excluded to facilitate the scientific purposes for which it was destined. The painter had stipulated as a *sine qua non* that when the fit was on him he should be left completely alone in the cabinet, as on such occasions the presence of another person invariably disturbed his attention, and detracted from the merits of his performance as a limner. The necessary disposition having been made, and the fit of somnambulism having been produced to the heart's content of the magnetizer, the latter according to his convention quitted the cabinet, and, turning the key upon the sleeper, left him undisturbed to his operations. At the expiration of about an hour the amateur magnetizer returned, and was met at the door of his cabinet by the young man, who was now perfectly awake, and displayed to his enraptured view an exquisitely painted landscape, the produce of his ecstatic fit! After making a present of this charming production to his delighted host, the young somnambulist took his leave with a promise to return the next day, and repeat the experiment which had been crowned with such complete success. Some three quarters of an hour afterward, the jeweller had some business in his cabinet, into which he admitted a little light, and to his utter stupefaction found that the lock of his secretary had been forced open, and two thousand five hundred francs, in silver and bank notes, with other objects of value, were abstracted from the drawers by the clear-sighted somnambulist. He had brought a painting with him, covered with a couche of white lead, over which when left to himself he had passed a wet sponge—an expedient to which a large white spot on the floor bore ample testimony. The police were immediately informed of the circumstances of the robbery, the perpetrator of which, however, has for the present baffled their pursuit.

Turkish Habits of Bathing.—The Turks are proverbially fond of bathing and frequent ablutions; and abundance of water is a luxury in such a climate. "The fountains are among the chief beauties of Constantinople. In each piazza, in the centre of the courts of all the mosques, in every market, and at the corner of many streets, one of these is to be seen, not like those of Italy, formed in grotesque or classical shapes, and ornamented with figures of various kinds, but a regular square structure, adorned with sentences from the Koran, and furnished with a spout on each side. There is something in Turkish buildings which is characteristic of a people always dignified, never trifling, without imagination, and shunning, with religious awe, the likeness of anything in earth, air, or sea. Every thing in this country has a connexion, seen or unseen, with religion; and even the abundance of fountains is owing to the duty of frequent ablution enjoined by the Mahomedan sacred volume. As often as the Turk is called to prayer, so often is he directed to wash the face, neck, hands, and feet, previous to that holy exercise; and thus the fountain becomes a necessary appendage to the mosque. In this hot climate, nothing so much contributes to the general health of the people, next to their moderate use of meat and wine, as their frequent use of water. Establishments are found in all parts of the city, where a poor man may enjoy the luxury and benefit of a hot-bath for a penny. These are generally crowded at certain hours by men, at others by women; sofas, coffee, sherbet, and chibouques, are supplied to the bathers, and the greatest decorum prevails." To obviate the inconveniences resulting from a scarcity of water, the emperors built cisterns, or reservoirs, on a gigantic scale, in different parts of the city; but four only of these are now in existence. One measures two hundred and forty feet in length, by two hundred feet in breadth, and has a depth of five fathoms. That called "the subterranean house" (Yerek batan serai) is the most remarkable of those works.

Jonathan Outdone.—Our trans-Atlantic brethren are famous for their ingenuity. But we think that we can cope with them in anything, only we don't trumpet forth our abilities as they do. There is at present at Cocherham, a tailor who is so quick at his trade, that he has constantly beside him a bowl of water to cool his needle.—*London paper.*

A Melancholy Case.—A correspondent of an Eastern paper writes in the following dolorous strain from one of the cities of the South: "I am dying of ennui. The city is a desert; no business, no amusements. I have seen but one handsome woman here, and she had her defects. I wish I could get a wife; try for me, I will allow you a commission. I haven't a single button

on all my shirts; a plague on such a life, say I. I must either marry or hang—no alternative!"—A melancholy dilemma!

Influence of Women.—Whoever has the women is sure of the men, you may depend, squire: openly or secretly, directly or indirectly, they do contrive, somehow or other, to have their way in the end, and, though the men have the reins, the women tell 'em how to drive. Now, if ever you go for to canvass for votes, always canvass the wives, and you are sure of the husbands.—*The Clockmaker.*

Bachelors.—An English publication contains the following just remarks relating to certain useless members of the community. "A man who passes through life without marrying, is like a fair mansion left by the builder, unfinished. The half that is completed runs to decay from neglect, or becomes at best, but a sorry tenement, wanting the addition of that which makes the whole useful. Your bachelor is only the moiety of a man—a sort of garnish for a dish—or a prologue to a play—or a bow—without the fiddle!"

An American Judge.—There he sat, with his hat on, a cigar in his mouth, his arms folded, and his feet over the rail, looking as sour as an unripe melon. "Bring up them culprits," said he; and when they were brought up, he told 'em it was scandalous, and only fit for English and ignorant foreigners, that sit in the outer porch of darkness, and not high-minded, intelligent Americans. "You are a disgrace," said he, "to our great nation, and I hope I shall not hear the like of it again. If I do, I'll put you on your trial, as sure as you are born. I hope I may be skinned alive by wild cats if I don't."—*Sam Slick.*

The Better Half.—It being agreed, at a party of twelve, that a disputed question should be settled by the opinion of the majority; the six ladies expressed themselves opposed to the six gentlemen, and claimed the victory. A gentleman objected to this, as the number of votes was equal, saying, "they were half and half." "True," replied a witty fair one, "but we are the better halves."

EPICRAM.—WRITTEN AFTER GOING TO LAW.

This law, they say, great Nature's chain connects,
That causes ever must produce effects.
In me behold reversed great Nature's law,—
All my effects lost by a single cause.

