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BROCK THE SWIMMER.

Amongst the sons of labour there are none more deserving of their hard earnings than that class of persons denominated Beachmen, on the shores of this kingdom. To those unacquainted with maritime affairs it may be as well to observe, that these men are bred to the sea from their earliest infancy, are employed in the summer months very frequently as regular sailors or fishermen, and during the Autumn, Winter, and Spring, when gales are most frequent on our coast, in going off in boats to vessels in distress, in all weathers, to the imminent risk of their lives; fishing up lost anchors and cables, and looking out for waifs which the winds and waves may cast in their way. In our sea-ports these persons are usually divided into companies, between whom the greatest rivalry exists in regard to the beauty and swiftness of their boats, and their dexterity in managing them: this too, often leads to feats of the greatest daring, which the widow and the orphan have long to deplore. To one of these companies, known by the name of "Layton's," whose rendezvous and "look-out" is close to Yarmouth Jetty, Brock belongs, and in pursuit of his calling the following event is recorded.

About 1 p. m. on the 6th of October 1835, a vessel was observed at sea from this station with a signal flying for a pilot, bearing East, distant about twelve miles: in a space of time incredible for those who have not witnessed the launching of a large boat on a like occasion, the yawl "Increase," eighteen tons burden, belonging to Layton's gang, with ten men and a London Branch Pilot, was under weigh steering for the object of their enterprise. "I was as near as possible being left ashore," said Brock to me; "for at the time the boat was getting down to the breakers, I was looking at Manby's apparatus for saving the lives of persons on a wreck then practising, and but for the 'singing-out' of my messmates which caught my ear should have been too late; but I reached in time to jump in with wet feet."

About four o'clock they came up with the vessel, which proved to be a Spanish brig, Paquette de Bilbao, laden with a general cargo and bound from Hamburg to Cadiz, leaky and both pumps at work. After a great deal of chaffering and haggling in regard to the amount of salvage and some little altercation with part of the boat's-crew as to which of them should stay with the vessel, T. Layton (a Gatt Pilot), J. Woolsey, and George Darling, boatmen, were finally chosen to assist in pumping and piloting her into Yarmouth harbor: the remainder of the crew of the yawl were then sent away. The brig at this time was about five miles to the Eastward of the Newarp Floating Light, off Winterton on the Norfolk coast, the weather looking squally; on passing the Light, in their homeward course, a signal was made for them to go alongside, and they were requested to take on shore a sick man, and the poor fellow being comfortably placed upon some jackets and spare coats, they again shoved off and set all sail (three lugs): they had a fresh breeze from the W. S. W. And now again my readers shall have Brock's own words:—

"There was little better than a pint of liquor in the boat, which the Spaniard had given us, and the bottle had passed once round, each man taking a mouthful, and about half of it was thus consumed: most of us had got a bit of bread or biscuit in his hand, making a sort of light meal, and into the bargain I had hold of the main sheet. We had passed the buoy of the Newarp a few minutes, and the light was about two miles astern: we had talked of our job, (i. e. our earnings,) and had just calculated that by ten o'clock we should be at Yarmouth.

"Alas! nor wife nor children more shall they behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home."

Without the slightest notice of its approach a terrific squall from the northward took the yawl's sails flat aback, and the ballast, which they had trimmed to windward, being thus suddenly changed to leeward, she was upset in an instant. Her crew and passenger were nine in number.

"Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell."

But perhaps Brock's words on this occasion will excite more interest than Byron's. "'Twas terrible to listen to the cries of the poor fellows, some of whom could swim, and others who could not. Mixed with the hissing of the water and the howlings of the storm, I heard shrieks for mercy, and some that had no meaning but what arose from fear. I struck out to get clear of the crowd, and in a few minutes there was no noise, for most of the men had sunk, and, on turning round, I saw the boat was still kept from going down by the wind having got under the sails. I then swam back to her, and assisted an old man to get hold of

one of her spars. The boat's side was about three feet under water, and for a few minutes I stood upon her, but I found she was gradually settling down, and when up to my chest I again left her and swam away, and now for the first time began to think of my own awful condition. My companions were all drowned, at least I supposed so. How long it was up to this period from the boat's capsizing I cannot exactly say; in such cases, sir, there is no time; but now I reflected that it was half-past 6 p. m. just before the accident occurred; that the nearest land at the time was six miles distant; that it was dead low water, and the flood tide setting off the shore, making to the southward; therefore should I ever reach the land, it would take me at least fifteen miles setting up with the flood before the ebb would assist me."

At this moment a rush horse-collar, covered with old netting, which had been used as one of the boat's fenders, floated close to him, which he laid off, and getting his knife out he stripped it of the net-work, and, by putting his left arm through it, was supported till he had cut the waistband of his petticoat trousers, which then fell off; his striped frock, waistcoat, and neckcloth were also similarly got rid of, but he dared not try to free himself of his oiled trousers, drawers, or shirt, fearing that his legs might become entangled in the attempt; he therefore returned his knife into the pocket of his trousers, and put the collar over his head, which, although it assisted in keeping him above water, retarded his swimming; and after a few moments thinking what was best to be done, he determined to abandon it. He now, to his great surprise, perceived one of his messmates swimming ahead of him, but he did not hail him. The roaring of the hurricane was past; the cries of drowning men were no longer heard: and the moonbeams were casting their silvery light over the smooth surface of the deep, calm and silent as the grave over which he floated, and into which he saw this last of his companions descend without a struggle or a cry as he approached within twenty yards of him. Yes, he beheld the last of his brave crew die beside him; and now he was alone in the cold silent loneliness of night, more awful than the strife of the elements which had preceded. Perhaps at this time something might warn him that he too would soon be mingled with the dead,

"With not one friend to animate and tell
To others' ears that death became him well."

But if such thoughts did intrude, they were but for a moment; and again his mental energies, joined with his lion heart and bodily prowess, cast away all fear, and he reckoned the remotest possible chances of deliverance, applying the means,

"Courage and Hope both teaching him the practice."

Up to this time Winterton Light had served, instead of a landmark, to direct his course, but the tide had now carried him out of sight of it, and in its stead "a bright star stood over where" his hopes of safety rested. With his eyes steadfastly fixed upon it, he continued swimming on, calculating the time when the tide would turn. But his trials were not yet past. As if to prove the power of human fortitude, the sky became suddenly overclouded, and "darkness was upon the face of the deep." He no longer knew his course, and he confessed that for a moment he was afraid; yet he felt that "fear is but the betraying of the succors which reason offereth," and that which roused him to further exertion would have sealed the fate of almost any other human being—a sudden short cracking peal of thunder burst in stunning loudness just over his head, and the forked and flashing lightning at brief intervals threw its vivid fires around him. This, too, in its turn, passed away, and left the wave once more calm and unruffled; the moon (nearly full) again threw a more brilliant light upon the bosom of the sea, which the storm had gone over without waking from its slumbers. His next effort was to free himself from his heavy-laced boots, which greatly encumbered him, and in which he succeeded by the aid of his knife. He now saw Lowestoft High Lighthouse, and could occasionally discern the tops of the cliffs beyond Gorleston on the Suffolk coast. The swell of the sea drove him over the Cross Sand Ridge, and he then got sight of a buoy, which, although it told him his exact position, as he says, "took him rather a-back," as he had hoped he was nearer the shore. It proved to be the chequered buoy of St. Nicholas Gatt, off Yarmouth, and opposite his own door, but distant from the land four miles. And now again he held council with himself, and the energies of his mind seem almost superhuman: he had been five hours in the water, and here was something to hold on by; he could have even got upon the buoy, and some vessel might come near to pick him up; and the question was, could he yet hold out four miles? But, as he says, "I knew the night air

would soon finish me, and had I stayed but a few minutes upon it, and then altered my mind, how did I know that my limbs would again resume their office?" He found the tide (to use a sea term) was broke; it did not run so strong; so he abandoned the buoy, and steered for the land, toward which, with the wind from the Eastward, he found he was now fast approaching. The last trial of his fortitude was now at hand, for which he was totally unprepared, and which he considers (sailors being not a little superstitious) the most difficult of any he had to combat. Soon after he left the buoy, he heard just above his head a whizzing sound, which his imagination conjured into the prelude to the "rushing of a mighty wind," and close to his ear there followed a smart splash in the water, and a sudden shriek that went through him, such as is heard

"When the lone sea bird wakes its wildest cry."

The fact was, a large grey gull, mistaking him for a corpse, had made a dash at him, and its loud discordant scream in a moment brought a countless number of these formidable birds together, all prepared to contest for and share the spoil.

These large and powerful foes he had now to scare from their intended prey, and, by shouting and splashing with his hands and feet, in a few minutes they vanished from sight and hearing.

He now caught sight of a vessel at anchor, but a great way off, and to get within hail of her he must swim over Corton Sands (the grave of thousands,) the breakers at this time shewing their angry white crests. As he approached, the wind suddenly changed: the consequence of which was that the swell of the sea met him. And now again for his own discription:

"I got a great deal of water down my throat, which greatly weakened me, and I felt certain that, should it continue, it would soon be all over, and I prayed that the wind might change, or that God would take away my senses before I felt what it was to drown. In less time than I am telling you, I had driven over the sand into smooth water; the wind and swell came again from the Eastward, and my strength returned to me as fresh as in the beginning."

He now felt assured that he could reach the shore, but he considered it would be better to get within hail of the brig, some distance to the Southward of him, and the most difficult task of the two, as the ebb tide was now running, which, although it carried him towards the land, set to the Northward: and to gain the object of his choice would require much greater exertion. But here comes Brock again:—

"If I gained the shore, could I get out of the surf, which at this time was heavy on the beach? and supposing I succeeded in this point, should I be able to walk, climb the cliffs and get to a house? if not, there was little chance of life remaining long in me; but if I could make myself heard on board the brig, then I should secure immediate assistance. I got within two hundreds yards of her, the nearest possible approach, and, summoning all my strength, I sung out as well as if I had been on shore." He was answered from the deck, a boat was instantly lowered, and at half-past 1 a. m., having swam seven hours in an October night, he was safe on board the brig Betsy of Sunderland, coal laden, at anchor in Corton Roads, fourteen miles from the spot where the boat was capsized. The captain's name was Christian.

Once safe on board, "Nature cried enough;" he fainted, and continued insensible for some time. All that humanity could suggest was done for him by Christian and his crew; they had no spirits on board, but they had bottled ale, which they made warm, and by placing Brock before a good fire, rubbing him dry, and putting him in hot blankets, he was at length with great difficulty enabled to get a little of the ale down his throat; but it caused excruciating pain, as his throat was in a state of high inflammation from breathing (as a swimmer does) so long the saline particles of sea and air, and it was now swollen very much, and, as he says, he feared he should be suffocated. He, however, after a little time fell into a sleep, which refreshed and strengthened him, but he awoke to intense bodily suffering. Round his neck and chest he was perfectly flayed; the soles of his feet, his hands, and his hamstrings were also equally excoriated. In this state at about 9 a. m., the brig getting under weigh with the tide, he was put on shore at Lowestoft, in Suffolk, and immediately despatched a messenger to Yarmouth with the sad tidings of the fate of the yawl and the rest of her crew.

Being now safely housed under the roof of a relative, with good nursing and medical assistance, in five days from the time of the accident, with a firm step he walked back to Yarmouth, to confirm the wonderful rumours circulated respecting him, and to receive the congratulations of his friends and kindred.

In contemplating the feat of this extraordinary man, it must appear to every one that his bodily prowess, gigantic as it is, appears as dust in the balance compared with the powers of his mind. To think, and to judge rightly, under some of the most appalling circumstances that ever surrounded mortal man—to reject the delusive for the more arduous—to resolve and to execute—form such a combination of the best and rarest attributes of our nature, that where are we look for them in the same man?—*London Sporting Magazine for July.*

CHARACTER OF THE IRISH.

Character is to nations as to individuals—protection, wealth, and power. The good and evil that is in character is, in a great degree, the result of circumstances solely, over which Providence alone has control. But, independent of this, there is a national genius which predominates over all; like the hereditary peculiarities of some families, it is well to ascertain not only the individual character, but the family bias. In treating of nations we should try to discover the original, peculiar character, independently of those modifications impressed by evil or by fortunate events—that character to which a nation may be raised, and towards which it may by calamity decline. Without this the statesman is working in the dark, and the philanthropist wastes his efforts.

True, there are those who think such inquiries vain and frivolous; that all mankind are to be acted upon by the same means, and consist of the same materials. Thinkers of this class are but vulgar politicians, and very superficial philosophers, and we shall not stop to combat an assumption contrary to the common sense and experience of mankind. There is a peculiarity even in the vices and villainies of men, and those most hackneyed in the corruptions of the world will admit, that in this wide field there is an infinite diversity.

There is a character peculiar to the different races of men, which is not entirely effaced even by great intermixture. There is also a character which in some mysterious manner is incident to the soil. The northern Irish, who still preserve much of the colour of their Scottish original, and even the Irish of Cromwellian race, who are hardly yet Irish in feeling, are strongly marked with the great lineaments of the nation. As the Saxons communicated to the Normans the great features of their character, so the old Irish have impressed upon their British invaders the outlines of their lineage. The triumph of character has surpassed the triumphs of arms.

The popular writers and orators of any nation afford a good exemplification of its character; they are the embodied spirit of the nation; they are the voice of the people, uttering the deep and sublime things shut up in the bosom of the populace. Nations sometimes for a long period lose their power of utterance, and they suffer, and are deeply afflicted under the dread privation; for they delight in the faculty of speech, and of holding converse with the world. Providence can bestow no greater blessing upon a nation than to give a multitude of tongues to speak its thoughts and feelings. It is revived by the melody of its own voice: the echoes of its favourite strains speak upon every hill, and fill every valley with pleasure. The people are roused as one man by the consciousness of feeling; they are enlightened by their own musings as they ponder upon the things they themselves have uttered; and led by the mysterious faculty of speech, they find their way to greatness and prosperity.

If then we would know the genius of a people, we must attend to what they have said, and how they have spoken. When Ireland revived, after a short breathing, from the state of wretchedness and exhaustion, in which her civil wars had left her, and had shaken off in her first risings a portion of the penal and disabling laws which oppressed her, the spirit of the nation found utterance, and spoke with the mouths of Burke, and Grattan, and Curran, and Swift. Like one who had long been dumb, and in despair, she spoke rapidly, and with great power.

A crowd of mighty winds were filled with her new-found energy. The spirit of her sweetest muse dwelt in the simple and amiable Goldsmith. His poetry, as polished as Pope's, has infinitely more of tenderness and feeling. In Pope we see the art and the artist; in Goldsmith we discern nothing but the subject before us, and the simple sweetness of the strain. His verse seems the natural flowing of the feelings, like the melody of some gentle stream in a sunny valley. We cannot congratulate the genius of the discoverer who found out that Pope was no poet; neither do we do this great man any dishonour in placing Goldsmith by his side as his equal in all things. The lights of a glorious age, different but equal, Pope had more cultivated dignity of style—more manner: his verses bore evidence of great labour, and the effect was striking. His poetry was like his nation—powerful, cultivated, excellent; but all in some degree the effect of a laborious and thrifty spirit, sparing no pains, and making the uttermost even of the least things.

Goldsmith was the opposite of all this; there is a facility in his verse that looks like carelessness, something like the negligence of his nation, in the management of his subject; but in its precious glow of feeling, its touching tenderness, and its power over the heart, there is no poem in the English language that can be placed before the "Deserted Village;" though there are many that show more skill, and thought, and attention, bestowed upon them. Na-

ture had done all for Goldsmith; study did much for Pope. The former hardly knew he was a poet; the latter learned his powers in the severity of his studies.

Moore, though very different from Goldsmith, is not less national. The genius of this brilliant poet is in all respects Irish; his beauties, his blemishes, his sins, and his atonements, all belong to his nation. There are poets that have offended less, but there is, perhaps, but one—and his offences are of a deeper dye—who hath equal brilliancy and pathos. The melancholy, the gaiety, the plaintive sweetness, and almost riotous exuberance of mirth, are all his own and his country's. Since the days of remotest antiquity, no lyre has ever made so sweet a melody as Moore's. He stands in this age alone and unrivalled; the master of the sweetest and only minstrelsy.

The ancient music of Ireland was a rich and long neglected mine of melody. The genius of Moore possessed itself of all its treasures, and in the inspiration of its deep caves, resounding with the spells and enchantments of forgotten ages, he was filled with the "soul of music." The music of Ireland was exquisitely pathetic and plaintive; it was wild and unequal; passing, but always with skill and feeling, through every variety of note and modulation, and from one strain to another; from the deepest melancholy to the gaiety of a spirit resolved to shake off its weight of care, and to forget its sorrows in excess of merriment.

The harp of this skilful minstrel gave tone to the ear and to the heart of the nation, for which he touched its chords. "Moore's Melodies" are not confined to the drawing room and the saloon; they have had the merit to please the vulgar, and have been sung in the streets to admiring crowds; an eulogy at once upon the poet and the people. They must be true to nature, or they could not please the crowd, and it evinced no mean taste in the populace which could be pleased with compositions so polished.

Ireland abounded with orators, good and bad; but her first race were giants. Of this mighty race, Burke might be considered the first, and Grattan the last. Between these two stood many a glorious name, resplendent with important services. It is not ours to call forth the spirits of the mighty dead; the two we have named will serve to illustrate the genius of their country. The brilliancy, the splendid magnificence of Burke, the grandeur and variety of his dazzling imagery, the rushing torrent of his thoughts, flowing and spreading into a boundless amplitude of illustration; his flight was with the eye, and the wing of the eagle of his own hills, and the plumage of the bird of paradise.

In a British House of Parliament his rich and copious eloquence contrasted finely with the lofty declamation of Pitt, and the simple and vehement appeals of Fox. These two great men were worthy to stand by the side of Burke and Sheridan; but if eloquence alone gave eminence, these latter would, perhaps, have deserved the first place.

Mr. Grattan's style is like Burke's, but possessing, perhaps, more strength and point. Grattan was more fortunate than Burke, he was not more at home in the scene of his labours; these, too, were concerned about the destiny of their native land; a subject grander, and coming more home to the heart, than the trade and foreign policy of any nation. Burke poured around his subject the splendour of the noon day; Grattan often invested his with the dazzling brilliancy of the lightning's flash. His vehemence was sublime; Burke's was magnificent. The latter was the hill of Lebanon, crowned with its great cedars; the other was the scorched summit of Sinai.

It requires but to mention Curran, to add his wit, his pathos, his burning sarcasm, his playful and elegant humour, his unrivalled facility, clothing every thing he touched with beauty, and strewing flowers over the barrenest heaths of the law; it requires but to mention this favourite of all the world, the orator of the heart, and feelings, and imagination, in conjunction with those we have already named, to obtain a clear idea of what is the genius of Ireland in this high department of human excellence. These spread before us the fervour, the sentiment, the deep thought and deep feeling, the fine imagination and exquisite fancy, which belong to the national character.

Such materials, however, are not the fittest for the ordinary business of life; they belong to its great occasions. War, politics, poetry, philosophy, are, accordingly, the subjects which chiefly attract Irish ambition, rather than the more safe and profitable pursuits of trade. Hence much of that disease called Irish pride—a distaste for little things, and a longing after such objects as by their grandeur or importance furnish food for the imagination, and fill a mind which has travelled out of itself, and its little concerns, and made another home in its wide speculations.

The genius of these great men re-acted upon its kindred spirit in the nation, and produced a crowd of imitators. Those who felt the stirrings of a congenial mind fancied themselves inspired with the same genius, and because they could copy the style, imagined they also breathed the spirit of the great masters. Hence the mock Irish style of which there are so many instances. There is no style so easy to imitate; none so difficult to succeed in. This miserable falsetto can never be mistaken for the voice of the muse.

But even all this imitation is an evidence of the beauty and grandeur of the originals. Demosthenes spread a swarm of eo-

phists over Greece; and the "statue that enchants the world" has made thousands of unlucky artists. The prevailing qualities of the great minds we have mentioned, and their defects, are those also which abound in the bosom of their country: they form the great mental strata of the land. It was this deep and fervid feeling, this enthusiasm which, at the first preaching of the Gospel, drank the sublime doctrines of Christianity with delight, and then sent forth from the saturated soil a mighty torrent of piety and zeal, to enrich and bless other lands. The devotedness of this people as Christians in the early ages, was the effect of that spirit which, in war, leads them into the hottest of the battle; in politics, makes them ever ready to have recourse to extremes; in trade, and in the common concerns of life, makes them prodigal and unthrifty; makes them always generous, and sometimes unjust.

It is a trite observation to say, that the best things, when perverted, become the worst; but it is true, generally. The calamities of Ireland had a more unhappy effect upon that country, than they would, perhaps, have produced upon any other nation. High qualities of mind, when turned to evil, ever occasion the most disastrous results. The unconquerable zeal which disdains all selfish considerations, which no force can subdue, or danger appal, which, in the midst of peril and suffering, spreads its broad wing of benevolence over all mankind, may be tortured into sin, and dragged down into wickedness; and, changing its character, but not its energy, in its fall, may rise from its overthrow, foul, fierce, and polluted, and, in its debasement, adding cunning to its strength, may clothe itself with crimes. The high and heroic devotedness which, in a good cause, and directed by virtuous principle, is the admiration of the universe, when sorrow and suffering blind its faculty of perception, and it mistakes evil for good, may become the scourge of the world; and men may be incredulous that it ever could have been engaged in a good cause; and benevolence itself, wearied and disgusted with an obstinacy which no kindness can conciliate, or perseverance subdue, may turn away in despair, as from something which God and nature had cursed with an impracticable obduracy.

Something of this kind may be found in Ireland. There is an evil spirit in the lower classes of the people, and an intractable obstinacy; and there is too often a want of sufficient zeal for the task they have undertaken, amongst those who would moralise and improve them. That the spirit we refer to was not originally evil, may be discerned from this—that it is accompanied, even in its fallen state, by virtues of such high character as never consort with what is decidedly and naturally wicked;—kindness, generosity, good-humour, fidelity, and goodness of heart. Its original character is seen, also, in those of the same race who possess the advantages of cultivation, and having been redeemed from the ruin which had fallen upon their less fortunate countrymen, escaped the fearful perversion of their fine qualities.

Not many Irish gentlemen of ancient blood remained in the country after the surrender of Limerick, in 1691; but there are a few, and the odd and awkward circumstances by which they were surrounded, presented to the world that character, which has been sketched in the "king of the black islands," a strange and real romance, the mock dignity, which was yet never assumed, and was imposing because conferred by a multitude; the claims that were laughed at as absurd, and yet were not liked, because felt to have a kind of reality; the respect that could not be withheld, the aversion which could not be entirely concealed, the visionary importance, the personal power, and at the same time the weakness of this personage, were all circumstances of such incongruity as added much to the wildness of the moral scenery of Ireland.—*Ward's London Miscellany.*

Sir Joshua Reynolds has never perhaps been equalled in expressing the innocence of childhood, unless we except the venerable and classic Stothard; he indeed has produced some lovely proofs of excellence in this department, and both have afforded convincing testimony that to them the consideration of infancy has been a path of delightful and pleasing discovery. They have portrayed on the canvas the infantine human form, before the action of passion, or contagion of bad example, could begin their ravages on its beauty; and they have been delighted to contemplate those remains of that happy state of innocence which once was ours, before sin and death came into the world—ruins indeed!—but yet they are remains!

It is a fact, that in Russia, all the foreign newspapers and journals admitted into the imperial dominions, are subject to the examination of the censorship, and that every thing objectionable in them, whether it be an entire article, a sentence, or a mere expression, is obliterated by a chemical ink.

The precept, "know thyself," was not solely intended to check the pride of mankind, but likewise that we might understand our own worth.—*Cicero.*

A Weekly Paper for the Blind was commenced in March last, at Palermo. It is printed with letters *in relievi*, so as to be read by the touch. It is entitled: "Il Consolatore dei Ciechi."—*(The Comforter of the Blind.)*

From "Heads of the People."

THE ENGLISH PEASANT.

"The English Peasant is generally reckoned a very simple, monotonous animal, and most people when they have called him a clown, or a country hob, think they have described him.