A new way to Quench Thirst.—In a certain village lived a very honest farmer, who, having a number of men hoeing in a field, went to see how his work went on. Finding one of them sitting still, he reproved him for idleness. The man answered, "I thirst for the spirit."—"Grog, you mean, I suppose," said the farmer; "but if the Bible teaches you to thirst after the spirit, it says, also, 'hoe! every one that thirsteth!'"

Misconception.—As a canal-boat was passing under a bridge, the captain gave the usual warning, "Look out!" when a little Frenchman, who was in the cabin, obeyed the order by popping his head out of the window, which received a severe thump by coming in contact with a pillar of the bridge. He drew it back in a great pet and exclaimed—"Deso Americans say look out when dey means look in."

Aerostation.—In Mr. Green's narrative of his second experimental trip in the Nassau balloon, with Mr. Rush, he states, that the extreme height attained was twenty-seven thousand one hundred and forty-six feet, which is higher than the altitude of any known mountain in the world. The thermometer fell to twenty-seven degrees below the freezing point, and the barometer to eleven inches.

Power.—The powerful will always be unjust and vindictive. M. de Vendome said pleasantly on this subject, that when the troops were on the march, he had examined the quarrels between the mules and their drivers, and that, to the shame of humanity, reason was almost always on the side of the mules. M. Duverney, so learned in natural history, knew by the inspection of the tooth of an animal if he was carnivorous or granivorous. He used to say, "Show me the tooth of an unknown animal, and I will judge of his habits." By his example, a moral philosopher could say, "Mark to me the degree of power with which a man is clothed, and by that power I shall judge of his quality."

Legal Eloquence.—A young backwoods lawyer lately concluded his argument in a case of *quare clausium fregit*, with the following sublime burst:—"If, gentlemen of the jury, the defendant's hogs are permitted to roam at large over the fair fields of my client, with impunity and without pokes—then—yes, then, indeed, have our forefathers fought, and bled, and died, in vain!"

A Fatherly Act.—Captain Rose, a British officer, in his "Three Months' Leave," relates that as the sultan was passing through a quarter of the city of Constantinople where the noxious drug was sold, a thought struck him that, as the father of his people, he was bound to put a stop to so pernicious a practice as opium eating, and as the most speedy method of effecting this desirable object, he caused all the shops to be pulled down, and sent every soul he found in them to the mad-house, where they were compelled to remain about three months, chained to the walls, with iron collars about their necks. His sublime

highness let them out, on their solemn promise never to go mad any more!

Massaniello.—The church still stands in Naples where Massaniello was shot, the only spired edifice in the city. In a fit of derangement he ascended the altar-place, and was about to harangue the populace; descending the steps, he was met by the emissaries of government, who stood prepared to sacrifice him. The unfortunate fisherman, it is said, received three balls, aimed at his person, in different directions. The opera is not allowed to be played in Naples; it is sometimes done in Florence as a pantomime.

"I must Embrace that Man."—Mademoiselle Cochelet, in her Memoirs of Queen Hortense, relates the following most laughable incident:—"On the third of July, Louis the Eighteenth made his triumphal entry into Paris. It was the most brilliant, as dukes, marquises and counts composed the attending crowds; quality substituted quantity. The excitement was almost to madness: the cries and gestures were convulsive, so violent was the joy of the winning party. Fine equipages of elegant ladies impeded the passage of the sovereign, surnamed 'The Desired'; they went and came, passed and re-passed unceasingly, waving their white handkerchiefs; they stretched their hands to one another out of the carriage windows, they embraced each other on meeting; in fact, in the midst of these transports, where voices failed in prolonged cries, a great lady, whose equipage was stopping on the Boulevard de Grand, was seen to take her coachman round the neck, and embrace him convulsively."

The way to get an Audience.—There lived in the state of Illinois, some years ago, a Methodist preacher, whose duty it was to attend every two or three weeks at the village church, to administer such doctrines and preach to the few who might feel disposed to attend and hear him. But, alas! the people would not attend. He at length adopted the following plan to collect the wicked neighbours together. At one of the gatherings in the neighbourhood, our reverend hero mounted a stump and told the people he was desirous of telling them of a new, and, in fact, the quickest way of making a pair of shoes. On the day appointed, every person collected, (desirous of becoming acquainted with so valuable a trade,) and our preacher was there. He got up before one of the largest congregations he had seen for many a day, and spoke upon the christian doctrine until he had converted several around him, and was satisfied. He then said, "I promised you I would learn you a new trade; so I'll not forfeit my word; take an old pair of boots and cut the tops off!"

Effects of Pride.—An ancient, rich and distinguished individual, used to say, "I owe my wealth and elevation to the neglect with which I used to be treated by the proud. It was a real benefit, though not so intended. It awakened a zeal which did its duty, and was crowned with success. I determined, if this neglect was owing to my want of learning, I would be studious and acquire it. I determined, if it was owing to my poverty, I would accumulate property; if extreme vigilance, industry, prudence and self-denial would do it, (which will not always,) I determined, if it was owing to my manners, I would be more circumspect. I was anxious, also, to show those who had so treated me, that I was undeserving such coldness. I was also warmed by a desire that the proud should see me on a level with, or elevated above themselves. And I was resolved, above all things, never to lose the consolation of being conscious of not deserving the hauteur which they displayed over me."

A Dilemma.—Three boys went out a fishing one day, when a thunder-storm coming up, they ran to a large hemlock-tree a few rods from the brook, for shelter. Just before they reached the tree, it was shivered into a thousand pieces by a stroke of lightning. The boys stopped aghast; at last one said to the nearest, "Sam, can you pray?"—"No."—"Bill, can you?"—"No."—"Nor I, either; but, by hokey, something must be done?"

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