"But who says the English Peasant is dull and unvaried in his character? To be sure, he has not the wild wit, the voluble tongue, the reckless fondness for laughing, dancing, carousing, and chit-chatting of the Irish Peasant; nor the grave plodding habits and intelligence of the Scotch one. He may be said to be, in his own phraseology, "betwixt and between." He has wit enough when it is wanted; he can be merry enough when there is occasion; he is ready for a row when his blood is well up; and he will take to his book if you give him a schoolmaster. What is he indeed but the rough block of English character? Hew him out of the quarry of ignorance, dig him out of the slough of everlasting labour, chisel him, and polish him, and he will come out whatever you please. What is the stuff that your armies have chiefly been made of but this English Peasant? How many of them have been carried off to man your fleets, and when they came to shore again were no longer the simple slouching Simons of the village, but jolly tars, with rolling gait, quid in mouth, glazed hats, with crowns of one inch high, and brims of five wide; and as much glib slang and glib money to treat the girls with as any Jack of them all?

"The English Peasant has in his nature all the elements of the English character. Give him ease, and he is readily pleased; wrong him, and who so desperate in his rage?

"In his younger days, before the care of a family weighs on him, he is a clumsy, but a very light-hearted creature. To see a number of young country fellows get into play together, always reminds one of a quantity of heavy cart-horses turned into a field on a Sunday. They gallop, and kick, and scream; there is no malice, but a dreadful jeopardy of bruises and broken ribs. Their play is truly called horse-play. It is all slaps and bange, tripping up, tumbles, and laughter. But, to see the young peasant in his glory, you should see him hastening to the Michaelmas fair, statute, bull-roasting, or mop. He has served his year; he has his money in his pocket, his sweetheart on his arm, or he is sure to meet her at the fair. Whether he goes again to his old place or a new one, he will have a week's holiday. Thus, on old Michaelmas day, he and all his fellows, all the country over, are let loose, and are on the way to the fair: the houses are empty of them: the highways are full of them. There they go, streaming along, lads and lasses in all their finery, and with a world of laughter and loud talk. See, here they come flocking into the market-town! And there, what preparations for them: shows, strolling theatres, stalls of all kinds bearing clothes of all kinds, knives, combs, queen-cakes, and gingerbread, and a hundred inventions to lure those hard-earned wages out of his fob. And he does not mean to be stingy to-day. He will treat his lass, and buy her a new gown into the bargain! See, how they go rolling on together! He holds up his elbow sharply by his side, she thrusts her arm through his, up to the elbow, and away they go, a walking miracle that they can walk together at all. As to keeping step, that is out of the question; but beside this, they wag and roll about in such a way, that keeping their arms tightly linked, it is amazing they do not pull off one or the other. But they do not. They shall see the shows, and stand all in a crowd before them with open eyes, and open mouths, wondering at the beauty of the dancing women, and their gowns all over spangles, and at all the wit, and grimaces and summer-sets of harlequin and clown. They shall have a merry dinner, and a dance, like a dance of elephants and hippopotami, and then—

"To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new."

"And these are the men that become sullen and desperate: that become poachers and incendiaries. How, and why? It is not plenty and kind words that make them so. What then? What makes the wolves herd together, and descend from the Alps and the Pyrenees? What makes them desperate and voracious, blind with fury, and revelling in vengeance? Hunger and hardship! When the English Peasant is gay, at ease, well fed and well clothed; what cares he how many pheasants are in a wood, or ricks in a farmer's yard? When he has a dozen backs to clothe, and a dozen mouths to feed, and nothing to put on the one, and little to put in the other,—then that which seemed a mere playful puppy suddenly starts up a snarling red-eyed monster!—How sullen he grows! With what equal indifference he shoots down pheasants or gamekeepers. How the man, who so recently held up his head and laughed aloud, now sneaks, a villainous fiend, with the dark lantern and the match, to his neighbour's rick! Monster! can this be the English Peasant! 'Tis the same! 'Tis the very man! But what has made him so? What has thus demonized, thus infuriated, thus converted him into a walking pestilence? Villain as he is, is he alone to blame—or is there another?"

Never make a show of learning when you have none to show; when you get knowledge you will know better.

I'VE ANGLED FAR, ETC.

I've angled fur and angled wide
On Fannich dyer, by Luichart's side,
Across dark Conan's current;
Have haunted Beanly's silver stream,
Where glimmering thro' the forest, Dream
Hangs its eternal torrent.

Among the rocks of wild Maree,
O'er whose blue billow ever free
The daring eagles hover,
And where, at Gomach's ruffian steep,
The dark stream holds its angered leap,
Many a fathom over.

By Lochy sad, and Laggan lake,
Where Spey uncoils his glittering snake
Among the hills of thunder;
And I have swept my fatal fly,
Where swarthy Fudhorn hurries by
The olden forest under.

On Tummel's solitary bed,
And where wild Tilt and Garry well
In Athol's heathery valleys;
On Earn by green Duneira's bower,
Below Bredalbane's Tay-washed tower,
And Scone's once regal palace.

There have I swept the slender line,
And where the broad Awe braves the brine,
Have watched the gray grilse gambol,
By nameless stream and tarn remote,
With light flies in the breeze afloat,
Holding my careless ramble.

But dearer than all these to me
Is sylvan Tweed; each tower and tree
That in its vale rejoices!
Dearer the streamlets one and all,
That blend with its Eolian brawl
Their own enamouring voices!

EARLY STRUGGLES OF DR. ELLIOTSON.

"When I commenced," says Dr. Elliotson, "my professional career, I determined upon trusting for success to working hard, and to conduct myself as well as the infirmity of human nature would allow. I determined, however long I might wait for success, never to fawn upon and run after my superiors, nor to stoop meanly to my inferiors; never to intrigue for an adventure, nor to employ trumpety artifices for making myself known to the public.

"For many years I toiled, and saw many of my contemporaries, many of my juniors, who worked less, but were wiser in their generation, pass by me. I published work after work, edition after edition, and paper after paper was honoured with a place in the transactions of the first medical society in Europe: I was physician to a large Metropolitan Hospital, and had attended there, and gratuitously out of doors, above 20,000 patients but in vain. In 1828, my profession was not more lucrative to me, and was as short of my actual expenses, as it had been in 1818. At that time, the "Lancet" was pleased, now and then, to publish a clinical lecture delivered by me at St. Thomas's, and my practice at once doubled. The following year it published the greater part as I delivered them, and my practice was doubled again. Last season, the same journal published them all, and my practice was doubled a third time. This astonished me the more, as my clinical lectures were generally delivered with little or no premeditation, while all I published myself had cost me great labour, many a headache, and much midnight oil. It was through the general practitioners, in the large majority of instances—and through general practitioners, for the most part, with whom I had not the honour of any acquaintance,—that the publication of these lectures accomplished my success. To the body of general practitioners, therefore, I owe a debt of gratitude. They have called me forth spontaneously, from no interested motive, and I cannot exert myself too much in the education of their successors."

THE MISER'S HABITATION.

In an old house, dismal, dark, and dusty, which seemed to have grown yellow and shrivelled in hoarding him from the light of day, as he had hoarding his money, lived Arthur Gride. Meagre old chairs and tables of space and bony make, and hard and cold as miser's hearts, were ranged in grim array against the gloomy walls; attenuated presses, grown lank and lantern-jawed in guarding the treasures they enclosed, and tottering, as though from constant fear and dread of thieves, shrunk up in dark corners, whence they cast no shadows on the ground, and seemed to hide and cower from observation. A tall grim clock upon the stairs, with long lean hands and famished face, ticked in

cautious whispers, and when it struck the time in thin and piping sounds, like an old man's voice, rattled as if it 'twas pinched with hunger.

No fireside couch was there, to invite repose and comfort. Elbow-chairs there were, but they looked uneasy in their minds, cocked their arms suspiciously and timidly, and kept upon their guard. Others were fantastically grim and gaunt, as having drawn themselves up to their utmost height, and put on their fiercest looks to stare all comers out of countenance. Others again knocked up against their neighbours, or least for support against the wall, somewhat ostentatiously, as if to call all men to witness that they were not worth the taking. The dark square lumbering bedsteads seemed built for restless dreams; the musty hangings to creep in scanty folds together, whispering among themselves, when rustled by the wind, their trembling knowledge of the tempting wares that lurked within the dark and tight-locked closets.—*N. Nickleby.*

GALLERY OF NATURAL MAGIC, REGENT'S PARK.—In the Microscope Room, is an Achromatic Solar Microscope, covering a disc of 256 square feet. Here the infusoria and larvæ of water beetles, gnats, and other insects, are daily shown: the magnifying powers of this instrument vary, according to the object under examination, from twenty thousand seven hundred and thirty-six, up to four millions six hundred and sixty-five thousand six hundred times. The waters of stagnant pools, with their singular inhabitants, are shown in the greatest perfection.

Among other objects of great interest, we must not omit to mention the Achromatic Instruments: by the means of one may be seen the whole of the Diamond Beetle, 28 inches in length.—Two of the largest Concave Mirrors, so placed as to produce such intensity of heat, that no known substance can withstand it. The powerful Gregorian Reflecting Telescope pointed to the sun, furnished with proper eyepieces, for the most minute scrutiny of the very remarkable spots discernible on this stupendous orb, is also worthy of especial notice.

Occupying the whole of one side of the anti-room, is the largest Electrical Apparatus in the world. This magnificent instrument is a plate machine, and measures seven feet in diameter, consequently exposes an electric surface of upwards of 80 square feet. This unequalled instrument is mounted in the most scientific manner by Clarke, so as to obtain a current of electricity such as was never before seen; its positive and negative conductors are of varnished copper, and so constructed as to give a striking distance or length of spark, hitherto deemed unattainable. The terminating balls of the conductors are strongly gilt, in order to prevent dissipation. Its single pair of rubbers deserve especial attention, from the superior and simple manner by which they are supported. The enormous battery is worthy of much notice; the terrific effects of which, when fully charged, are shown by many brilliant and striking experiments. The effects of this wonderful agent is exhibited in its sudden and violent transfer from one body to another, producing intense heat, igniting and fusing metals, setting fire to inflammable substances, etc. etc. The electric equilibrium is here destroyed by friction, and the positive and negative electricity called into action in all its vast rapidity and violence.

THE NEW MODE OF GETTING PICTURES.—A few days since M. Daguerre exhibited, in one of the rooms attached to the Chamber of Deputies, several specimens of the products of the Daguerreotype. Among them were views of three streets of the capital, the interior of M. Daguerre's atelier, and a group of boats in the collection of the Louvre. The deputies who examined them, and who continued to crowd the room throughout the day, were particularly struck with the marvellous minuteness of detail which these views, and especially those of the streets, exhibited. In one, representing the Pont Marie, all the minutest indentations and divisions of the ground or the building, the goods lying on the wharf, even the small stones under the water at the edge of the stream, and the different degrees of transparency given to the water, were all shown with the most incredible accuracy. The use of a magnifying glass revealed an affinity of other details quite undistinguishable by the naked eye, and more particularly in the foliage of trees. The antique busts are said to have been rendered by this method with very great beauty of effect. The chemical substance upon which the light acts, according to M. Daguerre's method, is laid upon sheets of copper, which, for the drawing, exhibited on Saturday, were about nine or ten inches by six or seven inches. The expense of such plates M. Daguerre estimates at about 3fr. 50c. each, but he expects that considerable reductions may be ultimately made in their cost, and that the improvement of his method will render it applicable to other substances not metallic.—*Galignani.*

Virtue wants more admirers, wisdom more applicants, truth more real friends, and honesty more practitioners.

Ehlanthropy wants a residence, and fidelity an asylum. Conceit and Ignorance go hand in hand; wherever persons are bloated with conceit, ignorance is invariably the expanding principle.

VOYAGES.

Extracted from a Review of "Narrative of the Voyages of H. M. S. Adventure and Beagle; detailing the various Incidents which occurred during their Examination of the Southern Shores of South America, and during the Beagle's Circumnavigation of the Globe."

PEACEFUL ACHIEVEMENTS.

The day may perhaps arrive when the British navy will be thought to derive as valid a title to fame from its peaceful achievements, as from its triumphs in war. At all events, the historian may give vent to his admiration when he states that the ascendancy maintained by England for so many centuries on the ocean, has been constantly founded on and directed to promote the arts of civilisation. The shores ravaged in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries by Drake, Cavendish, and Dampier, have been surveyed in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries by Vancouver, King, and Fitzroy, for the benefit of mankind. The career of the heroic buccaniers was, in their days, deemed one of honour; but the rights of humanity are now better understood; and it is no mean boast that England has known how to maintain the naval superiority acquired in former times, without derogating from the improved spirit of the present age. Still, there are many for whom victories and successful violence have superior charms; and possibly some one may ask, where shall we find Sir Francis Drake's equal now-a-days? We answer that the nautical skill, hardihood, and love of adventure of that worthy, are of extremely common occurrence, and are only restrained by peace, and the general prevalence of lawful authority, from rising into distinction. The reader of the Narrative now before us, cannot fail to be surprised at the number and energy of the English mariners, who, in their industrious pursuits, frequent the stormy shores of the southern extremity of the American continent. Besides, it must be remembered that a buccanier may be successful with a far less stock of seamanship and cool resolution than is required for the execution of a nautical survey in a tempestuous region; for he plays a game of chance; whereas the surveyor adheres deliberately to the most inhospitable shores, and makes himself familiar with dangers that he may teach others to avoid them.

THE PATAGONIANS.

The Patagonians, whom some travellers have magnified into giants, are really somewhat larger than Europeans. With an average height rather exceeding six feet, they have very broad shoulders and a large head, the ample dimensions of which are set off by a quantity of long matted hair hanging in the wildest disorder over their faces. Falkner, who lived many years amongst the Patagonians, says that he never saw one of them who was above an inch or two taller than Cacique Cangapol; and 'he,' observes the Jesuit, 'must have been seven feet and some inches in height, because on tiptoe I could not reach to the top of his head.' The exaggerations of those who have represented the Patagonians as a race of giants, eight feet in height, and with the voice of bulls; are, after all, less embarrassing than the silence of others respecting the superior stature of the natives inhabiting the northern shores of the Strait of Magalhaens. But it must be observed that these people are great wanderers, roving over an immense extent of desert plains. The same tribe which was found by the officers of the Beagle on the shores of the strait, was seen a year after on the banks of the Rio Negro, eight hundred miles further north. It is probable, also, that the various tribes differ in robustness according to the abundance of their food; and, indeed, Falkner points out the distinction between the large-bodied and the small Huilliches. This circumstance, added to their nomadic habits, will serve to explain why it has not been the lot of every visiter to the Magellanic shores, to see natives with the Herculean proportions of Cangapol.

INHABITANTS OF TIERRA DEL FUEGO.

The inhabitants of Tierra del Fuego have but little temptation to cultivate the soil; their solid and habitable land is reduced to the stony beach on which they wander in quest of food; and, owing to the steepness of the coast, they can only move about in their canoes. These are made of branches intertwined and covered with bark; and, though small and frail, the natives are not afraid to venture in them to a considerable distance from the shore, and even to hoist a sail of sealskin. The canoe is plastered inside with clay, and in the middle of it a fire is kept burning; yet the Fuegian, in this case attentive to his comfort, appears in general insensible to cold. The women dive for sea-eggs in winter as well as summer; a small skin thrown over the shoulders or round the loins, constitutes the whole clothing of either sex; and their naked limbs are protected from the sharp winds only by being smeared with clay. Their shores supply them with seals and various kinds of shellfish; with their slings and arrows they are able to kill snafowl even on the wing. In the art of fishing they appear to have made little progress. An old voyager relates, that on his hauling a net about eighty feet long in the strait of Magalhaens, the natives, previously on friendly terms with him, grew so incensed at the great quantity of fish thus taken at once, that they immediately commenced an assault on him with stones.

VARIETIES OF CLIMATE AND PRODUCTIONS.

The western side of the southern part of the South American continent, presents the strongest possible contrast with the eastern. The open dry plains of Patagonia, enjoy clear skies throughout the

year, and in summer are scorchingly hot. But beyond the mountains which bound them on the west, the scene is totally changed. The narrow strip of western coast is broken by numerous inlets, which penetrate quite through the Cordillera; here attaining a height of seven thousand feet. The ramifications of these inlets terminate in immense glaciers, one of which was found to have an extent of twenty-one miles in length. Beneath the perpetual snows, and between the arms of the branching glaciers, grow impenetrable forests. Constant rains, pouring down from skies ever clouded, have covered the islands with a dense mass of vegetation. This, towards the south, resembles the vegetation of Tierra del Fuego; but towards Chiloe the woods became incomparably more beautiful, and the dusky beach gives way to plants of a tropical character. Northwards the climate undergoes remarkable modifications. At Valdivia, the forests have a brighter hue. The apple, introduced from Europe, has there attached itself to the soil, and has spread over the elevated plains towards the sources of the Rio Negro; so that the Indians name that tract the land of apples. Beyond Valdivia, the forests on the coast become gradually more thin; but on the sides of the Cordillera, woods of the noble Araucanian pine, the fruit of which yields the Indians a staple article of food, extend as far north as the volcano of Antuco. Through northern Chili, forests quite disappear from both sides of the Cordillera; a few scattered trees on its eastern side, alone give intimation of the approaching change. But, in Peru, the order of things is the reverse of that which obtains in the latitude of Patagonia. On the western side of the mountain-chain is the desert; on the east the boundless and impenetrable forests. No rain falls on the coast of Peru; but in the valley of Maynas, on the other side of the Cordillera, the rain never ceases; and one place in it is said to be visited by a thunder-storm every day in the year.

GENEROSITY OF INDIANS.

In May 1835, a British frigate, the Challenger, was wrecked at Tucapel, on the Araucanian coast. On that occasion, as Captain Fitzroy (who took a zealous part in aiding the shipwrecked men) relates, the Indians assembled on the shore in great numbers, all on horseback, and assisted in hauling the rafts ashore, or in helping the people to land. 'Even the Indian women rode into the furious surf, and with their lassoes helped very materially; some took the boys up behind the saddles and carried them ashore; others fixed their lassoes to the rafts.' Captain Seymour, of the Challenger, on receiving a present of a young heifer from the Cacique, expressed his regret that, situated as he then was, he had no equivalent to offer: whereupon the chieftain, with a violent exclamation, indignantly disavowed the intention of accepting anything from men in distress. The Araucanians are well clad; their ponchos or mantles being made of a dark blue woollen cloth of their own manufacture. The caciques pride themselves on their silver spurs, the silver bits and head-gear of their horses. The women are ornamented, in the old Peruvian fashion, with beads, golden pins, and large pendent trinkets of brass and gold. Captain Fitzroy saw one so adorned: 'She was a fine-looking young woman, the daughter of a cacique, who had accompanied some of her tribe to look at the shipwrecked white men. Her horse was a beautiful animal, looking as wild as herself.'

ENERGY OF ENGLISHMEN.

Before we quit the shores of South America, we cannot avoid adverting with satisfaction to the beneficial impulse communicated to the rising Republics, on both sides of the continent, by the energy of Englishmen. Many illustrations of the all-pervading activity of our countrymen, may be found in Captain Fitzroy's narrative. They improve the farms on the Uruguay; they cultivate gardens in the pampas and on the hills of Tandil, south of Buenos Ayres; and they carry on all the coasting trade. In search of seals, they despise the storms of the strait of Magalhaens; penetrate the narrow channels of Tierra del Fuego, and of the adjoining archipelago to the north-west. In Chili, they have turned into good metal the copper ores which the native miners and metallurgists had always regarded as dross. On the great tableland of Cerro Pasco in Peru, they have made vast increase to the comforts of the people, by discovering and teaching the use of coal. Two remarkable instances of the bold spirit characteristic of Britons, and which are likely to make a very favourable impression on the people of Peru, are of recent occurrence, and deserve to be here recorded. Not far from Arica, on the coast of Bolivia, is an agreeable valley of great extent, but condemned to barrenness and solitude by want of water. A company of English merchants, settled at Arica, have undertaken to conduct into this valley a never-failing stream from the highest Cordilleras. For this purpose they have cut through a ridge exceeding 14,000 feet in height, and diverted across it a stream originating in the glaciers. Though this noble work is not yet completed, there is no reason to doubt of its success; and its importance, as an example, cannot be too highly estimated. The other instance of practical energy to which we have alluded, is, of its kind, still more extraordinary. The great lake of Titicaca in the Bolivian Andes—so celebrated in the history of the Incas—has never been hitherto navigated, except in small canoes; though encircled by a productive soil and considerable population. Situated as it is, within the mountains, more than 11,000 feet above the sea, and at a distance from any forests, the construction of a substantial vessel on its shores could hardly have been thought of. An

Englishman, nevertheless, who had once been a dockyard carpenter, set all difficulties at defiance. He shaped the timbers in the forest seven leagues off; put them together on the shores of the lake; launched, and now navigates on it, to the great admiration of the inhabitants, Spaniards as well as Indians, a handsome schooner of seventy tons burden.

THE LONDON NEWSPAPER PRESS.

London, July 20, 1839.

Although I had read and heard much of London newspaper establishments, I must confess I was greatly surprised on looking at their interior arrangement. This I was not able to do without some difficulty, for the proprietors or managers keep themselves as much secluded from visitation as do the good sisters of the Hotel Dieu in Montreal. Indeed I find more difficulty in entering the presence of a sub-editor, than I should in finding my way into a convent. I had no conception that they were such a set of exclusives when in performance of their editorial labors. I had letters of introduction, but these could only be presented at certain hours; and I should have gone away from one of the leading morning offices without seeing any thing, had I not possessed a talisman from the North and South American Coffee House. When once in, however, I had no difficulty, and every thing that I wished to see was open to my inspection.

The time I selected for my visit was when every good citizen should have been in bed—it was 12. But this is the important hour for examining a printing office in this city, during the session of Parliament.

I took a rapid glance at the apartment of the sub-editor, for the editor in chief very seldom enters the establishment. Thence I went to the office for the parliamentary reporters. Here I found two gentlemen, one from the Lords and one from the Commons, writing off their notes of the debates then in progress. These remain perhaps an hour, or it may be two, in "making copy," which is carried directly into the composing room. By the time these two have finished two others come in, who have been engaged in reporting, and in this way the reporters continue until the last word is spoken in both houses, and in an hour from that time the whole of what has been said during the evening, and perhaps until 4 or 5 o'clock in the morning, is in type, and the form ready for press.

During this time the foreman is collecting together his matter, and making up his eight pages, keeping every thing very close. A proof-taker sends to the sub-editor a proof of all the matter in type—the parliamentary to the first sub, who prepares his leader or sketch of what has been done. The editor in chief, it is supposed, has sent in his leader some time in the afternoon.

The "city article" is generally concocted and written at the North and South American Coffee House, and this is one of the most important branches of the London journal's business. The gentleman whose duty it is to do this gets a good salary, and considers himself a step in advance of the highest reporters, who, by the bye, are gentlemen of education.

Then we have the translators and other subordinate collaborators. The most important, perhaps, to the proprietors, is the "advertising manager." This is no unimportant branch of the business, and in the Times, Morning Herald, &c. occupies the entire attention of one person.

The composing office in the Commercial Advertiser is bad enough for the constitution in hot weather, or when some of your boys keep your stove too hot; but that office at noon on a summer day is cool to what I experienced in a London composing room at midnight, when filled with men at their cases, each with a large gas light before him. These compositors do not work as hard as yours in New York. They have no apprentices on the daily papers in London—it is not allowed.—*Correspondence of the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

THE FATE OF "THE INTREPID."

The following passages from Cooper's History of the American Navy, comprise one of the finest pieces of descriptive writing in our language. The American officers of the harbor of Tripoli are anxious to destroy the fleet of the Bey. A little vessel is prepared as a floating mine to be sent in the gloom of night and blown up close to the enemy's fleet. Thirteen intrepid men volunteer to guide her in. She sails.

"The night was darker than usual, and the last that may be said to have been said of the 'Intrepid,' was the shadowy forms of her canvass, as she steered slowly, but steady, into the obscurity, where the eyes of the many anxious spectators fancied they could still trace her dim outline, most probably, after it had totally disappeared. This sinking into the gloom of night was no bad image of the impenetrable mystery that has veiled the subsequent proceedings of the gallant party on board her.

"When the Intrepid was last seen by the naked eye, she was not a musket shot from the mole, standing directly for the harbor. One officer on board the nearest vessel, the Nautilus, is said, however, to have never lost sight of her with a night glass, but even he could distinguish no more than her dim proportions. There is a vague rumor that she touched on the rocks, but it does not appear

to rest on sufficient authority to be entitled to absolute credit. To the last moment she appears to have been advancing. About this time the batteries began to fire. Their shot is said to have been directed towards every point where an enemy might be expected, and it is not improbable that some were aimed against the ketch.

"The period between the time when the Intrepid was last seen, and that when most of those who watched without the rocks learned her fate, was not very long. This was an interval of intense, almost of breathless expectation, and it was interrupted only by the flashes and roar of the enemy's guns. Various reports exist of what those who gazed into the gloom beheld, or fancied they beheld; but one melancholy fact alone seemed to be beyond contradiction. A fierce and sudden light illuminated the panorama, a torrent of fire streamed upward, that in shape resembled the great eruption of Vesuvius as it has been described by Pliny, and a concussion followed that made the cruisers in the offing tremble from their truck to their keel. This sudden blaze of light was followed by a darkness of two-fold intensity, and the guns of the batteries became mute, as if annihilated. Numerous shells had been seen in the air, and some of them descended on the rocks, where they were heard to fall. Their fuses were burning, and a few exploded, but much the greater part were extinguished in the water. The mast, too, had risen perpendicularly with its rigging and canvass blazing, but the descent veiled all in night.

"So sudden and tremendous was the eruption, and so intense the darkness which succeeded, that it was not possible to ascertain the precise position of the ketch at the moment. In the glaring, but fleeting light, no one person could say that he had noted more than one material circumstance, the fact that the Intrepid had not reached the point at which she aimed. The shells had not spread far, and those which fell on the rocks were so many proofs of this important truth. There was no other fact to indicate the precise spot where the ketch exploded. A few cries arose from the town, but the subsequent and deep silence that followed was more eloquent than any clamor. The whole of Tripoli was like a city of Tombs.

"If every eye had been watchful previously to the explosion, every eye now became doubly vigilant to discover the retreating boats. Men got near the sides of the vessels, holding lights, and placing their ears near the water, in the hope of detecting even the sound of muffled oars; and often was it fancied that the gallant adventurers were near. They never re-appeared. Hour after hour went by, until hope itself began to fail. Occasionally a rocket gleamed in the darkness, or a sullen gun was heard from the frigate, as signals to the boats; but the eyes that should have seen the first were sightless, and the last tolled on the ears of the dead.

DUELLING AT SEA.

Among the passengers on board a ship bound from New Orleans to one of our northern cities, there was a young lady, the only female passenger, and two gentlemen: one a young buckskin of eighteen, and the other apparently forty-five; both of whom became very much enamoured with this lone passenger. For some time they were both entirely ignorant of the passion of the other for the young lady; at length Mr. Chucks, the oldest of the two, desirous of learning the pedigree and circumstances of his charmer, and whether her market was yet to be made, opened a conversation with Mr. Green, the other lover; when a mutual confession ensued respecting the regard they both entertained for the unknown young lady, and their intention, if possible to secure a claim to her affections, if they were not already bound in holy ties to another. This confession, instead of palliating the case of either, threw a new obstacle in the way of both. One consultation succeeded another, both became very determined and avowed their intention to solicit her attention and regard. They were soon at open hostility—Mr. Chucks received a challenge from Mr. Green—he accepted it—Mr. Chucks chose horse pistols for his weapons, which were procured from the mate of the ship; the day and hour were appointed—they agreed to stand at ten yards distance diagonally upon the deck, that there could be no harm done to any but themselves. However, before the hour arrived, Chucks, who was a stout corpulent man, concluded that he had not an equal chance with his antagonist, who was of a small stature and very slim, and unlike the Irish barrister, was unwilling that Green should shoot at his own bigness marked out upon himself, probably fearing that if he did not hit the heart, he might injure the sap. However, after much parleying and some rough words, it was proposed that each should shoot at a target just the bigness of the other. Green readily consented to this, but Chucks still contended that Green had the advantage of him, but as life was not at stake he finally consented. The targets were prepared, and after shooting three times a-piece, to the great surprise of the other passengers, Chucks proved the best marksman. Green stepped directly up to Chucks and took him by the hand, acknowledging at the same time his defeat, and giving him his word that he would relinquish all claims to the lady, save those of sad recollection. The matter being decided, the veteran lover proceeded to pay his respects to his silent charmer, who had been kept in entire ignorance of the high regard in which she was held, and the cause of the duel. To the astonishment and mortification of Chucks, she informed him that she had been married twice, and was then the mother of several

children—that being predisposed to consumptive affections, she had visited her friends in the south to spend the winter, and was now returning with improved health to relieve her husband, who was an industrious mechanic, of those domestic duties which her absence incurred.

One of the incidents of savage warfare was an attack by the Indians, in 1708, on the then frontier village of Haverhill, called by them Pentucket, which is described in the following beautiful lines, by John G. Whittier:

PENTUCKET.

How sweetly on the wood-girt town
The mellow light of sunset shone!
Each small bright lake, whose waters still
Mirror the forest and the hill,
Reflected from its waveless breast
The beauty of a cloudless west,
Glorious as if a glimpse were given
Within the western gates of heaven,
Left, by the spirit of the star
Of sunset's holy hour, ajar!

Beside the river's tranquil flood
The dark and low-wall'd dwellings stood,
Where many a rood of open land
Stretch'd up and down on either hand,
With corn-leaves waving freshly green
The thick and blacken'd stumps between;
Behind, unbroken, deep and dread,
The wild, untravell'd forest spread,
Back to those mountains, white and cold,
Of which the Indian trapper told,
Upon whose summits never yet
Was mortal foot in safety set.

Quiet and calm, without a fear
Of danger darkly lurking near,
The weary labourer left his plough—
The milk-maid carol'd by her cow—
From cottage door and household hearth
Rose songs of praise, or tones of mirth.
At length the murmur died away,
And silence on that village lay—
So slept Pompeii, tower and hall,
Ere the quick earthquake swallow'd all,
Undreaming of the fiery fate
Which made its dwellings desolate!

Hours pass'd away. By moonlight sped
The Merrimac along his bed.
Bathed in the pallid lustre, stood
Dark cottage-wall and rock and wood,
Silent, beneath that tranquil beam,
As the hush'd grouping of a dream.
Yet on the still air crept a sound—
No bark of fox—no rabbit's bound—
No stir of wings—nor waters flowing—
Nor leaves in midnight breezes blowing.

Was that the tread of many feet,
Which downward from the hill-side beat?
What forms were those which darkly stood
Just on the margin of the wood?
Charr'd tree-stumps in the moonlight dim,
Or paling rude, or leafless limb?
No—through the trees fierce eye-balls glow'd
Dark human forms in moonshine show'd,
Wild from their native wilderness,
With painted limbs and battle-dress!

A yell, the dead might wake to hear,
Swell'd on the night air, far and clear—
Then smote the Indian tomahawk
On crushing door and shattering lock—
Then rang the rifle-shot—and then
The shrill death-stream of stricken men—
Sank the red axe in woman's brain,
And childhood's cry arose in vain—
Bursting through roof and window came,
Red, fast and fierce, the kindled flame;
And blended fire and moonlight glared
Over dead corpse and weapons bared.

The morning sun look'd brightly through
The river willows, wet with dew.
No sound of combat fill'd the air,
No shout was heard,—nor gun-shot there:
Yet still the thick and sullën smoke
From smouldering ruins slowly broke;
And on the green sward many a stain,
And, here and there, the mingled slain,
Told how that midnight bolt had sped,
Pentucket, on thy fated head!

Even now the villager can tell
Where Rolfe beside his hearth-stone fell,
Still show the door of wasting oak
Through which the fatal death-shot broke,
And point the curious stranger where
De Rouville's corpse lay grim and bare—
Whose hideous head, in death still fear'd,
Bore not a trace of hair or beard—
And still, within the churchyard ground,
Heaves darkly up the ancient mound,
Whose grass-grown surface overlies
The victims of that sacrifice.

"I'm laying down the law," as the client said ven he floored his counsellor.

THE STORMY DAY.—It was a half-drizzling, half-stormy day, in the middle of November—just such a day as puts nervous people in a bad humour with themselves and everybody else. Job Dodge sat brooding over the fire immediately after breakfast. His wife addressed him as follows:—"Mr. Dodge, can't you mend that front door latch to-day?" "No," was the answer. "Well, can't you mend the handle of the water pail?" "No." "Well, can't you fix a handle to the mop?" "No." "Well, can't you put up some pins for the clothes, in our chamber?" "No." "Well, can't you fix that north window, so that the rain and snow won't drive in?" "No—no—no," answered the husband, sharply. He then took his hat, and was on the point of leaving the house, when his wife, knowing that he was going to the tavern, where he would meet some of his wet-day companions, asked him kindly to stop a moment. She then got her bonnet and cloak, and said to her husband, "You are going to the tavern; with your leave I will go with you." The husband stared. "Yes," said the wife, "I may as well go as you; if you go and waste the day, and tittle at the tavern, why shall not I do the same?" Job felt the reproach. He shut the door; hung up his hat; got the hammer and nails; did all his wife had requested, and sat down by his fire at night, a better and happier man.

DOCILITY OF THE CAMEL.—Strings of camels are continually passing, each comprising about forty-five, and headed by a man upon an ass, who leads the first, the others being mostly connected by slight cords. It is a beautiful sight to see the perfect training and docility of these animals. The caravans, as the weather is becoming warmer, are beginning to travel by night, generally halting at about ten or eleven o'clock in the morning. The care of the camels seems to be very much left to the children. I have just watched a string of them stopping on an open plain: a child twitched the cord suspended from the head of the first; a loud gurgling growl indicated the pleasure of the camel as it awkwardly knelt down, and the child, who could just reach its back, unlinked the hooks which suspended from either side the bales of cotton; another child came with a bowl of water and a sponge, and was welcomed with a louder roar of pleasure as it washed the mouth and nostrils of the animal. This grateful office ended, the liberated camel wandered off to the thicket, to browse during the day; and this was done to each of the forty-five, which all unbidden had knelt down precisely as the one I have described, forming a circle which continued marked during the day by the bales of goods lying at regular distances. On a given signal, in the afternoon, about three o'clock, each camel resumed its place, and knelt between its bales, which were again attached; and the caravan proceeded on its tardy course. I am not surprised at finding the strong attachment of these animals to the children; for I have often seen three or four of them, when young, lying with their heads inside a tent in the midst of the sleeping children while their long bodies remained outside.—*Excursions in Asia Minor.*

Let the scoffers at utilitarian doctrines say what they will—only in a life of usefulness to others, can happiness be found here; and just so far as any one prefers self to others, and devotes himself to selfish delights, just so far will be his profound, internal dissatisfaction. We believe this to be an immutable truth, and the true explanation of the unhappiness of mankind.

We never yet knew a man disposed to scorn the humble who was not himself a fair object of scorn to the humblest. A man of a liberal mind has a reverence for the little pride that seasons every condition, and would deem it sacrilege to affront, or abate, the respect which is maintained with none of the adventitious aids, and solely by the observance of the honesties.

ADVICE.—Let the high, if they rose by their own exertions, be humble, inasmuch as they were once of low estate; and if they were born to the condition in which they now are, let them remember that their elevation is a mere circumstance over which they had no control.

LANGUAGES.—There are said to be no less than 3,424 known languages in use in the world; of which 937 are Asiatic, 587 European, 276 African, and 1,624 American languages and dialects. By calculation from the best dictionaries, for each of the following languages, there are about 20,000 words in the Spanish, 22,000 in the English, 25,000 in the Latin, 30,000 in the French, 45,000 in the Italian, 50,000 in the Greek, and 80,000 in the German.

A MILK TESTER.—A correspondent of the Boston News discloses the following simple process for the detection of water in milk:—

"Take a tumbler—across it lay two small sticks, as large as a quill—on these sticks place a tumbler, say two thirds full of milk. This is tumbler above tumbler—the one being empty and the upper one full or nearly full. This done, take a piece of linen or cotton one and a half inches wide, and sufficiently long to reach from near the bottom of the inside of the upper tumbler, in which is the milk, to an inch or two below it on the outside, letting the end hang into the lower tumbler. This forms a perfect syphon. All the water in the milk will run off into the lower. It will look white, to be sure, from having run through the milk—but it will be water—pure water.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 27, 1839.

ITEMS—FOREIGN, DOMESTIC & C.

CANADA.

TRIAL OF JALBERT.—We noticed last week, that the trial of Jalbert for the murder of Lieut. Weir was proceeding at Montreal, and that the Jury had, at last accounts then, been out for some hours without determining on a verdict. The mail which arrived on Monday brings additional intelligence, of painful interest on that subject.

The Jury, after being out four days, could not agree, and were discharged. The moment the Judges left the bench, a mob of persons in the court-house attacked the French portion of the Jury, in the jury box, beat them severely, and were prevented from occasioning worse results by the active interference of some of the Police. The English portion of the Jury were carried home on the shoulders of the crowd, amid many expressions of applause.

At such a distance we cannot judge of the nature of the evidence, nor of the degree of obstinacy which should be charged to the Jury,—but this all can know and deprecate,—that a most extreme example of Lynch law has been given,—that the mob has set itself, in the most sacred chamber of justice, above all law and authority, and that a body of men to whom the constitution commits the duty of determining in the most solemn cases, have been grossly outraged because they did not decide so as to please a crowd of persons. Lieut. Weir's death was one of most melancholy character, and called for the most active investigation,—but better that the supposed criminal should escape on this particular charge,—better that the system of trial by jury should be suspended until more calm times,—better almost any resort, than that a crowd should set itself as the supreme arbiter, and punish the constitutional judges because their conduct was displeasing.

If the crowd have abstract justice on its side in this case, it may be as directly wrong on the next in which it chooses to interfere,—and what prisoner could feel safe,—what judge could be respected,—what jury could be supposed uninfluenced,—what court could have public confidence, if the power were finally to be in a tumultuous assembly, deeply excited by party or other feelings?

Some of the Canada papers had threatened the Jury previous to their discharge, and had made appeals to the public calculated to excite strong feelings. A military force had been provided to preserve the public peace, but before it was brought into operation, the rioters had succeeded in inflicting several injuries on the obnoxious parties. The preventive force, it is said, stopped the riotous proceedings when more serious results might have been expected. Jalbert escaped violent treatment by lying down in the dock, and by the exertions of the assistant jailor. He continues in custody to be brought before another jury, on some other charge.

Nelson's Gazette and other Canadian papers lament the occurrence, and the fact, of the assistance of bayonets being necessary to preserve the peace in an English court of justice. The Colonist says, "Such a resort to mob law augurs badly for the permanency of British institutions in this country." No doubt it does,—for either the mob, or those whom the mob oppose, will negate British institutions, or, what would be a much better state of things, they will be suspended, and a necessary despotism—respectable and just and merciful compared with the self created judges—be made supreme.

All appeals to physical force, under British rule in the present age, is not only highly criminal, and unwise, but is almost sure to have a counteracting effect against the party who put it in practise. Such things might be winked at in days when every institution was comparatively unsettled, when despotic acts were perpetrated in all ranks, with a high hand, and when moral appeals could scarcely be heard, and had little influence; but now circumstances are vastly altered, and the only resort should be to means clearly within the constitution.

Bills of Indictment for high treason have been found against Paineau, O'Callaghan, Brown, Nelson and others, by the Grand Jury of Montreal. If the parties do not appear, after certain publications, and other forms, judgment of attainder will be pronounced against them; the penalty of attainder, as in conviction for high treason, is death and confiscation of property.

A steam vessel of war is to be immediately built at Kingston, U. C., by order of government, for service on Lake Ontario.

The ceiling of St. Paul's church, Montreal, fell, and made a heap of ruins of the furniture of the church. Had the congregation been in, it is said, almost all must have been killed on the spot! (The ceiling of the Assembly chamber, in the Province Building of Nova Scotia, has long threatened a descent to the floor of the house. Members should provide that it does not fall during the session. A slight concussion of the air is said to cause the fall of vast masses of snow in mountainous regions,—a burst of oratory might have a dangerous effect on a rotten ceiling.)

The Wesleyan Centenary produced £2217 10s. in Montreal.

NEWFOUNDLAND.—A Regatta took place at St. John's on

Aug. 23. The principal prizes were carried off by the Maid of the Mist and Victoria, Halifax boats.

NEW BRUNSWICK.—The extraordinary session of the Legislature has closed. Scarcely any business was transacted except respecting the recent fire at St. John. Bills providing better security &c. against fire, passed.

The House refused to interfere with the Legal proceedings that were in progress against the speculators in Crown Lands, but addressed his Excellency that actual settlers, who are debtors on purchases of 200 acres or under, should not be prosecuted. This class, it appears, the Executive had previously determined not to coerce.

The Hon. Charles Simonds and James T. Hanford, John Ward jun. John Walker, and William Wright, Esquires, have been appointed, it appears, Commissioners under the Act for widening and opening streets in the Burnt District of the City of St. John.

A Bill has passed the Assembly authorising a loan of £20,000 for the purpose of aiding sufferers by the late fire. No one applicant is to be entitled to a greater sum on loan, than £1000, nor any loan to be effected for a larger portion than two thirds of the estimated value of the property; which is to be secured by bond and mortgage. The loan is to be raised by debentures, bearing an interest of six per cent; the whole sum to be repaid into the treasury within seven years.

The new paper, advertised by Mr. Fenerty, called the "Commercial Advertiser," has appeared, and makes a creditable exhibition of industry and talent.

The ship Amy was towed over the St. John Falls, with a load of coals for Whitney's steamers, on the 14th. She is to bring deals in returning.

BRITISH.

It is asserted that Mr. P. Thompson was to be Chancellor of the Exchequer, in place of Mr. S. Rice, whose resignation is accepted. Other reports state that Mr. Thompson is to be Governor General of Canada.

The wreck of the old 'Royal George' foundered at Portsmouth 57 years ago, is to be blown up. The apparatus consists of two large cylinders, each contains 2600lbs of powder, which, when fired, will be a volcanic battery.

A steamer of large tonnage, was nearly ready for launching at Chatham. She has been built in 8 weeks, as an experiment to ascertain how soon such a vessel could be completed. The number of hands were unlimited.

The expected marriage of the Queen, to a son of the Duke of Saxe Coburg was reported.

The lenity of Government to the convicted Chartists was said to have a very good effect,—and the extreme excitement was expected to be annihilated by a good harvest.

The Great Western beat the British Queen, in the recent race across the Atlantic, by 12 hours.

Parliament was to be prorogued on the 27th August.

LATEST.

LATEST NEWS.—The arrival of the British Queen at New York, has put us in possession of London dates to the 31st of August. The news furnished is of much interest.

The London Gazette announces important ministerial changes. Lord John Russel takes the Colonial Secretaryship, Lord Normanby succeeds him at the Home office. The Rt. Hon. Sir C. P. Thompson is appointed Governor of Lower Canada, and Capt. General of the North American Provinces. Mr. Labouchere succeeds Sir C. P. Thompson as President of the Board of Trade &c. and in Mr. Labouchere's absence Mr. R. L. Shiel is to fill the office. Sir C. Hobhouse retires with a peerage, and is succeeded by Mr. Macanley as head of the India board. Lord Howick has resigned. Spring Rice has been created Baron Montcagle, of Brandon in the county of Kerry. Mr. Baring becomes Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Parliament was prorogued on the 26th.

A great entertainment was given to the Duke of Wellington at Dover on the 20th.

The Eglintoun Tournament received a lamentable damper in a torrent of rain on the first day. It was calculated that 60,000 persons would be present.

Five bills of indictment had been found by the Grand Jury at Liverpool against Fergus O'Connor and other Chartists.

The King and Queen of Belgium were expected at Ramsgate.

The late reigning Duke of Nassau departed this life recently, at the Baths of Kissengen,—his successor is the Duke Adolphus, aged 22.

EGYPT.—The propositions made to the Egyptian by the five Great Powers are

1. That the question between Egypt and the Porte so nearly affected the tranquility of Europe, that any private arrangement between Mehemet and the Porte would be considered null and invalid, unless the Five Powers had consented to it. 2. Mehemet Ali is summoned to send back the fleet immediately, and content himself with the hereditary rule of Egypt; until the Powers had definitively decided in Congress what were to be the respective situations of Turkey and Egypt.

To this Mehemet has replied by insisting on the hereditary Sovereignty of Syria, expressing his determination to keep the fleet till it was granted.

It is asserted that late successes of the English in India promise to destroy Russian influence.

Several Greek provinces still under Turkey are anxious to throw off the yoke and join the kingdom of Greece.

UNITED STATES.

Boston internal communication, rail roads, &c.—We condense below, an article showing the lines of rail roads, completed or in progress, from Boston, and other means of travel.

BRITISH STEAM PACKETS.—Each of these Vessels will accommodate 130 passengers with state rooms; and carry 200 tons of freight. As the distance is less between Boston and Liverpool than New York and Liverpool, Mr. Cunard proposes to make a proportionate reduction of charges. He is also at present considering the expediency of a further reduction in the rate of passage, making spirits and wines an extra charge.

When the Western Railway shall be opened, next year, this will become the most cheap and expeditious route from all New England, New York, Canada, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Michigan etc. to England. The detention of six hours at Halifax, will be more than counterbalanced by the extra speed by rail-road between New York and Boston. A line drawn upon the map from Baltimore to England, passes nearly through Philadelphia, New York, Boston and Nova Scotia.

BOSTON RAILROADS AND STEAMERS.—There are now four Rail Roads running into Boston, from the south, west, north and eastward; and each of these roads connect with other roads diverging to different points.

First, the Providence Rail Road, running from Boston to Providence, a distance of about forty miles, which is passed over, including all stoppages, in less than two hours. Connected with this Road in the Stonington Rail Road, running from Providence to Stonington, Conn. a distance of nearly 50 miles—also another leading to Dedham.

Second—The Worcester Railroad leading to Worcester, a distance of 42 miles.—Connected with this Road, is the Great Western Rail Road, running through the centre of the whole state of Massachusetts, uniting at Albany, N. Y. with the several routes leading to Oswego, Utica, Rochester, Buffalo, and other cities. The Norwich and Worcester Road unites with this road at Worcester.

Third—The Lowell Rail Road, running from Boston to Lowell, about 30 miles. In continuance of this road is the Nashua road, intended to be continued to Concord and thence to the Connecticut river. Connected with this road is the Boston and Portland Road, uniting with the main branch at Wilmington. In continuance of the Boston and Portland road is the Boston and Maine road, running from Haverhill to Dover, N. H. to be continued to Kennebec and Portland.

Fourth—The Eastern Rail road, completed already as far as Salem, 13 miles. This road is to be continued through Ipswich to Newburyport and Portsmouth.

In the addition to these sources of communication, Boston has already several lines of Steam Packets in successful operation. Beside the boats that ply about the harbour, there is a thrice weekly line of boats running to Portsmouth, N. H. and a thrice weekly line of boats also running to Portland—and which is continued, to Thomaston, Belfast Bucksport and Bangor, making the distance from Bangor to Boston in less than 24 hour, also a boat twice a week to Bath, Gardiner, Hallowell and Augusta on the Kennebeck.

Besides these lines there is a line of English Steamers to be commenced early next spring to run from St. John, N.B. touching at Easport, to this city, in addition to the hon. Mr. Cunard's Atlantic steam ships, bringing Liverpool, the commercial emporium of the British Empire, within 12 or 14 days of the Metropolis of New England.

THE ARMISTAD.—Much excitement exists in the U. States respecting the crew of this vessel. The facts connected with her are as follows. In June last, Don Jose Ruiz, a Spaniard, proceeded from Principe to Havana to buy slaves. He purchased 49 from a cargo which had arrived, six weeks from the coast of Africa. He chartered the schooner Armistad, shipped the slaves, and a quantity of goods. The vessel sailed on June 28th. On the night of the fourth day after leaving Havana, the slaves rose, and killed the captain and cook,—two others escaped in the boat, and the owner of the cargo and another white man were spared. The Africans steered for their native place,—by the sun, during the day,—the white men pursued an opposite course during the night. Having spent some time in this way, she was boarded and brought into a port in the state of New York. The leader of the Africans is the son of a chief in his native land, he is described as a man of extraordinary energy of body and mind, he obtained complete influence over his crew, and displayed much heroism.—The arrival of this vessel has caused much party spirit. One side declare that the Africans should be treated as Pirates and should be punished accordingly, or be handed over to Spanish authorities. Another assert, that they should be liberated, that the whites were the aggressors, and that the blacks acted justifiably in their endeavour to regain their liberty. There seems but little difficulty in this question,—if nature and law decide that a man may protect his property from robbers, or regain it, by force,—and that he may protect his life at all hazards,—may he not also protect or endeavour to regain, that greatest property, personal liberty,—and save himself from that living death, slavery, in a foreign land? Subtleties, founded on National customs, will be attempted, and the Africans may be treated as Pirates, by Americans who would laud themselves as heroes and patriots for similar actions in similar extremity,—but to those who look on right as right, and wrong as wrong, no man

ter by whom performed,—those unfortunate beings will stand in a very different position. The trial of the Africans will be one of deep interest. Some citizens of the U. States who are zealous for the principle of equal rights to all men, have employed the highest counsel for these strangers,—while some slavery apologists seem to burn with an unholy fire for the blood of the serfs who rose against a most cruel and deadly aggression: Such are men, swayed by seemingly most delicate currents, into courses violently and diametrically opposite.

Mr. Audubon the distinguished Ornithologist, had arrived at New York from Liverpool.

There was a fall of snow in Salem (Massachusetts) on Friday week.

NOVA SCOTIA.

The Supreme Court at Sydney has been employed in the investigation of a charge of murder against Michael Crow. The person who lost his life was named James Murphy. They were both sailors, and in a dispute, the deceased struck the Prisoner, in a second attack he was so wounded by him with a knife, that death resulted. Verdict, man-slaughter,—sentence two years imprisonment.

PICTOU.—LAUNCHES.—At New Glasgow, on the 14th ult. a schooner called the Ballian Lass, 112 tons. Also, on the 3d instant, a schooner called the Mary, 119 tons—all built for Mr. Andrew Duncan, Charlottetown.

At Elliot River, on the 24th ult. a schooner called the Eliza & Ann, of 170 tons.

At the same place, on the 31st ult., a Brig called the Helen Stewart, of 258 tons;

At Brudnell Point, on the 10th instant, a copper fastened barque called the Edward, 438 tons. At Cardigan River, on the 12th instant, a copper fastened barque called the Margret, 536 tons—both built for the Honourable S Cunard & Co. of Halifax.

FESTIVAL AT NEW GLASGOW.—From the Pictou Mechanic and Farmer, we glean the following paragraphs, descriptive of the formalities used on the starting of the Locomotives, for a first time, on the 19th of September. A number of visitors proceeded to the point of attraction, New Glasgow, from Pictou. A procession started from McKay's Hotel, about twelve miles from Pictou, at 11 o'clock, in the following order:

First. 100 horses mounted, horses and men decorated, carrying flags. Device 1st flag, a large crown in the centre; a rose, shamrock, thistle, and mayflower, in the corners; motto,—Long life to Queen Victoria. Device 2d flag, 2 horses with 2 waggons, each loaded with coal, coming out to the pit bottom, meeting two colliers going in to their work, with picks under their arms; motto,—Success to the coal trade; as the old cock crows the young one learns. 3d flag,—blue, red, and white silk flag.—Second. The Albion mine's band, with flag.—Third. Enginemen, with flag; device—A steam engine, pit frame, etc. drawing coal; motto—long may the company flourish, and their servants rejoice; may steam navigation never fail to burn our coal and send us sale.—Fourth. Colliers, carrying 2 flags; device 1st flag—2 Colliers in the Board at their work, and a horse appearing from behind the coal, coming out with a ship-load of coal; motto—Though shrouded in darkness, yet from us proceed a thing that is useful and all persons need. Device 2d flag—a locomotive engine at one end, a winding engine at the other; in the centre is 2 Colliers meeting, one going from the other to his work. Motto—united we stand, when divided we fall. Unanimous as brethren.—Fifth. The freemasons, with flag and bagpipes.—Sixth. The foundry men and blacksmiths, with a flag; device—Archimedes on one side, and Watt on the other; motto—Ours and for us—knowledge is power. Seventh. Bricklayers and stone masons, with flag; device—tools of their trade; motto—Success to locomotive engines, and all the Trades belonging to the Albion mines.—Eighth. Carpenters, with a flag; device—square and compass, etc.; motto—the Albion mines and Joseph Smith, Esq.—Ninth.—Bagpipes.—Tenth. Artillery, with flags and band.—Eleventh. Visitors on horseback.

The procession returned to the Rail Road station at 1 o'clock, when a salute was fired by the Artillery. The most important part of the ceremony, the running of the Locomotives, was to take place at 2 o'clock, p. m., the intervening time was spent in examining their construction, and admiring these most astonishing monuments of human ingenuity.

The Locomotives are three in number, and are called the Hercules, the John Buddle and the Sampson.

At the appointed hour the carriages were filled with those who had tickets of admission. In a few minutes both trains were in motion—the Hercules taking the lead, having a train of 35 carriages, containing upwards of 700 souls. The John Buddle with an equal number of carriages and passengers followed. It was a splendid sight to see these noble efforts of human mechanism, at the magic touch of the Engineers "walking off like a thing of life," at a rapidity varying from 10 to 20 miles per hour. After running two trips in the Locomotive, the workmen again formed in procession, and marched to four tables which were spread out for them opposite the office of the establishment, at which not less than 750 individuals partook of a repast.

After drinking the health of the Queen, the prosperity of the General Mining Association, and long life and happiness to its Agents, they departed from the tables in the most perfect regularity and order. The freemasons and Artillery partook of a lunch in one of the new Houses. In the evening a dinner was given by Mr. Smith, at which 150 persons were sumptuously entertained.

Two Tables, capable of containing 200 persons, were spread on each side of the building.—A small table made to cross the others was erected at the northern extremity of the hall, behind which, on an elevation of about two feet, stood the President's Chair.—Richard Brown, Esq. discharged the duty of President, assisted as Croupier by Joseph Smith, Esq.

At about 9 o'clock, the scene of festivity was much enlivened by the unexpected appearance of the Ladies, who, at an earlier

hour, had been entertained by Mrs. Smith at Mount Rundell. Their entree into the banqueting hall was greeted by nine deafening acclamations.

After remaining about a quarter of an hour, the Ladies made a precipitate retreat, and the Lords of Creation were again left alone in their glory.

During the course of the evening several appropriate speeches were delivered.

Halifax. The Theatre continues to be open nightly, and it appears, attracts rather large audiences.

Races, as advertised, occurred on the "Common" race course, on Monday last.

The Non-Commissioned Officers of No. 5 Company Royal Artillery, gave an entertainment to the late Color Sergeant Howgill, on the evening of Monday last,—and, on the occasion, presented him with a Silver Snuff Box as a mark of their esteem, and their sense of his kindness and services. The address and answer on the presentation were creditable to all parties concerned.

LAUNCH.—The New Ship built at Dartmouth by Mr. Lyle for the firm of S. Cunard & Co., was launched on Tuesday, morning at half past 8 o'clock. She is a beautiful vessel, 450 tons burthen. She is called the Mary.

The shipping lists of the week and intelligence from various parts of the Province, exhibit melancholy evidence of the force of the storm of Friday, the 13th inst.

FARMING IN CAPE BRETON.—There is in Cape Breton at least something resembling a farm, and there may be many others of similar extent. But this one, perhaps, is beyond comparison. It is situated on the Margario river, the owner of it a Mr. Miles, McDaniel, an Irishman, who is familiarly called the "Irish King." Some time since when I visited him, he kindly showed me over his premises, and told me that he had there 145 or 150 head of horned cattle, 8 horses, and a great number of sheep. He has among these 35 cows, and had, when I saw him, 4 ploughs in active operation. There may be some farms in Nova Scotia equal to this, but I think none to exceed it.—Com.

We see with great pleasure, that Mrs. Gibbs, the accomplished vocalist, contemplates giving a Soiree Musicale next Monday evening, under the patronage of His Excellency Sir Colin Campbell. The success which this talented lady has commanded in England, as well as in Halifax, induces us to believe that this announcement will be greeted with enthusiasm.—Com.

WEST INDIA STEAMERS.—We have just seen the prospectus and plan of the Company, by which the West India Mails are to be conveyed, and are delighted to find that Halifax is included in the arrangement—that Steamers will connect us, by a three days voyage to New York, into the main lines, touching at almost every port of importance, in the Southern States, Mexico, South America, and the West Indies. The Coal for the return voyages from hence will be taken in at Halifax, where the Boats are to remain 4 or 5 days.

MARRIED.

At Horton, on the 19th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Pope, Mr. Elijah Fowler, to Mrs. Edward Dewolf. On the 18th, by the same, Mr. Enoch Nere, to Miss Phoebe Currie, all of Horton.

On the 22d inst, by the Rev. Archdeacon Willis, Mr. Thomas Harrison, to Miss Jessy Paton Reid, of this place.

DIED,

At Pictou, on the 15th inst. in the 56th year of her age, Anne Waddel, spouse of Mr. James Killer, senr.

At Dorchester, on the 11th inst. John Keilor, Esq. one of Her Majesty's Justices of the Inferior Court for the County of Westmoreland.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED.

Monday, 23d—schr Gentle and Chance, Labrador, dry fish; Sir Peregrine, Fader, green fish, bound to Lunenburg; brig Luna, Hoyle, St. Vincent, 26 days—run to D. & E. Starr & Co. left schr Creole, from Yarmouth, sold, brigs Pleiades and Trinidad, sailed 2 days previous for Yarmouth; brig Rival, McNeill, St. John's, N. F. 11 days—fish to W. Pryor & Sons, left brig Ann to sail in 7 days for the Brazils; schr. Angus, LaBlanc, St. John's, N.F., 14 days—dry fish, to J. Allison & Co; brig Somerset, Williams, New York, 8 days—beef, etc. to Frith, Smith & Co.; Reward, Forrester, Trinidad de Cuba, 12 days—to H. Lyle; schr Esperance, St. John, N. B. 5 days—alewives to S. Binney; brig Eclipse, Aster, St. Kitts, 16 days—molasses etc. to Sallus & Waiuwright; left Hypolite discharging.

Wednesday, 24th—schr Maria LaPique, Bernier, Quebec, 24 days—salt to J. & M. Tobin; Gaspe Packet Boulette, do, 23 days—do to Fairbanks & Allison; Phenix, Caldwell, New Carlisle, 22 days—fish to Hunter & Chambers; Gov. schr Victory, Darby, Sable Island, 4 days—reports the ship Marie, of and from Havre de Guace, 76 days, bound to New York with 74 passengers, totally wrecked on the night of the 13th instant, on Sable Island—crew and passengers saved—30 of the latter arrived in the Victory.

Thursday, 25th—Am. Fishing schr Raven, Forman—bound to Bristol; brig Hertford, Buteau, Quebec, 20 days—flour, to J. & W. Williamson; schr Sarah Jane, Baker, St. Andrew's 6 days—shingles to S.

Binney; schrs Emily, Hilton, St. John, N. B. 4 days, alewives to S. Binney; Temperance, McPhee, Miramichi, 8 days—salmon, etc. to Fairbanks & Allison & Co.

The sickness of one of the Couriers of the Pearl, may cause some omissions this week. In such cases Subscribers will oblige by sending to the office.

AUCTION.

BY J. M. CHAMBERLAIN.

At his Rooms, to-morrow, Saturday 28th Sept., at 11 o'clock.

1 large English cast Franklin Stove,

1 large American do, with grate complete; 1 Hall Stove, 1 Cooking Stove, Bedsteads, Chairs, Feather Beds. ALSO, 30 boxes English SOAP, 30 and 60 lbs each; a few bbls Canada FLOUR. AT PRIVATE SALE, a variety of STOVES.

THEATRE.

By Permission of His Excellency the Governor.

THE PUBLIC are most respectfully informed, that in order to efface any undue impression regarding the stability of the above building, the Manager has had every part thereof strictly examined by a most approved and scientific Carpenter, strong fastenings having been added to former insecurity. Mr. Preston recommends it in every part as firm & good. Doors open at half-past 6, performance to commence at half-past 7 o'clock, precisely.

Mr. FREER as Shylock, Mrs. Preston as Portia,

THIS EVENING FRIDAY, Sept. 27, 1839, will be performed, Shakspeare's Play (ending with the celebrated Trial Scene) of the

Merchant of Venice!

SHYLOCK, - Mr. FREER. PORTIA, - Mrs. PRESTON.

A Grand Turkish Dance,

BY MADAME LA TRUITE.

A COMIC SONG (the Cove what Sings,) BY MR. HALL.

The whole to conclude with the laughable Hibernian Farce of the

Irishman in London,

MURTOCH DELANEY, Mr. T. PRESTON. LOUSIA, Mrs. PRESTON.

Tickets for the Theatre to be had at the Stationary Store of Mr. John Munro, and at the Box Office of the Theatre, where places may be secured between the hours of 10 and 2 o'clock. Prices of Admission, First Box, 1 dollar; Upper Box, 2s. 6d.; Pit, 2s. 6d. For particulars, see small Bills. September 27.

GRAND CONCERT.

Under the immediate patronage of His Excellency SIR COLIN CAMPBELL.

MRS. GIBBS (late Miss Graddon,) from the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, and Italian Opera House Concerto, London,—respectfully announces to the Ladies and Gentlemen of Halifax and its vicinity, that she will give a

Soiree Musicale,

On Monday Evening September 30th, 1839, at the

Masonic Hall,

(On which occasion) by the kind permission of Colonel Ross, the Band of the 23d Regiment will perform several Favourite Overtures.

Tickets 5 shillings, Children half price; to be had at the principal Book Stores and at the Masonic Hall. September 27.

Nets, Nets, Nets.

MACKEREL NETS—30 Rans. HERRING Nets—30 do Received per the Alonzo, from the manufactory at Bridport, and offered for sale at low rates by ROBERT NOBLE. September 20. 3w

SODA, MILK, WINE, AND SUGAR CRACKERS.

JUST RECEIVED by schooner Pique from New York, a large assortment of the above and other descriptions of Crackers and Biscuits—fresh from the manufactory—for sale at low prices by the barrel August 30. 3m. R. TREMAIN, Junr.

Superfine Flour, Corn Meal, and Rye Flour.

775 BARRELS FLOUR and MEAL, ALSO, a few barrels Prime APPLES; Received by the schr Sultan, Morrill, Master, from Philadelphia, and offered for sale by the Subscriber, at low prices, while landing. Sept. 20. ROBERT NOBLE.

A Temperance Meeting

WILL be held in the Old Baptist Meeting House—next Wednesday evening, at half past seven. Sept. 27.

J. C. David,

TAKES this opportunity of rendering gratitude to the people of Halifax, for kindness received. Sept. 27.

From Shelley's Poetical Works.

STORM IN ITALY.

The thunder-stroke
Is gathering on the mountains, like a cloak
Folded athwart their shoulders, broad and bare.
The ripe corn under the undulating air
Undulates like the ocean; and the vines
Are trembling wide in all their trellis'd lines.
The murmur of the awakening sea doth fill
The empty pauses of the blast; the hill
Looks hoary through the white electric rain,
And from the glens beyond, in solemn strain
The interrupted thunder howls; above
One chasm of heaven smiles, like the eye of love
On the unquiet world.

DESCRIPTION OF THE HOURS.

Cars drawn by rainbow-winged steeds,
Which trample the dim winds; in each there stands
A wild-eyed charioteer urging their flight.
Some look behind, as fiends pursued them there,
And yet I see no shape but the keen stars;
Others, with burning eyes, lean forth and drink
With eager lips the wind of their own speed,
As if the thing they loved fled on before,
And now, even now, they clasp'd it. Their bright looks
Stream like a comet's flashing hair: they all
Sweep onward.

ODE TO THE WEST WIND.

Thou wild west wind! thou breath of autumn's being!
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse in this its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours, plain and hill:

Wild spirit, which art moving every where,
Destroyer and preserver, hear, O hear!

'Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay
Lull'd by the coil of his crystalline streams

Beside a pumice isle in Baia's bay;
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them: O thou,
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms, and the oozy weeds which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow grey with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves, O hear!

JARGONEL CANARIES.

Forth sailed Tim. in as lovely a morning as ever preceded a summer day in England. The few white clouds which flitted across the bright blue sky impaired not, but enhanced its beauty. The boyish spirits of Tim. danced along his veins, and sweet passages of British bards floated upon his memory. The ignorant and the vulgar thought Timothy a stupid boy, but if, through the injudicious and excessive indulgence of a strong natural tendency, he was culpably insensible to the world around him, there was a world of beauty within his own mind in which, meanwhile, he revelled and luxuriated.

Timothy arrived safely at the hat-maker's, and having selected one which the proprietor of the shop told him fitted as exactly as if he had been measured for it, received as change from the pound, which his mother gave him, twelve shillings, and departed, taking with him the hat enclosed in a paste-board box. Tim.'s heart was light, and he felt very happy, for he knew he had acted as his mother wished him to act, and he loved his mother with an intensity of love which only such natures as theirs can feel for each other. She had told him not to give more than ten shillings for his hat, and he had got, he was convinced, a good one for eight shillings.

Tim. walked merrily on, and just as he was leaving the town a woman placed before his face a little wired box, or temporary

cage, saying, "Will you buy a pair of beautiful birds to-day, sir?"

"I don't want any birds, thank you, ma'am!" said Tim.

"But they are such beauties," said she; "you never saw such before."

Tim. looked, and found that what the lady said was perfectly true. He had never seen such birds before. Their bodies were yellow, in colour nearly resembling a canary, as did their size. Their wings were green and white; their necks were encircled with red and blue rings alternately. There was a ring of white and then of black around their eyes. Their left legs were, the upper part white, and the lower part black; and their right legs, the upper part black, and the lower part white. The feathers of their tails were blue, red, brown, white, black, yellow, purple, and green, alternately. Tim. was lost in rapture at the diversity and beauty of nature's productions. He recollected that his mother, next to flowers, loved birds, and was certain she would approve of his buying these for her, if not too dear. "What is the name of those birds?" said Tim.

"They are called jargonel canaries," said the woman.

"Will they sing?" said Tim.

"Sing! I believe you!" said the woman; "they'll sing as Darby Pipes sang."

"How was that?" said Tim.

"Why, he sang till he was dead, and would not leave off then," replied the bird-dealer.

"What sort of note have they?" said Tim.

"That of the canary and nightingale mixed, with all the best points of the bulfinch," said the woman.

"But perhaps they are tender, and will die speedily from the effects of confinement?" inquired Tim.

"Nonsense," said the woman; "their constitutions are as tough as india-rubber, and a jargonel canary was never known to die."

"Astonishing!" said Tim., relapsing into a reverie.

"Will you have them?" said the woman.

"What do you want for them?" said Tim.

"Twenty-eight shillings," said the woman, "and half-a-crown for the cage."

"I have not got it," said Tim., "so good bye; I'm much obliged to you."

"Stop!" said the woman, "if you are poor to-day, you shall have them for a pound; and, as I know when you once hear them sing, you will want others, perhaps you will be a better customer for the next pair."

"But I have but twelve shillings," said Tim.

"Dear me, how unfortunate!" replied the woman; "I am dreadfully in want of money, or I would not sell these birds for less than ten guineas."

"I am sorry for you," said Tim.; "take this;" and he offered her half-a-crown.

"But I should like you to have the birds;" said she.

"I have not money enough," said Tim.

"Could not you give me what you have now, and pay me the remainder the first time you come to Addle-egg?" said the woman.

"Yes;" said Tim. "I shall pass through on my way to Aylesbury, on Tuesday, and then I will pay you the eight shillings."

"Very well!" said the distressed mother; and, receiving Tim.'s twelve shillings, she gave him possession of the cage of jargonel canaries—warranted never to die, and to sing after they were dead.

Away walked Tim.—the hat-box in his left hand—the cage of jargonel canaries in his right. His mother approved of the hat, but was rather astonished at the appearance of the birds.

"Where do they come from, Tim.?" said she.

"I do not know, mamma," he replied; "but I think it probable they came from China."

"Very likely," said Lucy; "China is a wonderful country, and singular in its productions."

"*Twit! twit! twit! twit! twit!*" chirped Lucy, hoping to obtain a specimen of their vocal powers.

"*Twit! twit! twit! twit! twit!*" chirped Timothy, with the same object. At each of these invitations the jargonel canaries turned their heads first on one side, and then on the other, and jerking themselves suddenly round so as unbecomingly to present their tails at their new possessors, gave each a shrill and melancholy "*cheep*."

"What sort of a person did you buy them of?" said Lucy.

"Rather a lady-like woman, mamma," said Tim.

"Lady-like! in what?" continued his mother.

"Why, she did not speak in the broad dialect of people about here. I think she came from London; and that is likely, you know, for of course these birds were brought to England in a ship; they could not fly all the way from China."

"Certainly not," said Lucy. "Did you ask the woman what they should be fed on?"

"I forgot that," said Timothy.

"Well, my dear," said his mother, "it is evident that the birds are afraid in the presence of strangers, and will not sing to-night; therefore, go to Widow Linseed's, get a variety of kinds

of bird-seed, put them in the cage, which then hang up in your bed-room window, high enough to be beyond reach of the cat, and say nothing about the purchase to your papa, until we have ascertained the song of the birds."

There was much wisdom in this last direction. Tim. did as he was advised, for Lucy never commanded; and went to bed, expecting to be aroused at early dawn by notes the most melodious and enchanting. In this he was disappointed. He turned on his pillow, and leaning on his arm, waited anxiously for the prelude notes of that melody which should combine the excellences of the canary, the nightingale, and the bulfinch. "*Cheep, cheep cheep*," said the jargonel canaries—a sound which Timothy began to think not at all descriptive of his purchase. As soon as it was quite light, he turned out, and taking down the cage perceived why the birds did not sing. Their colours had very much faded during the night—they were evidently moulting. He perceived too, at the bottom of the cage, here and there a small heap of dust, which looked like a pinch of pounded rainbow. This excited his surprise, but it was only one wonder added to those which he had read respecting China.

The moment his father had finished his breakfast and left the house, Tim. communicated this to his mother, regretting that her enjoyment of the birds should be thus delayed. The cage was brought down. "Dear me," said Lucy, "I don't know much of foreign birds, certainly, but in English birds I never saw such a change in a week as has here occurred in one night." So saying, she carefully opened the door of the cage, which was just large enough to admit her hand, for the purpose of catching one. The birds fluttered, and cheeped, and struck their heads, wings, and tails against the wires of their small prison, with the confusion of fear, and the energy of despair. Lucy was almost blinded by a cloud of many-coloured dust; and when this subsided, a couple of very sprightly cock-sparrows occupied the apartment of the late jargonel canaries.

"Hang the little wretches!" said Mrs. Tart, the housekeeper, who had just entered—"Give 'em to me, Missus, I'll finish their education for 'em." So saying, she snatched the cage from the not consenting, yet yielding, Lucy, and was proceeding to wring the birds' necks.

"No, no, no!" shouted Timothy, in a tone of energy unusual with him; and recapturing the cage, he ran with it into the garden. Here he opened the cage-door, and the birds, each uttering a quick sharp "*cheep*," as much as to say—"Thank you for me,"—flew, as if instinctively, direct to the stack-yard.

"Mighty foin!" said a voice of thunder behind Timothy, and at the same instant a broad horny palm alighted between his shoulders with such force that he grunted like a half grown pig, and the cage was sent pirouetting along the gravel-walk to some distance. "Papa!" said the boy in a tone half of pain, half of reproach, while in two copious streams the tears rolled down his flushed, then whitened cheeks. "Yes, mighty foin of thee," continued old Timothy, "to increase my family of sparrows, when I be a paying the buoys a farden a piece for every dead un, and returning 'em the bodies into the bargain—mighty foin! thee 'est be quoit an ornymet to Muster Rodwell's academy."

THE FAMILY.—If there are any joys on earth, which harmonize with those of heaven, they are the joys of a christian family. When the snow flakes fall fast in the wintry evening, and the moaning winds struggle at the windows, what is so delightful as to see the happy little ones sporting around a blazing fire. Look at the little creature in her night dress, frolicking and laughing, as though she had never known, and never would know, a care. Now she rolls upon the carpet, and now she climbs the chair, and now she pursues her older sister around the room, while her little heart is overflowing full of happiness. Who does not covet the pleasurable emotions with which the parents look upon this lovely scene.

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